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TO

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. I.—April 10 to October 2, 1915

INCLUSIVE

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FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture-Plays, Their Actors and Authors

Vol. I. No. 1 APRIL 10, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

From the Inside of the Studio

By Francis X. Bushman

"TELL us something about the inside working of the studio?"

That request comes to me on an verage of fifty times a day. There was time when everything in connection ith a motion-picture studio was rouded in the deepest mystery. But ring the past year the public have come so interested and so loud in eir demands for enlightenment, that is subject has furnished considerable aterial for both the newspaper and agazine writer.

I receive about two thousand letters week, and I am glad to be able to l something of my personal ideas on subject that is so far-reaching. I pe that my words will carry a mes- ge to these people who nightly com- se the audience of the motion-picture ater. This article is in a way a bute to the thousands who, by their endship and enthusiastic approval, e made it possible for this industry grow to its present magnitude.

But to go on to the true subject of s article: the inside working of motion-picture studio. Many of the companies have daylight studios. ey are dependent upon sunshine for success of their products. The Es- ay Company have a peculiar, and. I k, unusual lighting method. They the Peter Cooper Hewitt mercury- or lights, which are very rich in nic light rays. The candle power roximates nearly two hundred thou- d. and makes it possible to work at t or on a dark, cloudy day. They very powerful, and fill the person seeing them for the first time with wonder and awe.

A laughable incident occurred not long ago on the studio floor. A sick scene was in progress, and so death-like was the pallor of the pretended sick woman, that a guest at the studio made a wild dash for water, and exclaimed, in an excited manner:

"She has fainted!"

The lights had cast a queer purplish reflection over the surroundings, making



Francis X. Bushman and his secretary. Mr. Bushman personally answers nearly two thousand letters a week.

the actress look really ill. The director had a few things to say, however, to the young woman who interrupted his big dramatic scene. Naturally, she could not see her own countenance, which had that same purplish tinge.

Many amusing letters come to me, asking: "How did you get the inside of such a beautiful home for your picture?"

We never use the interior of any home, poor or rich, for our scenes. All inside rooms and scenes are produced on the floor of our studio. The working line averages six feet or less in width. It looks very small to the observer, especially after we see the prospective effect, showing great, spacious rooms in the completed picture.

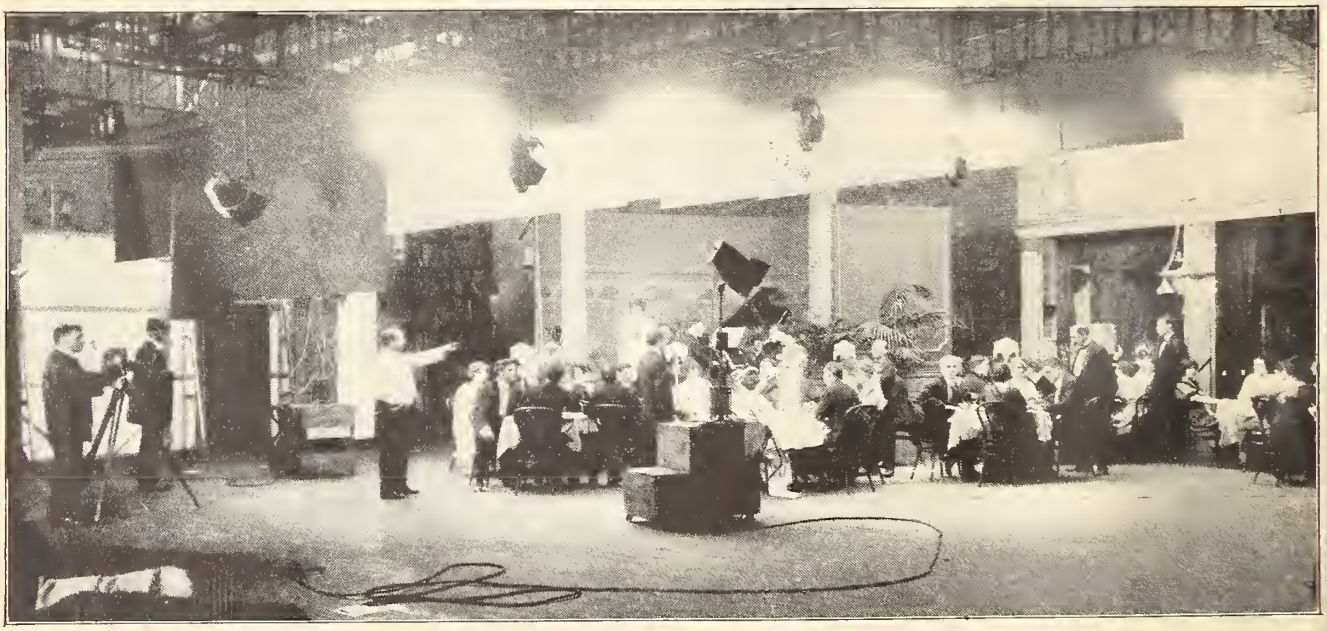
Each room is arranged with the utmost care. The homes of the connoisseur are studied carefully with a view to making them as elegant and artistic as possible. The shabby, worn-out tenement rooms must have furniture in keeping with the circumstances of its inhabitants. The costumes and atmosphere must be correct. Customs of different historical periods are made a subject of the greatest moment.

The man in charge of securing the proper furnishing is some one who has the decorative faculty highly trained and developed. Every studio has a property room, but this does not always contain the necessary furnishing for a special feature.



Francis X. Bushman in the dual role of *Lieutenant Frothingham* and *Private Abbott* in "The Private Officer."

Many of my correspondents have been greatly interested in "The Private Officer," in which I appear in the dual rôle in this picture, both as Lieutenant Frothingham, the villain, and Private Lambert, the hero. It is, I admit, rather startling to see the same man appear simultaneously on the screen. This was done by masking one side of the camera, taking one side of the picture; then turning back and masking the other side, and taking the opposite side. In this picture the work progressed very slowly. I had to change my clothes twice for every scene and was so worn out, and my valet was so tired, that we both vowed we were through with double exposures for life. I changed my clothes something like twenty-five times that day. I had to wear different



An interesting view of the inside of the studio while a banquet scene is being taken. To all appearances when shown on the screen this could be the dining room of the highest-class restaurant.

clothes in every scene, and also effect an entirely different make-up. In the villain part, I appeared with my hair brushed back from my forehead and my face smooth shaven. In the reverse character I wore my hair parted and a small mustache. This picture has been the mystery of the age, for the layman cannot understand how the same character can appear twice in one scene. The accompanying illustration will show that I did try to make myself look different.

I have come to the conclusion that men and women are simply grown children, and that romance and fairy tales appeal to them more than any other class of story. I appeared in the rôle of a crown prince in "Under Royal Patronage" some few months ago, and since that time I have received hundreds and hundreds of letters begging me to act in another picture in which I could wear brass buttons and gold braid. Personally, a virile story with a stronger plot is more to my liking, but I have discovered that a deeper plot does not contain one-half the appeal that a pretty, romantic-hero tale does. My greatest success has been made in hero characters. "Graustark," the famous McCutcheon novel, will soon be ready for public approval, and in this we have given the fans a taste of what they so insistently demand.

In "Scars of Possession" we had a real surgeon superintend the transfusion of blood operation. It was so real that we all felt a thrill of horror when the man of science appeared with his glistening scalpel.

Among my correspondents, I have newspaper writers, judges, and doctors. One letter I have cherished came from a well-known doctor in the South. Some few months ago we put out a picture called "The Elder Brother." This was the tale of the dope fiend. A patient of the doctor's saw the picture, and it made such a vivid impression on his mind, that it lead to his reform.

The old-time matinée idol seems to have given way to the newer picture hero. The warm-hearted, appreciative American public, since the days of Barrett and Booth, up to the present time, have delighted to honor the man or woman of whom they approve. It is only too true that the career of every public man lies right in the hollow of the people's hands. They can make him or mar just as easily as they can put the stamp of their disapproval upon him and mark him a dismal failure. The star in filmdom is different from the legitimate actor. He comes closer to the people.

Perhaps you will take exception to this statement. How can a man whom we never see, save on the screen, come as close to the hearts of the public as the actor who plays before the footlights in person and speaks his way into our affections?

For the reason that the public see him oftener and learn to know him better. They see him magnified, and watch for every change in his facial expression. They see him depict so many emotions that he grows near and dear to them.

The productions have improved both in quality and quantity, until many of the scenarios put on the screen are masterpieces. Not only is this true of original scenarios given to the public, but also of the successful plays and books that are being picturized.

Brady, Klaw & Erlanger, the Shuberts, Dan Frohman, Belasco, and dozens of men who have managed successfully the great stage productions of the past few years, have all come into the picture industry. The field has afforded such unlimited possibilities that they have united with the film manufacturer in giving to the world the best product of drama and fiction obtainable.

I have had one thing brought most forcibly to my mind, and that is, the people are responsible for the class of pictures turned out by the studio. Just so long as they cry for the lurid melodrama and find pleasure in the screaming posters, just so long will the film manufacturer continue to supply that very kind of production. I speak from knowledge, for the bulk of my mail comes from people who are watching me on the screen, and who have learned to know my every facial expression. They write and tell me the innermost secrets of their very souls.

I am in a position to judge as to what they desire. We are glad to say, however, that many of the people are being educated up to better subjects and to a higher class of literature, through the medium of the motion picture. Some of the people to whom history, mythology, art, and literature were as foreign as the Greek language, have learned to know something about each one of these subjects. The photo plays have stimulated an interest in these subjects, as it were.

In view of this pleasant fact, I do not wish to be quoted as saying that the majority of the people are demanding cheap melodrama, but I do say that many



Francis X. Bushman and Miss Beverly Bayne in "The Private Officer." Mr. Bushman again appears in the dual role of *Lieutenant Frothingham* and *Private Abbott*.



A set in "One Wonderful Night." Mr. Bushman was selected by 500,000 votes to play the lead in this picture. This shows arrangements for a scene in a hotel lobby and gives an idea of how the light is produced.

of the people who compose the picture audience find greater pleasure in a stirring detective story or in a thrilling "mellerdramer" than in the best classic or strongest problem drama ever presented on the screen.

It is but natural that people wish to see something of a life that varies from the monotony of their own.

For instance, Susie Smith, who is slaving in a department store at six dollars and fifty cents a week, finds the stories on the screen the most absorbing daydream that can enter into her otherwise colorless life. She is interested in the society pictures from every point of view. She watches, with bated breath, the big ball given by Mrs. van de Water; Mrs. de Smythe's jewels are something to dream about. On the other hand, the people who are comfortably housed and fed and whose bank account is worth considering, find the acting, the sets, and the entire productions relating to the poorer classes of people who do not enjoy such luxuries, of the utmost interest.

I wish that I could emphasize just how important I feel the moral side of the pictures is in the ultimate betterment of social conditions. Aside from the educational point of view; aside from the amusement offered, or for any other reason that might impress on our minds the value of the motion picture; the lessons to be learned; the influences brought to bear; in fact, the entire moral uplift, is of startling importance. The motion picture is even more potent than the sermons preached by the greatest reformers of the day. It has done more to bring the wayward girl and the badly brought-up boy into the right way of living than any other one thing in all the world.

I speak from all the mass of mail that I am daily receiving. I get letters from every walk of life, so that I feel I can truthfully say that from the confidences given me, pictures will soon be recognized as the greatest dramatic medium, educator, entertainer, and, above all, the most important influence for good of the present age.

Something About Mr. Bushman.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN'S adve into motion pictures, and his ri to the most popular and favorite play of the time, are interesting to know.

For several years, when a young ma Mr. Bushman studied sculpturing und Isadore Conte, in New York, and b sides working with the clay himself, w used as a model to considerable exte After some time an opportunity came him to go on the stage, and Mr. Bus man grasped the chance, dropping l work as a sculptor.

It was not long before he was lea ing man in a stock company, which p sition he held for several years, goi from that to a road company. Here played in many big productions un three years ago. At that time the E sanay Company made him an off which he accepted, and now, at the e of those three years, he feels that has reached the top. To verify th when the public was asked for a vo as to the most popular player, th choice was Francis X. Bushman.

In Spite of All

By Donald Oris

The general plot of this story has been adapted from the Edison drama of the same name, a three-reel motion-picture play.

The part of *Carroll Clandenning*, the leading character, was aptly produced by Robert Conness, while *Stella*, the woman who was the cause of the whole trouble, is well acted by Sally Crute. *Alice*, who draws the sympathy of all, is played most acceptably by Gertrude McCoy. Other characters who appear in the story are impersonated on the screen as follows: *John Knickerbocker*, Robert Brower; *Mrs. Knickerbocker*, Mrs. Wallace Erskine; *Jack Knickerbocker*, Harry Beaumont; *Blake*, Richard Tucker and *De Granville*, William Bechtel.

HAD not all those who comprised the audience at the Opera Bouffe been themselves rendering their admiring attention to the performances of the charming Stella, who was at that moment the figure of attraction on the stage, one might have noticed a man seated in the foremost rows of the orchestra. It is doubtless that he would have been noticed under other circumstances, for his expression was such as would have stayed the eyes of any who cast his glance in that direction. Carroll Clandenning, for that was the name of the individual, was peering intently at the stage as though entranced. His face wore a smile, which, though it showed no especial meaning of pleasure in itself, betrayed deep feeling in the heart of the wearer. His eyes, fixed toward the spotlight, did not move in accordance with the motions of the actress; Clandenning was motionless.

Suddenly, as if awakening from a dream, he started, heaved a sigh, and then settled down as before, except that his gaze followed closely every action of the performer. Correctly interpreting his mood, it could be said that Carroll Clandenning was infatuated by the beauty of the woman. When the opera was over and the mass crowded out, he was among the last to leave, and when he did go, it was with a slow step, half undecided, half reluctant. He reached the entrance, hailed a taxi, and rode quietly to his home, pondering the question over in his mind of how he could form an acquaintance with this lovely, luring Stella, the prima donna of the stage.

Glancing uninterestedly over the general news in the paper the following morning, at breakfast, Carroll turned to the theater page and there read an elaborate account of the previous evening's opera. In it no possible word of praise for the popular and leading actress Stella had been omitted. Next Carroll turned to the society columns and scanned them closely for any note of his idol, and from the sudden attention he paid to one item it was apparent that he had succeeded in finding one. At the end of the bit of news Carroll read: "There will be a dinner given in the honor of the young dancer at the Hotel Warren on Thursday night."

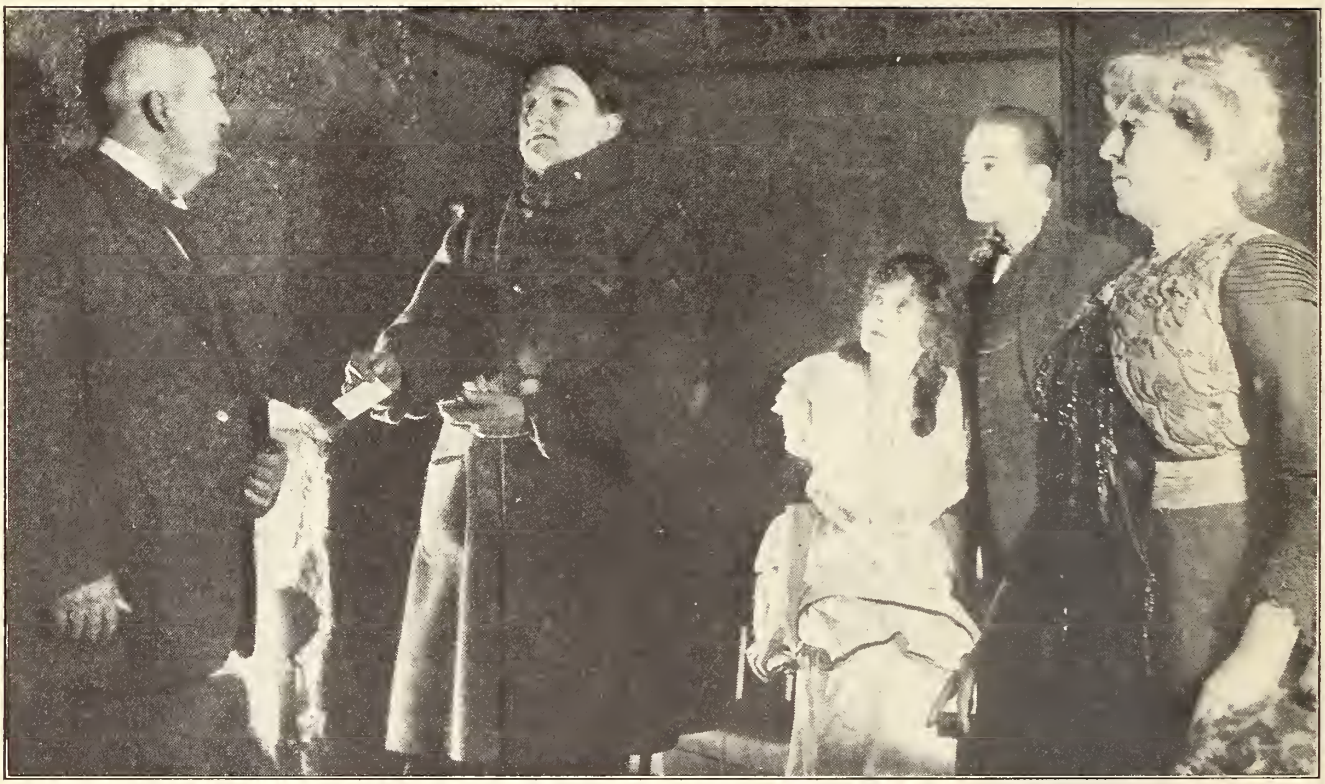
It did not require a very great length of time for Carroll to decide that he would be among those present at the dinner. From then until Thursday evening much of his time was spent in musing over the woman of his dreams. On the night of the banquet Clandenning was among the first to arrive at the Warren. Soon, however, the guests began to come rapidly, and it was with much disgust and disappointment that he learned the number of admirers, as ardent in their love as himself, that the actress had. Many remarks, and all flattering ones, were passed between gentlemen who formed small groups around the lobby, and going from one to the other of these he heard enough to satisfy him that to become acquainted with the woman, and then to advance that acquaintance to a degree where he could express his true feelings, would be a hard task, as there were many others who had a similar object in view in coming to the dinner.

Within a short time the arrival of Stella was announced, and all flocked about the entrance to welcome her, Carroll always with the leaders. She came, a living image of beauty itself, amid a shower of flowers and praises. At the table Carroll succeeded in obtaining a seat at her side, and now it seemed that she was even more adorable than on the night of the opera. If she was beautiful then, she was more so now. If her manner was charming and magnetic behind the footlights, it was far surpassed when she was off the stage.

During the feast Carrol took advantage of the opportunity offered by being so close to her, and, aided by the gayety of the atmosphere, made the friendship for which he had longed. And she, much to his surprise, for he had expected the dancer to be cold and formal, encouraged him without limit. The banquet was over in due time, and the guests turned their pleasures to the form of dancing. Carroll was the first to dance with Stella, and when the music of the first number ceased, he escorted her to an alcove closed from the view of the ballroom by a shrubbery of palm trees. Here the two rested on a bench, and Carroll undertook to unburden himself by relating his emotions to her. Still she encouraged him.

The least encouragement was sufficient, and, drawing her closer to him, Clandenning ventured to place his arm about her waist; not being repulsed, he went on with his story, explaining his desperate love to her. At the end of the second dance they had left the alcove, having made an appointment for the following evening, and Stella gave her attention to the many others who crowded about. Clandenning, seeing that she had probably forgotten him for the present, and realizing that there would be no chance for him to be alone with her again that night, left somewhat early for home.

On Friday his infatuation grew, as, in her absence, he recalled the happenings of the night before. The day passed slowly for him, and he remained at home, except a short while in the



Carroll Clandenning goes to live at the country home of the Knickerbocker family.

afternoon, during which he went to the bank, drew a large amount from his account, went to a jewelry store, and expended a goodly portion of the money for a magnificent diamond ring. "When I give her this," he pondered, "she will know that I'm in earnest."

Eight o'clock found Carroll in the elegant apartments of Stella, a large bouquet of flowers in his hand and the diamond ring in his vest pocket. She greeted him in her usual suave, easy way, with her enchanting smile, and under the influence of her charms he was not responsible for his determination to make her his wife.

The evening wore on, Stella and Carroll becoming more intimate by each hour that passed, and finally he, seeking to carry out his determination without delay, proposed an engagement. But the crafty young opera star, whose sole purpose in allowing such freedom to Carroll was to derive what benefit she could from all that his money could buy, and incidentally to add another to her list of already fallen victims, evaded a definite answer, as to refuse would spoil him for anything she hoped to gain from him, and to accept was out of the question. So she carefully avoided doing either by merely saying:

"Oh, dear, we cannot do that yet. Wait until I have made a better standing for myself in the world of the theater, and have become celebrated over the world; then our marriage will mean more to you." However, this was encouragement in the blinded eyes of Carroll, and he gave her the ring as a token meant to keep in mind their future engagement.

It was late when he reached home that night, and Clandenning was still in a condition resembling that of a man under the powers of hypnotism. He placed a photograph which he received from Stella on his mantel, and sat in thought for nearly an hour before retiring.

Suddenly, when Carroll was sitting before the picture the next day, Blake, formerly one of Stella's admirers, rushed into the room, and, in an excited voice, exclaimed:

"My God, man, you'd be better off dead!"

"What do you mean? What have I done? Why would I be better dead?" returned Carroll, in a terrified tone.

"Just this is what I mean," answered Blake. "You are paying foolish attentions to this woman Stella, the popular opera dancer, and——"

"Stop! Stop!" cried Clandenning. "Don't dare to say anything against her!"

"Wait," replied Blake, "and you'll be glad I told you. I am talking from my experiences with her. You went to see her; you are, no doubt, spending money on her, and you'll spend a lot more, too, if you keep it up. She'll let you, for that is all she wants. She knows you can't help loving her, and she makes you think she loves you; calls you pretty names and the like. You need not bother to tell me that I am right. I know I am, for I was just as much of a fool as you are now. But I had to suffer it to the end before I found it out. She has ruined my life, and she will ruin yours if you don't come to your senses soon. I'm not telling you this for my own pleasure, so don't think that I'm not talking the truth. What good would it do me to come here and tell you this? But I hate to see a man get what I got, and I came for your own good. Think it over."

Blake, having finished this, stood

ilently above the man whom he addressed and watched the effects his ords would take. Carroll sat wrapped n thought. He recalled all that had aken place between himself and the ress, and applied what he had just eard to the facts. At length he rose lowly, walked to the mantel, and took he photograph in his hand. In another en seconds it was lying in shreds in he wastebasket. Holding out his right an to Blake, he spoke just two words, ut these he spoke with meaning:

"Thanks, Shake."

That night, before dark, Clandenning ad his trunk packed and ticket already purchased for Glenbrook, a little ountry town far from the city and Stella. He had realized his folly and as going to the country, to forget and separate himself from her environment. It was early the following morning when he arose and started for that lace. On alighting from the train and reathing the fresh country air, he as incensed with a new life.

Walking briskly along the dust-covred road, he reached the village store, hich, judging from the fact that it erved as post office, grocery store, ardware store, and butcher shop, and ad a dry-goods department, Carroll hought it must also be the general nformation bureau, and entered for this eason. On inquiring as to the best lace for him to obtain board, Clandenning was directed to the farm of ohn Knickerbocker, a short distance way.

The first thing he noticed on approaching the place was a young woman, carcely more than a girl and evidently he daughter of John Knickerbocker. Despite the memory of his recent experience, Carroll became immediately nterested in her, for she seemed to be of an exceptional type, pretty, wholeome, untainted and attractive.

"How do you do?" he said to the oman who answered his knock. "My ame is Clandenning, and I am looking or a place to board. They referred me here at the store."

"Well, Mr. Clandenning," she anwered, "we have one room that you an have, and if you are used to simple ood, I guess we can put you up, all ight."

So it was arranged, and, after having seen the room and made the acquaintance of Mr. Knickerbocker, Carroll went out alone to view the farm. As he was walking aimlessly about, he spied the girl again, and, watching her for a few minutes, made up his mind that he should have to meet her soon, and there was no time like the present. He strolled, with an unconcerned air, toward her, and said:

"How do you do, Miss Knickerbocker? Since I am to live with you for a time it only seems proper that I should introduce myself. I am Carroll Clandenning."

"I am very pleased to meet you, Mr. Clandenning," she answered, "but may I ask how you came to know my name and what you mean by saying that you are going to live with me?"

Whereupon Carroll gave the explanation desired, and, after a short conversation on general matters, Miss Alice Knickerbocker escorted him about the farm, showing him the various places of interest, and, at the same time, though unconsciously, forming a steadfast friendship between them.

It was not a very long time after his arrival at the Knickerbocker home; in fact, it was just a little short of a fortnight, that every evening he and Alice could have been seen walking slowly along the road toward the center of the village, and later walking, at a still slower pace, back to the house. Again the sentimental side of life had gained the better of Carroll, but this time he convinced himself that it was not a foolish love which the girl controlled, as had been the last. He could see that Alice was the simple kind of person, who loved but once, and that once she loved with all her soul; then he thought on several occasions, and his heart beat hard as he thought of it, that she was giving signs of caring for him a little more than mere friendship warranted. However, he decided not to let it be known that he had noticed any evidence of this until he could be certain that she really loved him.

For a little less than a year Carroll courted Alice in an indirect way, giving her every opportunity to understand his feelings without openly showing them. At the end of that time, however, he decided that they had reached a point where there should be an understanding. During his stay with the Knickerbockers he had not heard from Stella, and her name had never been mentioned, the only time she entered his mind being when he read, with a frown, an account of her performances in a city newspaper which came to his hand infrequently. But he had cast her from his life.

On an evening during the tenth month after he had come to Glenbrook, when Carroll and Alice were taking their usual walk along the country road, he suddenly came to a halt. She naturally did the same, and, as she stopped, Carroll slipped his arm about her for the first time. He could feel a sort of hidden tremble pass through her slender frame, and she drew closer to him as though for protection. It was then that he told her of his love.

"Alice," he said, "I have been living near you for almost a year now, and I cannot help loving you. It seems as though I were sent here to meet you by some unknown, kind power. For many months it has been hard for me to restrain myself along these evening walks, and to-night it was impossible. Is there any feeling in your heart for such a man as me? Do you think that you could love me? If you do, my dear, won't you come to my home in the city and be happy with me there as my wife?"

As he spoke she came closer and closer to him, until when he finished, he found himself with both arms around her, and her head resting on his shoulder. She did not answer immediately, but, after a pause, she turned her beautiful eyes to his face and only said:

"When shall we go, Carroll?"

He thought a while, then answered, his voice plainly displaying the joy that he felt: "On Monday; it is Thursday now, and by then we can be married and have everything ready. It cannot come too soon."

"No," she said faintly; "it cannot come too soon. Let us go and tell father and mother."

All was excitement at the Knickerbocker farm until Saturday night. The entire family, even Jack, Alice's brother, who was slightly in excess of her in age, was busy helping them pack their clothes, and their minds were so much on the wedding that the animals were very fortunate that they were even fed; the other work was entirely neglected.

On that night, as had been planned, the quiet marriage took place, no others but those in the family and the village pastor, who performed the ceremony, being present.

On Monday morning, with mingled

tears and smiles, the couple bade goodby to the Knickerbockers and Glenbrook, and left for the city on the morning train.

It would be an uninteresting tale to recite the married life of Mr. and Mrs. Clandenning at their home in the city, but let it suffice to say that it was naught but one of joy and happiness, and that Carroll never once permitted his mind to turn to Stella or her doings, until suddenly one day she was thrust before him in the most unexpected and undesirable manner.

It was at a time when Jack, Alice's brother, was a guest at the Clandenning home, that Alice came to Carroll when he was alone in the library, with a sad expression on her countenance. He had never told her of the opera dancer or the part she had played in bringing them together, and his life before she met him had never been explained to the young wife. As she entered the room trouble was evident, and she spoke to her husband in a low and trembling voice.

"Carroll, dear," she began, "there is an unpleasant thing that you must do. Jack is in a grave position, and a dangerous one, but does not realize how serious it is. I have spoken to him, but he refuses to listen to reason. You must save him. There is an attractive, but deceitful woman, a dancer—Stella she is called—who has drawn my brother's love merely for her own profit. She pretends to love him, but it is only so that he will spend his money on presents for her. It must be stopped; you must go to her and plead with her to let him alone."

As she spoke, a look of horror came over Clandenning's face, and he dropped into a chair. Had Alice been able to read his real thought, instead of attributing his action to the fact that he was in sympathy with Jack, another grave worry would have been added to her one concerning Jack.

It did not take a long while for Carroll to understand the situation, having his own experience as an example.

"Yes," he said presently; "I shall go see this woman immediately."

Having carefully prepared in his mind the words which he meant to assail the insidious Stella, a traitor to love, he went to her apartments. On being admitted and viewing her for the first time in over a year, Carroll was immediately impressed with her wonderful features and her charming beauty. Shameful though it is to relate, he forgot all; forgot his former experience; forgot his new life; forgot Blake's warning; yes, and even forgot his wife and home. His mission vanished from his mind and all that remained in it was Stella. He was again under the same old influence, the power with which she was able to make slaves and fools and wrecks of men.

The time he was with her was spent as before, in foolish love-making and the consequences. He had promised her a beautiful bracelet, and other presents. True, he did speak of Jack, and in an effort to regain his confidence she had said that she would turn him down. He left her with his mind in the same condition that it had been in when he left her the last time nearly two years before.

Directly he went to a jeweler's, selected the bracelet, ordered it to be sent to his home, and returned to his wife, telling her only what Stella had said concerning Jack.

It was the following day, and Carroll was not in when a package from Hartmann's jewelry establishment was delivered, addressed to "Mr. Clandenning." Naturally enough Alice opened it, and as she took the bracelet from the box she noticed a card beneath it. Picking it up, she read: "To Stella, with Carroll's love."

At once she surmised the truth: Carroll had also fallen to the clutches of this woman, and had purchased this bracelet for her. He had ordered it sent to her with his card, but by mistake it had been forwarded to him. She wondered whether it was unfortunate or fortunate she had received it!

She formed a plan to verify her suspicions, and that evening, disguised as a delivery girl, went to the theater with the bracelet, which was taken by the actress in an unconcerned, matter-of-fact way. Instead of leaving the room on the way to the door, Alice slipped behind a screen and waited for developments. Shortly after her husband entered, and, to her disgust and horror, she watched him shower his affections upon the dancer until she was called for her performance.

The screen behind which Alice was hidden was near the door, and she attempted to leave the room hastily without being seen, but Stella, who was facing the door at the time, caught a glimpse of her fleeting figure as she slipped out.

A suspicion entered her mind, and it



"Here is another man," she said, "who is just as much of a fool as you have been."

rompted her to say to Clandenning in somewhat harsh voice:

"Carroll, do you ever pay attentions any other woman? Is there no one lse you love?"

"Why, of course not, dear," he reacherously lied; "you are the only erson on earth I care for."

"I was just wondering," she replied a far-off tone. "Good-by; I must go the stage now." But in her mind er suspicion, the existing fact, was onfirmed; the delivery girl was Carroll's wife. A pang of pity for the poor oman entered her heart. It was the rst time she had ever felt pity for any ne, and she decided to right things if it ere in her power to do so.

When he returned home that evening arroll found Alice already in bed, her roken-hearted feelings explained as a eadache." Carroll retired that night a puzzled state of mind. He had old Stella that there was no one else t her he cared for, and now how was e to live up to it in her eyes? Had he een able to look twelve hours ahead, he ould have solved the problem easier.

Before noon the next day the doorell rang, and in answer to the sumons both Alice and Carroll were taken back at the sight of the two visitors. hey were Stella and a gay-appearing d escort, who was introduced as Mr. e Granville. Clandenning faltered as e entered, and attempted to speak, but ould find no voice, but the actress took e situation in hand.

"I should like to speak to both of you a an important matter," she said.

Once in the parlor she began her story. landenning was there; he had followed as would a dog being led where did not want to go.

"Now," started the dancer, "I simply ant to tell Mr. Clandenning what a ol he is and has been, and to prove it him." Carroll looked sheepishly ay. "You have been paying attenons to me, buying me costly presents, d wasting your love, which belongs to is woman, on me. You knew my aracter; you knew why I allowed you ese liberties; you knew my whole side it. But I did not know your side it until last night, when your wife livered the bracelet to me at the eater. Here is another man," she id, putting her arms on the shoulders her escort, "who is just as much of fool as you have been, and he's willing keep on being one. Go back to your dear wife, for she loves you, and never forget that you have more than you deserve with her."

Carroll stumbled dazedly over to Alice, clasped her in his arms, and begged her forgiveness.

"Carroll," she sobbed, "I do love you, and so I shall forgive you. True love would always forgive, and true love is always deserving of being forgiven. Let us hope we may always have it with us."

"We shall," he whispered, kissing her, then, turning toward the actress, said: "Stella, for once you have done a good deed, and it but amends a bad one. Good-by, and if I never see you again even that will be a world too soon."

A Play Right From Life.

BESIDES being one of those once-in-a-lifetime instances where a play, complete and dramatic, can be lifted directly from real life—for the drama is produced without an iota of change—the story of how the forthcoming Edison "Judge Not" came into being as a play is as interesting as the drama itself.

Director Charles Brabin best tells it in his own words: "I doubt if I ever saw an actor who had such control of his emotional powers as Charles Ogle, who could stop in the very height of a strong scene and in the most prosaic way ask: 'Am I in the right place?' He didn't seem to feel at all, though he could thrill you. I said one day: 'Good Lord, Charlie! did you ever cry in your life?' 'Yes, once,' was all he said, and then he told me the story that so affected him. It was the simple, powerful story of a sweet, simple village girl who was lured away. Charlie Ogle's father was the minister that brought her back to her mother's home and to her tragic death, it developed later.

"The story so affected me that I was one day telling it at the Republican Club, New York, in company with an editor and a well-known writer. When I had finished, the writer asked me whether he could use it. The editor bought the story on the spot, and it has since come out as 'The Stoning;' later came to Edison as 'Judge Not.' Strange to say it so affected both Charlie and myself that we never thought of it as a play."

"Judge Not" will be something of a departure from the usual pleasant ending of plays as Viola Dana, who will play the village girl, is shown drowned and in her coffin, providing a powerful play in its rugged simplicity. Director Brabin, realizing this departure, is putting his best work into it to prove that the public will like a play which is drawn so close to life, even if tragic in the ending.

Rattlesnake and Actors.

GEORGE W. TERWILLIGER, the Lubin director, is nothing if not thoughtful. Recently while filming a play in St. Augustine he used a seven-foot rattlesnake. The snake arrived at the Philadelphia studio as a present to the other directors. Tacked to the box was this note:

"This is 'Myrtle.' She is a good screen performer and the best rattler in Florida. If you can find work for her, please do so. I know little of her personal habits, as I directed her from the top of a step ladder."

"Myrtle" rattled from the moment she arrived at the studio, but if she thought she was making a hit with the directors she fooled herself. Barry O'Neil, who makes the Lubin feature productions, rudely ignored her; Joseph Smiley observed, "Fine snake; throw her down a sewer"; John Ince said any one was welcome to his share in her; Edgar Jones offered to contribute a quart of chloroform if any one would pour it in the cage; Joseph Kaufman said that what he thought of her could only be expressed with the aid of a Winchester rifle; Arthur Hotaling said he had seen too many of "Myrtle's" relatives in Florida, and refused point-blank to even look at her; Arthur Johnson also refused to look "Myrtle" over, but suggested that she be sent on to Wilbert Melville at the Lubin Western studio at Los Angeles as an Easter present.

Evidently "Myrtle" was not accustomed to the unchivalrous action of the photo-play directors of the North. As a snake she did everything she could in the way of illustrating rattling and striking and lunging, and when this failed she did the one supreme and dramatic thing she had left in her repertoire—coiled herself up like a rope and died. And it was then, only then, that she got any recognition, for it was joyfully decided to have her skin removed and used for decorative purposes in the studio.

The Quest

By Kenneth Rand

Who has not pictured to himself his ideal woman? In this five-reel Mutual Masterpicture (two of which are planned to be produced each week hereafter by this company, from four to five reels each in length) John Douglas, a rich young bachelor, sets out in quest of his "girl o' dreams." Read where he found her—and what happened then.

The part of *John Douglas* was played in the picture by Harry Pollard. Margarita Fischer had the role of *Nai. De Villiers* was played by Jos E. Singleton. Robyn Adair played the part of *Kaura;* William Carroll that of the tribal priest; and Lucille Ward had the role of the lady who befriended the island girl on *De Villiers'* yacht.

Stories of these Mutual Masterpictures will appear in each issue as a feature of the Picture-Play Weekly. Look for them.

BAH!—I'm sick of it all."

John Douglas turned from the fireplace in his luxuriously furnished bachelor rooms.

De Villiers, his friend, a man of the world as his handsome, dissipated face plainly showed, poured himself another drink from the decanter on the antique carved oak table.

"Why not get married?" he suggested lightly. "A wife might give you a fresh interest in society. Find the right girl, and——"

He made a gesture to suggest the tinkle of wedding bells.

"Find the right girl!" bitterly derided the other. He paced the floor. "In this same society, I suppose? Not in a million years! They're artificial, every one. Butterflies! If only I *could* meet one like my Dream Girl——"

"Eh—what's this?"

"I have seen her," declared John seriously, stopping before his friend. "The girl I could marry. She has come to me as a vision—often, of late. Ah, but she is fair! And her eyes are as true, as free from guile, as they look into mine ——"

"My boy!" De Villiers broke in, in genuine alarm. "You're not well—you need a change. Let me take you off on the *Killcare* for a cruise. We'll go to the Azores, the Philippines, or the Mediterranean—anywhere you like. Say you'll come, right now. I'll get the gayest sort of a party together——"

"No," declared the other, with a quick shrug of distaste. "No, thanks."

"Think it over," advised his guest, picking up his hat and stick. "You'd better change your mind. And—change it about joining me to-night, won't you? You're not going about enough. That's the whole trouble. Come along to the little supper I'm giving after "The Madcap Duchess." I'll introduce you to three of the prettiest members of the chorus—well, if you won't, you won't. I'm off. I'll look in on you about the cruise to-morrow."

John sank into a deep leather armchair before the fire when his friend had gone. As he looked into the glowing heart of the embers, gradually the expression of discontent lifted from his face. His hands gripped the arms of the chair until his knuckles showed white, and he strained eagerly forward toward the vision of a girl that seemed to float in the air before him.

"Ah, sweetheart!" breathed the man.

He rose and stretched out his arms. And the vision vanished. He sank back with a disappointed groan. Was he never to clasp her, then, after all—h girl o' dreams?

But perhaps De Villiers had be right. A long sea voyage was what l needed to rid his mind of these ha lucinations. Before he went to bed th night, John Douglas had decided to ta his friend's advice.

But not to make one of the "gay sort of a party" the latter had suggeste on board his yacht.

To avoid the society life in which might have been thrown, too, on o of the fast transatlantic liners, it w on a slow freighter that John sailed f the Orient three days later.

A week after the vessel had steam from port, John was awakened one nig in his berth by a grinding jar.



John Douglas was tired of the butterfly life.

He sprang out on the floor of his cabin and hastily dressed.

As he opened his door he saw one of the officers hurrying by in the passageway.

"You haven't a minute to lose!" the man called to him.

Then he ran on toward the deck above. John followed. But even as he reached the deck it slanted under him. The next moment he was battling in the waves.

It must have been near morning when the steamer went down, for soon the swift tropical dawn broke above John as he swam.

He saw that he alone had been saved.

But was he himself safe yet?

Exhaustion must overtake him in a few more hours. In the water beside him a drenched frond of a palm tree went floating by. Land must be near. But in what direction did it lie? He might be swimming away from it instead of toward it with every stroke.

And then his Dream Girl rose before him.

Slowly she receded, with beckoning finger uplifted, as though drawing him forward to safety, and John swam on after her. Presently he saw a background of beach, cliffs, and waving palm trees taking form behind her. And then a miraculous thing happened.

As the vision drifted back, it met the figure of a girl in native costume who was running forward down the beach, and the two figures merged into one!

John felt strong hands lay hold of his sodden coat collar, and himself drawn up out of the water to lie, panting and half blinded, on the glittering white sand.

When he sat up, it was to look into the face of his Dream Girl, not three yards away. With a glad cry, John sprang up to take her in his arms.

Nai—for it was the daughter of Neto, the chief of the tribe that legend said had been founded on that island by the survivors of an ancient shipwreck, who had saved him—ran away in alarm at the strange man's stranger actions.

She threw stones at him to ward off his wild rush for her. But none of the missiles reached their mark, for, alas! her aim was truly feminine. John caught her and stooped to reach her lips. But with the stone in her hand, which she had not yet had time to fling, she struck, and struck again, at his head.

He dropped, senseless, from one such blow, at her feet.

The girl stood over him, breathing hard.

The she turned and uttered a peculiar, birdlike cry. From the forest edge, at the rear of the beach, a number of the tribe appeared and came running toward her.

John was borne to the chief's hut in the heart of the island.

When he came to, it was with the sound of music in his ears. He crawled to the door and looked out upon Nai, who sat playing upon a rude harp of



As the vision drifted back it met the figure of a girl in native costume.

obviously native make before the doorway of the hut.

The instant she spied him, she stopped.

"Please," begged John, "go on playing. You must be a genius to be able to make such music on a thing like that. Is the song one of your native airs?"

She shook her head shyly.

"I play what I feel," she faltered. "I played that to show—to show I was sorry for striking you with the stone. And that I hoped you weren't badly hurt."

John sank at her feet.

"Play again," he fervently urged, his soul in his eyes as they searched her face, "and tell me what you feel when I look at you—like this."

Nai hesitated, then raised her hand to touch the strings.

But at that instant the tall figure of a man strode forward from the near-by thicket where he had been spying upon the scene.

It was Kaura, the subchief of the tribe, and the man to whom Nai's hand was already promised.

He struck the great gong that hung beside the chief's door, summoning the tribe to council. When all were assembled, he demanded, as his right, that the marriage with Nai take place without more delay.

He caught the girl's wrist in one of his mighty hands to draw her to him, and she cried out.

John tore loose the strapping native's clutch and faced him.

"You would interfere?" demanded Kaura, thrusting his dark face menacingly into the other's. "Then we shall fight. And in our native fashion. Lend him a weapon, one of you," he added to the crowd, as he drew back and grasped the handle of the club, with a great, sharp-pointed stone bound in the cleft in its end, which hung at his own belt.

A counterpart of the primitive weapon was thrust into John's hand.

And then Kaura rushed upon him.

John warded off the blow. So did the native the one John next aimed at him. The battle went on this way for several minutes. One blow from those murderous clubs would have meant instant death for either.

And then John's foot slipped on a pebble!

He fell. Like a flash, Kaura was towering over him, with the sharp stone at the end of his club raised to cleave his skull.

Neto, the old chief, interposed.

"Strike not!" he commanded Kaura. "He is a guest, and by our tribal law may not be slain. But he shall be an outcast from the tribe." He gave John a hand and brought him to his feet. "Go!" he ordered.

Nai was placed in her father's hut, under guard, to await her marriage with Kaura on the morrow.

That night, under cover of a thunderstorm, John stole back to the vil-

lage. He lay hidden in the thicket from whence Kaura had looked upon his love-making with the girl, and watched the guard in front of Neto's hut until the man's head nodded with sleep.

Then John sprang upon him and overpowered him.

With the girl, he fled back toward the mountains. But their flight was detected, and they were pursued by Kaura and the young men of the tribe.

The natives were fleeter of foot than John and his female companion. The fugitives could hear the running tread of their pursuers already close behind them. They hid in a cave, hoping to throw the search party off their trail.

But Kaura's sharp eyes had detected a strip of John's tattered shirt which had fallen at the very mouth of the cave, and he halted his followers before the pair's hiding place.

They would be captured in another moment.

And then a lightning bolt struck and killed Kaura. The natives fell on their knees, uttering strange cries to heaven. They took it as an omen that their hunt was frowned upon by the gods. They turned and went back to the village, leaving John and Nai safe in the cave.

The couple pressed on up the mountain to the hut of the priest of the tribe. And there they were married. They took up their abode in the forest, where John built them a hut with his own hands, and also another and larger harp to replace the one that Nai had been compelled to leave behind. She was only happy when she had her beloved music. And John wished to leave nothing undone to insure her happiness.

Months passed. And then, one day, from a promontory that overlooked the beach, John saw a yacht anchored off shore. He shouted for Nai, and showed her the beautiful white craft.

They set to work together with feverish haste to erect a signal that might be seen by those on the far-off deck of the vessel. Night overtook them before the task could be completed. They departed for their hut, meaning to return early in the morning to finish the work.

They found the priest who had wedded them waiting at the hut. He bore a message from the chief. It was thus:

Neto loved his daughter dearly. He would do anything to have her back again. If John would bring her to the village, Neto would resign as chief of the tribe and John might rule in his stead.

John refused the offer.

"I am going home," he told the priest, "and Nai shall accompany me—her father will never see her more."

The priest withdrew, to pass the night in a cave near them on the mountain-top before returning next day to the village to bear the answer to Neto. John lay down on the ground outside the door of the hut, to guard Nai from roaming beasts, as was his custom, while she slept, and to dream of boarding the yacht on the morrow.

The yacht was De Villiers' *Killcare*. He took John for a ghost when the latter first faced him on the deck, for it had been reported that the steamer on which John had booked passage had gone down with all on board.

John introduced Nai as his wife—and the Dream Girl he had long been seeking.

De Villiers became very attentive to her at once.

One of the ladies that made up the yachting party dressed Nai in some of her clothes, and taught her the manners of civilization. At first Nai was awkward in the strange garb; but she was as clever as she was beautiful, and she had soon captivated every one by her natural grace and charm. She played for them on the harp which John had made for her and brought away from the island—and all acclaimed her as an artist.

As the homeward voyage progressed, De Villiers grew more attentive than ever.



John sprang upon the guard and overpowered him.

Arrived in the city, John rented a fine house in the fashionable section for his bride and himself. They were plunged at once into a round of social gayety. Nai was a novelty. Not only was she beautiful but she was fresh, utterly unsullied.

"I begin to believe there was something in that dream-girl theory of yours, after all, old fellow," De Villiers told John one day, as he was departing after one of his innumerable calls at the house. "I find your wife charming! One of the most charming women I have ever met, by gad!"

"I am glad you like her," John returned.

He did not believe his friend could be guilty of harboring the intention of shattering his happiness. But he knew that De Villiers' reputation as a rake and a flirt was not founded on any false rumors of his behavior. John thought it best to put Nai on her guard against the man.

"But he is your friend!" she protested innocently. "He has been very nice to me—see, he has sent me this beautiful harp to-day to replace the one you made for me!—but that is just because you *are* his friend!"

John said nothing. But he determined to watch De Villiers closely. It was well that he did so. He and Nai were invited to a garden party, where she delighted all by playing on the harp and then by giving an exhibition of her native dances. De Villiers was the first to reach her side when she sank to the grass at the end of her last number, bowing to the ovation the guests gave her. John saw his friend escort her into the mansion, and he followed.

De Villiers urged champagne upon her.

Then he lit a cigarette for her from his, and showed her how to smoke it.

John noticed that she did not seem reluctant to try these vices of society. Was it only her innocence that made her ignorant that there was anything wrong in her actions? Or had civilization already laid its tarnishing touch upon her? Was she to prove false, like all the rest?

That night, when he reached home, John learned that his wife had already come there with De Villiers. She had changed to evening clothes. And then departed for the man's rooms, to look at a rare painting there.

John suddenly saw red. He ran up to his room and pulled open his bureau drawer. Something glinted for an instant in his hand, as he pushed back his coat over his hip pocket. Then he rushed from the house and straight to De Villiers' bachelor apartment.

He burst into the room, to find his friend just gathering Nai into his arms.

"You——" choked John, in blind rage.

He sprang at De Villiers. The latter released the girl and grappled with him. He flung John's hand, with the pistol in it, on high, and held it there. John wrenched his hand free, and fired.

With a cry, Nai clasped her hand to her bosom.

She slowly sank to the floor, her eyes already glazing in death.

She had received the bullet in her heart.

"It's you who have cost me her life!" John snarled through his clenched teeth, turning again on De Villiers. "You treacherous cur! But you shall pay me ——"

With the words he leaped upon him once more. He bent the man backward over the table in the middle of the room. In vain De Villiers struggled to regain his feet. John's hands were at his throat. With a heartless laugh, he tightened his grip on the windpipe of his victim, whose face was already beginning to grow purple, shaking him as a dog might shake a rat——

Nai was shaking John's arm.

He woke. He sat up and looked wildly about him. In the gray light of the dawn which was beginning to break he saw palm trees around him instead of the carved oak walls of that bachelor apartment. Then—it was only a dream!

Springing to his feet, John raced toward the promontory overlooking the sea, crying to the priest and Nai to follow him.

He ripped down the unfinished signal. And, as he did so, he saw the sharp bow of the white yacht swing slowly round with the outgoing tide. The anchor was up; smoke rose from the craft's trim funnels—she was about to depart.

John looked down at Nai, who had touched his sleeve.

She looked anxiously from him to the moving vessel and then up into his face again, an unspoken question in her eyes.

"No, sweetheart!" declared John Douglas, squaring his shoulders and drawing her close. "Let her go!" He faced about with her from the sea, and slipped his arm under the priest's. "Lead the way to the village, father. For we are going—home!"



John and Nai returned—home.

News of the Photo-playwrights.

BENNIE ZIEDMAN, known to scenarioists and fans as "Bennie of Lubinville," is now with the Reliance-Majestic studios, in Los Angeles, California, where he holds down the publicity man's chair. Not so very long ago he said "yes" or "no" regarding the Eaco Company accepting scripts.

Emmett Campbell Hall, who writes scripts for the Lubin Company, recently left his retreat in Maryland and visited the Philadelphia studios of his company. He had with him an armful of scripts, some of which belonged to his new serial, "The Road o' Strife," which Lubin is now making.

The Man at the Key

By L. Roland Forbes

Taken from the photo-play now being shown by the Domino Players, this story gives us a glimpse of the terrible possibilities of tragedy in railroad life, where so great responsibility is placed upon the shoulders of a single man. *Bob North,* whose part is played on the screen by Richard Stanton, is an honest, reliable and hard-working man. He is one ot those who handles the lives of passengers when his fingers are on the telegraph key; but see what too much hard work brought him to and what he did for those who helped to bring it on.

Mrs North ..... Mrs. Ethel Ulman
Baby North ..... Thelma Salter

As a general rule, the courts, in trying a case, do not take into consideration details which in themselves have no immediate bearing on the case which is before them, but which, in an indirect way, may be responsible to a great degree for the entire matter. The case of Bob North, station master at Crescoe, who was on the stand for having caused, through carelessness, the accident which brought death to half a score of people and injury to thrice as many more, was no exception to this rule. The court did not take into account the fact that for weeks on end Bob North, the station master at Crescoe, had been working twenty hours a day for a railway system that put dividends ahead of the welfare of its employees or the safety of its passengers. Nor did his frenzied, but too tardy, effort to retrieve his blunder aid him.

North was clearly culpable. Worn out by his arduous labors, both at home and at his post, he had become momentarily excited by the news that his wife had presented him with a baby son. In his pride and happiness he had for one instant forgotten his duty, a train order had not been delivered to the conductor of the through freight, and as a result it had crashed into the "Limited," a fast passenger train, ten miles up the line, with an attendant loss of life that was shocking.

Public clamor for a victim was great, and North was so obviously responsible that few thought the punishment severe when the judge sentenced him to five years in State's prison for criminal negligence. North heard the words that were to wipe five years out of his life dumbly. He was thinking of what would become of his wife and little son. Then he was taken away.

For four years after he entered the gray walls of the prison, he was a model prisoner. He did his assigned duties uncomplainingly. But always in his heart was a longing to see those he had left behind him and clasp them to his heart even if it was his last act. Then came a day when a mutiny broke out among the prisoners. North, left alone in a corner of the prison yard, listened to the battle going on within between the keepers and his fellow convicts, and a sudden impulse seized him. An instant later he had clambered over the prison wall and made off, but not before a guard had fired at him, wounding him in the head.

It was early morning when North reached Valley Junction, where he hoped in the darkness to jump a freight that would carry him to Crescoe. Almost fainting with the pain in his head and from loss of blood, he leaned against the station window. He peered inside and noted, by the light of the platform lantern, that it was past four o'clock. Then it occurred to him, as to a man in a dream, that the station master must be late. He recalled cold winter mornings, when he, himself, in years past, had poached a few minutes of the company's time, and shivered at the recollection.

He was about to turn away, when his trained ear caught the click of the telegraph instrument inside. "VJ—VJ—VJ," it sputtered querulously, "UT—UT—UT." North paused. The angry click of the receiver repeated the call again and yet again. It must be something very "urgent," North thought, for them to call the Valley Junction man at this hour. Ten miles down the valley, he caught the glint of the Eastern Flier's headlight, forging up the grade, and a sudden thought struck him. Smashing the station windw, he climbed in and took the key in his stiffened fingers. It crackled as leaped



His frenzied effort came too late to retrieve the blunder.

The Strength of the Weak

By Ralph T. Sirod

The following story was taken from the Essanay picture-play of the same name and relates the experiences of a morphine fiend who exerted every effort to overcome his habit for the sake of his mother and that of his fiancee. It shows the terrible grip with which this evil holds its victims despite all attempts on their part to break loose. David Fleming was in its grasp. Read what happened to him.

The lead in the picture-play is taken by the popular Essanay player, Bryant Washburn. Gerda Holmes appears as his fiancee, *Lalia Fenton*, and Helen Dunbar presents *David's* mother. Lester Cuneo plays *Stanford Black*, the villain, while Camille D'Arcy impersonates *Lalia's* mother.

Y God, mother!" exclaimed David Fleming, in a terrified voice, king up from the table with a look a man who had been caught in the t of committing a murder. His bare t arm was stretched over the table. ile in his right hand he clutched at mething shiny.

For a moment his mother had not ilized what her son had been doing: was too horrible and unbelievable to ilize, but as he spoke she knew that. ough she had not discovered him rdering some one else, as his tone ght have suggested, it was almost a ful. He was slowly ebbing the life om himself; it might take years to do but that was the ultimate result, unss he was stopped.

The shiny object which he held was a hypodermic needle, and it contained morphine, which the youth was about to inject in his bare arm when the mother had unexpectedly entered the room.

David explained to her that during a recent illness the attending physician had given him the drug for the first time in an effort to bring on a much-needed rest. It was then, Fleming said, that he had formed the habit, going out when he was convalescent and purchasing more, to satisfy his craving desire.

The young man was moved by the pleadings of his mother, and promised her that he would attempt to cast off the habit which was fast playing havoc with his physical and mental health. He told her that from then on, unless his will power was so unfortunately shattered as to make it impossible, he would desist absolutely from any use of the narcotic, for her sake and that of his fiancée, Lalia Fenton, who was ignorant of his affliction. When the interview was over, and his mother had left him, Fleming emptied the tube, as a first step toward his reform.

But later David discovered that the greatness of the promise which he had made was much more than he had anticipated. It was not a very long while afterward that the grasp of temptation seized him, and, struggle though he did, for he considered his word given to his mother as sacred, it would not loosen its hold. He hid the needle from his view, laid upon his bed, and tried to sleep in an effort to forget. But he could not sleep; slumber under these conditions was only an addition to his temptations, for he knew that by the single prick of a needle he could successfuly close his eyes in peaceful rest. At length he rushed from the room, grabbed his hat, and descended the steps to the street.

A very short while later Fleming was back again in his room. In his hand he held a small vial containing enough morphine for several doses. It was with a stealthy step that he walked to the door and turned the key; his mother must not know this time. Coming back to where he had placed the bottle, Fleming poured some of the drug into the needle, which he had taken from the hiding place where he had put it to take away the temptation. A fiendish smile, such as might be made at the point of a gun in the hands of one who threatened to shoot if he did not smile, crossed the features of David. He took the needle in his hand, rolled up



The temptation grasped him and he could not cast it off.

the sleeve of his other arm, and dug the point of the instrument into his flesh with a vicious jab, then laid himself on his bed and dropped slowly off to sleep.

For months every attempt to restrain from the use of the hypodermic had the same result to Fleming. He finally decided that it was no use, for, try as he would, and he was earnest in his desire to reform, he could not keep away from this terrible weapon of Satan's.

A few months later a shock came to the Fleming home, and under this terrible weakness which morphine was bringing over the young man, it came as a doubly heavy shock. His mother, still not knowing that her son had failed in his attempt to break the habit, had died; died and left him alone in the world except for relations not intimately familiar enough with him for him to tell them of his troubles or to ask their advice. So he did the one thing which seemed left to him, and an evening soon after his mother's funeral found him seated alone in the parlor of the Fentons, telling with a forced effort, his affliction to his sweetheart. She was horrified and begged him to stop—for her sake. But he told her the truth, saying that he had made a hard but vain attempt for his mother, using every inch of will power he possessed, but was all without avail. While he could obtain the drug, he explained, it was impossible for him to keep from using it.

"And," he told her, "while I am a slave of this fiendish habit, I cannot marry you. It would be unfair and even cruel to make you have a husband known to be a 'dope fiend.' But is there any way you can suggest that might help me to stop it so that I could have you with me in place of this devil? You know we are engaged, and it would not be right to make you keep that ring on your finger for any length of time unless we can be married. Give me one year from to-day, Lalia, and if I have not broken away from morphine by that time, you can consider yourself free to wed any other man you please. I'd hate to see you do it, but not as much as I'd hate to see your life spoiled waiting for one who'd never come."

"There is only one thing, David, that I can tell you to try," she answered. "You know how much I love you and what I'd do for you. If you wish to make it more than a year, you can, but, really, there must be something done. I could not marry you in this condition, not that I wouldn't want to, but—well, I couldn't, that's all—and I'd rather die than lose you after us having gone so long together. Why don't you go to live somewhere where you cannot get the drug, and then you'll have to give it up for a time, at least, and you may get accustomed to being without it."

Between them it was finally agreed that the plan offered was a good one, and David decided that he would act in accordance with it. The end of the week he set out, going by train and then by automobile, to the mountains, which were inaccessible any other way. It was an isolated place to which he went, no railway or any means of transportation; not even were mails delivered, making him fight the habit without word of encouragement even infrequently from Lalia.

For eleven months the time rolled by and Lalia heard but seldom from her lover; but when she did hear, it was with joy that she read the letters. They told her of the terrible craving for his needle and how at first the lack of the drug had made him weak and sickly, but how later he gradually regained strength, until now he thought that he would be able to return at the end of the year and take her. His fight was being successful!

But at home Lalia also was having her temptations, and might have fallen had it not been for the encouraging letters which she received from Fleming. Stanford Black, an admirer of Lalia's, had learned of the condition of her intended husband, and was trying to gain the favor of Lalia. On one occasion he had gone so far as to propose to her, but she remembered her promise to Fleming, and refused. But Black was not so easily discouraged, and was often a visitor at the Fenton home. His attentions, while they were polite and conventional, were accepted by Lalia, who, though she realized that her engagement was still existing, and while she hoped and was even bold enough to expect that it should terminate only by her marriage to David, thought that while he was away in the mountains it was merely proper for her to enjoy herself as much as possible without allowing Stanford Black or any other person to encroach upon the right of Fleming.

Black, however, meant to make
much as possible of the opportunity o
fered by the absence of his rival, a
at almost regular intervals made a
vances toward obtaining Lalia for h
wife. One evening, after having be
refused in an indignant way, when, f
the third time, he mentioned her brea
ing the engagement with her "dop
lover," as he often called David, Bla
produced a small plush box and hand
it to Lalia.

"If it is any thing in the way
jewelry, Stanford," she said, "y
should know by this time that I w
not accept such a present from you."

With these words he was forced to r
turn it to his pocket, not before me
tioning, however, that she was fooli
not to take a beautiful present giv
only as a token of friendship.

Meanwhile, in the mountains, livi
in lonely solitude, David was strugglin
hoping, and praying that at the a
pointed time he would be able to r
turn to his fiancée, once more fit to ta
her for his own. Eleven months pass
and Fleming considered that he was
good as saved. His only fear was th
when he was placed where he cou
easily obtain the morphine his w
might still be weak; he felt, howev
that, could he once restrain from t
temptation, it would be the only tri
necessary, and he could always do it.

On the tenth day of the eleven
month after he had come to the mou
tain town, Lalia and her mother, Mr
Fenton, left their home to pay a vi
to him, feeling that some encourag
ment in these last days might be
advantage, and, in order to do th
Lalia canceled an engagement wi
Stanford Black for the following eve
ing, telling him of her intended visit.

That notable person, seeing his e
forts about to be blown into a tho
sand pieces, became desperate, an
guessing David's remaining weakne
sent him, by messenger, a hypoderm
needle and a bottle of the drug co
taining enough to bring slumber to
the horses in a cavalry corps. Th
were packed neatly in the plush box
which he had offered the jewel to Lal
and the messenger was given orde
under no circumstances, to disclose t
identity of the sender.

By the quick work of Black the pac
age reached its destination six hou
before the auto with Lalia and M
Fenton was scheduled to arrive. Da

was astonished to see a package arrive for him, and called to the bearer to ask from whom it came, but the boy was gone, without an answer.

When he unwrapped the outer paper and saw the pretty box, David felt sure that it was from the girl to whom he was soon to return, and hastened to open it. The shock at viewing the actual contents was greatly added to because its difference from what he had expected to find. He drew back from the little bottle as though it contained the devil himself. Temptation had never seemed so strong, and he realized the awful consequences should he succumb to it. Then he smiled and held the bottle in his hand; he laughed and uttered, in a mocking voice:

"Come again, eh? Didn't you know that I had stopped you for good? Never again am I going to touch you! I—I—I—— Good Lord!" he finished, as though under a strain. His laugh turned hysterical, and he was grasped by a peculiar feeling; a feeling that he had not felt for almost a year. But he could not cast it off.

With one hand he took the bottle, and the other held the needle. Slowly and with trembling fingers he poured the drug from one to the other. Then he carefully but deliberately rolled up the sleeve of his left arm.

But before making the injection he thought over for the second time all that he was to lose. Lalia, her sweet face wrapped in smiles and love, appeared before him in a vision. She would be gone—forever. Gone to some one else, whom he knew she would not love as she did him. He had made her wait a year for him, but now he was to cast her from him; he was to laugh at her love—all for the pricking of an arm with this damning drug.

"No!" he shouted, at the top of his lungs, "I've left you for a year, and I'm going to leave you for good!"

Flinging the needle in a corner across the room, he rushed, in a frenzied, blind flight, from the cabin into the arms of Lalia, who had arrived sooner than she had expected with her mother, and was about to enter.

For a moment both were taken aback, and it took some time for David to realize that she had actually come. When they entered the cabin and saw the plush box lying on the table, the treachery of Stanford Black was revealed, and it can suffice to say that he learned that he had been discovered in a very harsh manner when he rang the bell of Lalia's home a few nights later to find the result of his scheme. And it was David himself who did a great part of the reprimanding, for, having overcome the first temptation with the narcotic in his hand, had conquered, and returned to Lalia, a man once more.

Laughs from the Actors

Inventive Yale Benner.

THE heavy hand of the ban against smoking in the Edison dressing room has always lain like a pall on Marc McDermott, to whom no leading lady can play as well as Lady Nicotine. To see Marc smoke a cigarette is a treat in the art of æsthetic grace. Marc found many sympathetic listeners to his isolation and deprivation, but it remains for the inventive Yale Benner, his indispensable valet "Hobbs" of the "Lord Stanleigh" series, to ease the pain. Yale took a long, small rubber tube and ran it outside the window and attached it to the bowl of a pipe or a cigarette, as the case may be, much like a Turkish pipe, and now Marc can sit in dreamy content and smoke in his dressing room without having the dangerous fire within the building.

Real Talent for Sale.

EDISON is looking about for an opening for this stage aspirant, but as yet nothing but the door has been found. She wrote: "I would lik to ask if I could ackt for the motion picthures as I am very much instered in them. I hav a very atractiv face and figure. I am a rushing girl. I ackted with rushing acters and actress and can ackt in any nashanalty."

Vivian Rich Needs a Hat—Gets Ten.

VIVIAN RICH, American-Mutual star, has taken up shooting as a form of diversion, and they have been "kidding" her at the Santa Barbara studios about what a good eye she has.

"You can joke all you like," she said recently, "but I'll wager you men anything you like against the best hat I can pick out for you to buy for me that this afternoon I can call the first ten shots correctly without the aid of a marker."

Jack Richardson and Harry von Meter promptly took her up, and before long she had bets on with ten different men. As they all left for the shooting range that afternoon, they began thinking of what to get when they had won their bets.

"Poor little girl!" said Richardson. "She'll win no hat from me, but I'm going to get that brace of pistols I've wanted so long."

Crack! went the first shot from Miss Rich's rifle.

"A miss," she said calmly. She missed the target, then, ten different times, and correctly called each a miss. This done, all concerned adjourned to the local millinery shop.

Thanhouser Again at Old Plant.

EDWIN THANHOUSER, the celebrated motion-picture promoter, and the founder of the Thanhouser Film Corporation, at New Rochelle, New York, has again taken the management of that concern. About three years ago Mr. Thanhouser retired from the business temporarily, selling his interest to Charles J. Hite. After the tragic death of Mr. Hite in an automobile accident about six months ago, Doctor Jones assumed the management of the plant, and recently Mr. Thanhouser, who had in mind the organizing of another large company, abandoned that project and repurchased his interest in the New Rochelle corporation.

Every one is happy at the studio, for with Mr. Thanhouser there have returned a number of former executive heads, directors, actors, actresses, and other individuals who are necessary to constitute a successful motion-picture establishment.

When interviewed, Mr. Thanhouser said he did not know what his policy will be, but he did say that he was glad to be back again and that he would try to get the Thanhouser product where it ought to be and that he hoped to do it very soon.

On the Stroke of Twelve

By Morton P. Hobes

Have those who have agitated against circumstantial evidence gained anything in recent years? In the Edison play from which this story has been taken, Gertrude McCoy played the part of *Irene Bromley,* the sweetheart of *Arthur Colby,* which character was acted by Richard Tucker. Bigelow Cooper, as *Sidney Villon, Irene's* trustee; John Sturgeon, as his secretary; Duncan McRae, as the inventor, *Rupert Hazard,* and Robert Kegerreis, as the lawyer in charge of *Arthur's* defense, made up the cast in the absorbing drama of present-day life, which you can read here.

"MISS BROMLEY!"

As the girl, in costly silks and furs, alighted from the limousine in front of the downtown office building, she turned at the eager hail.

A wholesome, straightforward young man was advancing toward her with lifted hat and hand outstretched.

The pleased expression that had lighted her features gave way before a look of coldness.

"Oh, Mr. Colby. How do you do?"

Was he like all the rest, a fortune hunter? As she gave him her fingers, this was what Irene Bromley was thinking for the hundredth time. Arthur Colby was different from the other men she knew, it was true. He worked for his living. But wasn't that all the more reason why he might only be interested in her money?

"This is a pleasure!" he exclaimed heartily. "Doubly so, for being unexpected! I had no idea of running across you down in this drab, business end of town. Won't you let me take you to lunch? When you've finished your errand, whatever it is——"

She watched his face closely.

"I am going up to see my trustee," she said. "I have to get some money from my estate."

Arthur's brow darkened. He knew that she referred to Villon, who had been her father's lawyer. The man was a rogue. Arthur knew this, as he did that Villon loved Irene. He opened his mouth to speak, then pressed his lips tight shut. He was too honorable to say anything to the discredit of a rival. But if he and Irene were engaged, he could warn her against the scoundrel without the same qualms. He decided that the time had come to put his fate to the test, once for all.

"Irene—Miss Bromley!" he said earnestly. "I am coming to the dance tonight. And I shall have something to say to you then. Will you sit out the first one-step with me, and—and listen?"

She was already sweeping by him. She had seen his expression change at the mention of her trustee and his estate, and her manner was all coldness now. She made up her mind to the answer she would give him if he should ask a certain question that night.

"Yes, I will give you the dance," she said indifferently, "and hear what you have to say."

Irene entered the building. Her thoughts were of the ten thousand dollars she had come to get, as her half yearly allowance from her father's legacy. But if she could have known the scene that was taking place, even as she rode up in the elevator, in the private office of her trustee, Sidney Villon, her actions of the next few minutes would not have been the same.

"I tell you she is penniless!" Villon



Arthur was found in the room with the murdered man after the shot was fired.

cretary was saying. He tapped the dger in his hands. "Her entire for-ne has been gone for weeks, swept way in one unfortunate investment ter another. You are mad, to talk of ving her ten thousand——"

"No," purred Villon. "I am not mad. rust me to know what I'm doing. It as I who picked out all of those invest-ents. I flatter myself I have played y cards well. And now I am ready lead the ace of trumps. She shall ve this money—but not a word!" he cke off, glancing at the card which office boy had just then handed him. She is here!"

Irene came into the room as the secre-ry left.

"Did you get my letter?" she asked llon, responding to his greeting with beaming smile. "I told you I would ve to call a week earlier for my allow-ce this time——"

"All ready, my lady," the lawyer an-unced, gayly waving a check which picked up from his desk. "Just sign is receipt——"

Irene did so and took the check.

"Don't forget, you're coming to my nce to-night," she called back from e doorway. "Good-by till then."

Villon sat rubbing his hands after e had gone. But the complacent smile as suddenly wiped from his lips. he door opened, and in burst a wild-ed man with prematurely graying hair. It was Rupert Hazard, the inventor an aëroplane safety device which Vil-n had undertaken to patent for him t stolen, instead.

"You thief!" charged the caller. "I ve found you out. You have been put-ig me off with false excuses for onths. The patent was granted in ur name—not mine—two days ago! I mand that you release it to me at ce, or——"

The secretary and two clerks laid hold the inventor and bore him, vainly uggling, from the room before the reat could be completed.

That night, in Irene's home, where e lived under the protection of her nt Ellen, Arthur Colby led her to a eltered nook in the conservatory. And ere, while the strains of the "Isle Amour" throbbed in the air, he laid s heart at her feet.

"It's a poor one," he ended, "but it ats only for you, dear. Will you make me the happiest man on earth, and say 'yes'?"

For a moment Irene faltered in her purpose. She knew at last that it was him, and him only, she loved. But she recalled the way he had looked that morning when she referred to her fortune, and she steeled herself to resist the temptation to believe the words that he loved her for herself alone.

"I am sorry," she answered stiffly, "but I cannot be your wife."

Arthur rose, the crushing disappointment he felt reflected on his face. He bowed low before her, and then walked blindly back into the ballroom.

A few minutes later he discovered that he was still carrying her fan and gloves. He retraced his steps to the conservatory.

But there Villon had joined her.

With the eloquence of a man of the world—which set Arthur's effort sadly at naught—he told her what she meant to him, pictured how lonely his life was without her, and would ever be unless she yielded to his plea, and begged her to be his wife.

"I cannot," Irene repeated.

She looked down to hide the tears in her eyes—tears that had been there since her dismissal of Arthur.

Villon's laugh startled her into looking quickly up.

"I think you will change your mind about that," Villon told her. "Listen, little girl, let me tell you why. Your fortune is gone. The last dollar of it had melted away before I gave you that check for ten thousand to-day. The money for which you signed this receipt!" He laughed again. "I guess this little slip of paper is quite negotiable between us. I'll take a kiss as interest on it, right now!"

He jumped up, with a lowering frown.

Arthur stood before him.

"I unintentionally overheard your last words," said Arthur, through his set teeth. "I wasn't eavesdropping, but I came back to return Miss Bromley's gloves and fan. You had better take a piece of advice from me, and leave this house at once. I shall call on you later."

Villon looked from him to Irene. Then, with a confident chuckle, he slipped the receipt in his pocket and swaggered out of the conservatory.

Arthur turned to the girl.

"Don't take the loss of your money too much to heart," he tenderly consoled her. "Money isn't everything. Yes—he's told you the truth. I'm afraid your fortune is entirely gone."

"But how——" she began, still dazed by the news.

"I have known it for months," Arthur quietly replied. "Dear, don't ask me to explain now. I can do that at another time. I want to give you my deepest sympathy—and help, if you will let me——"

She pillowed her head on her arms, and gave way to a storm of weeping.

He had known. Before he proposed to her, here, in that very conservatory, that night! His love had been only for her—and she had rejected it. She looked up, to see Arthur stealing softly out of the place. He was leaving her alone to weather the first shock, of what he thought was her grief for her lost wealth.

Quite by chance, at the moment, she saw that the clock on the wall pointed to twelve-five.

The next morning Irene's first sight of the newspaper sent her cheeks ashen.

She read that Sidney Villon had been found murdered in his rooms. And that Arthur Colby had been arrested as the murderer.

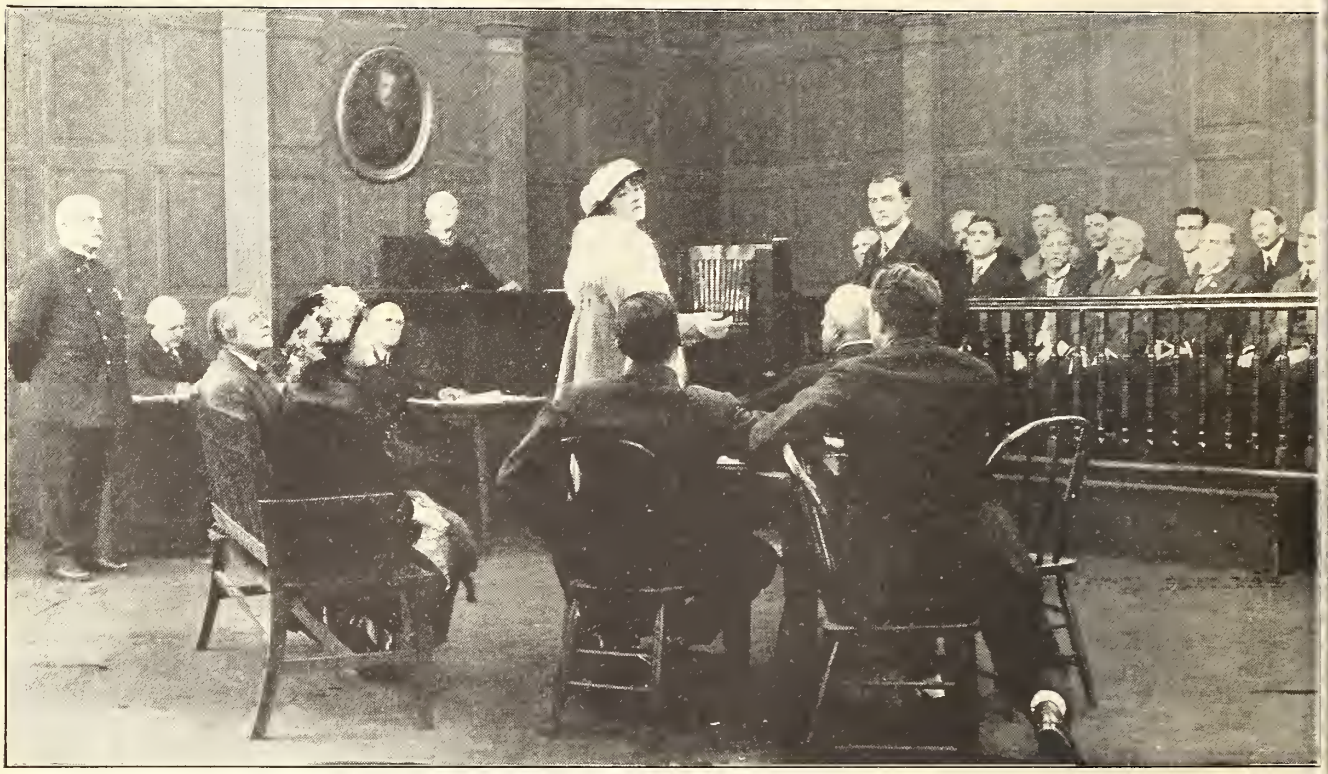
When Villon's valet had rushed out and called in the police, they had found Arthur standing over the body with a pistol in his hand. It was a complete case of circumstantial evidence.

Irene did not believe Arthur had done it—much as he might have felt himself justified in going to Villon to denounce him for having wasted the fortune of the girl he loved, she knew Arthur was far too level-headed ever to commit such a deed as murder.

She determined to move heaven and earth, if need be, to save him.

If for nothing else, it would have been to make reparation for the wrong she had done him by misjudging his motives. But love alone was enough to make her undertake the task of snatching him out of the dangerous position in which he stood.

That same forenoon she paid a visit to Villon's office. She wanted to find out if her inheritance had really been swept away. Without money, she couldn't hire a first-class lawyer for Arthur. She would be handicapped in a dozen different ways where she could have helped him, with her fortune. But she learned that all her riches were truly a thing of the past.



"Then, here is a valuable bit of circumstantial evidence," cried Arthur's lawyer, calling Miss Bromley to the stand.

As she left the office, she saw a strange man standing outside the door.

His collar was wrinkled and soiled, his cravat pushed awry, and his coat looked as if he had slept in it. His hair was prematurely gray. As Irene passed, she saw the man shake his fist at Villon's gilt-lettered name on the ground-glass panel of the door. She heard him mutter something about "invention" and "guess I've fixed you now!"

She rode straight downtown, and told Arthur's lawyer—whose name she had read in the paper—what she had heard and seen.

"Probably just an enemy of Villon's, but, by Jove, he might have done it!" the lawyer echoed her opinion. "At any rate, it will be worth while to arrange to have private detectives look for a man of such a description."

Meanwhile, he told Irene he wanted her to stay at his side during the remainder of the trial. Her interest in Arthur might lead to her suggesting other things that might be used in his defense.

"For I may as well tell you now," he informed her gravely, "we'll need everything we can lay our hands on to save him. It looks bad for him, you know. When circumstantial evidence is as strong as it is in his case, a jury hardly ever brings in an acquittal."

The following day, in court, Irene corroborated with her own eyes and ears the lawyer's statement that things were going badly for Arthur. As she listened to the prosecuting attorney, her blood chilled in her veins as she saw the awful fate that was yawning under her lover. And when she looked at the jury, her heart sank still farther. The rest of the trial was only a dry form they had to sit through before they sealed Arthur's doom. Their minds were already made up, she could see.

Late in the afternoon, as the court was adjourned, an attendant handed Arthur's lawyer a note.

It requested him to come to the rooms of the writer that midnight, bringing a friend of Colby's along. And there the latter would be cleared of all guilt. The missive was signed "Rupert Hazard."

Irene and the lawyer arrived at the meeting place promptly at the hour named.

"I killed Villon," the inventor told them. "I killed him because he had stolen my invention. As I stood over the body, my friend Arthur Colby came running in. It was he who had introduced me to Villon, as an able attorney, who could attend to taking out my patents for me. I had once heard him say, as we were leaving that office: 'Villon has squandered the fortune of the girl I love, so I have just chanced to overhear two of his clerks say, in order to get her into his power! The cur!' So I thought he would be pleased when I showed him the man was dead. But, instead, he grappled with me and took the gun away. He told me to flee or I would be sent to the electric chair. I obeyed, but now it seems that is to be his own fate. I cannot stand by and see him pay the penalty for my crime. Go! Tell the officers of the law what I have just told you. It is the truth. I killed him. But they will never bring me to the electric chair for it. My invention is gone. I have nothing left to live for. So——"

There was a mighty explosion.

Rupert Hazard, the luckless inventor, fell dead amid the fragments of an infernal machine, which he had timed to go off on the stroke of midnight.

Next morning Arthur's lawyer pre-

ted the story as soon as court was ened. He sat down, in an impressive sh. A silence on which the prosecut- attorney rose. Why should any- dy believe the inventor's story, he de- ed to know.

Hazard admitted he was a friend of lby's. Suppose the time at which th entered Villon's rooms had been ersed? That it was the inventor, not Arthur, who had burst in upon scene after the murder was done? e fact remained that it was Arthur o had been found by the police with weapon in his hand, standing over dead body. Hazard may have told story, merely to free Colby. The t act of a man about to end his life a discouraged failure. Circumstan- l evidence still pointed steadily as r to Arthur Colby as the guilty man.

"Then," cried Arthur's lawyer, spring- up, "here's a piece of circumstantial idence that proves he's *not* guilty!"

He called Irene to the stand.

"Did you see Arthur Colby on the ht of this murder?" he asked.

She assented.

"Now, Miss Bromley," he questioned, o you know the exact time at which u last saw the defendant in this se?"

"I do," answered Irene clearly.

"And it was——"

"Precisely twelve-five!"

The lawyer turned and picked up a tch.

"This was found in Villon's pocket," explained, holding the timepiece up r all to see. "It was smashed by the llet that killed him. It has been ex- ined by an expert watchmaker, who cifies to the fact that it was in per- t running order up to the instant it pped. And that, as the hands show, s exactly twelve. Or, as we all know, dnight on January twenty-first."

A cheer went up in the courtroom. was a perfect alibi, against which no mount of circumstantial evidence could nd. The jury did not leave the box. ot guilty!" the foreman told the dge, under cover of the din. The stice nodded, and rapped for order th his gavel—in vain.

Irene, springing down from the wit- ss chair, ran through the cheering es of spectators toward where Arthur od.

And, a prayer of gratitude on his s, his arms opened to receive her.

The New Lubin Studio.

THE biggest artificial-light studio in the country was recently opened at the Lubin ranch, in Betzwood, Pennsylvania, when Director Edgar Jones began the making of a series of three-reel pictures there. This is the third big studio to be built at the ranch during the past few years. The new studio, which has just been completed, is equipped with every modern scientific appliance for the making of photo plays. The Lubin engineers have been working for many months on the big studio, and the system of artificial lighting has been so designed and arranged as to permit the ultimate taking of natural-color motion pictures there.

Extensive improvements and additions have also been made to the laboratories at the ranch. These laboratories, declared by experts to be the best in the country, are very busy places these days, and a great deal of scientific work is being carried on there by Mr. Lubin and his corps of assistants.

"Tipperary" a Goat Getter.

THEY were staging "Heart Beats" at the Griffith-Mutual studios, near Los Angeles recently, and Director John G. Adolfi had his players all prepared to be photographed in a fancy-dress-ball scene which was to form part of this Mutual release. Adolfi motioned to the band.

"Let her go!" he said, with his pronounced German accent.

Bang! went the opening bars of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary," and baa! went Adolfi's goat, for Adolfi is a very Prussian Prussian. Meanwhile George Siegmann, who is a Bavarian, came hurrying over from a near-by stage.

"Adolfi, Adolfi, what's this they are playing?" he cried.

"A mistake!" Adolfi explained.

The two Germans descended on the orchestra, but the orchestra saw their expression, the music stopped, and as one man the musicians rose, interposing violins, horns, and flutes between themselves and the approaching directors.

"Play, 'Ach, Du Lieber Augustine,'" said Adolfi briefly, and the orchestra played it till they were brought to a stop by a storm of objections from several actors and directors who were English or sympathizers with the cause of the Allies.

"Look, you: this is all very funny," said D. W. Griffith, who happened to be passing, "but work is work. Play American airs, Adolfi, and if you've forgotten it, I suggest that you reread the president's neutrality proclamation."

Bird Food.

RICHARD STANTON, the Domino actor-director who has been seen in many Mutual plays, recently bought another canary to take the place of the truant, Brian Boru, the canary that flew away when his cage door was left open. The new canary was named Brian the Second, and Mr. Stanton conceived the pleasant notion of teaching the canary to ride on the back of the family's pet bulldog. This was all very well, but one day Mr. Stanton came to his home near Inceville to find the canary cage empty again and the bulldog lying in the middle of the library floor.

"Where's Brian?" demanded Mr. Stanton of his Japanese servant.

"In there," said the man, pointing.

"In where?" asked Stanton irritably. "Don't stand there grinning like a fool and pointing at the dog."

"In there," the man continued stubbornly. "I take Brian out to let him ride dogback, and dog he eat him."

A Case.

JACK RICHARDSON, heavy man with the American-Mutual Stock Company, finds it difficult to believe that a certain old joke, long discarded by professional humorists, is really old at all. Mr. Richardson firmly believes that he originated that joke, only it wasn't a joke to him.

He was coming on from the East to join the American Company in Santa Barbara when an irate conductor said to him: "Take your suit case off the seat.

"If you don't," the conductor continued, seeing Richardson hesitate, "I'll throw it out of the window."

"Go to it! I should worry!" Richardson replied huffily. But seeing the conductor pick up the suit case the actor interfered and became involved in an altercation that was about to lead to blows when the man who owned the suit case came down the car aisle and interested himself in the affair with a result unpleasant to the conductor.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questions pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

SLOWLY, but with a firmness that is unmistakable, the photo playwright is pushing forward. It was not so very long ago that picture after picture was projected upon screens throughout the country without the public having the slightest idea of the identity of the man in whose mind the plot of the pictured story originated. And because nobody was particularly interested in the writers, and because the writers did not seem to care at first for publicity, it became an established custom to produce photo plays without giving any credit whatsoever to their authors. The financial returns in the majority of cases were also small. The past year, however, has seen a wonderful advancement in the art of writing the photo drama.

More money is paid by all the recognized companies, and the majority of these concerns now give credit to writers on the screen. It is only the late arrival of a condition which should always have existed, for the scenario, while it cannot be called the most important element in making pictures, to the exclusion of photography, is nevertheless one of the vital parts of a production, for it has been largely through the skill of the photo playwrights in supplying the demand for "something different" that photo plays have gripped the public.

Much responsibility rests with the writer of the silent drama, if he attempts to supply a script which does not have to be revamped in the studio—and no finished working script does—for he has outlined the thing which, when interpreted by players and transferred to the celluloids, will either make the audience enthuse or send them away weary. In other words, the finished scenario comes closer to being the thing which will sway the public's favor than either the acting or photography, though, as all of us know, both these elements are highly essential.

Considering this fact, it is easy to see why some of the biggest men in the industry have said that the day of the scenario writer was not far off. It is very true that the present trend of production is toward adaptations, but what will happen when the majority of the books fitted to the screen have been used? It is also true that new books and short stories will be created as regularly in the future as in the past, but only a small percentage of them will make acceptable photo plays. The man or woman who is ready to supply a manuscript for the production of a photo drama, not "an idea for a movie play," when the "famine" comes, will find a welcome awaiting him or her, and will be rewarded both by financial returns and exploitation on the screen.

INJECTING MOTIVES.

If you knew nothing about photo-play construction and strolled into a theater to enjoy the show, wouldn't you be disappointed if you saw a picture in which one of the characters—usually the hero or heroine—moved about from scene to scene and did things to help the story to a finish, without having anything to influence his or her actions? Knowing nothing of the mechanical construction of the photo play, you would naturally not be able to tell why you did not like it, but you would feel that somehow it wasn't just right. Suppose, now, that we take our pet scenario and carefully examine it. In scene 16 we find that the hero, who has been South for the winter, suddenly packs his golf sticks and hurries to New York, arriving just in time to save the heroine from death in scene 17. Doesn't the question immediately arise in your mind: "Why did he hasten to New York?" We remember that when we wrote this pet story we had in mind the fact that his father's illness suddenly caused his return, but in our enthusiasm to get the script started on its rounds, we forgot to inject this motive into the scenario, thereby giving the editor the impress that the story is inconsistent. It is w to bear in mind that no mater how pla ible a story appears in your mind's e it will shoot wide of its mark unless y are able to clearly carry your thoug to those who interpret them. For t reason it is always well to go over finished scenario carefully with the c eye of an outsider and see, among otl things, that everything that happens l a reason. These reasons, or motiv can be created very often in a mann which benefits the story by tighteni up the interest, but whether they are vital part of the story or not you w find that they exist in practically ev photo play which appeals strongly to intelligent person.

CORRALLING THE FLEETING IDEA.

Ideas—if you work in a newspa office you probably know them "hunches"—for photo-play plots are be found all about us every hour of t day, and, as any writer soon learns, t careful selection of material from wh is offered plays no small part in clim ing the steep road to success. A sc nario writer without a storehouse f of ideas is like a druggist without dru or a butcher without meat—he has not ing to sell. You may say that you c get ideas as you go along, but you wou hardly wait for the druggist or butch to go out and secure what you asked h for when you knew you could get it the store across the street. When producing company suddenly calls f two-reel sea scripts, they, like yourse will not wait on any one, but will ta the first good ones available, and t man with several ideas for sea stor stored away in his files stands nine per cent more chance of being the fi to offer a worthy script. He has h the idea for some time, and has giv it consideration, whereas the man w "grabs off" a ready-made idea and hu riedly puts it into scenario form w

try likely present a script which compares anything but favorably with the first man's. It is well, therefore, to form the pencil-and-notebook habit and jot down ideas wherever you find them—at home, at work, on the street, at parties, in church, while reading the paper, and hundreds of other places. Then you are never short of material to work with, and in case you get an advance tip on a market you will be able to turn it to profitable use. And, remember, an idea is just a sudden inspiration, and unless strongly impressed on the mind, will soon vanish, probably never again to appear.

AGAIN THE ELEMENT OF CARELESSNESS.

Recently we had occasion to call on the editors of two companies, neither of whom are purchasing much from the outside at the present time. During both visits, we were told that within the last two months the authors have become negligent in regard to sending a stamped, self-addressed, return envelope with every script. For some time this worry seemed to have been taken off the editors' shoulders, as most of the submitting writers conformed with studio requirements in regard to this, but it seems that many have lapsed into the old habit, or else a new crop of writers has risen who know nothing of this rule. We hope, however, that none of our readers will be guilty of this offense, or the equally fatal ones of writing on two sides of the paper, or in longhand, or forgetting to place your name on the top of the first sheet of the manuscript and the bottom of the last; or, worst of all, rolling a manuscript.

A WORKING SCRIPT.

The ambition of practically all beginners and of a great number who have sales to their credit is to write a working script. To some it seems to come natural, while others could not furnish a perfect scenario to save their lives. In some cases this is undoubtedly due to the fact that the meaning of "working script" has never fully been comprehended.

This is simply the term applied to a scenario which is handed to a director and which can be produced as written, excepting a few minor changes necessitated by footage, accidents, et cetera. It is safe to say that the majority of perfect working scripts are more the results of careful criticism by the authors after they have been written than of wonderful forethought. For instance, if you write a scene in which you state that Mary hurries to the grocery store around the corner, telephones, and returns home, you will find, upon carefully examining the script after its completion, that three scenes, rather than one, are necessary to "get over" this action—one in the room as Mary leaves, one in the store as she telephones, and one in the room again as she returns. Had the script been accepted by a studio in its original form, a staff writer would have gone over it and made this change, and we would not have written a working script.

One example does not really do this subject justice, but even the beginner can realize that several changes of this kind would necessitate considerable work on the part of the salaried staff man, even though we assume that the plot action was excellent, and the price offered for the script would go down in accordance. If you would write a working script, you must constantly keep before you what the finished production would be like when thrown on the screen and just what an impression each scene would make on an outsider seeking diversion. It is here that the majority of new writers fall down. They cannot analyze their own scripts.

To overcome this weakness, every scenario should be written as close to perfection as possible, a terse description of the action to take place in each scene being set down in such a comprehensive manner that the director cannot fail to grasp it. Then the script should be put away for a few days. When it has "cooled off," it should be gone over with a cold, critical eye to see if a scenario has been written which could be placed upon the screen in its original form and which would transfer every idea the writer had in mind clearly to any audience. If not, the weak points will probably be noted and the changes made.

THE MYSTERY STORY.

It seems to us that until a writer has become familiar enough with technique to be sure of himself, he should heed the danger sign which is placed near the mystery story. Without a doubt, the screen offers many opportunities for the development of this class of stories, but it must be remembered that it is infinitely easier to spring a surprise via fiction of the spoken drama than through the medium of the silent art.

The Essanay Film Manufacturing Company has been specializing in this particular class of productions for some time, but their scripts are prepared by experienced staff writers who have long since mastered technique. An excellent example of a mystery play was their release in February entitled "Thirteen Down." A man is taken from the bread line by a millionaire, who had made a bet with a friend that environment will change any man, and is appointed secretary to his benefactor. The millionaire has an invention which he is about to sell to the United States government, and the actions of the man of the streets makes the millionaire's daughter think he is planning to steal it. A friend of the millionaire is told of the whereabouts of the invention, and, upon returning from the theater one evening, the inventor finds his friend and another man prisoners in the hands of the man of the streets. The latter explains that the men attempted to steal the invention, as they are in the employ of a foreign power, and that he is a secret-service man, having been on the trail of the foreign agents at the time the millionaire took him from the bread line.

Through the entire production nothing occurs to suggest the real identity of the secret-service man, and the dénouement is entirely unexpected. Upon analyzing the plot, however, we remember that he was seen on several occasions speaking to the butler and another young man, who prove to be his assistants. We felt all along, though, that the butler was himself trying to steal the invention. To the writers who feel they can play with technique, the mystery story will very likely prove alluring, but it behooves us to remark that those who attempt the journey better be sure that their mystery is a real one, for nothing will fall flatter than a would-be mystery, whose dénouement is obvious. Incidentally the skill of the actors and actresses, in whose hands the leading rôles are placed, plays no small part in a production of this kind, for in many scenes the miscarriage of the slightest bit of acting is liable to reveal their identity.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Lubin Manufacturing Company, Indiana Avenue and Twentieth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, of which Lawrence McCloskey is editor, is in the market for two and three-reel dramas of strong plot, novel construction, and powerful climax.

Two-reel comedies are always welcome at the studio of the Vitagraph Company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, providing they have sufficient merit. A study of Vitagraph releases will give an idea of what they consider sufficient merit.

The American Film Manufacturing Company, Santa Barbara, California, is purchasing novel plots with strong dramatic interest, one and two reels, and state that they will consider original feature scenarios up to eight reels.

The Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago, Illinois, is not in the market at the present time.

Short Shots.

IN scenario writing, as in most other pursuits, success is largely the result of labor.

Don't write serious stuff all the time. Get out of the rut by turning out an occasional comedy. Maybe you will learn that laugh producing is your vocation. Others have.

Watch the details while preparing your script.

Keep posted on the players, despite their rovings. Some time you may have a play you feel is fitted to some particular star.

Little Stories of Film Folk.

IT is announced that Olga Pritzlau Clark, author of "Motherhood," recently produced by the American Film Manufacturing Company, and of fifty-three other successful scenarios, has completed another delightful and original script, "The Angel of the House," which will be produced by the talented actors of the "Flying A" studios. This new play, which was especially written to feature Margarita Fischer, will be released in four reels, and, it is said, will rival all previous efforts from the pen of this well-known author, in point of purity of mind and originality.

Miss Clark is unusually gifted with the power to conceive the finer and more æsthetical views of life and a complete understanding is expressed in every line of her writings. Her stories are distinctly original and written with great attention to detail.

When "Runaway June" and her big company return from Bermuda, where they are involved in pirate plots, shipwrecks, and wonderful submarine adventures in the development of the George Randolph Chester photo-play serial, they will offer a great prize to the most popular of their women patrons in every part of the United States. Full details are not yet quite ready for announcement, but it is planned that the fifty women, who shall be proved to have the most friends in each particular community, will be sent to the Panama-Pacific Exposition and through picturesque California in first-class style with all expenses paid by "Runaway June."

Edward Brennan, famed as Dunbar, *Man of Mystery*, in the late "Mutual Girl" series, will be seen soon in a splendid characterization in "Tricked," a forthcoming Ince production to be released by the New York Motion Picture Corporation. Brennan plays the part of *Sid Hart*, a roué, whose efforts to send his poor brother to jail are frustrated by his own stenographer. "Tricked" will be printed in a subsequent issue of PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY.

"Handsome Jack" Dillon, of the Mutual forces, is a most acceptable character. He came West a year ago last January with D. W. Griffith, and since then has appeared in a number of the Mutual features. As *"Biff" Hogan* in "The Gangsters," Dillon rendered a very striking performance. He is the brother of the well-known Edward—"Komic"—Dillon.

Jack, before his Mutual engagement, played in Biographs for six years. He prefers to portray refined "heavies."

Who's the Laugh On?

RENE FARRINGTON, leading lady with the Princess-Mutual Company, reckoned without father recently when she said she didn't believe in knitting for the Belgians, qualifying her statement by adding that charity should begin at home. Her father, Frank Farrington, now is playing *Captain Radcliffe* in "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery," the newest Thanhouser-Mutual serial. He also is a dyed-in-the-wool Englishman, and heart and soul for the Allies.

"You shouldn't talk that way, Rene," he remarked recently, indulging himself in a mild call-down.

"Watch me get even with him," she told her friends later. The following day, while her father was standing near by, she began saying tearful farewells to all her friends.

"I've decided to go to the front as a nurse," she exclaimed.

"What's all this?" her father demanded. "Now, Rene, don't be a little silly. You can't be serious. Why should you go?"

"But, father," she protested, "the Allies! They need me!"

"Nothing of the sort," Mr. Farrington vociferated. "They've got enough help already. Now, please, please," he added anxiously, "please promise me you won't go."

Drowning Act Too Realistic.

WALLACE BEERY, the inimitable Swedie, got so much water in his lungs in taking a scene for the Essanay comedy, "Love and Trouble," that he had to be rolled over a barrel before he could get his breath again. He and Ben Turpin drank too much punch at a soiré and thought it a lark to jump into a fountain. They were dashing water over each other when Beery's foot slipped and he went under. He was dazed by striking his head and struggled in vain to get up. Turpin thought it all a part of the game until he began to realize that Beery had been under entirely too long for any one but a fish. He then dragged him out and Beery was rolled on the barrel till he got rid of the water.

Bushman Engages Wrestling Trainer.

FRANCIS X. BUSHMAN, Essanay actor, who has been a proficient wrestler for years, has taken up systematic training in this work. He has engaged Tony Ball, the well-known professional, as trainer.

Every day they are on the mat in the Essanay studio. In addition, Mr Bushman is going through the regular course that a professional does when preparing for a wrestling bout. He runs five miles a day, skips the rope, uses dumb-bells, Indian clubs, weights, the medicine ball and goes through other stunts to develop every muscle.

"I do this largely for sport and to keep myself in perfect condition," said Mr. Bushman, "but it is all a help to me in my photo-play work."

Stories of the Studio People

D. W. Griffith as He Is.

MORE realistic picture of D. W. Griffith, director in chief of the iance-Majestic plant, seldom has apred than this one taken with Jennie , character leading woman. In the re of the mercurial lights, Mr. Grifmay be pardoned for wearing his in the presence of a lady. The big, dy panama, indoors or out, in Cali-



A recent snapshot of D. W. Griffith, director in chief of the Reliance-Majestic Studios, and Jennie Lee, veteran character lead.

nia, is indispensable to the busy di-or who is rushing all day long from tion to interior and back again. In edge of the limelight, while picture ing is in process on the stage, he just been giving some instructions Miss Lee, who is presently to go on scene. The character woman is alizing those instructions. She has sual ability for seeing and acting n Mr. Griffith's ideas.

A Little About John O'Brien.

HN O'BRIEN, Majestic director, holding the house youngster in his s, recently was "caught" in the bosom his company, looking supremely py. And there's every reason why should—for it would be hard to find ore successful or more popular young than he staging motion pictures. O'Brien has the imagination of the real Celt. As a child at home, he heard many wonderful Irish stories. The family traced its name back to the heroic days of ancient Eierie. The clan O'Brien—literally O Brian in the Gaelic—claims direct descent from Brian Boru, the warrior king, who, at the close of a life of hard-won battles, was so ruthlessly cut off by a foeman's sword, as he knelt, giving gratitude to God for granting him victory over the enemies of Banba.

Young O'Brien was educated at St. John's College, Brooklyn, New York, where he early was elected to the Dramatic Society, and at the age of seventeen wrote and produced his first play. He had had five years, all told, of valuable training with three different picture concerns when he was sent for by D. W. Griffith. During the last twelve months, O'Brien has staged some of the most telling dramas which have gone out of the Hollywood plant.

He loves a play with a mystery, and his handling of "A Psychological Moment" and "The Body in the Trunk" was masterly. Crook subjects he treats with splendid realism. And red-blooded drama, full of heroic action, as "The Severed Thong," is the type of thing he enjoys to the utmost.

How the Thanhouser Players' Theater Came In.

THE Thanhouser Players' Theater is a novel and brilliant attraction at New Rochelle. Very recently the Thanhouser actors, under the supervision of John William Kellette, the scenario writer, opened a subscription to finance their project. They secured the North Avenue Theater, with a seating capacity of over five hundred, which they entirely remodeled and opened to the public a short time ago. Christening night at the new theater was a gala occasion for New Rochelleites. All the Thanhouser players were there in full dress in the receiving line, and at ten minutes of eight, Manager Kellette was obliged to hang out the "Standing-room-only" sign. The idea is to give their own community a first-class picture house, showing the best films, and the players are using pictures only a few days old.

When it came to remodeling the theater, everybody, from stars to carpenter, was on the job.

She Smiles—But!

AREN'T you sorry she's not smiling at you?

But—look what she's reaching for! Well—perhaps—after all, it's just as well her gaze is directed elsewhere. Behind that smile may lurk—who knows exactly *what?*

You don't need to be told, if you



Virginia Kirtley as she appears in "Mrs. Cook's Cooking."

are an enthusiastic follower of the Beauty Company's releases, that this is Virginia Kirtley, the bright, particular star of their films. In this rôle she is *Mrs. Cook*, in the domestic comedy, "Mrs. Cook's Cooking."

Mrs. Cook's husband grumbled about

his food—as other husbands have sometimes done before—and so *Mrs. Cook* herself decided to put an end to his complaints and their cause. What happened then would be telling—and spoiling some of your enjoyment, if you haven't yet seen the picture.

By all means, do so. You'll love Miss Kirtley. Everybody does!

Scrubwoman and Madonna.

FAN BOURKE, the famous comedienne, recently was cast to play a Madonna. Miss Bourke, who has a countrywide reputation as one of the funniest scrubwomen on the screen, when she heard the part she was to take, nearly fainted.

"Me?" she cried, addressing cast director Frank Grimmer. "Me play a Madonna? Sure, I'll do it. For months I've done nothing but comedy scrubwomen until I've almost got housemaid's knee. But watch me now as a Madonna!"

And watch her everybody did. Miss Bourke's portrayal in "The Master's Model" proves the wonderful versatility of the girl, whose face so long has been framed in rags and tatters. She has scored a genuine artistic success.

"Come on in, the Water's Fine."

NOT according to these three young ladies!

They have just been *ducked*. Which looks the wettest? That's a question; but there's none about who looks funniest. Miss Fay Tincher, in the middle, has been making thousands laugh of late by her clever work in the Keystone releases. It used to be said that women had no sense of humor. But that was before Miss Tincher appeared on the screen.

The scene in the picture is one in "Ethel's Roof Party." It was snapped right after "Tammany" Young had turned the hose on the trio—and doubtless you wouldn't like to be in Tammany's boots, with the three at your heels. Not unless they were of the fairy-tale "seven-league" variety.

With Miss Tincher, as *Ethel*, are Anna May Walthall and May Gaston, her guests at the party on the roof. It was the concensus of opinion among those who witnessed their antics after the first, cold, co-o-old stream of that hose hit them, that they couldn't have practiced their side-splitting antics beforehand!



May Gaston, Fay Tincher and Anna May Walthall after a ducking by "Tammany" Young.

When Rhea First Rode.

RHEA MITCHELL didn't know much about riding a horse when first she associated herself with the forces of Thomas H. Ince, at the studios of the New York Motion Picture Corporation. But she knows now. The fact is, she didn't have any very keen desire to learn to ride until William S. Hart joined the Santa Monica colony. When she went West, Mr. Hart took with him a nation-wide reputation as an interpreter of Western character, and he had a great many points in fine horsemanship to show even the seasoned stars in Domino, Kay-Bee, and Broncho pictures.

One day Miss Mitchell saw Mr. Hart subduing a fractious pinto. He handled the animal so expertly that she instantly was attracted. The leading woman calculated that possibly she might soon need to know how to ride a Western horse. So she applied to Mr. Hart for instructions. For a week the actor trained her in the rudiments of horseback riding. He showed her how to cinch a saddle, how to mount, how to ride, and ho to dismount. Now Miss Mitchell clai that she can manage a "loco" steed skillfully as any other motion-pictu star.

Stage Favorite Befriends Screen Favorit

KATHERINE EMMET, leadi woman of "Polygamy," the f mous anti-Mormon play now running New York, never had seen a motion pi ture made until just recently, when s visited the Thanhouser studios, in Ne Rochelle. She received an invitati from little Helen Badgley, who had m Miss Emmet in New York, and, li many others of her own and the oth sex, had become very fond of her.

Helen and Miss Emmet had a fi time for a whole afternoon, the whi Miss Badgley showed her visitor abo the studios and explained the mysteri of screen work. Then suddenly, in t manner of studio life, Helen was call for some scenes with Leland Benham a play that James Stevens was direc ing. But not unless Miss Emmet w standing close by while the scenes we made would the temperamental little st proceed.

The last scene that Stevens took wi the children called for Leland to expla to Helen some intricate bit of machine illustrated in a technical magazine. H didn't make more than ordinary pro ress with it, and so, the instant the sce was ended, Helen impressed Miss En met for an explanation. Whether s made a virtue of necessity or wheth she really likes science makes no di ference; the point is, Miss Emmet e plained.

And then nothing would do Helen b to have Miss Emmet's picture taken wi her and Leland. So the picture w made. And when the still was tak then Helen wanted "a movie" with Mi Emmet. Carroll Fleming obliged writing a two-hundred-foot story f the children, Miss Emmet, and himsel and then, under Fleming's skilled dire tion, they unrolled a corking tablo drama. It was Miss Emmet's first pi ture before the movie camera.

H. G. Hoagland, formerly of the Pat Company, and who passed upon scrip submitted to that concern at one tim recently joined the Selig Polyscope Co pany at Chicago as assistant gener manager.

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Your theatre can show them and will show them, especially if you ask to see them.

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An American distinctive creation in five wonderful reels. Margarita Fisher, Harry Pollard, Joseph E. Singleton, Nan Christy, Lucille Ward and William Carroll are the stars.

The second is

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

ol. 1 No. 2



KATHLYN WILLIAMS

THE JUNGLE ACTRESS, HAS AN INTERESTING ARTICLE IN THIS ISSUE

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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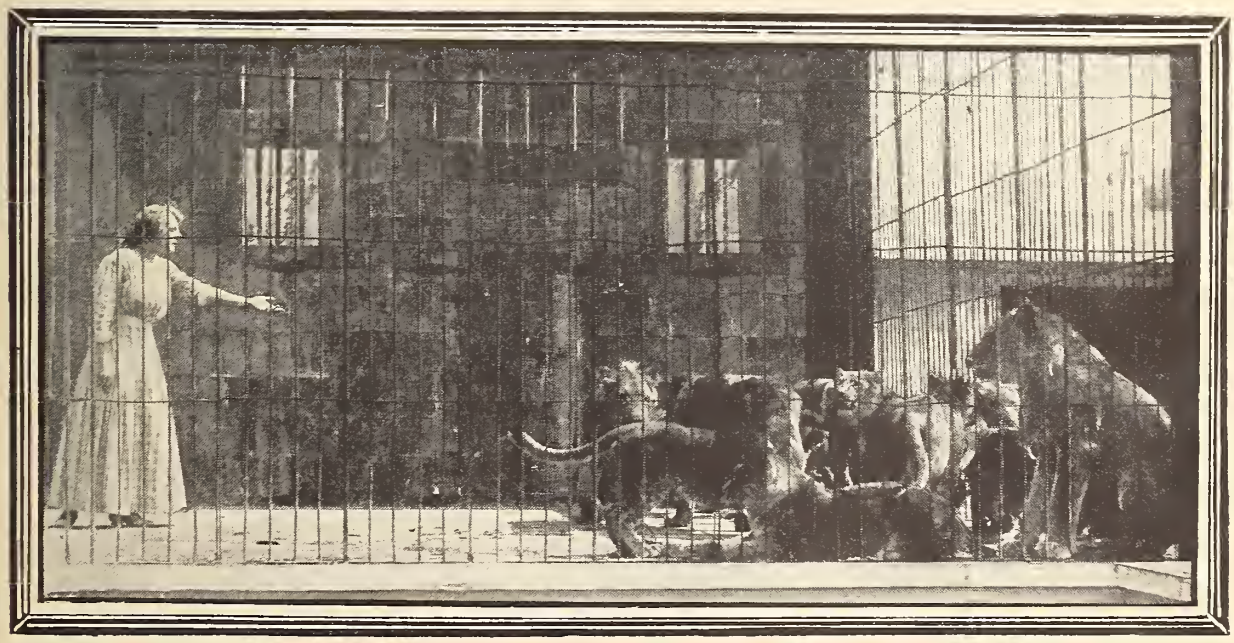
Devoted to Picture-Plays, Their Actors and Authors

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Kathlyn Williams, the Jungle Actress

Miss Kathlyn Williams is well known as one of the most daring persons posing for the motion-picture camera. In almost every picture in which she is featured she is surrounded by uncaged wild beasts, a test for the most ironlike nerves. She was the woman who carried out almost impossible feats in the "Adventures of Kathlyn."

The following article is a story of Miss Williams' work, an account of her experiences with untamed beasts, written by herself, and a short biography of her life.



Miss Williams "getting acquainted" with Selig's wild animals.

VERY few men, not to mention women, would risk themselves to dertake any of the feats accomplished Miss Kathlyn Williams, the well-own star of the Selig motion-picture mpany. Her intimacy with wild beasts one of the features of her work ich have attracted the admiration of picture theatergoers over the country, and when it is considered that Miss Williams never went closer to animals of the jungle than to look at them through a cage at the county fairs, before she went into motion pictures, makes her work the more interesting.

With daring unusual to her sex and with undaunted nerve, she entered one of the cages in which a lion was kept one day shortly after she had joined the Selig company, and since that time has never feared any of the beasts, appearing with them in pictures without the separation by steel bars.

Miss Williams has written, herself,

a short account of her experiences in motion-picture life, bearing for the greater part upon her work with the animals of the jungle. This we print below.

By Miss Kathlyn Williams.

"I am told that the public is interested in my methods of playing with the wild animals in motion pictures, and would be pleased to read a short article written by me and telling of my experiences in this line of work. I am happy to tell, in as few words as possible, of my experiences with the wild animals.

"I will confess that I was somewhat nervous when I started to work on my first jungle picture play for the Selig Company. I had never been close to a wild animal except as I viewed his majesty, the lion, through the bars of a steel cage in a circus tent. The first animal picture that I ever worked in also called for the services of several lions.

"The keeper impressed upon me the fact that I must show no fear; he said to enter among them confidently, and never take your eyes off them while in the cage. I acted upon his advice, although I will confess that the temptation was great to just drop everything and run.

"I'll never forget my sensations as I walked in among those three lions for the first time. They tell me that I showed no fear, and that there was no danger, but if I didn't show fear, I certainly felt fear.

"'Cæsar,' who is certainly a king of beasts, transfixed me with his great yellow eyes as I entered the den. He half arose as if to saunter toward me. The keeper said to me: 'Don't hesitate; keep right on advancing; don't turn your eyes away from 'em; there's no danger!' I thought to myself that it's easy enough to say 'no danger' when you're on the outside looking in, but when you're on the inside looking out, that's another story!' Cæsar continued to stare at me, and I stared back. I think now the big fellow was only curious as to the identity of this latest human being who had so coolly entered his domain, but to my excited imagination, Cæsar seemed to be contemplating the advisability of springing at me. In any event, he looked me over with his big, unblinking yellow eyes and then —he thumped down on the floor of the cage and went to sleep!

"I can say that after my first experience I never had the slightest feeling of fear when obliged to make pets of wild animals, and perhaps it is this fact that causes the keepers and tamers to say that I am very successful in my acts with the beasts. There is always an element of danger, they tell me; proper precautions are always taken when Selig Jungle-Zoo picture plays are filmed; but I have never as yet experienced a serious accident.



Miss Williams is here seen visiting the many animals at the Jungle Zoo with which she acts. The zoo contains nearly every kind of wild animal, as can be seen from this picture. Even camels have been provided

"Among all the wild animals, leopards are my favorites. These gr beautiful beasts I know by name, a I certainly think that they have affi tion for me. They are doglike in th familiarity, and great pets. I know t many would have no desire for le ards as pets, but you remember the st of the ancient princess who drove tea of chained leopards? Well, I ha often envied that princess, for I wo like to drive just such a team!

"It is always dangerous for a stran to go around wild animals of any ki although their keeper can disturb th at any hour of the day or night wi out annoying th People see working with leopards, day af day, and they not realize th while the big c are my pets, a harmless so far I am concern they would fe ciously tear pieces any str ger who might trude upon th privacy.

"On several casions I ha been enabled save the life some one who truded upon pet kittens. one ocasion, wh we were taki the 'Kathlyn' p tures, two of t actors in costu approached t spot where leopards w waiting to fill th turn. I knew them both well, and one them, in a playful way, placed his han upon my shoulders. Whereupon 'Sapl sprang at his throat, and I had all could do to keep her from ripping h open with her long hind claws. another occasion we were produci 'The Leopard's Foundling,' a photogr pher picked up one of Sapho's cu which aroused her ferocity, and s sprang upon his back. It took so time to quiet her.

"I admit that I may experience serious accident some time, but I ha

g acted, with the aid of my pets, I certainly like the work."

About Miss Williams.

A radiant and picturesque personality is Kathlyn Williams. A daughter Montana, she was well-born on the ghts. While still simple and unsiled by adulation, she can look bed the horizon. The failing of famfortunes early in life compelled her, a high-school graduate, to start out l seek her own, which she did with desty and force of energy that soon nonstrated her superiority in master- whatever she undertook.

Her charm of face and grace of fig-, her poise and histrionic resourceness attracted the attention of a estern theatrical manager, who gave r her first engagent in small parts at theater, in Butte, ntana. There her trionic powers acted the attention of nator Clark, the copking, noted for his n appreciation of artistic. He made ne inquiries conning the young girl, and she was as ted with talent as e was poor in worldgoods, and offered educate her—to polthe rough diamond t he saw so wholeme amid the poverty the yellow lights of e little theater stage. rough his generos-, she went to the anklin Sargent Dramatic School, in w York, where she studied two years th such avidity and to such advantage at she accomplished wonders, and was, her graduation, accorded the posin of leading lady in a prominent dratic company.

Then, with the true artistic temperent, difficult to curb, her ambition was verted for a time, but she came back, d as she had the artistic armament for e stage, W. N. Selig recognized her pabilities and engaged her as leading dy for his stock company in Chicago. hile she preferred the more intellecal work of the stage—picture plays en being far more simple than now—e entered the new work with a zest, d was soon recognized as a most valuable acquisition for the serious side of the motion-picture business. Having played as sentimental and turgid, tragic heroines, for such figured largely in the earlier stages of the picture business before the board of censorship had its domination, she became the favorite in a new sort of drama in which wild animals figured vitally and pictorially. The beasts of the jungle, prior to this time, had never been brought into the line of the camera without steel bars between.

It may always be noted for fact that Miss Williams appears with wild animals that are never restrained by wire or collar. They are never cabined or confined, and move as freely as they do in their native haunts.

The difficult and unexpected things



Miss Williams in her suit of leaves posing with the wild beasts.

offer a peculiar fascination to this trig, firmly knit, resourceful, intrepid gentlewoman, who has the classic cast of heroic face with nothing to suggest feminine fear. She has been in many and varied predicaments—for picture plays are real, not mythical or faked—from a flight in a hydroplane and a fall in a lake, to the collision of a train and the wrecking of a locomotive. These dangers have not been met, passed, or overcome without unusual risk, but Miss Williams never shirks a duty, but rather courts a dangerous situation for the sheer spice of its novelty.

Some little time ago she produced a play of her own on the Pacific coast dealing with seafaring life, and experienced some of the closest calls of her precarious calling in this dangerous capacity. She was lashed to a mast that was cast loose on the stormy Pacific. It had a wider area of dangerous action than was anticipated, and was dashed on the rocks and then drawn out by the undertow, so that the hapless heroine, tied and hepless, was held under the big spar, and was only rescued from drowning with the greatest difficulty. In some later scenes of the play, requiring a transfer from a wrecked ship to a small boat, the waves yawned between the ship and the little rescuing craft so violently that the ill-starred heroine was cast in the sea, and as the storm was real and everybody had to look to themselves, she was forced to rely upon her prowess as a swimmer, to keep afloat half an hour, until she could be rescued in reality.

While acting for the famous pictures of "Adventures of Kathlyn," in which she was the central figure, Miss Williams went through some especially daring feats.

"These things," Miss Williams remarked reminiscently, shrugging her shoulders, "are all in the day's work. They do not impress me nearly as much as formulating ideas for situations in plays which to me is a matter of more personal and professional pride. There is a peculiarly pleasurable sensation in the creation of a rôle particularly those new, strange, and out of the ordinary. The range of the picture play is widening so rapidly and taking depth in proportion, that it is giving new valuations to the impressive drama—appealing to the more sensitive tastes of the public. The serious side of motion-picture plays is now attracting the attention of the greatest actresses of the time, which is encouraging to the lesser ones."

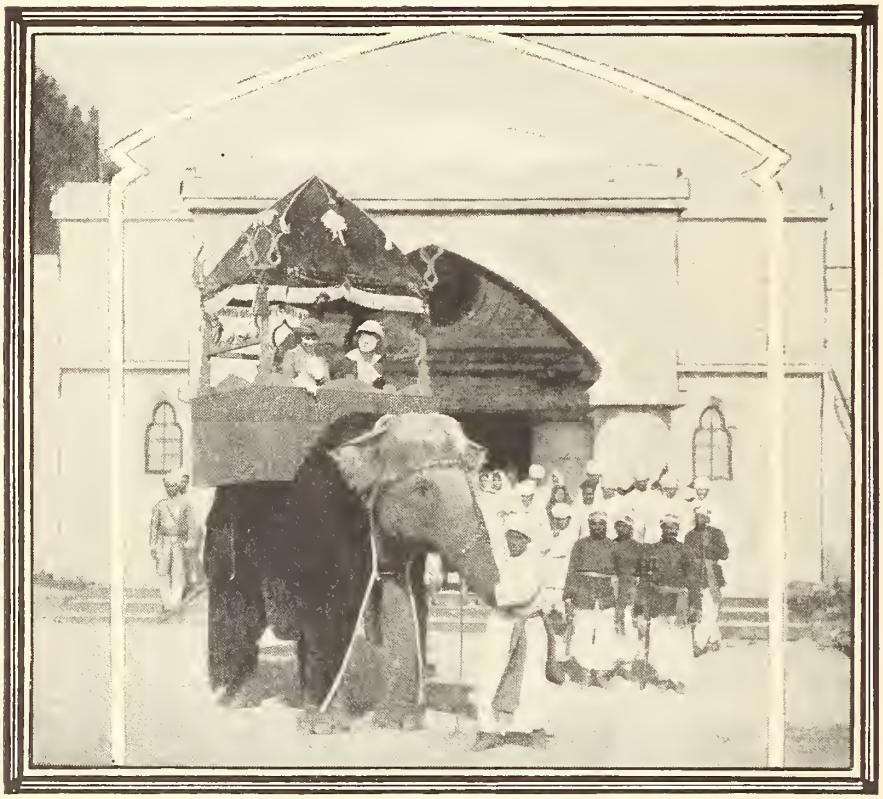
Miss Williams' Advice to "Movie-ambitious" Girls.

According to recent records about one in every three of the charming young ladies of Chicago, Illinois, are ambitious to become motion-picture ac-

tresses. Miss Kathlyn Williams was a guest recently at a Chicago hotel while en route from the Isthmus of Panama to Los Angeles, California, and during her leisure hours she kindly granted audiences to bevies of charming misses who have lost all desire for the glamour of the footlights, and wish to pose, as leading ladies, in the silent drama.

According to the records which were carefully kept by Miss Williams, just two hundred and sixty-two pretty misses were given some sound advice.

In chronological order, their aspirations follow:



Kathlyn Williams and Bessie Abbott on "Toodles" at the Selig Zoo, Los Angeles.

Fifty would become leading ladies in movie society dramas.

Thirty have been taking riding lessons, and believe they could star in film dramas of the Tom Mix type.

One hundred said they "could just do anything," from flights in airships, to riding the pilot of a locomotive.

Ten wish to star in serial picture plays of "The Adventures of Kathlyn" type.

Only two think they are temperamentally fitted for characters of the "adventuress" type, while the rest are perfectly willing to serve as supernumeraries for a brief time, until "they are more familiar with the artistic requirements."

The young ladies had no hesitancy in selecting favorite motion-picture stock companies in which their services would likely be appreciated. Tom Santschi, Tom Mix, Wheeler Oakman, Romaine Fielding, Crane Wilbur, Arthur Johnson, and Earle Williams seemed favorites with the Chicago girls, all of whom were more or less confident that they would succeed much better if given opportunities to act in the productions in which these stars would appear.

Another unusual detail was that the aspirants, almost without exception, preferred drama to comedy, and if they were all to secure engagements as leading ladies, there would certainly be a superabundance of stirring dramas and a sad dearth of comedies on the animated screen.

Kathlyn Williams devoted hours of her time in granting audiences to the girls who had early learned of her presence in Chicago through the newspapers.

"Once I aspired to go on the stage," said Miss Williams, "and at that tim more than appreciated a word or two food advice. I was glad to tell th girls the truth about motion-picture a ing. It is work, purely and simply, a I invariably advise girls to seek so other occupation. Amateurs have sm opportunity now to successfully en upon the work, because the field crowded with those having long st experience, and, naturally, they are fi engaged to fill the few vacancies."

When Movies Are Dangerous.

BEN TURPIN, of the Essanay co edy company, says he came near losing his life than any time during l rough-and-tumble career when taking scene in "Love and Trouble." Tur was clinging to Wallace Beery's trous leg while the two were being dragg along the pavement by an automobi Beery's garment gave way, leaving Tu pin directly in the path of an auto truc When the heavy vehicle was brought a stop, Turpin was under it, but luck the wheels had not passed over him.

A Trained Crook.

BOYD MARSHALL recently met a made friends with a monkey wh rehearsing "An Innocent Burglar," Princess release in the Mutual progra He and the monkey were pals "for while," to quote Mr. Marshall. T cordiality that first distinguished th friendship has cooled considerably, d to the monk's kleptomaniacal tende cies.

"After I'd made up to the little bea it was up to me to teach him to steal Mr. Marshall explained. "You see, l had to appear in 'An Innocent Bu glar' long enough to steal a necklac and I taught him to do this. I rath liked the little fellow, named him Hen nessy and all that sort of thing and l him live in my dressing room. The I began to miss things. Some of 'e I haven't found yet. When I lost or of my silver-backed military brushes was mad. I caught Hennessy stealin the second one and was about to boun him when Frank Farrington came int the room and admired him.

"'Take him,' I said as if I were gi ing away a $1,000 bond. Farringto did and thanked me. Now he's wo dering why his stuff's disappearing s fast."

The Pardon

By Earl S. Fairbanks

Do you believe that widowed mothers should be pensioned by the government? Many people do, and a society is already in existence to further the plan. The legislatures of more than one State are considering the passage of a law that will bring such a condition about, even as these lines are written.

Read this story, taken from the Pathe play in three reels, and see what your views on the matter are.

The part of *Mrs. Robison* was played in the picture by Thais Lawton, that of her daughter *Esther* by Mabel Treneer, *Trowbridge* by Percy Standing, the Governor by W. T. Carlton, and the Chairman of the Board of Pardons by Howard Hall. Directed by Donald Mackenzie.

ever there was a deserving case, sir, this is it."

The chairman of the board of pardons ned earnestly toward the gravely si- ure figure of the governor, beside whose sk he sat.

And, in substance, this is the story he told him:

The best ironworker on the construction company's pay roll was Ed Robison His fellows all liked him, for Ed was a jolly, big-hearted chap; but none of these things had anything to do with his getting killed. On a certain day, when the wind was blowing so hard that the people down on the sidewalk had to hold on to their hats, poor Ed was carried off his footing on the girder he was walking.



Another moment and the child would be torn from her.



Trowbridge, a man of the world, had cast a glamour over Esther.

on the top of a skyscraper that was going up in the heart of the downtown financial district, and Mrs. Robison, with her little five-year-old daughter Esther, was left a widow.

The insurance money amounted to just enough to pay the funeral expenses.

Ed had never been able to save anything. Being a "good fellow" had taken all his surplus earnings. So Mrs. Robison had had no time to sit down and nurse her grief. She was up against the hard problem of trying to keep a roof over the heads of herself and her little girl and of finding enough somewhere to feed them.

It would have been a good thing if she could have turned to the State for a little money, in the way of a pension—just enough, perhaps, to tide her over those first few months that are so hard for the women like her, who find themselves thrown with bewildering suddenness on their own resources upon the world.

And why should not the government, that pensions its sons who go off to fight its wars, pension the widowed mothers who give those sons, and daughters who will grow up to raise sons, to the nation?

When the landlord, Trowbridge, called for the rent, on the first of the month, Mrs. Robison had to put him off with an excuse.

After he had gone she sat down and stared, hollow-eyed, at the wall in front of her. What was she going to do? She had promised to have the money ready by two or three days more. Where was it to come from? She was doing the washing for one or two of her neighbors, but that only brought in enough to buy food for herself and the child.

When the landlord came back on the day appointed, for the first time in her life Mrs. Robison told a lie. She wa fighting to keep a shelter around her self and her little girl—and she use the only weapon she had.

She told the man that the insuranc money had not been paid yet, makin up the story that her husband's funera had been paid for out of their saving but that she expected the claim woul be settled by the insurance compan almost any day, and then she would giv him the rent.

The owner of the building told he sternly that he would wait until the firs of the next week, and that was all.

But outside, in the hall, he smiled. I was not a pleasant smile. So might th lips of a wolf curl back, who trots aroun a sheepfold, and marks out a plump ew that he means to claim for himself whil the shepherd sleeps that night.

Trowbridge was a man of thirty-five who had inherited that tenement, alon

n a number of others, from his father. collected the rents himself, being aid to trust an agent. Those who dishonest at heart themselves are ays suspicious of others. He was l to do, if not as rich as his greed him to wish; and he had plenty of e on his hands. This he spent in the suit of pleasure, as his low taste unstood it—the frequenting of dance s, and such places, where the drinks of an equal badness with the men.

The dissipated life he led was written his face, in the unwholesome pallor his skin and the leering expression his eyes, for all to read.

Mrs. Robison, however, had never noed these signs. To her, the man was t a man at all. He was only the landd.

But if Mrs. Robison had not noticed r. Trowbridge had noticed her. He had often thought, when he called, that she was a decidedly comely woman, and he had wondered if she would run and tell her husband if he attempted to pinch her cheek or kiss her. The fear of big Ed's fists had hitherto kept her free from his annoyance; but now she was alone in the world, in trouble too—to him. He smiled again, and rubbed his hands. She was very much at his mercy, he figured.

When she had finished her stammered excuses on the day of his next visit, he swung one leg over the end of the table in the kitchen and leaned toward her.

"Look here," he said softly. "If you can't raise the money, can't you think of another way to stave me off?"

She looked at him without understanding.

"I'm your landlord, ain't I? You can't pay your rent; but I wouldn't be hard on you, would I, if I was—if you and me had an arrangement together?"

Staring at him, all at once he became a man in her eyes, a loathsome beast. She looked toward her little girl, in swift apprehension lest the child might have understood the suggestion of the words. Then she drew herself erect before him, with a shudder of repulsion.

"You'd better go," she said, in a choked voice.

The ingratiating smile died on his face. He swung down off the table.

"I ain't good enough for you, eh?" he flared out, wounded in his vanity by the scornful manner in which she had rejected the proposal. "All right. Then it's *you* who'll go—and your brat with you!" He picked up the chair beside him and flung it out into the hall. "Get out of here! You're dispossessed!"

The blow of which she had stood in



The secretary cried, "She killed him. Arrest her!"



"Don't you think, sir, you could bring your influence to bear in this case?"

such dread at last had fallen. There was no need of her holding out for her "three days' notice," to which she was entitled by law. She wouldn't be able to pay the rent then, as now. She and her little one were homeless.

With the janitor to help him, the landlord dragged all her household goods downstairs and dumped them on the pavement. For a while she stood there beside them forlornly. Then, with the child in her arms, she walked slowly away, leaving the things standing on the sidewalk. They were no use to her now—she had no place to take them.

For two whole days, without a mouthful for herself or the child to eat from morning of the first till night of the second, she hunted for work in vain.

No laundry at which she applied would take her. She had never worked in such a place before. They were hiring only women who had had experience, and finding no difficulty in getting all the help they wanted. It was the same story at the "Employees' Entrance" of all the factories and stores at which she presented herself. She had no experience—no recommendation from her last place. There was no opening for her.

She hushed the child's hungry weeping on the doorstep of a building on which she had dropped down to rest, at nightfall of the second day. When the little girl slept she bowed her head, and her own hot tears fell.

"What's the trouble?" said a man's kindly voice.

She looked up through the darkness at the stranger, brushing her eyes.

"Here's a quarter," he said, proffering the coin. "Oh, don't be foolish!" as she drew back quickly. "I can easily spare it, and it'll help you to find a better place than a doorstep to stay—for the kiddie's sake."

She let the silver piece fall into he trembling hand.

"God bless you, sir!" she murmure fervently after him as the man walke on.

She turned at a gruff voice of author ity at her elbow.

"Where's your license?"

A policeman stood before her.

"My—my what?"

The "copper" stepped back.

"Get up, and come along with me t the station house," he said shortly "You're beggin' without a license. I sa you stop that fellow, and ask him fo money. You can get sixty days fo that."

On the way to the police station he frenzied explanations only drew fro the policeman the brusque statement tha she could tell her story to the judge i the morning.

She did, and it wasn't believed. Th

agistrate turned to the little girl, who
s sitting on the knees of a gentleman
o sat beside him on the platform be-
d the railing
'Is the child yours?" he asked the
man.
'Yes, sir."
The magistrate began to fill out a
per. "I'll commit her to the Home for
Children of Indigent Parents," he
d, as he wrote. "She'll be taken care
there, until a home can be found for
r, or until she becomes of age——"
Mrs. Robison's scream rang through
e courtroom.
'No, no! My child—give her back to
e! You can't take her away——"
The magistrate frowned down at her
er his glasses.
'You can't support her," he declared.
upposing that the story you have just
d is true, you have admitted that your-
f. She will be well taken care of, you
edn't worry about that." He handed
folded paper to the man, who rose,
th the child in his arms. "That much
the case is settled."
The man stepped down from the plat-
m and made toward a door at the
r of the room.
"My baby!"
The mother stretched out her arms
l took a tottering step toward the
ld that was being torn from her. A
liceman at her side put out his arm
d barred her way The door opened,
d the man passed through it with his
y burden. Then the door closed, and
s. Robison sank in a dead faint to
floor

Does the State know how its own aim
frustrated when it places these little
ifs in its institutions that are de-
ned to shield them from evil during
ir tenderest years? That the asso-
tes they meet there are the worst in-
ence imaginable for them?
Take Esther's case:
Her closest friend in the home was
net Cooley, probably the wickedest at
rt of all the juvenile inmates.
'When they bring me in to show me
to some kind lady that might like
'dopt me," she told Esther, when the
ter first arrived, "I'm going to cross
eyes, and make believe stutter, and
tend I don't understand anything they
me, so she'll think I'm homely and
f-witted, and won't want to take me
ay with her. You do the same. We
n't want to be 'dopted. We want to
y here till we're eighteen, and then
they'll have to let us go. They'll find
us a job in a department store some-
where. My big sister, who's on the 'out-
side,' works in one of them. She knows
piles of fellows—meets 'em over the
counter—and they take her to dances
every night. That's the way to enjoy
life. We'll do the same. Just do like
me. I'll show you how to get what we
want."
And Esther followed the example of
her friend.
The day came when the two girls, be-
ing of legal age, left the institution
to go, as Janet had predicted, into the
employ of one of the city's cheap, bar-
gain-price department stores.
A woman, shabbily dressed, stepped
out from the shadow of the gates as
they appeared.
It was Mrs. Robison. She had
worked for a while as a scrubwoman in
one of the municipal buildings shortly
after her daughter was taken from her,
and there, she had learned, a record was
kept of the adoption from all such in-
stitutions of its inmates. She had come
back punctually once a month through-
out the years that had followed, to find
out if her darling had been taken from
the asylum; and now, on her eighteenth
birthday, she was waiting for the law
to give her back into her arms once
more.
"Esther!"
The girl stopped and looked around at
the woman.
"Come on!" Janet said impatiently.
"Esther, dear, I'm your mother. Don't
you recognize me?"
Esther hesitated, and again her friend
tugged at her arm.
"Aw, come on!" she urged. "S'pose
she is your mother? What's she ever
done for you? Let you stay cooped up
in that rotten place there behind us ever
since you was a little bit of a kid, that's
what! And what can she do for you
now? Look at her? Do you s'pose *she*
can show you how to enjoy life? Let
her go—and come on with me, I tell
you!"
Again Esther followed her evil com-
panion's lead. Her face hardened. With
a cold laugh, she passed by the woman
without a word of greeting for her.
Mrs. Robison gave a heartbroken cry
under her breath. She stood looking
after the pair for a long minute, then
her arms dropped, still empty, at her
sides, and she turned and hurried away
in the opposite direction.

During the next six months Esther's
life—counting out the hours she worked
in the store—was one round of gayety of
a certain sort.
Janet worked beside her at the same
counter. When Esther saw her friend
fall into an easy conversation with a
sallow-faced young man whose hair was
plastered down sleekly on his head, and
accept his invitation to go to a dance
that night, she followed her example
with the young man's prototype, who
was introduced to her as "frien' o'
mine" by Janet's new-found admirer.
With Janet, and others of her kind,
Esther soon became a habitué of such
places.
And at one of them she met Trow-
bridge. Esther had not yet fallen.
Trowbridge tried his best to make her
do so. Of course, she did not recog-
nize him as the man who had cast her
mother and herself out into the street.
She had been too little when it hap-
pened.
One evening Trowbridge had met her
at the door of the store at closing time.
He got on the street car with her, to
escort her to her boarding place, and
during the ride he sought again to tempt
her. Perhaps Esther had had a hard
day; she was tired, and she heard his
soft voice speaking of a comfortable
home, with no more work to do, and
plenty of money to spend. Perhaps she
had seen her friends "getting away with
it." She told Trowbridge she would
take dinner with him in his rooms that
night.
A shabbily dressed woman—a cleaner
in one of the big stores or office build-
ings, to judge from the worn valise on
her knees, who was on her way to her
work—started in her seat beside the two,
where she had listened to all they said.
Esther left the car first. Trowbridge
rode on to his rooms to arrange for the
dinner; but when he got off the car the
shabbily dressed woman followed him.
Mrs. Robison found out where Trow-
bridge's rooms were.
And then she hastened to the hard-
ware store where she was employed as
a scrubwoman, thinking she would have
time to get through her duties there and
be back at the entrance of the bachelor-
apartment building to intercept Esther
before she could take the step from
which there is no turning back.
But she had not caught the hour
Trowbridge had mentioned. It was eight
o'clock when Mrs. Robison reached the

building, and Esther had been upstairs for a half hour.

Finding out this from the hallboy, Mrs Robison ran up the stairs, eluding his detaining grasp, and burst in upon Esther, who sat with a wineglass in her hand, facing Trowbridge across the little table in his rooms.

"Come out of here with me!" her mother panted out to her. "Quick! You know who I am, don't you, child? That I'm advising you for your own good——"

Trowbridge had risen at the intrusion.

"Who are you?" he began angrily.

She turned on him.

"You don't recognize me, do you?" she charged "But I know *you!* I knew you this evening, when I heard you tempting my daughter in that street car. I'm Mrs. Robison, the woman you threw into the street because she wouldn't yield to you; and she—this girl you're trying to ruin, here—she's my 'brat,' as you called her then—my baby that you cast out with me. Esther," turning in pleading to the girl, "do you hear what I'm saying? This man tried to wrong me, your mother, as he's trying to wrong you Come to me. I'll take you away in safety."

With a debonair laugh, Trowbridge in turn faced the girl

"It's true," he said. "I'll admit that; but you see what sort of treatment you got while you were in her care? She couldn't take care of you—you were thrown into the street with her, when you were a baby. Does she look any more prosperous now? Do you think she can give you the luxuries that I can——"

A red mist swam before Mrs. Robison's eyes. She saw Esther's face hardening again. She saw her turning away from her once more. She saw her put out her hand to lay it in the one Trowbridge was holding out to her——

From under her shawl she snatched the pistol that she had taken out of the showcase back at the hardware store when she had finished her work there that night.

There was a report, followed by a crash and tinkle of falling glass as Trowbridge pitched forward against the table, and he rolled over on the floor—dead.

The manager of the house and a policeman sprang through the door and caught her by both wrists. She did not struggle. She stood looking silently into her daughter's wide, horror-fixed eyes across the room.

"I did it for your sake," said her mother simply. "Only for your sake, Esther."

And then she turned and went from the room, between the officer and the attendant of the apartment building, a prisoner.

But Esther's eyes were opened at last. She saw the evil her companionship with Janet, and the coarse girl's kind, had done her, and, with the understanding, returned all her babyhood's love for her mother.

Mrs. Robison was waiting in the Tombs to be tried for murder. Esther's tear-reddened eyes, in the following days, attracted the floorwalker's attention. She told him the story, and he, in turn, bore it to the ears of the proprietor of the store.

The latter was a good man, with daughters of his own. He was touched by the case, and engaged a good lawyer for Mrs. Robison's defense; but it was useless. The case was too plain against her. The jury's verdict was "Guilty," but with a recommendation for clemency.

The judge listened to the plea, and commuted Mrs. Robison's sentence from death to life imprisonment. An appeal had been taken. It had been refused The highest court had next been resorted to, but the petition for a new trial had been turned down there again. There was only one last chance remaining, a pardon from the governor. The matter had been placed in the hands of the proper authorities, and there it rested.

The chairman of the board of pardons had reached the end of his story.

"Don't you think, sir," he asked the governor quietly, after a pause. "that your interference in the case would be justified?"

The governor slowly sat up in his chair and reached for a paper on the desk before him.

"I think," he said gravely, "that *she is not the guilty one*—the blame ought to be fixed higher up."

And the scratching of the pen, as he wrote his signature, filled the room for a moment.

A photo play on the screen is worth two in the safe.

Plot in "Birth of a Nation" is True

ONE of the minor plots in "The Bi of a Nation" deals with the par of *The Little Colonel,* who was s tenced to be court-martialed, with obvious result of being hanged. T mother, whose other two sons had b killed fighting for the Confedera made an appeal to President Linc and a pardon was granted.

After seeing the production on t screen at the Liberty Theater in N York, G. L. Mordecai, of 174 W Eighty-sixth Street, went to the off of David W. Griffith, the produeer, a informed him that this plot was actual happening, and Lincoln had b responsible for his pardon in just su a manner. The story told by Mr Mo decai was as follows:

"My father, a wealthy trader Charleston, South Carolina, was e gaged in extensive blockade-runni operations to the Bahama Islands had served in the Confederate army, l had been honorably discharged on a count of sickness. My father th wanted me to go as his agent to Na sau. The only channel of intercou was closed, however, when the Feder captured Fort Fisher, so father su gested I should slip through the Nor ern lines and thence take a steamsh from New York.

"In civilian dress I eluded the Uni pickets in Virginia, crossed the Pot mac, and took stage for Washington, b in the latter place I was arrested a thrown into prison as a Confederate e emy. It was feared that I would court-martialed and executed, or at b held prisoner until the close of the w My fiancée's father, Alderman Samu Lewis, of New York, later acting mayo came to Washington and worked my behalf. Notwithstanding Secreta Stanton's opposition, he succeeded convincing President Lincoln that I w not a spy. 'I will release the you man,' said Mr. Lincoln, 'on one cond tion, that he takes oath not to return the Southern States during the war.'

"I gladly took this oath, and was r leased. Before leaving for the Nor for my marriage and residence in Alde man Lewis' family, I desired to tha President Lincoln. On being present to Mr. Lincoln I remember he shook m by the hand and said: 'I am happy know that I have been able to serve a enemy.'"

The Lucky Transfer

By Ralph T. Sirod

Some of the thrilling experiences of a girl reporter, working for the first time on a story requiring a great amount of detective ability and unusual pluck are told in the following story taken from the Reliance photo drama. If you were in her place, with a single clew and nothing to work it with, knowing that the public must be satisfied in the evening paper with a long story, would you have done as well as she? Read and see.

The cast in the picture included the following:

Helen Holland.....Mary Alden
Ford.....Tom Wilson
Ransom.....Thomas Hull

WHEN a detective has but a single clew to work on, and that one is hopelessly covered that he cannot find anything to connect it to, he is up against a hard proposition. For just such a reason Helen Holland, reporter for the *Herald*, found herself at a loss when she tried to formulate a theory as to the probable robbers who committed a crime at the store of Jackson Brothers, on the previous night.

Her one clew was that a quantity of the firm's envelopes, bearing its name in the upper left-hand corner, had been carelessly taken, among a lot of more valuable things. Of course, it would have been an easy matter for her to trace the culprit, at least to a point where an interesting story for her paper could be obtained, if any of the envelopes were used; but they would be too clever for that, she thought, and would destroy such incriminating evidence at their first opportunity. So she abandoned any idea of attempting to follow up the thieves from this angle, and the first story printed by the *Herald* was merely one of facts, telling what had happened, and what had been taken, but with no mention of any suspected person as the guilty party.

Helen, however, was assigned the robbery again by the city editor, who directed her to get more matter from it, stating that a number of robberies had taken place of late, and if this was the active party it would be a good thing for the *Herald* to have a hand in the capture. He told her that a woman could get closer to the facts than a man, as she would not be so readily suspected, and so she was given detective work for the first time in her experience.

But what could she do? Where could she go? Where would she start her search for the robbers? All she knew was that there must be a story turned in that night, and if she did not soon find some trace of the ones who had committed the theft they would be given a chance to leave the city.

With no definite plan in mind, she decided to again visit the scene of the burglary and see if some other clew she had overlooked before could not be found. She had no idea of how long the work might take her, and as it was a considerable distance to the Jackson store, she thought it would be wise first to tell her mother that she might not be home at the usual time, as she had a hard assignment that might make her work overtime. She did not, however, tell her the nature of the assignment, for fear that her mother would worry.

After leaving the house, Helen started for the corner where she intended taking a surface car to the establishment of Jackson Brothers. On her way, walking swiftly and looking down the avenue that she might not lose time by missing a car, she ran into a child about seven or eight years old, who was running in the opposite direction.

Helen stooped to pick the little girl from the sidewalk, where she had fallen, at the same time expressing her sympathy, and inquiring if she were hurt. As she did this, the sight of a letter lying



Helen rushed into the room and recognized the two captured men as her assailants.

at the side of the child attracted her attention, and Helen picked it up, scanned it closely, and gave it back to the girl, who ran, frightened, to the corner. It was only an ordinary letter, with a Chicago address, but the return notice in the upper corner had been scratched out, and a part of a capital J was visible at the beginning of one of these erased lines.

Suddenly Helen's plans were changed. She decided to follow the child, thinking that fortune had smiled graciously upon her.

Having mailed the letter which had so helped Helen's plan, the youngster turned a corner and ran with all speed down a side street, through an alley, and out to another street. A little way up this she entered a building, ordinary in appearance, though unpainted, and looking like one belonging to a laboring man. The child turned the knob and entered; it was apparently her home.

Helen, who had followed closely, stepped out into the street just as the girl closed the door behind her. She hesitated for a moment, thinking whether it would be advisable for her safety to inform some of the detectives who were working on the case, before entering. But she smiled as she thought of how she could beat Fields, a detective friend, who was handling the robbery for the city bureau, and walked deliberately up the front steps. On the porch she stopped, realized the folly of going in openly, and, remembering that she was only a woman, went quietly around the back of the house. She tried the basement door, and it opened to her touch. Quickly she slipped inside, closing the door behind her.

It was dark inside, but a small pocket electric light with which she had provided herself illuminated the place clearly. After a short search, Helen discovered a staircase in one corner of the earthen-paved room, and behind this was a stack of boxes. It was her plan to find, if possible, some of the stolen goods, then to return to the police station and have the patrol sent to capture the thieves.

Apropos of this, she went to the boxes behind the staircase and commenced an investigation of them. The top one she found empty, but the second revealed the identity of the tenants. In this was a quantity of silk gowns, thrown carelessly in a pile, and answering the description of some of the goods taken from the Jackson store.

As she was about to look into another of the cases footsteps sounded on the floor above. She stopped a moment, listening to see whether the person would come down the stairs or remain on the upper floor. Soon the door at the head of the staircase was opened, and the figure of a short, stout man appeared. Helen realized that to remain where she was would mean her certain discovery, as no doubt the crook was coming to the very place where she was hiding.

She placed all hope in a rush for the door by which she had entered, but just as she emerged from under the stairs the man caught sight of her, and darted in pursuit. She reached the door with him not more than fifteen feet away; but she knew that if she reached the street in front of the house in safety, all would be well, as he would not dare to attract the attention of passers-by.



The *Herald* had the first story and Helen received full credit for it.

Opening the door, she rushed blindly out, directly into the arms of another man. With a taunting laugh, he lifted her, and carried her bodily back into the basement, and up the stairs to the kitchen above. Here she was told that the little girl whom she had followed to the place had seen her come up the steps before she had gone around to the basement door and had given the warning. The two men had waited only long enough for one to go to the cellar door, anticipating that she would try to make her escape that way, and they then had gone to capture her.

"And now, my fair one," said the man who had gone down the stairs, and whose name she had later learned was Ford, "you might as well make yourself at home, for we are going to tie yo to a bedpost inside, with enough food t keep you alive long enough till some on comes in to find you. That is, provide the rats don't eat more than you d When we get out of this State we'll sen the police friends of yours a letter t tell them where you are. You see, we'r not altogether cruel. Quite consider ate, in fact."

When she heard the words, Hele squirmed in her seat and made a foolis dash for the door.

"Oh, no, you don't, little miss," sneere Ransom, the other of the men, grabbin her. "Guess we'd better tie you up now for safety, and beat it before you friends get a line on where you are."

With this, they took her into the ad joining room, and carried out thei promise of tying her to the bedpost This done, they put on the coat the child who had so helped both Helen and them selves, and who proved to be nothin but a neighbor's daughter, knowing nothing of their character, and who had posted the letter as a favor, and ther told of Helen's presence in a matter-of-fact way, not suspecting the importance of what she was saying. Even now she did not know what had happened to the young newspaperwoman, as she had been carefully placed upstairs during the excitement. When they had sent her home they put on their street clothes, themselves saw to it that Helen was secure, and went out with their traveling bags, telling her they hoped she would be found alive, and then impressed upon her mind how kind they were to think such a thing.

As they walked to the avenue, where it was their intention to board a surface car to the railroad depot, Ransom and Ford spoke earnestly about their get-away, planning to go to Chicago and meet a friend to whom the letter which had fallen into Helen's hands had been sent.

"By the way," said Ransom, while they were waiting for the car, "what is the address of this house of yours where we just left the girl? When we get into Illinois I'll write to the cops and tell them where she is. You see, I've never been there before last night, and I did not see the number when we went in; it was too dark."

"When we get on the car I'll write it down for you. It's too risky to blurt it out in there, and if I tell you now

u'll forget it in five minutes. Here's e car now. Get transfers."

Before they had ridden very far Ford ssed his transfer to his companion, d the latter turned it over, reading e address that Ford had written there: 24 Clinton Street" was scrawled in ncil. Then, under it, was the order: Get off at the next block, you fool, and back and get the loot you forgot."

With a mutter at Ford about "Who's fool? Didn't you forget it, too?" he lighted at the next stop, and ran for car going in the direction from which had just come. In his haste, Ransom lowed the transfer bearing the mes-ge to drop from his hand and flutter the ground.

Still growling, and disgusted to think at two experienced robbers could have een so foolish as to have forgotten the oods they had taken so much trouble secure, he boarded the car, paid his are, and when he had gone about half mile thought of the transfer, and put is hand in his pocket for it. After a areful examination of all his pockets, e excitedly made his way to the street nd started back to find his partner. low to do this was a mystery to him. here was no chance of calling him by 'ephone, for it would only attract at-ention, while to return to the station imself would mean the loss of much aluable time. However, the latter was he course he finally decided upon, for e could not recall the address written n the transfer.

Jim Dodson, one of a number of workmen returning home after a hard ay's toil, saw the transfer lying in he street, and, feeling that a saving of ve cents would buy his tobacco the ext day, picked it up and paid his fare with it, never thinking of looking at the everse side of the slip. But the con-luctor chanced to catch a sight of the writing, and read it over several times. He was at a loss to understand it, but he word "loot" pointed out to him that t might be of some use to his detective friend, Fields, who, by coincidence, was he same with whom Helen had become cquainted in her newspaper work. He knew that Fields would get on the car a few blocks down, as he always did at night on his way home from work.

When the secret-service man was standing on the platform, some minutes ater, the conductor handed him the slip.

"This may be of some use to you," he said. "I don't know what it all means, except that it may mean something to you."

"It certainly does," was the detective's reply. "Stop the car at the next block, and to-morrow I may have a little check for you from the police department."

As soon as his foot struck the pavement Fields broke into a run, heading for the station house a few blocks away, which he had just left.

It was with surprise that the lieutenant in charge looked up to see the man dash breathlessly up to the desk.

"What's up?" he asked. "I thought you had gone home ten minutes ago."

"I started to," Fields blurted out, panting, "but I ran across something. Give me three men, quick! I'm going to 324 Clinton Street. Something there."

A few minutes later the four emerged from the station house, hailed an auto, and put on all speed for the location of the "loot."

The car was stopped about two hundred feet from the place, and the men advanced cautiously to the house. One stood in the rear of the building, one in front, and the third with Fields, entered, each with revolvers drawn.

As they looked in room after room, a faint groaning sound reached their ears, and the two went slowly to the apartment from whence it came, ready for any emergency. As Fields opened the door, the sight that met his eyes caused him first to halt, and then to run to the aid of Helen, who was lying stretched across the bed. The blood from her wrists, which had been cut by her frantic efforts to loose herself, stained the uncovered mattress.

"Well, little woman, what has happened to you? How did you get into this fix?" he asked her, when she was untied, and refreshed with a glass of water.

"I just fell into a fine clew," she answered, "and followed it, expecting to get full credit for the capture of these fellows. They are the ones who robbed the Jackson store, you know. I knew you were on the case, but I wanted an exclusive story for the *Herald*, and so didn't phone you; but they got me, tied me here, and left for another State."

As he spoke, a voice came from the hall, with the command:

"Sit down there, now, and behave yourselves, you crooks. If you knew enough to stay away when you get away, you'd be better off. But they say a rabbit always comes back, some time or other, and I suppose it's the same with thieves."

"What's going on out there, Jack?" called Fields, recognizing the voice of one of his men.

"These two gentlemen came to the house to pay us a visit," was the reply. "I hid around the side of the house, and nailed them as they were coming in."

"Let me see them," said Helen, running out to where they were. "Yes, they are the ones, and the goods are in the cellar. Come! I'll show you where."

"Some plucky little girl," Fields informed Jack. "Here I've been spending a whole day on this case, and couldn't get a trace of the fellows, while she gets right into their den—and all alone! Believe me, Miss Holland, you get the credit for the capture, I get the credit for the rescue, and the *Herald* gets the first story of the whole thing. Where's the stuff?"

Kleine Has Novel Sign.

VISITORS at the San Francisco Fair, as well as home exhibitors, cannot well avoid seeing an immense and novel advertisement of the George Kleine attractions, which appears in the heart of town just opposite the new Kleine offices on the sixth floor of the Pacific Building. This is in the form of a gigantic illuminated billboard display on top of a two-story building running from Market to Jessie Streets. When an exhibitor drops in on Tom North, the Kleine manager, and asks to see a line of paper, he is requested to step to the window and observe the display across the street. This consists of practically all the various styles of lithographs issued for all the Kleine attractions from "Quo Vadis?" to "Stop Thief." The display is startling as well as novel. Visitors at the fair use this as a transfer corner, with the result that day and night thousands of curious eyes are turned toward the mammoth sign.

Housecleaning.

IT is a wise boy who knows just what to do in an emergency.

First Boy (dropping in for a call): "What are you doing with your hat and coat and big boots on in the house?"

Second Boy—"Mamma is putting things to rights, and I want to keep these things where I can find 'em."

The Educational Value of Picture Plays

By Augustus H. Fretz

The educational value of motion-picture plays has been the subject of much comment of late. Some have argued that the screen is an influence for bad rather than good, but, as the following article should prove, it has, on the contrary, vast worth as an instructive element.

When plays of well-known books are produced, and when far-away countries are placed before the public eye, as well as many other educational pictures, there is much benefit to be derived. But read the article and learn in detail, that you may be convinced.



Such picture plays as this, which is a scene from Charles Dickens' "The Chimes" produced by the Hepworth Company of England, have much educational value.

THAT probably the most effective and interesting way of educating the general public is by means of the picture play has been agreed upon by many authorities on the subject. A great portion of the people who compose the audiences at the average motion-picture theater do not spend very much of their time in reading instructive books, because things put before them in such dry form have no entertaining worth to them. Most books with educational value deal with rigid facts unadorned with any plot or other feature appealing to the mind of the man who works hard during the day and goes to a picture theater at night to relieve his mind and to find some diversion from the toilsome grind of the day.

But when life in far-away countries, or historical facts livened by a plot which in no way injures the value of the picture from an educational standpoint, are shown on the screen, practically every one enjoys viewing the pictures, and incidentally reaps the benefit of the instructive element of it.

Also, when the distant lands and their inhabitants, unfamiliar to the average person, are placed before the public in live, moving form exactly as they appeared to the camera, it is much easier for the mind to grasp than through a book, where, no matter how vivid the author has been able to portray the facts, they cannot be as plain as when a picture itself presents them.

Doctor E. B. MacDowell, who spends practically all of his time in the foreign and least-inhabited countries taking educational motion pictures for the Selig Polyscope Company, has written an interesting article concerning his work, which we print below.

For a good many years, Doctor MacDowell has been visiting the four corners of the world. He holds a rovi commission issued by the Selig Pol scope Company, and he invariably r turns, after a year or so, with a weal of motion-picture film showing scen taken in obscure nooks and crannies foreign countries, as well as more f miliar scenes. These wonderful trav ogue pictures are released from time time by the Selig Company, certain m tion pictures filmed by Doctor Ma Dowell in India and the Orient bei utilized in "The Adventures of Kathlyn series.

Doctor MacDowell arrived at the Sel Polyscope Company executive offices, Chicago, recently after another journ of exploration. He was absent for ov a year, and among other localities vi ited was the Holy Land, Monte Carl Fiji Islands, Japan, Siam, et cetera. I these and other places he took motio picture films of both educational an historical value, and they will undoub edly create very favorable comme when released by the Selig Polysco Company. So far as is known, the Seli company is the only institution that r tains an intelligent and intrepid ex plorer continually at work.

"I have visited nearly every know and unknown country on the inhabitabl globe," writes Doctor MacDowell, "an I have arrived at the conclusion tha the good old U. S. A. leads them all. have studied many peoples, and they al lead in some line or other, but I hav found that if there is an objective poin to reach, the Americans can be depende upon to take the most direct course.

"Mr. Selig has always been encourag ing and liberal in his attitude to my em ployment, and I think he has accom plished more for the education of th masses through this work than hav many educators who make more preten sions. Through the encouragement an

of Mr. Selig the American people
e had and will have opportunities to
w strange countries, the modes of
ng in those countries, scenes of in-
ictive interest, the sources of great
ers, the intimate views of great moun-
ns and foreign cities, and other de-
s of unusual educational worth. I
e thousands of feet of film showing
eign scenes which have never before
n used for the motion-picture screen.
I was in Singapore when the big war
ke out, and wanted to get to Siam.
fore the war, the waters swarmed
h German merchantmen. A week be-
e war was declared they all myste-
usly disappeared. There seemed to be
shipping transportation, and I made
journey across the water to Siam on
ice vessel.

"You may have an idea that trouble
uld occur for me about that time be-
se of my motion-picture cameras,
nothing was said. The English are
ite broad-minded about such matters.

"I filmed some interesting scenes in
d about Monte Carlo and in the Holy
nd. It is a five days' drive from Jeru-
em to certain localities in Palestine,
d the hotels in that part of the coun-
are almost unmentionable. How-
er, I experienced no difficulty in film-
g such pictures as I wanted, despite
ories that I have heard that the life of
motion-picture camera man in and
out Jerusalem would be in danger.

"During my years of globe-trotting I
nnot say that my life was ever in
al danger, and I have penetrated the
lds of many foreign lands. The most
zardous experience, to my mind, was
ring a trip along the Amazon River
r the Selig Company. Our boat was
ught on a sand bar. 'We will proba-
y remain here for three months,' said
e captain. It seems that the Amazon
ver currents are erratic at certain sea-
ns of the year, and if a boat becomes
edged in the sand it remains there until
e current changes. However, we were
cky.

"We put a stick on the bank in an en-
avor to ascertain the rise or the fall
the current. The following morning
e found the stick missing. It had be-
me submerged. It seems there had
curred a tremendous rain on one of
e upper branches of the river, and we
on floated off our sand bar. The river
en said this was the one time in a
ousand that such a thing would hap-
n. I had thousands of feet of unde-
veloped film in my trunks, and if we had remained on that sand bar for even thirty days the film would have been ruined, and months of toil and privation would have gone for nothing.

"When filming people and places I invariably ask myself this question: 'What is the life of this film; how long will it last; how long will it endure in educational and entertaining qualities?' I do not make current-events films; striving to photograph only those scenes possessing universal educational qualities."

Doctor MacDowell is an interesting personality, and, like all men who accomplish things in life, he is loath to discuss his experiences. He expects to rest from his labors for a time before again embarking on a journey into the unfrequented places in order to secure films that will educate and entertain the stay-at-homes; in order to permit those who sit in comfortable chairs, in well-lighted and well-heated theaters, to receive striking conceptions of the modes of life of strange peoples.



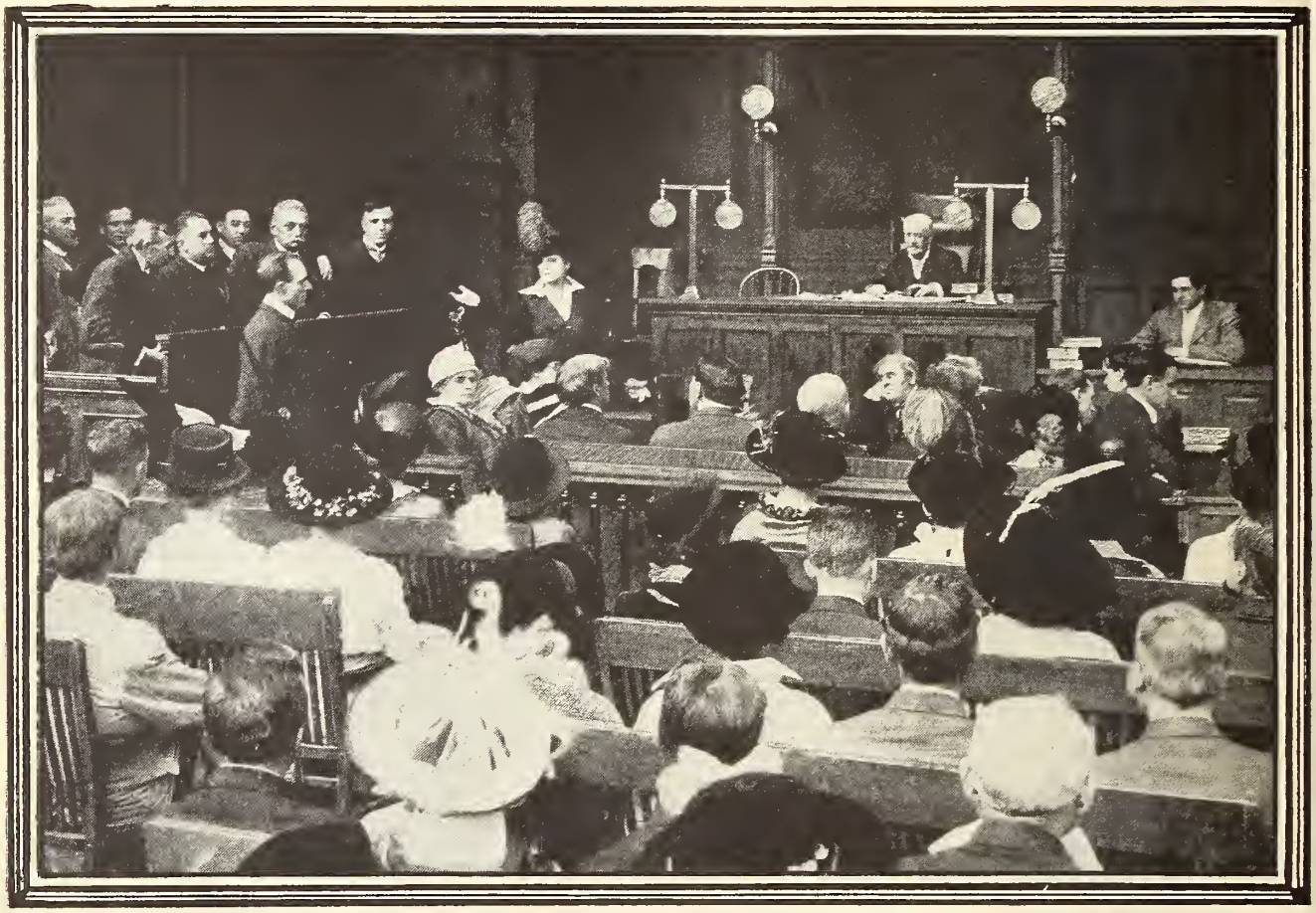
A scene in the play used to promote the cause of equal suffrage.

Teaching Suffrage Doctrines by Film.

ONE of the latest plans of the American suffragettes to win others to their beliefs is by way of the silent drama. Within the past few weeks there has been completed at the Selig studios, in Chicago, an eight-reel film called "Your Girl and Mine," which depicts in no uncertain way the injustice done to women everywhere by denying them the vote, while at the same time pointing out the evils in modern life which can be remedied by granting "votes for women."

The picture was made by William N. Selig, president of the company, for Mrs. Medill McCormick and the National American Woman Suffrage Association, and will be shown by the women in theaters the country over. Particular use will be made of the film in States where suffrage is one of the issues at the coming elections, and undoubtedly will do much toward affecting public sentiment on the question. Stars of note were secured by Mrs. McCormick and Mr. Selig to play the leading rôles in the piece, and among those to be seen are Olive Wyndham, formerly of the Little Theater, New York; Katherine Kaelred, a featured Broadway star; Sydney Booth, one of the principals in "The Yellow Ticket"; John Charles, who has appeared in the support of Helen Ware and Louis Mann, and Clara Smith, a well-known character woman of the picture stage.

The film was given its first showing at the Chicago Auditorium, where a specially invited audience viewed the subject and listened to addresses by some of the leaders in the suffrage movement in Illinois, who explained the



A realistic court-room scene in the picture play which is used as an argument for woman suffrage. This picture places a new value in the screen.

mission of the film. Immediately thereafter it was prepared for use in whatever locality the suffragettes believed a particular need for suffrage propaganda existed at that particular time.

In one of the accompanying illustrations the figure symbolical of Equal Suffrage appears in the form of a vision to a woman who has about determined to devote her life to helping her sisters get the right to go to the polls with those of the masculine sex who are entitled to vote, while in the other the courtroom scene, which is one of the big and important settings of the production, is shown, and Miss Florence Holbrook, a noted suffragette attorney, is seen addressing the jury on behalf of the heroine of the story, who has no rights before the law because she is a woman instead of a voter.

Picture Plays for the Poor.

THE motion-picture play has accomplished more in affording relaxation and entertainment for those in humble circumstances than anything ever devised by man. For the sum of five cents, an hour or more of clean and uplifting entertainment is provided those who are financially unable to patronize more expensive places of amusement.

On Saturday evening, John, who wields the pick and shovel during the week, can take mother and the little ones to the motion-picture show. The cost to the entire family does not exceed twenty-five cents, which would be less than the price of admission for John alone to the spoken drama. And for that modest sum, John and the members of his family enjoy the pictures and also all the comforts of first-class theaters.

Before motion pictures came into being, there was little opportunity for John to entertain mother and the children with any degree of success. There were no inexpensive places of entertainment to visit. In those days, John sometimes visited the corner dramshop, not being in the habit of taking mother and the children out for an evening. Then it was that John spent considerably more than twenty-five cents from his meager earnings for the week.

But with the advent of the picture plays, mother and the children became interested. They learned to know and to love the picture plays, and to anticipate the coming of Saturday evening, when the entire family could attend the program. And John, too, became interested. His interest was aroused partially through motion-picture discussions indulged in by mother and the little ones, and partially on his own account. He appreciated that mother worked just as hard as he did to keep the children's clothing neat, to send them to school regularly, and to prepare the family meals. He admitted that mother and the children were certainly entitled to some pleasure.

John then began to pass the corner dramshop by on the other side. He went straight home on Saturday evenings, and was well repaid by the happy looks of anticipation that shone on the faces of

the children, and the smile of pleasure that transformed mother's careworn countenance. Verily, the picture plays seem a godsend to the poor!

Classic books and plays are now among the productions which are shown in this progressive stage of the motion-picture profession, and the poorer class of people can see a Shakespearean play or equally elevating picture at a price within their income.

And it is the duty of the film manufacturers to provide such attractions that will not only entertain, but refine, certain classes. Risque plays are all very well for those who can afford to patronize high-priced temples of amusement; but doubtful productions have no place in the picture-play theater. It has been the policy and always will be the policy of the best companies to release picture plays that urge clean thoughts, convey lessons as well as entertainment, instruct, and uplift. That this policy has been a happy one is proven by the fact that many programs of unknown and of doubtful quality have sprung up and disappeared during the years that the picture releases have gone steadily forward, each production being better than the preceding ones; always striving for dependability and for superior excellence in the theater world.

The Old Curiosity Shop.

THE Old Curiosity Shop is an apt name for the property room of the great Chicago studios of the Selig Polyscope Company. Nearly everything under the sun is stored away in the big department, for nearly everything under the sun is utilized sooner or later in the filming of motion-picture plays.

Properties valued at thousands of dollars are stored in the spacious apartment. There are suits of ancient armor, harness that caparisoned the horses of many years ago, old swords and spears, and breastplates and helmets. There is an old-fashioned spinning wheel that once upon a time graced a corner of a pioneer American home; there are old candlesticks of silver that once illuminated the parlors of some colonial mansion; there is old-fashioned furniture of great value as well as furniture of later period; there is a pipe organ and nearly every other sort of musical instrument, including violins, guitars once played by romantic troubadours; hurdy-gurdys, accordions, tom-toms, and, in fact, almost every sound-producing instrument known to the world's history.

In one corner hangs a human skeleton, and in another there stands a mummy case taken at some period from an Egyptian tomb. There is a regular arsenal of firearms, from the ancient blunderbuss to the modern automatic rifle. Garments of every kind and design grace the walls, with the footwear of various periods to match.

At some time or another they have been used in the production of motion-picture plays. Once used, they are stored away in the Old Curiosity Shop, to await the coming of another period when they may be needed to add proper atmosphere to some Selig spectacular special.

A visit to the Old Curiosity Shop is well worth while, and then one just naturally gravitates to the great inclosure at the rear of the studio buildings, where many expensive exterior sets are stored. Here complete village streets meet the eye, village streets complete to the mail box hanging on the lamp-post. There a general store, grocery, cottages, and miniature factory buildings, which have been utilized in the past in motion-picture production. Later, they were stored away for probable use in the future.

The property rooms of the theaters were accounted interesting places to visit until the motion-picture studios came into being. Then were the theatrical property departments discounted. Properties and sets used in the film comedies and dramas are mostly genuine, the make-believe is relegated to the rear for the real thing. When a house is needed, one is either erected or a suitable dwelling is photographed. Real streets take the place of painted canvas, real forests are used instead of landscapes in oil. Motion pictures, in fact, do not place in the theater a substitute for the original, as is done on the legitimate stage, but brings the whole of the world itself, as it were, before its audiences.



Sir Henry Arthur Jones, sitting, and Daniel Frohman, managing director of the Famous Players Film Company, discussing motion pictures.

Pictures Bring Together Celebrities.

AT one time the men at the head of the leading film-manufacturing companies were little known, and the product which they so laboriously turned out was scoffed at and ridiculed

by people of culture and refinement, but to-day all this is changed.

The film manufacturers and many of those associated with them in the production of the films are to-day celebrities of note, persons whose names one sees in the papers daily, and individuals to whom the world of art and letters really looks up.

Among the actors and actresses appearing on the screen are some of our most famous Thespians, while among the men behind the creation of the plays themselves are numbered the many foremost directors of stage technique and the brainiest dramatists of the world.

As an example of the height to which the once humble pictures have risen, the accompanying photograph is a bit of evidence. Sir Henry Arthur Jones, one of the world's most distinguished dramatists, is discussing the product of the Famous Players Film Company with Daniel Frohman, managing director of the above concern and one of Broadway's most noted personages.

A Dress for Every Occasion.

THE wardrobe required by an actor or actress on the stage is limited to a certain extent. If the artist is playing a part in but one production, the costumes, et cetera, are prepared, and that is an end to it for the season. How different are the wardrobe requirements for an actress in motion pictures!

"The motion-picture actress has a wardrobe that descends from the sublime to the ridiculous. By the sublime we would catalogue the modish gowns that are required in motion-picture society drama, et cetera. Dame Fashion's exactions are stern. Nothing but the most up-to-date gowns can be worn, for the audience has learned that the best is none too good, and many women go to the motion-picture theaters for fashion hints. Many an expensive gown is purchased to be worn in just one society drama or comedy of the films, and then it is discarded. Other actresses can tell the same story.

"Not only are modish dresses essential, but attire intended to properly present almost every character under the sun must be in stock, and a majority of the film artists prefer to own their outfits. To-day I may enact the rôle of a society leader, and to-morrow I may be cast for a 'child of the slums,' a Salvation Army lass, an adventuress, an artist's model, or a cowgirl, with hat, divided skirt, boots, and spurs.

"In the pictures, as on the stage, one must look the part, only more so. Every small detail of dress must be correct, and so it behooves the film players to possess large and varied wardrobes, descending, as I have said, from the sublime to the ridiculous."

A Hint to Autoists.

FRANK BORZAGE, the Inceville juvenile who has been seen in a number of plays directed by Walter Edwards and released in the Mutual program, has been embarrassed by the obvious favor he encounters in the eyes of the prize-winning hens he purchased several weeks ago. They follow him to the studio and trail him to locations until the matter has become a joke. Recently this tendency on the part of the Borzage hens cost Thomas H. Ince, Richard Stanton, and Leona Hutton each a twenty-dollar gold piece.

Borzage, on his way to the studio that expensive morning, saw Miss Hutton and the two men each coming along the road from Los Angeles in their respective cars, and hurried across the road to get out of the way of the speeding machines. So did the hens, but maladroitly. Three of them were killed. Of course, Stanton and Miss Hutton and the famous director of both offered to pay for the damage, and, of course, Borzage refused.

"They're perfect fools," said Borzage, "and it's all their own fault."

When the three chicken killers went to buy hens to give the young actor they had to pay $20 apiece to replace the dead ones with egg layers equally excellent.

Sport and Science.

LOUISE LESTER, who mothers the young actresses in the American-Mutual Company at Santa Barbara so successfully, understands the heart of a boy as well as that of a girl. She recently was walking down a side street in Santa Barbara when she came upon two ten-year-old boys engaged in a rough-and-tumble fight that already had resulted in one black eye and two bloody noses. Taking each boy by the collar, she separated them effectually, but gently.

They gazed at her with expectant patience. The usual Sunday-school lecture was what they both looked for. One of the boys was the son of a friend of Miss Lester.

"Sammy," she said to him, "I know just how you feel. And you, too," she added, turning to the other youngster. "But just think how your mothers will feel when you come home all dirty. You want to learn how to fight scientifically so you won't mar each other's beauty."

Leading the two by the hand, she walked to a near-by sporting goods store and bought a set of boxing gloves. Five minutes later she left the two boys, once more good friends, pummeling each other in a corner lot with the heavily padded mitts.

His Cue.

TEACHER: "Spell 'cue.'"
Scholar: "Q."
"That's what I said, 'cue.'"
"Well, that's what I said, 'Q.'"
"Well, spell it."
"Q?"
"Yes, 'cue.'"
"I said 'Q.'"
"I know it. I want you to spell it."
"Ain't I spellin' it? Ye'll be askin' me to spell 'I' next."

Poor, Abused Man.

PERHAPS it might be better for Mr. Smith if he were more observant, or, possibly, more something else. The other morning, when he started off to town, his wife gave him an important letter to post, and when he returned in the evening it was in his pocket.

"Henry," inquired his wife, just as he had settled himself comfortably, "did you post that letter I gave you this morning?"

"You don't suppose, love, that I would carry it about with me, do you?" he replied, in as smooth a tone as he could muster.

"I don't suppose anything else," she said suspiciously. "Where did you post it?"

"In the box round the corner, love; I did it at once, dear, so I would be sure not to forget it."

She jumped up suddenly.

"Henry Smith," she exclaimed, "give me that letter. They moved that box to the far side of the square a month ago."

The Lost House

By Robert Keene

"The Lost House" is the second of a series of Mutual Masterpictures which are among the most popular photo-plays now being shown. Each is an entirely individual picture with a plot of its own. One Masterpicture will be printed in this magazine each week.

This story tells of *Dosia Dale*, a beautiful young Kentucky girl, played by Lillian Gish, aided by *Ford*, an American reporter, portrayed by Wallace Reid, struggling to save herself from the plot to take her life in a so-called "sanitarium" in London, that was engineered by her uncle and trustee, the role played by F. A. Turner, and *Dr. Protheroe*, who was A. D. Sears.

As produced by W. Christy Cabanne, this four-part Majestic feature makes one of the most thrilling pictures ever presented—as the following adaptation from the film will suggest.

REMEMBER—I shall have to foreclose on the first of the year!"

The hard-faced and lean-bodied cashier of the Dalesburg Bank swung into the saddle, and, with a curt nod, cantered down the broad driveway.

Douglas Rance watched him go. He stood on the white-columned veranda of the colonial mansion and looked out through the aromatic vista of magnolia trees in bloom, over the rolling lawns of blue Kentucky grass that helped to make the estate one of the show places of the South.

The estate was the property which belonged to his niece and ward, Dosia Dale—and which he had squandered.

The weak-chinned man turned and walked back into the house with short, nervous steps. He closed the door of his library carefully behind him. From its hiding place behind a certain volume on the shelves, he brought forth a bottle from which he shook two white tablets. Dissolving these in a small amount of water, he poured the solution into a hypodermic, and pushed back his sleeve.

"Uncle!"

The girl stood on the threshold staring at him with wide eyes. With an uneasy laugh, Rance pulled down his sleeve, and, holding up the instrument, explained:

"I—I was getting ready to treat one of the horses, who has gone lame. A new kind of remedy has been recommended to me. I—I was on my way to the stables to try it."

Dosia accepted the lie unwittingly. The expression of alarm on her face gave way before one of relief, which swiftly changed to a look of womanly solicitude.

"Oh, which one of the horses is it?" she exclaimed pityingly.

"There, don't distress yourself," her trustee evaded. "He'll be all right again as soon as I have given him an injection of this. Run along, now. I want to read the instructions on the bottle again, and see if I have got the mixture right."

When he was alone once more, Rance quickly thrust the needle into his arm.

A moment or two later, he had put bottle and hypodermic back in their hiding place, and was pacing the floor, with eyes unnaturally bright and a hectic flush on either cheek.

"Grind will foreclose on the first of the year!" he muttered to himself. "That is when she becomes of age—the date on which I was to turn her legacy over to her. Then she will know it is gone. All save the property, that is, which, by the terms of her father's will, was not to be sold before she was twenty-one, except with her permission and signature. If she should die before her twenty-first birthday, that property, with all the rest, was to revert to me. Only a few months of grace left to me now! When she knows, I must go to jail. But if I could prevent her from knowing, or——" he broke off musingly. "Yes, that would seal her lips against me!" he eagerly whispered. "I'll do it!"

Rance found Dosia in the rose garden.

"Listen, darling girl," he said to her. "For months I have kept my secret. But now I must speak. Oh, Dosia—haven't you guessed? I love you, sweetheart. Won't you consent to be my wife?"

"No—certainly not!" she exclaimed, indignant at such a suggestion.

Rance bit his lips.

"That is final?" he asked.

"It is," she said firmly.

He walked away. Slowly his brow clouded over.

"Then she must die!" he decided. "There is no other way out. That will cover up the fact of my thefts. The world will believe it was at her order that I invested her money in the speculations that were to make me rich, but have left her poor. And the sole piece of property she has left—worth a small fortune in itself—why, that will come to me, too. Why didn't I think of this before? I will see that she shall never reach her twenty-first birthday!"

That night, at dinner, Rance suggested a trip abroad. On thinking things over during the day, he had decided he would be running too great a risk of detection if he attempted to do away with her at home, but in some foreign land, where they were both unknown, he could find some means of getting rid of her as though by accident.

Dosia delightedly accepted the proposal, little dreaming of the danger into which she was running.

Once during the train trip from Dalesburg to take the steamer, Rance had attempted to push her under the wheels as they stood on a depot platform, and one night, while they were leaning together at the rail on a dark and deserted portion of the deck of the liner, he pressed close to her side, nerving himself to commit the dastardly deed of hurling her overboard.

But Dosia drew away from him—

thinking he was perhaps seeking to renew his distasteful love-making—and retired to her cabin.

A tall, smooth-shaven man, with cruel lips and a pair of cold eyes, took her place at the rail beside Rance.

"Won't you join me in my cabin for a cigar?" the stranger asked softly.

Rance started guiltily, and looked around at the man. Then, feeling out of sorts, and the need of some kind of social diversion to take his mind off his troubles, he accepted the invitation.

"I am Doctor Protheroe," the man introduced himself, when they were seated in his stateroom. "I will not mince words with you. I am aware that you want to get rid of that girl. Oh—don't deny it! I have watched you looking at her when you thought nobody saw you, and the expression of hate and greed in your eyes has told me the story plainly enough. She has money, I suppose? Money which you will come into by her death? Tell me about it."

Rance felt instinctively that he could trust the man—as one of his own sort.

He laid bare the whole history of his speculations, his vain attempt to silence Dosia, when she should find out about it, by marrying her beforehand, and the decision he had finally reached to kill her—he told everything.

"I will take the job off your hands," said Protheroe coolly, when he had finished. "That is, if you will agree to give me half of the property you speak of. You are an amateur, it seems to me. While I—well, perhaps I have had some experience in getting rid of people before now. Listen: When you reach London, bring her to my private sanitarium. Here is the address. We will keep her a prisoner there until she has taken enough drugs in her food to slowly kill her, as though from natural causes. You need not fear that she will ever escape, once we get her in the house. Every room in it has strong bars in front of the windows——"

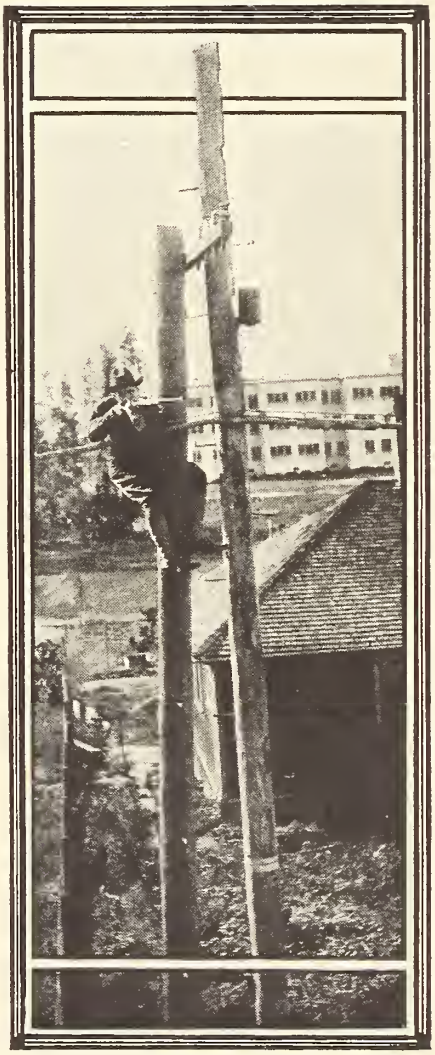
"But the passers-by, the police?" broke in Rance eagerly. "Can't they see the bars from the street?"

"Certainly they can; but they think nothing of that. There are private asylums for the insane on both sides of the street. My sanitarium sometimes lodges violent patients—hence the protection before all its windows. You may begin to see, perhaps, that it is a fortunate thing you have met me——"

"Indeed I do!" heartily agreed Rance. "It's a bargain! I'll bring her to you, and when—and when it's over, you'll get your half of what will then be mine."

After dinner at the hotel, on their first night in London, Dosia went to her room, which adjoined Rance's, complaining of having a headache.

Rance rubbed his hands—it was all coming out as he had planned; the drug which he had dropped in her glass of water at the table was beginning to work



By the aid of the militia who fired from every angle, the attack on the house was finally successful.

An hour later, he summoned a cab and settled their bill at the fashionable hostelry. When he had seen his bags and Dosia's trunk placed on top of the hansom, he went up to her room and brought her down, wrapped in a steamer rug and unconscious, explaining to the hotel people that she was very ill, and that he intended taking her to a sanitarium.

Then, bundling her into the cab, he gave the driver the address from the card on which Protheroe had written it down, and they rolled away into the night.

When Dosia awoke, it was the middle of the next forenoon. She looked about her in a daze. The room, with its one window heavily barred, was uncarpeted, the fireplace was cold, and there was only a plain wooden table and a chair by way of furniture.

To complete her plight as a prisoner, her clothes were gone. She was dressed in a long, loose wrapper, of hideous design, which she had never seen before.

Her eye fell on a note which Rance had left for her on the table.

"You might have saved yourself by marrying me," was what he had written; "but now it is too late—you will stay where you are until you are dead. I shall think of you often, while I am spending the rest of your inheritance!"

She realized all her trustee's perfidy at last. But now, after helping himself to her money, he meant to take her life—he had said so himself! She ran to the door, which was securely locked, and beat against its panels with her fists. Nobody came in answer to the racket. The house seemed deserted.

Turning to look up at the barred window, Dosia's glance again fell on the letter on the table.

She caught it up, and found that one half of the sheet of note paper was blank. With a scrap of coal from the grate, she hastily scrawled a message.

She wrote her name, and the fact that she was an American girl, from the State of Kentucky, who was being held a captive against her will, and in deadly peril.

Then she stood on the table and dropped the folded paper, through the bars of the window, out into the street.

It was a beggar who picked the note up.

He brought it to the precinct station house. But the police, when they learned the name of the street in which he had found the thing, laughed at it as the work of some one of the lunatics who were kept in the asylums there.

"Let me see the thing," requested Ford, a young American newspaper re-

porter, who was visiting the station house to find out how the police department of London did its work in comparison with the New York force.

"This looks interesting," he declared, when he had read the message. "Let me run down the case, will you? It may be genuine, for all anybody knows."

The assembled "bobbies" laughed at *him* this time.

But from the beggar, Ford learned the name of the street where he had picked up the note, and how to get there. And, five minutes later, he was standing on its corner.

He started slowly down one side of the street. He couldn't go up to all the houses and ring the doorbells, to inquire if such a note had been thrown from any of its windows. For, if the thing really was serious, that would let the unknown girl's captors know that there was an attempt being made to rescue her.

If only there was some way he could find out which house the thing had come from!

At the farther corner Ford stopped. In the distance he heard the strains of a hurdy-gurdy. The tune it was playing was "My Old Kentucky Home." And then he remembered all at once that the message had contained the statement that the writer was a girl from Kentucky.

Ford hastened to the Italian who was playing the hurdy-gurdy two blocks away, and led him into a near-by "pub."

"I'll give you a five-pound note for the use of that music box of yours," he offered, "and for your hat, coat, and that bandanna handkerchief you're wearing around your neck. I only want the things for a half hour. Is it a go?"

The bargain was immediately struck.

Five minutes later, Ford was back in the same street in the disguise of an organ grinder, pumping out the strains of "My Old Kentucky Home."

Slowly he pushed the hurdy-gurdy along the street as he played, looking up anxiously at the windows of all the houses as though he hoped to see a coin thrown from one of them.

And suddenly Ford's heart bounded. From the barred upper window of the house in front of which he stood he saw a girl's glove pushed out over the sill.

It dropped at his feet. Swiftly he picked the thing up and stuffed it in his pocket. Still playing the hurdy-gurdy, he moved on to the corner and round it.

Then, returning the borrowed street piano and clothes to the Italian, who was waiting for him in the "pub," he hastened to the lodgings he shared with an English chum of his.

"That girl *is* in trouble," Ford announced to the latter, "and I'm going to get her out of it. Do you happen to know anything, by the way, about that particular house?"

"I should say I do!" answered his friend. "The police have had it under watch for a long time. A good many patients have died there—too many, in fact, to look as if the place was quite on the level. I warn you, you'd better not step foot inside it. Your life might not be worth a farthing——"

"I'm going, just the same!" declared Ford. "But I'll tell you what you do: If I'm not back here by noon to-morrow, you bring the police and make them batter down the door. Don't let them stand on any ceremony about it—just break right in, for if I'm not out, you can depend on it the place needs to be raided!"

An hour later, a four-wheeled cab rolled up before the house in question. A young man alighted from it and walked feebly up the steps.

In answer to his ring, he was ushered in by Doctor Protheroe.

"I am a naval officer, doctor," the patient weakly explained. "I'm overworked, I guess. I don't know what else can be the matter with me, for I can't sleep, eat, or get any enjoyment out of life any more. Don't you think you can fix me up?"

"Why, certainly!" Doctor Protheroe heartily assured him. "You'll stay right here until you're cured. Come, I'll show you to your room."

It turned out to be one on the second floor. When he was alone, Ford—for so the overworked naval officer was—crossed to the door and tried it. He found that he had been locked in.



With a leap into the fire net Dosia was freed from the burning building, which had nearly caused her death twice that day.

At once the key grated in the lock. Doctor Protheroe stepped back into the room, and stood regarding him suspicously.

"Why did you lock the door?" Ford demanded.

"Oh, that was for your own protection," explained Protheroe, assuming a disarming manner. "Some of our patients are inclined to be violent at times. To insure the safety of others, we always keep their doors locked."

At that moment, a woman's wild scream rang through the house.

Doctor Protheroe turned and ran out of the room, with his brows drawn together in a menacing frown.

Instantly Ford picked up the bunch of keys which the man had carelessly laid down on the table, and crept out into the hall on tiptoe. He looked over the banister rail, and saw Protheroe hastily descending the stairs. No less rapidly, Ford sped up them to the floor above.

He hesitated before a row of closed doors. Then his lips puckered, and he began to whistle softly the first bars of "My Old Kentucky Home."

A series of quick raps led him to the third door away on the left. Fumbling over the keys in his hands, to find the right one, at last Ford opened the door and stepped swiftly into the room. As he did so, he closed the door silently behind him and locked it. Then he turned to look at Dosia Dale.

She flushed with embarrassment for the unkempt wrapper in which circumstances compelled her to face him.

She looked good enough to Ford! He thought he had never before seen a more beautiful person. As he gazed into her wide, dark eyes, he became more determined than ever to rescue her. If he could succeed in getting her out of the place, perhaps some day—oh, months afterward, it would have to be—he might be lucky enough to win her love.

"Oh, you have come at last!" she broke the brief pause.

"Now, it's going to be all right!" Ford hastened to reassure her. "I'll get you out, don't you worry." He noticed the untouched food on the table in the bare room, and nodded. "Good girl! It's probably poisoned."

There was a peremptory knock at the door.

"Sh-h!" Ford warned, with his finger to his lips. "The worthy doctor, I presume, has come back, to find both his keys and myself gone from the room below, and he has tumbled to the fact that I resorted to a ruse to get in here."

"Open this door!" came the command from the hallway outside.

Ford called back firmly:

"If I do so, it will be to take this young lady out of the house in safety——"

He broke off, and snatched Dosia down to the floor beside him.

Not a moment too soon. Two bullets crashed through the panels of the door over their heads.

As though the reports had been a signal, a fusillade of revolver shots rang out in the street below.

"It's the police!" cried Ford, in wild elation. "They've decided to break into the place ahead of time—thank Heaven for that!"

Three more bullets smashed through the door before them.

"He's desperate enough to try to kill us both!" Ford grated through his locked teeth. "But he's wrong, if he thinks this door can't be fired through from both sides."

He drew a revolver from his pocket and returned the fire from the inside of the panels. The house rang with the crash of shots by this time. It was Dosia's trustee, Douglas Rance, who was firing at Ford and the girl through the door. While Doctor Protheroe, from the head of the first flight of stairs, was coolly holding the police at bay.

"They can hold the house against a hundred of us!" the captain of the police shouted. "Send for the militia! We'll surround the block and take them by a siege, if necessary!"

But, as it turned out in the end, that was *not* necessary. An hour after the militia had arrived, the house was in flames from the bombardment of the soldiers' rifles. The heat had softened the bars in front of the window, and Ford, scorched by the fire, thrust them apart and pulled Dosia, who was also suffering from burns, out on the coping.

She jumped to safety into the fire net that was held below.

Then Ford followed her.

Even as he landed in the net, the walls of the building trembled from roof to foundation. For an instant the figures of Douglas Rance and Doctor Protheroe were seen against the background of flame in the room. And then the house fell, taking them with it to their merited doom in its wreckage.

Ford turned to Dosia. As she held out both hands to him, he thought—he was not sure—but he thought he might not have to wait so many months, after all, before receiving the reward of his valor at her hands.

A motion-picture company filmed scenes in the United States Senate. Took a time exposure, as it were.

Only an Apple.

A LITTLE green apple hung up in a tree,
Calling: "Johnnie, come, Johnnie, come, Johnnie!"
And it was as modest as modest could be,
Saying: "Johnnie, come, Johnnie, come, Johnnie!"
And Johnnie, he came in his sweet, childish way,
And ate up that fruit as his own lawful prey,
And the angels in heaven are singing to-day:
"Here's Johnnie, here's Johnnie, here's Johnnie!"

It Wouldn't Hurt.

FATHER (to his seven-year-old son beside him on the dogcart, and cutting the whip sharply through the air): "See, Harry, how I make the horse go faster without striking him at all."

Harry (in an eager tone of happy discovery): "Papa, why don't you spank us boys in that way?"

She Didn't Break It.

HUSBAND: "Martha, where is that five-dollar gold piece we laid by? I hope you didn't break it."

Wife: "No, dear. I promised not to. I spent it for one of those all-season ticket books to the movie shows."

Then hubby went out and broke his pledge.

It was a bitter cold day as Edison Director James W. Castle and his players motored into Larchmont, New York, in search of a certain kind of suburban home. They journeyed from house to house, getting out of the machine, walking around the house to examine it, only to find that many were closed for the winter—beyond use. Bundled to the ears, and their eyes nearly covered, their suspicious actions around untenanted houses, was too much for the lonely guardian of the peace, so he pounced upon them as prowling "gunmen" from New York, and rode them off to the village "cooler," much like Cæsar dragging war victims at his chariot end. It took a lot of explanation to prove that the roughly dressed actors, "painters" in "Their Happy Little Home," were not daylight burglars in disguise.

Satan McAllister's Heir

(DOMINO

By Joseph N. Carlton

This story, taken from the play by the Domino Players, is based upon the claim that there is some good, and often a great deal, in the worst of men. Satan McAllister earned his name, and deserved it, at least in the eyes of most people, but see what happened when the good in him showed itself. The cast in the play was:

Satan McAllister.....Walter Edwards
Bob Ellis.....Thomas Chatterton
Mrs. Ellis.....Margaret Thompson
Dolly Ellis.....Thelma Salter

THE name of Satan had been affixed to that of McAllister as though he had been born with it. And he was as much feared by the people of Coyote County as that individual himself.

His cruelty, his selfishness, and his overbearing ways, always backed by the quick and unwarned pull of a trigger, if necessary, had gained the name for him.

And, besides being the most feared man of the vicinity, he was also one of the most powerful, owing to the fact that the greater part of the land in that county belonged to him. Great stretches of grazing ground were known to belong to Satan McAllister, and no one dared settle near them for fear of arousing his enmity. That is, no one dared to before Bob Ellis.

When Ellis took up a claim on the outskirts of McAllister's ranch, and settled there with his wife and little daughter, the landowner was wroth. He wanted no "squatters" near his land, he said. A week later, he visited Ellis and threatened him with dire things if he did not vacate forthwith. Ellis, being no coward, flatly declined the invitation.

"This land is mine," he said tersely. "When I go, it will be of my own choosing, not of yours."

The two stood eye to eye for a full minute. Then McAllister, with an ominous curse, strode out of the house.

In front, little Dolly, the five-year-old daughter of the Ellises, was playing with her pet puppy, Rags, a chubby, fluffy bundle of canine liveliness. McAllister nearly trod on the little animal, as he stepped toward his waiting horse, and, with an oath, he kicked it savagely out of his way. The next instant he gave vent to an exclamation of pain and surprise, for a swiftly thrown stone had struck him full in the eye. His assailant, Dolly, her little form trembling with anger at the treatment of her pet, burst into a storm of childish invective, mingled with tears.

"Old—ugly—devil!" she sobbed, caressing the still yelping puppy; "I hate you—hate you—hate you!"

For once in his life, Satan McAllister was astonished. The child's absolute fearlessness somehow appealed to his calloused heart. Her vengeful words rang in his ears as he rode away. Strange to say, too, the child's anger caused him to relax in his determination to drive Ellis from his claim, though the two men remained bitter foes. Yet it did not prevent him from seeing Dolly, who, nevertheless, refused all his overtures of friendship, from time to time, during the ensuing weeks.

That summer the most severe drought in years came to Coyote County. Ellis' cattle wandered afar, and with his wife he sought for them. When they returned to the house it was to find that Dolly and Rags had disappeared. That night McAllister joined the searching party, which was combing the wilderness for a trace of the lost child. But when they returned, exhausted and disheartened, to renew their search on the morrow, Satan kept on.

"She cussed me once," he said simply. "I want to get the little un to take it back."

At dawn he found her, asleep with her pet, in a deep arroyo. And as Rags seemed inclined to forgive his past injury, in his joy at seeing a human face, little Dolly did likewise. Satan and the child adjusted all their differences, the former, at her bequest, even kissing the somewhat grimy puppy as evidence of good faith, before starting back to the settlement.

But they had not gone far when a series of whiplike reports from a patch of chaparral caused Satan McAllister to put spurs to his horse. An instant later a band of half-drunken braves, who had jumped the reservation near by, and had already made several raids on isolated settlers, dashed out of the brush and galloped after him. Soon McAllister saw that there was but one chance for them. While he stood off the redskins, his horse, carrying Dolly and her dog, might get back to the settlement to bring aid. At least, Dolly would be saved. Dashing into a ravine, he dismounted and hurriedly lashed the child and her pet to his saddle. As he did so, Dolly kissed him. The next moment the horse was thundering down the ravine toward the settlement and help, while Satan McAllister, clearing a suspicious mist from his eyes, turned at bay.

His rifle spoke once—twice, and each time one of the oncoming, yelping braves crumpled up and tumbled limply into the dust. Their fate taught their companions caution, however, and afterward it was only now and then that the rancher got a glimpse of head or arm for a target. Twice one of the redskins' bullets found its mark, and, though McAllister seldom missed, soon his ammunition was nearly gone. The wounded man grinned cynically, as he thought of what was coming, and waited for the rush.

Frontiersmen still tell of that fight. How McAllister, when his ammunition gave out, took refuge in a cave and there fought and killed the Indians'



Somehow the child's absolute fearlessness melted his calloused heart.

chieftain in a hand-to-hand grapple. The two lay together, when the aid, that Dolly had brought, reached the scene. But the Indian had died first, that was evident. For McAllister, with his last strength, had scratched on the cave wall:

"To Dolly Ellis, my only friend, I leave all I have. S. McAllister."

Sea and Air Thrills.

A RUNNING fight along the coast of Florida between the occupants of an automobile and an aëroplane, and a continuation of the battle on racing hydroplanes furnishes the climax in "The Cipher Key," a Lubin three-reeler, written and produced by George W. Terwilliger, which is to be released on the regular Lubin program April 7th. The play centers about the mad hunt of a number of South Americans for the cipher key to contracts for battleships carried by the representative of an American shipbuilding company.

In the big fight scene Earl Metcalfe and Mary Keane drove in a fast automobile over miles of Florida roads while over them in an aëroplane raced Herbert Fortier and Kempton Greene. A second aëroplane with a Lubin photographer swept around the Lubin players, and the camera recorded some strikingly thrilling and unusual pictures. The automobile "breaks" down and the first aëroplane is "wrecked." Metcalfe and Miss Keane jump into a racing hydroplane, and Greene gets into another one, and the running fight is continued at a high rate of speed until Greene, who is one of the South American spies, is killed.

John Charles, who has been enacting leading rôles in the Chicago studio of the Selig Polyscope Company, is a versatile actor. He has supported Louis Mann, Helen Ware, and other leading actors and actresses in many Broadway successes.

A Fortune for Animal Actors

A Special Article From the Selig Jungle-Zoo

Something new and unique for the production of motion pictures has been inaugurated by the Selig Polyscope Company. It consists of the maintenance of a large zoo containing nearly every kind of animal, both trained and wild. These will be used in making realistic pictures with settings in countries inhabited by the beasts.

In order to secure the animals and to build the Jungle-Zoo, as it is called, a vast amount of money was spent by the company, and the expense continues as a great deal is required to keep them. The article below is interesting and authentic as it was written for this magazine by the Selig Company.

AT Eastlake, a suburb of Los Angeles, California, the Selig Jungle-Zoo will shortly be formally opened. Los Angeles will declare a holiday to celebrate the opening of a veritable wonderland, which houses the largest privately owned collection of wild animals in this or any other country.

William N. Selig was the first manufacturer of motion pictures to film stories in which wild animals performed. He was also the first to institute a motion-picture studio on the Pacific coast, where many others are now located. He believed, and rightly so, that the performances of wild animals in motion pictures, if correct as to detail and action, were of high educational value.

A prominent educator, after a visit to the Selig Jungle-Zoo, recently stated: "Every public school in this country owes Mr. Selig a vote of thanks for his Jungle-Zoo productions. They are clean, correct in all details, and highly educational. I know that they interest the juveniles in wild animals, their habitats, and in the countries from which they come. The wild-animal pictures cause added interest in natural-history studies and geography, and incite the small boy to more enthusiasm in his school studies."

Mr. Selig has long planned for a beautiful park, artistically inclosed, to house his very large collection of birds, beasts, and reptiles. He is intensely interested in his collection, knows many of the animals by name, and has a story to tell about each one. He considers the wild-animal collection and the artistic environment of the Selig Jungle-Zoo as things contributing to his own artistic enjoyment, and takes pleasure in knowing that he is giving pleasure to others and presenting the Golden State with a magnificent institution of which that commonwealth can well be proud.

The new Jungle-Zoological garden has been built, to the last corner, in mission style. The most eminent architects have planned, sculptors have schemed, and the most famous landscape gardeners have contributed to Mr. Selig's heart's desire—the most unusual, and one of the most magnificent motion-picture studios in the world; and, from a public standpoint, one of the most interesting and striking visiting places in the United States.

The tract selected for this remarkable pleasure ground consists of about twenty-two acres. In the rear, ample land remains for the great stages and out-of-door locations for the companies producing pictures.

Leading to the Selig Jungle-Zoo will be a beautiful boulevard, erected by the



"Bonita," the favorite leopard of the Zoo.



"Terrors" of the Zoo.

city of Los Angeles, and which will be called the Selig Boulevard, in honor of the originator of the great park. The art gates leading into the park were decorated by Sculptor Carlo Romanelli, of Florence, Italy.

The massive cages in which wild animals are quartered are built of concrete, reënforced. Pillared pergola effects, rare shrubbery, and gayly colored cockatoos as inhabitants, form an effective background.

Stretching along the eastern side of the extensive scenic grounds are the homes and feeding grounds for fifteen camels, numerous water buffalo, a black yak, a herd of sacred cows, five zebras, black deer, goats, burros, giraffe, and numerous other animals. The elephant herd will also be near at hand. Among them will be the wise old elephant of Selig film fame; "Anna May," the tiny performing beast, and "Kathlyn."

The promenades are especially striking, for they line the banks of art lakes, which are laid in winding fashion from the ancient totem pole across the grounds to the corrals.

The stables, also of expensive construction, house troupes of performing ponies and valuable horses.

The same style of impressive architecture has been applied to the administration building, developing structure, offices, and modern dressing rooms.

On the public grounds will be found many attractions, including cafés, bungalow rest rooms, merry-go-rounds, and a dance hall, with ample playgrounds for the children, if they can be attracted from the monkey pavilion, with its many inhabitants, including rare black apes and sacred white monkeys from India.

In addition to these varied attractions, Mr. Selig has provided for many persons of many tastes through foreign buyers and landscape gardeners. Rare out-of-door plants, trees, shrubs, and flowers have been secured from foreign countries. Some of these will not live even in the mild climate of southern California, and therefore a splendid hothouse has been constructed which will shelter the rarest of exotics, from one of the finest collections of orchids in this country to the almost unknown plants, including the lava flower, growing only in volcanic craters.

But the general gathering place for the visitors to the wonderland probably will be the wild-animal cages, with their royal Bengal tigers to the number of thirteen; more than forty lions; fourteen lean and deadly pumas; jaguar, hyenas, black and sloth bears, civet cats, anteaters, fifteen leopards, two black panthers, three Malay bears, a very rare species.



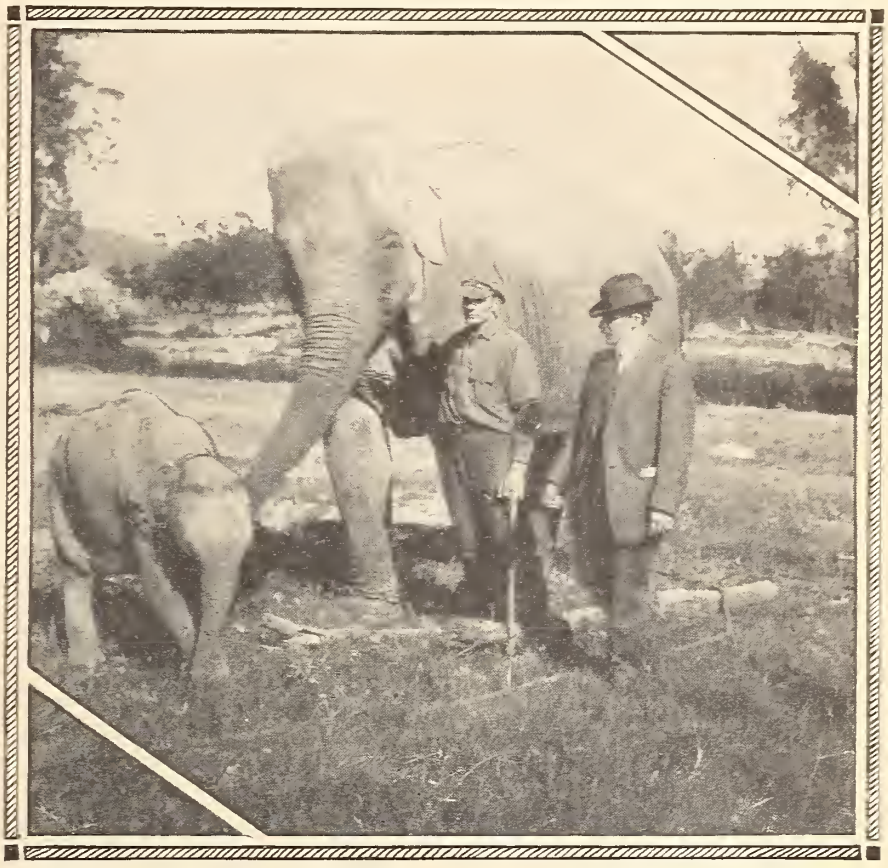
Entrance to one of the buildings at the Selig Jungle-Zoo.

rine wolf dogs, and various other animals.

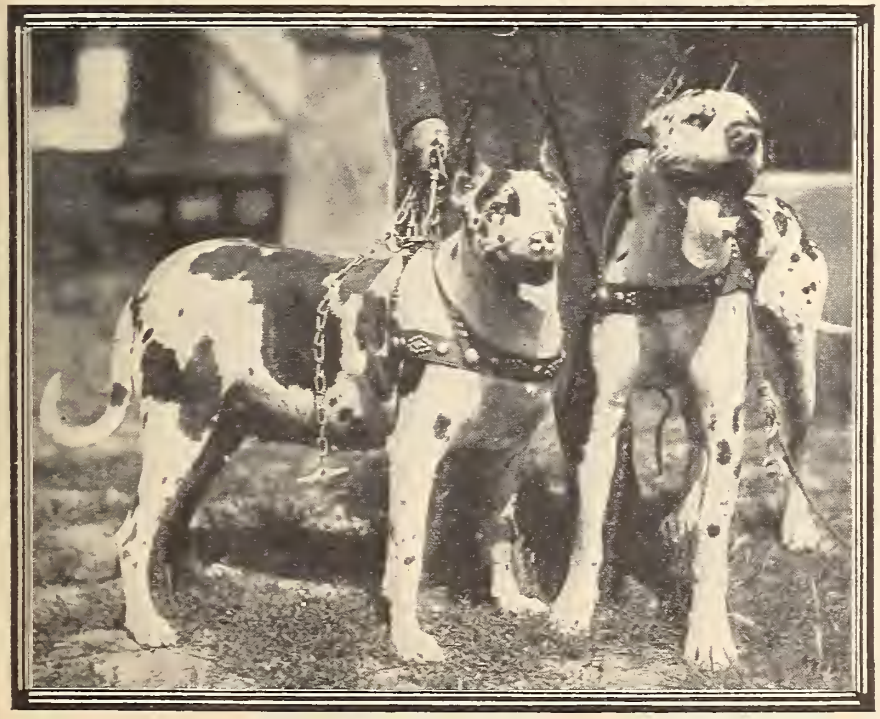
More than two hundred and fifty thousand dollars have been invested in animals alone; and transforming great acreage, composed of expensive city lots, into costly scenic grounds, to say nothing of the importations, and many permanent buildings, spells more than the greatest motion-picture studio in the world. It means advancement and greater dignity for the film art.

The mammoth gateway, with its arch of elephants leading into the Jungle-Zoo, alone represents, it is said, an outlay of over fifty thousand dollars. There will be a colossal steel arena for the exhibition of trained animals. Everything has been done to make the Selig wonderland attractive to visitors, and also comfortable and sanitary to the wild animals. It is said that no zoo in America has a finer collection of cat animals than will be found in the Selig Jungle-Zoo. The collection of birds, rare fowl, and reptiles is also extraordinary.

There is something interesting in the history of almost every jungle beast living in the Selig Zoo. For example, there is one cage which is proving almost a shrine for the women and children. The men also are prone to linger there, despite the hundreds of jungle beasts, curious animals from the Dark Continent,



The old elephant "Mary" and "Baby Kathlyn." The latter is named in honor of Miss Kathlyn Williams.



Two beautiful boarhounds. These are among the most prized of all Selig's dumb actors.

all claiming the attention of the fascinated visitor.

The especial lure is the lion "Old Folks." All day long the aged "lord of the jungle," with his tawny mane, lies just inside his cage, his face pressed against the bars and his eyes fixed on something far distant, as if a vision of the yesterdays was bidding him home.

"Old Folks" has been viewed by the masses. In early Selig Jungle features this magnificent lion has imbued dramatic scenes with thrilling action. He has pursued luckless explorers, frightened "heroines," and terrorized homes of the tropics; and afterward, the pursued have brought him dainties and titbits, for "Old Folks" is one of the most beloved of all among the many tribes of beasts at the Zoo. Others may be savage and dangerous, many are sly and treacherous in performing for the pictures, but "Old Folks," disdaining pity, accepts sear days with the spirit of his wild ancestry, and is content with dreaming of his yesterdays.

The collection of wild animals at the

Selig Jungle-Zoo is being augmented almost every day. Agents for Hagenbeck and other well-known dealers in wild animals are constantly at work in all sections of the world searching for rare or unusual specimens of birds, beasts, and reptiles to add to the Selig Jungle-Zoo collection.

Mr. William N. Selig has taken great pains in planning the great Jungle-Zoo, which will stand a monument to his artistic conception of the beautiful, and will afford pleasure and relaxation for the public for many years to come. The Selig Jungle-Zoo is built with an eye to permanency. It will probably be still a wonderland long after the present generation has crossed the great divide.

Kitchener's Double.

"WHAT is Lord Kitchener like, anyway? Ever see him?" A man recently asked Frank Farrington, who is playing Captain Radcliffe in "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery," the Thanhouser serial. They were seated in this English actor's dressing room in the New Rochelle studios, chatting with the questioner's sister and a newspaper man.

"I'll show you," said Farrington, taking a mustache from a collection of his and fastening it to his upper lip. Leaning close to the glass, he gave his face a few swift applications of make-up. Then, adjusting a soft hat to his head, he strode the length of the room.

"Is there a bed here?" he demanded in a deep, clear voice, the carrying quality of which seemed to proceed from a peculiar twist given the lips in speaking. The newspaper man recognized the inquiry as the question immediately asked by the famous field marshal when he first entered the war office last August, and answered: "No, my lord," as the doorkeeper had on that occasion.

"Get one!" snapped Farrington.

"Why!" the girl exclaimed. "I remember that man. I was at the Grand Central Station when he arrived in New York three or four years ago. I always wondered who he was."

"That was Kitchener," said the newspaper man. "I was there that day to interview him. He was making a trip around the world."

Do you like trap-drum effects with your photo plays? Neither do we.

A Few Film Facts and Fancies

E. H. CALVERT, who is a West Point graduate and an ex-army captain, is drilling a squad of actors at the Essanay studio. He is putting them through all the military maneuvers and teaching them tactics, so that they all will be experts for any scenes in which military rôles are portrayed.

BETTY BROWN showed her cleverness in handling a horse when taking a scene in the Essanay comedy, "Sweedie Learns to Ride." She was riding an unusually spirited animal when a piece of paper frightened her mount, and it dashed off at breakneck speed. Miss Brown is an expert horsewoman, however, and not only clung to her saddle, but pulled up her mount unaided after it had run a few hundred yards.

HARRY TODD narrowly escaped the hand of the law when he fed a horse liquor in the Essanay photo play, "A Horse of Another Color," in order to prevent his rival from taking his sweetheart out riding. The horse lies down in the shafts and refuses to budge. When it is finally hoisted to its feet, it walks like a chicken with its head off. Then the authorities arrived, and Todd had to explain that it was not done regularly.

LEO WHITE is put through some stunts in the Essanay comedy, "The Champion," that would shame a college fraternity initiation. He is pounded on the head with a heavy weight, ducked under a shower bath, and shot through a door twenty feet into a yard, tumbling heels over head. "If I wasn't an acrobat, my neck would have been broken a dozen times," he declared.

JOHN EMERSON, recently starred in "The Conspiracy," a popular New York success, of which he was both author and producer, has become one of the Mutual's stars. He has arrived at the Hollywood studios in Los Angeles, and begun rehearsals in an original four-reel feature photo play. It was prepared especially for Emerson, but the title has not yet been selected.

Emerson made his motion-picture début in "A Bachelor's Romance" and "The Conspiracy." Always noted as a sterling actor while on the speaking stage, he also scored in pictures. He is the fourth prominent actor to join the Mutual forces at Hollywood recently. All four abandoned the stage for the movies.

CARLTON KING, as the vagrant gypsy who drowns himself in "Olive's Greatest Opportunity," in which Mabel Trunnelle is featured, came the nearest to actually losing his life ever experienced in his film career. The scene required that he drown himself by jumping into a hole in the ice. The day the picture was taken was so cold that no hole could be found, and a hole had to be chopped in the thick layer. The job was hard, and the choppers unthinkingly made a hole only about large enough to admit a man's body. Mr. King ran swiftly down the bank of the river, out onto the ice, and jumped into the icy water. But the momentum gained in the running caused him to come up under the ice beyond the hole. The actors ran frantically to the spot when they realized what had happened. Edward Earle threw himself on the ice, and ran his arm into the water in hopes of striking King's hand or clothes, while the men chopped at the ice in a frenzy. Just as a large chunk of ice was severed, Earl's hand touched King's coat, and he held on with vise-like grip. All present helped to pull the unconscious King out of the water by pulling on Earle's legs. King was carried to a near-by farmhouse, and by careful nursing was able to be taken home in three days. King, badly shaken up, and with a bad cold in his chest, cheerfully appeared at the studio in less than a week after his escape, determined that the pictures he was appearing in would be finished. The camera man, at first unconscious of the near-tragedy, ground away and "caught" part of the rescue, but the film could not be used as the story, and the finishing up of the series required that the gypsy be drowned, unknown to the characters in the play.

Plays and Players

Bessie Eyton.

THERE is nothing of the stereotyped in the story of Bessie Eyton's career. She did not spring from a race of actors or actresses: she never enjoyed long experience in the spoken



drama before entering upon motion-picture work; like Topsy, she "jest growed."

A few years ago Miss Eyton drifted into a motion-picture scene in Los Angeles as an amused and adventurous "extra" woman. A Selig director, with a genius for discovering talent, engaged her immediately for regular work; and her improvement was remarkable from the very first. She has never worked under any but the Selig trade-mark.

Not only has this California lass never stepped foot onto a theater stage, but she has never crossed the boundaries of her native commonwealth, the Golden State. She was born in the quaint, sea-girt town of Santa Barbara, and grew up between the high mountains and the blue Pacific. She became equally at home riding the mountainous cattle ranges of the Santa Ynez, or swimming by the hour in the tropical southern sea.

As a swimmer, Miss Eyton has won a deserved reputation on the Pacific coast, for she is both fearless and graceful in the water, and possesses many medals won in aquatic contests. She is also daring in enacting parts in the Selig wild-animal dramas. Emotional leads of the more refined type are where she excels, and she has built up a really lasting and artistic fame.

Edward Earle, Edison Star.

THE remarkable stage presence and finished performances of Edward Earle have often been commented upon as one of the marvels of the screen for "one so young." But in point of years of hard-earned experience that only can make the artist of delineation, he is quite a veteran of the stage, where he played many parts and won his spurs, years ago, before his advent into motion pictures, about two years ago, playing leads with the Edison Company.

Sixteen years ago, in Toronto, Canada, where he was born, he one day stopped Lester Lonergan on the street and struck him for "a job." Amused at the youngster's initiative, Lonergan gave young Earle a good speaking part in the Valentine Stock Company, in comedy. The boy made good, and at the all-satisfying sum of five dollars a week he grew in the acting art more than as a captain of industry.

Deeply flattered by being made the



understudy of the whole company in "The Dairy Farm," his next venture, he gained experience thick and fast, for the actors somehow were always quitting and throwing the job onto the young Thespian. In this way, it was not long before Earle was playing, one time or another, every part in the play.

Then, with Tim Murphy, in one-night stands, and with William H. Thompson, in "The Bishop's Move," Earle's first New York engagement came with Henrietta Crosman, and later Bertha Galland, in "Sweet Kitty Bellairs." Nearly a year was then spent in vaudeville when he joined Mary Mannering in the original cast of "Glorious Betty." He was chosen for the original company presenting "The Shepherd King," at the Knickerbocker Theater, after which his versatility and ability found vent in the Augustin Daly Musical Company. Mr. Earle later appeared with James T. Powers, in "The Blue Moon," two seasons with Marie Cahill, in "Boys and Betty," and then with De Wolf Hopper, in "The Matinée Idol." Mr. Earle's last stage appearance was with Ina Claire and Clifton Crawford, in "The Quaker Girl."

He was with the Famous Players and Pathe before he went to Edison, where his graphic power is shown in admirable restraint in well-remembered pictures as "The Unopened Letter," where he ranges from a boy to a character old man; in "The Hand of Horror," and "The Lost Melody." As Vance Coleman, in the "Olive's Opportunities" series, Mr. Earle has given one of those sharply outlined, pleasing characterizations that have stood out, though the situation often of itself did not afford an easy delineation. Even in melodramatic plays, Mr. Earle imparts a quiet force of character agreeably in contrast to the overdone, thrashabout characterizations of less accomplished players.

Charlotte Burton.

CHARLOTTE BURTON was born in San Francisco May 30th, 1800. Made her début at the age of eight, playing a principal rôle in the "Brownies in Fairyland," going on the road with the company managed by Samuel Friedlander. After playing several child rôles, she retired, and went to the public school in San Francisco until she was almost sixteen, when she played small parts with Nance O'Neil at the Old

Grand Opera House, in San Francisco before the fire. Later, she appeared in stock at the MacDounagh Theater, in



Oakland, with the Nordant-Humphrey Company, playing ingénue rôles, and then played Seattle—stock—with the same company. Following this, she led a company on the road for two seasons, playing in all the West and Middle West cities, and ending the season in Chicago, from where she came directly to Santa Barbara and joined the American in 1912.

"I am charmed with picture work, and like playing 'heavies' best, although I often play other rôles, and have done some leads," is the modest but frank statement of Miss Burton.

Tom Mix.

TOM MIX, star in Selig Western picture plays, whose daring acts of horsemanship have created amazement on the part of motion-picture-theater audiences, started to work in the silent drama as an extra. He was one of those hard-riding supernumeraries, who added the local color and extra excitement to the film dramas of the Western plains. He made a place for himself almost from the beginning, his daredevil feats astride a spirited horse frequently causing him to be engaged to "double" for some leading actor who did not possess the skill in equestrianism that came as second nature to Mix.

Mr. Mix was formerly a cowboy, or a "cow-puncher," in Wyoming, and there he received his training in horsemanship, while caring for the great herds of cattle that roamed the plains in that day. When motion pictures came into being and the service of skilled



riders was required, he entered the Western studios, and was given an engagement by the Selig Polyscope Company.

To-day the hard-riding Tom Mix is a motion-picture star in every way; he won promotion by conscientious work, feats of daring, and personal magnetism, and holds several gold medals won by his horsemanship. He is also a versatile director and writer of picture plays, and many of the boisterous Tom Mix comedies are from his pen.

Jack Richardson.

JACK RICHARDSON, who plays heavy leads with the "Flying A" division of the American Company, made his first appearance on the legitimate stage in Chicago seven years ago in "The Royal Chef." Later, he played in the Far West in Metropolitan and Orpheum stock companies. In the year 1909 Mr. Richardson made his appearance in pictures. His initial work with the American Company was in the production of "Five Thousand Dollars Reward, Dead or Alive." Since that time he has been killed so many times that he often finds it hard to believe that he is really alive. Mr. Richardson is an expert horseman, having obtained his abilities in Culver Military Academy,



and his favorite mount in pictures is "Mike," the most valuable horse in the corrals of the American Company. His principal characteristic is his general good nature.

Duncan McRae, who is often cast for the heavy rôles in Edison films, is a brother of Bruce McRae now playing with the Ethel Barrymore stage success, "The Shadow."

Hints for Scenario Writers

WHEN a beginner sits down to write a scenario, one of the most difficult questions which confronts him is just how much shall be written to make his subject one, two, or three reels, as the case may be. Many experienced writers claim they overcame this trouble by closely studying the producing methods of the companies for which they write, and that they now can easily turn out a script which gives the director very little worry over the length question. There are many more who have been writing for years, but who have never been able to tell just why they end their scenarios where they do; others who work by the approximate number of scenes per reel, used by a certain company to whom they generally sell.

It is an important issue, and one which really cannot be answered to the entire satisfaction of the man who is new at scenario production. It seems a pity that some manufacturer does not strike out boldly and make a habit of producing natural-length reels. By this we do not mean that they should market seven hundred and fifty feet, because a story runs no farther, this being prohibited by the present method of distributing films. Why should it not be possible, though, to make natural-length films, and then fill the remainder of the reel, whether it be the second part of a two-reel release, or the fourth part of a four-reeler, with an educational, topical, or even a little comedy skit? The first cry in opposition to this would doubtless be the cost: but when that is carefully studied we do not believe it would prove to be so enormous.

If this plan were adopted, one thing is certain: It would prove a great relief to the regular patrons of picture theaters, who wince every time they see a film crammed into one reel, or painfully padded to stretch an extra thousand feet. It seems safe to state that the editor, out of the many comedy scripts submitted, could select enough good short ones to be used as "fillers" for the gaps left by short plays.

The beginner must understand that all this is theoretical, however, for only a very few of the companies have thus far tried anything along these lines, and none have ever made a regular practice of it. Then, too, it would require an exceptionally clever director, one who was sure of just what the scenario was worth, to produce such a film. Until some company, or companies, make this practical, the best the amateur can do is to study the produced pictures on the screen, and try to acquaint himself with just how much action is required to make a reel. In watching the films closely, he will note the different ways in which films are treated; those depending on several powerful dramatic situations to sustain the interest having by far less scenes than those in which an exciting climax is worked up to by means of the cut-back system. These two general divisions will help to master the question in part, but almost every film of the two classes is treated in a different manner, and in the administering of this treatment is hidden the question of length.

JUGGLING INCIDENTS.

Incidents in dramatic construction are, as the name suggests, events which are incidental to the main theme of the story. One of the faults of amateurs is that they are inclined to take everything which they hear or read regarding the making of photo plays as being an absolute truth, one which cannot be altered in any way, shape, or form.

Behind the above pair of rather disconnected sentences there is a moral. Recently we talked over the question of scenario writing with a man who was just trying to master its basic principles. He has read much about incidents, and their place in a plot, and had clipped reports of a number of happenings from a newspaper which he felt were excellent "incidents" for a story he had in mind. Upon looking over the clippings, we found one which suggested an entirely new and complete plot to us, so we told him about it. The result was an argument, during which he insisted that since the clipping was merely an incident, it would be certain to draw rejection slips if written into scenario form and submitted as a complete scenario. We proceeded to show him how this same "incident," because it was strong enough to carry the weight of a plot woven around it, could be developed or magnified, by a process we term "juggling," until it possessed all that could be required of a single-reel story.

Juggling an incident is simply studying its possibilities, and adding to or subtracting from it wherever, in your judgment, the change increases its value. The example we mentioned dealt with the changing of an incident into the germ of a story, but the same system also applies to developing an incident within a plot. Some of the most appealing crises we have seen in screen plays have been the result of working up to a sort of minor climax of an incident and giving it as much skillful treatment as though it was the main plot of the story itself. An example of this appears under the heading, "Suspense in Development," further on in this article. A writer seems to feel by instinct the cases in which this can be applied, for we have never yet heard of a rule of this kind which is ironclad. Therefore, in view of our second sentence under this heading, we hope that our readers will not apply this to every minor happening they stumble across in their scripts. It applies to many incidents—but not to all.

TOO MUCH REALISM.

Do not make your scenarios too realistic. Maybe this is a needless warning, for overrealism is more liable to crop out in a picture play, through the acting, or direction, than through the story. However, the chance of the interpreters making mistakes is lessened when the scenario writer eliminates from his script all situations which allow an opportunity for director and players to take advantage of.

This does not refer to the delightful little flashes of human interest which make the screen characters appear to live, but applies rather to the grim details which some authors take delight in calling for. We all know that the jaw of a dead person will sag if the corpse is in an upright position; but we also know that those who pay to see pictures on the screen wish to be entertained rather than horrified. Crime, drunkenness, physical weaknesses, and similar things, also come under this heading. Another class includes needless details of business deals, the workings of the police, et cetera. The latter class certainly is permissible if it is a vital part

to the plot, but some writers have a habit of placing details regarding such matters in productions in which they play no part at all, simply to make the effect realistic. While the author may be well versed on the particular thing about which he writes, he should ask himself whether he has made it entertaining for those who know nothing of it.

As long as a story appears plausible on the screen, and gives the entertainment desired, it will please the vast majority. Since there will be countless criticisms, either uttered or silent, no matter how much detail is injected, it is better to make entertainment the preëminent motive in constructing a photo-play scenario, without, however, making any glaring errors which can be noticed by those who merely enjoy, without analyzing. As we said before, this in no way applies to the injection of "life touches" into your work, for the more films containing these that are released the greater the popularity of the silent drama.

THE DIFFERENCE.

Assuming that a writer has become expert enough to turn out scenarios which will "get by" the editors, let us consider what is required of him in each case.

In preparing a scenario, the writer must bear in mind that what is required is a complete plan, or outline, from which a director can make a finished motion picture. He or she must not leave anything out in any part of it which would be of assistance to the producer. Neither must any needless word painting or characterization be supplied.

In writing a short story, however, making the presumption of the first paragraph, the author prepares the finished product which will be sold to the public. It becomes his duty to see that every detail is clear, and that all parts are perfectly balanced. In other words, it's up to the writer.

Don't for a moment think that this means scenario writers can expect to sell a slipshod script, for they cannot. It simply illustrates the difference between the two mediums of dramatic expression as it really exists, and is given especially for the benefit of the writers who are working at both, and the ones who have been working on short stories, and wish to turn out scenarios. A scenario must be every bit as perfect, in its own way, as a short story is in its; the difference is that the former is meant to convey ideas only, ignoring graceful sentences.

SUSPENSE IN DEVELOPMENT.

Do you know how to develop suspense, and do you employ this means to increase the interest in your script? If you have never learned this, we advise you to get busy at once, and, if you have mastered it, the editors will welcome your scripts if somewhere in every one of them they will be able to find this element tucked away.

There are two kinds of suspense. One is legitimate, and works up to a natural climax or crisis, and the other is illegitimate, and gets nowhere, as it is simply put in as a "thrill." There are many ways of obtaining the desired result in the first case; sometimes by the use of the cut-back system, sometimes by a single act of a player in a scene, sometimes by the wording of a subtitle, and other ways far too numerous to be recorded here. In the second division, a "chase" in an automobile or aëroplane to rescue the heroine, is "thrown in," and, while it doubtless excites some persons, there is not the same feeling aroused in the majority of spectators in a picture theater that there is when a worthy lover starts to leave his sweetheart's home, after a quarrel, when all pointed to their reconciliation. The whole interest of the spectators is centered on the young man, and if the scenario writer has supplied the actor with a clever plot, and if the player and his director are capable, no one watching the unreeling of the picture will know what he is going to do. That is ideal suspense.

Several changes in the trend of the action within a scene are also productive of the "suspense" result. An example of this is Thanhouser's "A Newspaper Nemesis." A girl reporter has tricked a crook into taking her to his den and revealing to her his guilt of a crime which has baffled the police. Her sweetheart, a detective, has followed her, and as the crook attempts to embrace the girl the detective springs to her rescue. The crook's pal, however, enters, and knocks the detective down. When the crook turns toward the girl again, thinking nothing can stop him now, he finds that she has taken his pistol, and has him covered. The detective regains his feet, but is knocked down again by the crook's pal, and the crook, by a quick move, snatches the weapon from the girl's hand. At this juncture the detective floors the crook's pal with a well-directed blow, and wrests the pistol from the crook's hand just as the police arrive.

While we do not exactly approve of the action in this film, it serves as a splendid example of how suspense may be sustained by twisting the action in a scene. It would have been easy for the scenario writer to simply have the detective dash in, and, after a brief physical struggle with the crooks—which would probably arouse no suspense because it has been done so often—rescue the girl. If our readers will look over some of their rejected scripts, which seem to have idea and plot, but which have never been smiled upon by the editors, they will probably find countless situations in which a stronger play for suspense could have been made. Possibly when the scripts have been changed, and this important element injected into them, the editors will find them acceptable.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Although it is primarily interested in producing big multiple-reel features adapted from well-known books and plays by famous authors, the Colonial Motion Picture Corporation, No. 18 East Forty-first Street, New York City, has announced that it is in the market for very clever one-reel comedies. A. van Buren Powell is the editor, and he emphatically states that only the best will find a market here.

Writers who submitted scenarios to the Holland Film Manufacturing Company, Dorchester, Mass., can secure information regarding them by writing to P. D. Walsh, attorney, No. 6 Beacon Street, Boston, Mass. The concern recently was declared bankrupt, and it is understood that some manuscripts are being held which were not purchased and paid for. Very little trouble will be experienced by writers in securing their return with the present arrangement.

Short Shots.

Be sure that every scene you write is worth its footage.

The rejection of a script means nothing to an experienced author. He regards everything he writes as a product which he must sell. There are so many reasons for rejections, that if the writer feels his story is worthy of production he should send it right out again.

NEXT WEEK

You will find plenty to entertain you in PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY.

CHARLES CHAPLIN

World-Famous Essanay Comedian

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Stories and articles appearing in *Picture-Play Weekly* are chosen to appeal especially to the

TEN MILLION PEOPLE

who attend motion-picture theaters daily in the United States.

Approximately One Million Dollars is spent between sunrise and sunset every day for admission to these theaters, and here we see a vast field for a magazine giving the picture-plays in the form of lively stories, special articles written by the popular players, a scenario writers' department, and many other feature departments.

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Vol. 1 No. 3



SPECIAL ILLUSTRATED ARTICLE ABOUT
CHARLES CHAPLIN
WORLD FAMOUS COMEDIAN
IN THIS ISSUE

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture-Plays, Their Actors and Authors

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Charlie Chaplin, Cheerful Comedian

By Mary E. Porter

Though this title tells little, it means much. Charlie Chaplin, without the shadow of a doubt, is the funniest man in motion pictures to-day, and not a few people have asserted, without coming far from the point, that he is the funniest man in the world.

There remains little to be said about his work, for every person who ever visits a picture-play theater is well acquainted with it, but it is about Chaplin himself that the public wants to know. Here is an article based on a personal interview with him, and there is a lot in it for any one who is at all interested in this popular comedian.

ONE Sunday afternoon, about three years ago, I strolled into a vaudeville house, expecting to be more bored than entertained by the performance. About two hours later I left the same house actually exhausted from laughing. I had seen Charlie Chaplin for the first time, although I didn't know the name of the man that made me laugh, any more than did the thousands of others who saw the one-act pantomime-dancing skit, entitled "A Night in an English Music Hall."

A year and a half passed, but the memory of the "funny drunk"—the only name by which he was known to the public—remained with me. One day I met him again, this time via the screen route. It was a Keystone picture, and I later learned that it was the first one he had worked in. Once more he kept me continually laughing, for he was just as comical, if not more so, on the screen as on the stage; but still his identity remained a mystery. I saw several more of his pictures within the next few months, and noticed that every time he appeared upon the screen the audience "roared." Finally the correspondents on the Pacific coast got busy, and his name became known to the "fans." Thus the "funny drunk" lost the first name by which he had gained fame, and became "Charlie Chaplin, laugh producer."



Charlie Chaplin as he appears away from the camera.

I was among the fans who learned who he was, and for many months thereafter saw all the Chaplin Keystones.

Do you wonder, then, that I could hardly wait to see him in real life, as I rested in the advertising department of the Chicago studio of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, waiting for an interview, while the reserve forces of that department set out to find the popular Charlie. Yes, they all called him "Charlie," though he had just arrived in their midst a few days before.

I wondered what sort of a fellow I was to meet. Was he old and gloomy, or was he middle-aged and foolish? And did he wear that little mustache in life off the screen? A thousand other things passed through my brain, until finally I admitted that I could in no way picture him to myself in advance.

Just as I reached this decision the advertising manager hurried into the room, followed by a smiling young chap, whom he introduced as "Mr. Chaplin."

I wonder what he thought of me, as I said something I could not remember a moment later, and looked at him in surprise. He was just an ordinary fellow in his twenties—twenty-five, I learned later—rather short, and of slight build; but the thing that impressed me most was his smiling, friendly features.

At once I ceased wondering why they called him Charlie.

"I presume it is undignified for a near-critic to offer a compliment," I said, by way of an opening shot, "but I certainly have enjoyed your pictures."

"It's very kind of you to say that, I'm sure," he replied, with a gracious smile. Then he added, with a twinkle in his eye: "I'm afraid you are trying to put me in good humor for the interview, though, and really you haven't a chance to succeed."

We both laughed, and drew our chairs —supplied by the watchful advertising manager—up to a table in the corner of the room.

"You have an awful job on your hands if you expect to make this interesting reading matter," he said, "for there are thousands of other players whose experiences have been far more exciting than mine."

"We will do the best we can," I comforted, and my tone must have sounded consoling, for Charlie—I guess I'll have to call him that, too—laughed. Before we could begin, some one, who thought the room was too warm, opened the window. The cold Chicago air swooped down upon the comedian, and he executed one of those funny little turn-the-nose-up-and-look-to-the-side tricks you have often seen him "get over" on the screen. Then he quickly moved his chair around to the side nearest the steam pipes.

"And to think I was in California last week!" he said, in such a long-suffering tone that every one in the room was forced to laugh. "'Broncho' Anderson did this. Only for him I wouldn't be freezing. I'll have to stand it a while longer. Then it's back West for mine." I knew he meant that if G. M. Anderson, "Broncho Billy," as the public knows him, hadn't signed him for the Essanay folks, that he would still be in the land of sunshine and motion pictures—namely, California. But Charlie didn't mean things the way he said them. I soon found this out, and I also learned that about two-thirds of the things he said had a laugh-getting power which one could not resist.

We settled down to our interview finally, and it was in the first few sentences that I learned his age, which I have previously given. And girls! He also said he wasn't married, and had no thought of entering the marital state for some time.

"Tell me something about your career," I requested, after carefully making a mental note of the "not married" fact.

He paused a moment to think over



The characteristic pose of Charlie Chaplin that has won him the favoritism of the nation.

what he had done. Then he said: "I guess that will be easy. I worked in England for a while with my brother—you know I was born in England—and then joined the "Night in an English Music Hall' vaudeville company. W toured the Continent, and then came t America, where we traveled from coas to coast. I think we were here abou two years. I played under several name but I have been told that the only wa the public distinguished me was as th 'funny drunk.'"

I agreed with him on this point, an told him of the first time he had mad me laugh. He expressed sincere pleas ure when I told of the effect his act ha with the audience.

"We were in the East," he continued after we got back to the interview, "an Mack Sennet, who had seen the ac while we were in California, wired m that there was an opening in the rank of the Keystone Company. Ford Ster ling was leaving, though I didn't know who was who in pictures at that time as I had never been much of a fan Since I had first appeared before a audience I had an ambition to becom a great dramatic actor, but it seeme that things had never come my way i this line."

"The usual desire of the comedian fo tragic rôles," I murmured.

Charlie smiled broadly, and I mad another note on his character. He i one of those cheerful fellows, and neve allows anything to give him the blues The more things go wrong for his class the funnier the world seems. Therefore the title of this story.

"In the few pictures I had seen," h was saying, when I had finished filing the note away in my memory, "the come dians were few and far between, and of course, I thought I was to be a regu lar-featured dramatic star. I accepte the engagement, and during my entir trip across the continent dreamed o my new start in life. Can you imagin how I felt, when I reported at the Key stone studio, and was told that I wa to become chief comedian, and that was to use the same methods that I ha used in vaudeville?"

Charlie stopped, and laughed. The he cleverly reached over and took th advertising manager's cigarette cas from that worthy's desk, without be ing noticed, at the same time givin another clever exhibition of facial ex pression. After asking my permissio he lit one of the cigarettes, and, b means of letting the advertising man ager know what had happened, thanke him for the smoke.

"And then?" I queried.

He looked surprised, for he seemed to think that he had told all that was of interest. "Nothing much," he added. "A little over a year with Keystone, and then my present engagement with Essanay. I believe I will do some of the best work of my career here, for if the public look to my pictures as part of their amusement I want to satisfy them."

"You are reconciled to comedy, then?" queried.

"Oh, yes, indeed," he replied. "It only took about two weeks' work at the Keystone plant to make me very enthusiastic about pictures, especially farces. I study the screen closely now, and I am firmly convinced that every one in the industry should do likewise. There are many things we can learn from it, even though we think we have perfected ourselves in our own line of the great industry. I endeavor to put nothing in my farces which is not a burlesque on something in real life. No matter how senseless a thing may seem on the screen, I think that if it is studied carefully it can be traced back to life, and is probably an everyday occurrence, which the would-be critic of the farce had never thought to be a bit funny."

Somebody called Charlie at this point, and said that Mr. Anderson wanted him to come down to the exhibition and see some pictures, so Charlie excused himself, and left.

What he told me of himself is really just an outline of his career. In Keystone pictures, as most of you probably know, he has been practically everything. He has burlesqued waiters, millionaires, bricklayers, ne'er-do-wells, and hundreds of other familiar types, whom we pass daily on the street without noticing. He has adapted himself to more things in the year and a half he has been before the camera than an actor on the speaking stage would have to master during his entire career. He has flirted with death, literally, a score of times, and scarcely a day has passed since he entered the picture field that he has not received numerous bumps. And still he sums this up as "nothing much." We wondered, as we were carried to Chicago's loop in an "L" car, if he knew just how many people the world over laughed at his antics every day of the year.

Perhaps the thing which has been most prominent in his climb to the top in picturedom has been his absolute lack of camera consciousness. He can walk into a scene without being given any real script, and draw one laugh after another for a hundred or more feet of film, and then walk out as unconcerned as though he were entirely alone, when, in reality, the eyes of millions, through



One of the funny "arrest scenes" in Charlie Chaplin's eventful career before the camera.

the camera, are watching his every move. His make-up, too, is productive of laughs, even before he does funny things by using his facial powers. It is just natural for him to be funny, and when, added to this, he is determined to get laughs, it is easy to see why he has won for himself the title of "the funny man of the screen."

All his life is not full of comedy, however. There is also a business end of making farce-comedy pictures, and when the scenes for his pictures are being produced, Mr. Charles Chaplin, director, is the man who tells the players who support him to do this or that, and who has to see that the desired results are obtained. He does not work with a scenario in hand, but gets his story well in mind, and then supplies the incidental material for his players as he goes along.

When he appears in a picture himself he seldom rehearses his own part, preferring to do things on the spur of the moment, thereby getting the "what-will-happen-next" effect which is so enjoyable in his acting. This probably is by far the hardest way to "get over" a scene, for he is under a constant mental strain, as he realizes that everything he does must be a "sure-fire" laugh getter. That he is quick to make up his mind is best illustrated by the fact that it took just nine hours for his company to start for Niles, California, where he is now working, when snow interfered with production in Chicago.

Among the players he is immensely popular, as he has a way of learning from them just what they think of a scene without letting them become dictative. The moment work is over he is "just one of the crowd," and is full of tricks which can originate only in the mind of a born comedian. An incident is told by one of the members of the "Night in an English Music Hall" company which is typical of Charlie's attitude toward his coworkers.

The company carried several chorus girls, all of whom thought Charlie was just right. One of the girls was serving her first season behind the footlights, and, if anything, was more beautiful than the rest. Added to her beauty was an abundant supply of bashfulness, and Charlie delighted in taking advantage of this.

During their run in one of the larger cities she met a young man, and both fell in love with each other. One evening, after the performance, she and the young man had stolen off into a corner of the hotel lobby, not wishing to attract the attention of the older members of the troupe.

Charlie discovered them, and determined to have some fun. He approached the girl and patted her gently on the arm, asking her if she was enjoying herself with her "stage-door John."

Not satisfied by thus embarrassing the young couple, he proceeded to yawn realistically, and say: "Well, my dear, when you finally shake *it*," pointing to the blushing young gentleman, "tell the hall girl to give you the key to our room. I'm off for that pawnshop around the corner to get your wedding ring out of 'soak.' I borrowed some money from your father to-day."

With that, he left, and, needless to say, the young man beat a hasty retreat. When Charlie learned that it was a regular love affair, instead of a flirtation, however, he spent three days convincing the young man that the girl wasn't his wife.

While Charlie never would admit it, several members of the company declare that he was the best man at the wedding, which took place after the last performance of the run. At any rate, he missed the train that night, and was the one who told the manager that the girl had resigned and taken up life with a husband.

Playing Vampire Parts Like a Sermon.

"A MINISTER back home used to come to me sometimes," said Charlotte Burton, the dark-eyed and beautiful actress, seen so frequently in American-Mutual plays, when she was seen recently in her dressing room at Santa Barbara, "and reason with me concerning a girl's temptations. It was nice of him, I admit. I think very often curiosity makes a girl at least want to look at the other side of the picture. I know it was so with me sometimes."

The actress' face took on a reminiscent look, and a shadow fell across it.

"All the sermons ever preached," she went on, "could never have given me the point of view on that subject that I have acquired through my professional work. Oh, don't misunderstand me! All I mean is this: I have been called on to play a good many vampire parts. Throwing myself into the spirit of the rôle has made me see things, momentarily, from that sort of woman's angle. Believe me, rose leaves turn to ashes with these women. Happiness is only excitement. The end is dust. My work has been to me a self-delivered sermon, and that dear old minister need never have worried."

Nearly Blinded for Realism.

THE small metal protective clip at the end of a rapier was all that saved William Bertram, of the American-Mutual studios, from losing the sight of his left eye recently. He had a narrow escape, required a physician's services, but came through it all cheerfully for no other reason than because he is heart and soul interested in getting realism into the movies.

The accident occurred while the company was rehearsing the two-part Italian romance, "Ancestry," a Mutual drama, the announcement of which has aroused wide interest. George Field and King Clark were the duelists. Bertram, as referee, was called on to separate them, and he was injured in doing so, though he kept this fact from Henry Otto, the director, until the rehearsal was over.

"The Carnegie Library" is a very appropriate nickname wished on Edward Coxen by his associate players at the American-Mutual studios in Santa Barbara. So many publications carrying notices of pictures of this popular favorite are being sent him that he has taken to distributing the literature among his friends so as to provide space in his rooms for his golf kit.

"Speaking of scenarios," said the scenario editor of the American company, the other day, "we received one from a budding author recently. In it a man meets the heroine five years after he has been killed—I wondered where they met," he added.

Elizabeth Drew comes to "Runaway June," already familiar with its author's ideas, for previously she was starred in "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," and is a type especially approved by Mr. Chester. She has the enviable reputation of being one of the handsomest and best-dressed young women in the theatrical world—assets which she uses to good purpose in her impersonation of *Mrs. Villard*, the restless wife of a millionaire.

The Wood Nymph

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

She was Meta, who, since she was six years old, had never seen the world outside the forest where she lived with her father, the "nature man." What happened to her when she was set down in the heart of that world's gay Society, how she loved and was loved, and the dangers that beset her path, you may read in this story, based on the Essanay play in two reels. The part of *Meta* was taken by Ruth Stonehouse; that of *Norman McPherson,* the poet, by Richard C. Travers; Bryant Washburn was *George;* Helen Dunbar, *Mrs. Vandeveer*, and John Cossar her husband in the film.

"SHE shall come to us!"

Mrs. Vandeveer spoke decidedly. She handed the letter back to her husband across the breakfast table in the sunny morning room of their country home.

"Poor Oliver Thwaite!" murmured Mr. Vandeveer, looking down blankly at the sheet of note paper in his hand. "Dead! I can hardly realize it yet, Bettina, for he was, perhaps, the truest friend I had in all the world."

"Still," his wife pointed out consolingly, "think how many years he lived, after the doctors told him there was no hope. It was the outdoor life that did it. Wasn't there a story once in one of those awful colored supplements of the Sunday newspapers, that told of the house he had built in the forest, and how he went about with only the skin of an animal for clothing, and that called him the 'nature man'? He had his daughter with him for companionship. He must have been happy—far from the world's petty cares! And now she is alone in the world, Meta. The 'wood nymph,' that reporter who went to interview them called her. It was like Oliver to christen her with such an odd name, was it not? She shall come here and live with us. I imagine she's pretty. Don't you, Bruce? Write to-day and let her know that our home is at her disposal."

Three days later Meta arrived.

She was clad in an ill-fitting dress that had belonged to the daughter of one of the women in the village at the foot of the mountain, on whose wooded slopes she had lived with her father ever since she was six years old.

For the train trip, of course, the garment of leaves which her own nimble fingers had wrought, and that had been her only garb in her life in the open, had had to be replaced by some less unconventional attire.

Meta had submitted to being clad by the woman in the hideous dress, the coarse shoes, the homely hat, and other accessories. But she had brought her beloved leaf dress along with her in the battered valise in her hands.

Mrs. Vandeveer found her expectations of the girl's prettiness amply realized. Not even her poor clothing could hide Meta's glowing beauty. When she was fitted out in gowns of the latest fashion, Mrs. Vandeveer told herself, the girl must fairly dazzle all beholders. She would be the hit of the forthcoming social season—Mrs. Vandeveer was heartily glad she had invited her to share their home.

A somewhat flighty woman, she had visions of several doors in society that had hitherto been closed to her, opening out of curiosity to see the beauteous girl of the woodland about whom there



Mrs. Vandeveer found her expectations of the "forest girl's" beauty amply realized—she was confident that Meta would be the sensation of the forthcoming social season.

was certain to be so much talk, for the fact that her innocence of the outside world, due to the life she had led up to her sixteenth year, was as boundless as though she had come from another planet, as well as for the rare attractiveness of her face and form.

Not the least pleased of the Vandeveer establishment over Meta's entrance of it was Mrs. Vandeveer's only son and petted pride, George.

He was a dissipated young man, with an ambition to be known as a "rake" and a man about town. He fell head over heels in love with Meta—and shortly begged her to have pity on his plight.

It was the attraction which anything novel and pretty has for a child—which was all Meta, the daughter of the forest, amounted to in her unsophistication—that led her to mistake the pleasure she took in having him near her, the only man outside of her father, the newspaper reporter, and two or three of the crude villagers, whom she had ever seen in her life, and by long odds the handsomest and most polished of these, for love—and she consented to become engaged to George.

At the end of a month or two, Mrs. Vandeveer was planning an elaborate lawn fête at which her dainty charge was to be introduced, for the first time, as a surprise to her many friends.

"I want you to invite Norman, mother," George announced, in the high-handed way in which he had always spoken to her ever since the days of his spoiled childhood. "I want him to see Meta and hear what he thinks of her!"

He referred to his closest friend, Norman McPherson, whose books were beginning to win him recognition from the world as a poet of no mean ability.

Accordingly, Norman came to the garden party. When he was presented to Meta, the moment their eyes met they were held as though neither could draw them apart.

The poet's lips were parted with eagerness, as his gaze drank in the loveliness of her face. Meta, her cheeks pink, at last lowered her eyes and turned away to hide the fluttering of the leaves over her heart, where for the first time she had heard the singing of the world-old song.

She was in her woodland garb, as Mrs. Vandeveer had arranged that she was to treat the guests to an exhibition of dancing in the rôle of a wood nymph. As she performed before the interested circle of onlookers, Norman's eyes still fixedly followed her every movement. He thought he had never seen such grace, such poetry of motion, in all his life before! He was beyond being merely in love by this time with the girl whom he had seen for the first time only a half hour before. He worshiped the very blades of grass over which her toes skimmed so lightly.

Norman was the first to reach her side when her dance was done.

"What do you think of her, old fellow?"

With the hail, George, who had come up behind them, clapped his friend's shoulder in high spirits.

Norman spoke gravely, almost as one mentioning a holy thing.

"I think she is the most beautiful, the purest thing in the world!"

George drew Meta's arm through his with a self-satisfied air.

"Glad you like her," he nodded shortly. "We're engaged."

All the color was drained from Norman's cheeks. He winced, as from an actual blow. Then, squaring his shoulders manfully to accept the burden of bitter disappointment that was placed upon them, he held out his hand to his friend.

"I heartily congratulate you!" he said.

The three walked away down one of the paths of the garden. Norman received permission from Meta to smoke, but then he discovered that he had left his pipe back at the house. He excused himself to return and get it. George and Meta walked on together.

Suddenly, through the rosebushes that bordered the pathway ahead of them, the figure of a man whose eyes glared with the unnatural light of madness sprang into view.

He crouched menacingly before George and the girl who had come to a surprised halt.

"At last I have tracked you down!" the man hissed at them. "You are at my mercy now—and I mean to kill you in my bare hands!"

The man was a dangerous maniac, who must have contrived to escape from the near-by asylum. In pitiable cowardice, George had sprung back behind Meta, leaving her to face the madman alone and unprotected as he crept nearer, with arms outstretched, in readiness to spring upon her.

But he never did so.

At that moment, Norman, returning along the path, and taking in the scene at a glance, launched himself through the air past the girl and her craven escort upon the maniac's back, and thus rescued her from her peril.

Norman, in the months that followed, tried his best to forget her. But it was beyond his power. Her sweet face, and the charm of her, had become so indelibly graven upon his memory that she filled all his thoughts by day and his dreams at night. He could not win her. The battle had been already lost to him, before he could even enter it. But at least he could let her know of his love! This he set about doing in a book.

He put his soul into the work, which at last was finished and given to a typist to prepare for the publishers.

George, having some documents which he wished typed before he sent them out from the architect's office, where he played at working, saw the manuscript lying on the desk of the girl who had stepped out for a moment.

As he read the pages to which his eyes had first been drawn by the sight of Norman McPherson's name at the top of them, George's weakly, handsome face grew grim.

If Meta ever read this book she would know all!

George had explained Norman's failure to present himself at the Vandeveers' home again, which Meta did not understand, by telling her that the poet had informed him after his introduction to the girl that he thought her dress and dancing at the lawn fête immodest—in short, that he did not approve of her.

When the typist returned to the room, George showed her a sum of money.

"Destroy this," he told her, laying his hand on the manuscript of the novel, "and I will give you this."

The girl, tempted, it seemed, by the glitter of the bribe, at last consented to carry out his wishes. But she did not do so exactly to the letter. She typed the story through to the end, and then sent the copy to Norman. The original manuscript she placed in her trunk.

George discovered her treachery when he met Norman on the street a few days later.

Norman had the typed manuscript in

his pocket, which he informed George was his latest book, that he was then on his way to submit to his publishers for their approval. Trying to think of some way in which he could get the thing away from him without being detected, George offered to walk along with him toward the publishers' building.

An old woman fell as she was crossing the street ahead of them.

As Norman stooped to pick her up, George saw his chance, and deftly "lifted" the folded manuscript from Norman's pocket. Then, with a hastily blurted excuse of an engagement which he had suddenly remembered, he hurried away to burn up the novel.

Norman discovered his loss the moment he had got the old woman safely to her feet.

"I've lost my manuscript!" he exclaimed aloud to himself. "It must have dropped from my pocket, somewhere along the way. It had my name, 'Norman McPherson,' on it, though——"

The old woman looked quickly up into his face.

"Are you Norman McPherson, the poet?" she asked. "My daughter typed this book you say you have lost. She has the original manuscript of it in her trunk. Come with me, and you can get it."

Norman accompanied her back to the flat which she occupied with her daughter. But there they found a note from the girl. She explained that she had gone to the Vandeveers' house to see Meta.

She had read in the papers of the latter's engagement to George. Having guessed Norman's love story from the novel which she had typed for him, and knowing George for a scoundrel who was unworthy of the girl, she had gone to see Meta to show her Norman's book and let her learn from it the fact of the poet's love for her, and also hear from her own lips the story of George's villainy.

There Norman followed her. And when Meta rose to greet him, having just finished her reading of the novel, he saw that in her eyes which led him to decide that he had written the book all in vain—as a story of unrequited love.

The name "silent drama" is a misnomer in these days of the trap drum and trombone.

$20,000 Prize Play, May 3d.

THE twenty-thousand-dollar prize photo play which the American Film Manufacturing Company is producing for the North American Film Corporation, will have its first release on May 3d. The writer of the scenario from which the new serial is being made was successful in a field of more than nine thousand contenders. This lucky person will receive ten thousand dollars for the winning scenario.

Another ten-thousand-dollar prize will be awarded to the person who successfully evolves a solution, which will be presented later. The winning of the ten-thousand-dollar prize offered for a solution of "The Million Dollar Mystery" by Miss Ida Damon, an unknown St. Louis amateur, has demonstrated that the most inexperienced writers may try for the prize and have a chance of success.

The big serial will be produced in California, under the personal direction of S. S. Hutchinson, president of the American Film Manufacturing Company. The North American Film Corporation, 222 South State Street, Chicago, will have the booking arrangements, which J. R. Frenler will supervise.

The newspaper novelization, which will run in more than three hundred daily newspapers throughout the country, will be written by one of the country's best-known authors.

The Flying A brand has never been seen on a serial, although many have been offered Messrs. Hutchinson and Frenler. It required the ten-thousand-dollar prize offer to bring forth such a scenario, and now that it is in hand no effort will be spared to make the new serial reach the highest possible mark of perfection.

Knit for Americans First?

WINIFRED GREENWOOD, the American actress, who has starred in so many Mutual plays, is the author of the famous slogan: "Knit for Americans first." She coined this phrase at the time every one started knitting socks for the Belgians. Miss Greenwood is a firm believer in the adage reciting that "charity should begin at home."

Recently, a package loaded with kimonos, boudoir caps, and loveliest laces and lingerie, addressed to her by a Los Angeles store went astray en route. Some one asked her if she had found them, and she answerd 'no,' with some exasperation.

"It's too annoying," she said. "When I heard they were surely lost, I was so upset I went right home, and—and began to knit for the Belgians."

Hetty Gray Baker Now With Mutual.

HETTY GRAY BAKER, vice president of the Photo Play Authors' League, is the latest addition to the Mutual's scenario staff. Her coming is due to the fact that Frank E. Woods, editor of the Hollywood studio's script bureau, recognizes that he must surround himself with capable writers if he is to secure the best kind of drama.

Miss Baker was the first woman law librarian ever employed in the State of Connecticut. During her six years in Hartford she wrote scenarios in her spare time, and built up a fairly good income from this side occupation. In April, 1913, she made trips to various photo-play studios, and in the end accepted a position as scenario editor for one of them. She resigned last month to devote her time to free-lance work, but the Mutual tempted her into its fold with an offer.

Hire a Store for a Play.

ATMOSPHERE" of the real kind was secured by Director Langdon West when he enlisted a dry-goods store in the Bronx, New York, and a corps of salesgirls Tuesday night when the store was given over to the Edison company of players to take the three-reeler, "Killed Against Orders."

Electricians had installed the necessary lights over the counters, and the players enacted the scenes behind closed doors while a crowd, numbering a thousand, gathered outside because of the strange sight. Police were called to the scene, some excitable person thinking it was a riot. About twenty of the salesgirls—the prettiest of 'em all—were drafted to "act" as customers. Scenes were taken at the glove counter and in the fur department, both concerning thefts by shoplifters. The result justifies the trouble taken, as a splendid picture and atmosphere were obtained.

Paul Scardon, Master Make-up Artist

By Carl G. Rich

Not the least important by far, in motion-picture acting, is the ability of the player to make up effectively. Many pictures are caused to lose much of their value by the fact that one of the actors has exaggerated his make-up, or that it is not strong enough for the character. Paul Scardon is one of the few who have made a success of this art, and not by the use of disguises, but by wonderful control over the features.

TO look at the "still" pictures, of the great number of picture plays in which he has assumed widely diversified character parts, is to wonder how Paul Seardon, now appearing in Vitagraph productions, ever became a screen favorite.

Mr. Scardon is a past master of the make-up art, and during the four years he has been appearing in motion pictures he has presented his characterizations in make-up so effective and completely disguising that it is almost impossible to recognize him. With few exceptions, his natural appearance is completely concealed by the characters he assumes, and were it not for his exceptional dramatic ability, his mastery of the mysteries of make-up would be a detriment instead of an aid to success in the motion-picture field, where popularity is a matter of recognition of ability and not a matter of program billing.



PAUL SCARDON.
As he appears when not before the camera.

When interviewed in his dressing room at the studio, he had just finished making up for the part of *Baron Stana*, in Charles L. Gaskill's new picture, "Miss Jekyll and Madam Hyde," which will soon be released. The part of *Baron Stana* is that of Satan, and the make-up used for it is really remarkable. Speaking of it, Mr. Scardon said:

"*Baron Stana* is the embodiment of Satan, a wonderfully clever conception; and, in drawing the character, Mr. Gaskill, the author of the play, deseribes him as appearing 'almost benevolent in looks, yet sinister and repelling.' It took me some time to devise a suitable make-up for this extraordinary character, but I finally hit upon the one you see me in now. It requires a make-up that appears to change like the fleeting hues in a glass prism. This is accomplished by the use of proper colors and a trick of expression. One moment we have



Paul Scardon in "The Mighty Atom." In this picture he is doing an entirely different impersonation.



Mr. Scardon is seen here playing the part of the storekeeper. Such a character is one of his favorite roles, and he presents it unusually well.

the benevolent old gentleman, and the next the sinister prince of evil."

As he spoke, Mr. Scardon illustrated the change of expression, and the effect was startling. Almost without any perceptible effort, the kindly old gentleman disappeared, and the speaker appeared to be the leering, evil representative of the infernal regions.

"I consider the motion-picture drama the greatest of all forms of dramatic expression," said Mr. Scardon, "because it is more truthful. The realism of the picture play demands naturalness of characters, and the usual forms of regular stage make-up are entirely unsuited to the picture portrayals. Every line and every wrinkle on the face must be carefully drawn, and the whole effect made so natural that it harmonizes with the natural surroundings amid which so great a part of the picture play is acted.

"Make-up has been more than part of my profession. It has been a sort of hobby, and when, after fourteen years of theatrical training, I entered the ranks of the photo players, I thought I knew all about the business of making up. My first picture convinced me that I had a lot to learn. That was four years ago, and I have been learning more about the art of making up for the picture play every day since then."

Mr. Scardon has been in the theatrical business since he was fifteen years of age; at that time he appeared on the stage in Australia as a contortionist. Later, he toured Australia and New Zealand with J. C. Williamson, playing dramatic parts, and then joined the Nance O'Neill company that toured the United States. The American stage appealed to him, and he remained here, playing with E. H. Sothern, Mrs. Fiske, Kyrle Bellew, and Elsie Ferguson.

Mr. Scardon has another hobby that shares his time with the study of make-up. He raises bulldogs, and is as proud of them as a millionaire is of his art collection. He is the owner of Beaming Belle, that attained full championship honors when she was only eighteen months old; and he would rather talk about his dogs than about his work in pictures.

Mr. Scardon's dramatic experiences date back fourteen years, and his stage representations have been so diversified that making-up for any sort of character is now merely a matter of coloring and individuality; yet all his characterizations are distinctly unique.

Possibly the most striking of his "types" are the elderly-men characters. He is only thirty-three years of age, yet on the screen, portraying a man of fifty, the lines of care, if the part calls for it, are, to the eye, real marks of the encroachment of old age. With equal skill he impersonates the well-preserved man of advanced years who has been free from many of life's vicissitudes, a

difficult make-up without the use of the lining pencil. A young man of twenty, or a foreign type, is as readily and faithfully assumed by this versatile artist, and that in real life he resembles none of his creations is seen by his most recent portrait, published herewith.

The same care in details distinguishes Mr. Scardon's comedy characterizations that mark his serious impersonations. In the most comical of characters no exaggeration of make-up is noted, and there is no doubt that this realism of appearance has as great value in preserving and augmenting the humor in a comedy drama that it has in furthering the intensity of the tragical production.

In make-ups of this kind, where the minuteness of detail is the paramount note, the greatest difficulty does not come in the creation of the type. Picture plays are not produced in a single day; even the one-reel plays require, on the average, a week to complete, and some of the larger productions require several months of daily work. The finished picture play must show no shade of difference in the appearance of the characters, and when a difficult make-up is used the greatest skill is required to duplicate it on the days that follow.

Mr. Scardon made his first screen bow four years ago, in Biograph films, and since that time his work has attracted the picture patrons, and his knowledge of the make-up art has been at the disposal of his fellow players, whom he is at all times ready to help when they find themselves cast for a part that needs the master hand in the make-up art.

A BIOGRAPHICAL SKETCH.

Eighteen years ago, in far-away Australia, a boy of fifteen appeared on the stage and created a sensation as a contortionist. This was the start of a professional career that has placed the name of Paul Scardon on the programs with the greatest stars of the present generation in every phase of dramatic art. The polish that fourteen years of continuous appearance behind the footlights lends to the characterizations of an artist, and the value of diversified experience, is shown by the finish that distinguishes the work of this popular screen player in Vitagraph pictures.

From vaudeville, Mr. Scardon went into pantomime, and then for five consecutive years he played in dramatic productions with J. C. Williamson, touring Australia and New Zealand. He then joined the Nance O'Neill players, and left Australia for a tour of the United States. En route to this country the company enjoyed the unique experience of playing a matinée performance at ten o'clock in the morning in Honolulu; the performance was given in response to popular demand, and the unusual hour was made necessary by the schedule of the steamer that was to bring them to San Francisco. It was while in San Francisco that Mr. Scardon made the acquaintance of D. W. Griffith; a meeting that later resulted in the former making his first appearance in picture plays with the Biograph Company.



Another illustration of the wonderful powers of make-up of Paul Scardon. He is seen here playing the part of the native of the Old Sod with the typical clay pipe.



Aside from comedy, Mr. Scardon is also very acceptable in a dramatic role, and in such he loses none of the value of his make-up. In this picture he is the man with the white hair.

In the United States, Mr. Scardon played Shakespearean rôles with E. H. Sothern, and appeared with Mrs. Fiske in her last revival of *Becky Sharp*. He later became stage manager for the company playing her successful comedy "Mrs. Bumstead Leigh." With these wide and varied experiences to his credit, he then entered the picture-play field; to use his own words, "the final and highest form of dramatic expression."

He has, in most of his picture appearances, been seen in character parts, and it is worthy of note that he has yet to receive his first adverse criticism from the picture-play critics.

A thorough master of the art of make-up and an artist, accomplished in all branches of dramatic work, Mr. Scardon during his four years of picture portrayals, has contributed to the art some of the finest characterizations ever reflected on the screen.

He was a member of the first Majestic Stock Company, and during his connection with the "Independents," he refused several offers to "direct," preferring to wait until he felt complete master of every detail of his new work. It is hoped that the time is not now far distant when all his accumulated knowledge of dramatics will be devoted to the picture play, in the wider scope of a directorship.

A Play With Too Much Punch.

FRANK McGLYNN, Edison, is not an ultraconservative, but he is expressing himself as being strongly for the old-time fake fight of the stage days, since motion picture called for the real thing. His views were expressed mostly in an "aside," due to the fact that he had to talk in that one direction because of a stiff neck that he got when Edward Earle gave him a half nelson in the fight scene in "For the Man She Loved." Earle has a sprained finger, but he says he's willing to sacrifice that for the punch it put into the picture as well as into himself.

On Saturday, March 27th, sixty pupils of Parker High School, Chicago, accompanied by their instructors, visited the Selig Polyscope Company motion-picture studios, for the purpose of studying the technique of the photo play. They expect to become acquainted not only with the technical arrangement of the motion-picture scenario, but also with the technique of direction, developing-room technique, et cetera. On Friday, April 2d, a class of seniors from Lane Technical, Chicago, pursued similar studies at the Selig plant. So far as is known, the Chicago schools are the first to take advantage of technical studies of the kind to be found only in motion-picture studios.

The Outcast

By Robert Keene

Netta—she had no other name—was a girl of the slums. Was she to blame that she found herself facing the charge of murder at the bar of justice? Or—who was? Read the story, based on this four-reel Majestic drama, and you will be surprised at the answer to these questions.

The picture, produced by John B. O'Brien, is one of the strongest of its kind. As the girl of the underworld, Mae Marsh; the judge, Ralph Lewis; *Bob*, Robert Barron; and Netta's lawyer, Jack Dillon.

This is the second Mutual Masterpicture, one of which we print each week.

SAY—who's the girl?"

The man with dissipated face and the dress and manner of a cheap sport addressed the question across the bar in the East Side dive.

"You mean her?" The bartender jerked his head toward a girl who was dancing on the cabaret platform across the smoke-filled room. "There's a funny case for you, mister," he went on, picking up a glass and beginning to wipe it. "Nobody *does* know who she is. Not even herself. She just grew up around the neighborhood. When the boss started this cabaret notion, she struck him for a job as a performer for her board and keep and a couple uh dollars over a week. She'd learned to dance to the hurdy-gurdy playin' on the sidewalk, like all the rest uh the kids. She was pretty good, and she was cheap—and so the boss hired her. She's known as Netta—that's all."

Graves' eyebrows lifted.

"She's a pretty kid," he said patronizingly. "I guess I'll go over and talk to her."

Netta had finished her "turn." She descended from the platform and walked to a table near by. As she drew out a chair and sat down, simultaneously Graves pulled out the table's other chair and seated himself beside her.

A young man with a waiter's napkin across his arm had witnessed the episode with a lowering frown.

And now his dark brows drew menacingly together, as he saw the man reach out and try to take Netta's hand.

"Cut it out, bo!"

The growl sounded in Graves' ears. He turned to look up into the heavy-jawed face that was shoved threateningly into his own.

"Take a tip from me," said the young man, deep in his throat, "and beat it out uh here. Your space at this table's needed more'n your company!"

Graves started up blusteringly.

"Bob!"

The girl caught at the young man's arm as he drew it back to take a punch at him.

Graves had backed away hastily. Now, as he looked from one to the other of



Her attorney led the girl back into the courtroom to hear the jury's verdict.

the pair before him, he mustered back his ebbing nerve. He nodded sneeringly:

"Sweethearts, eh?" His bold eyes turning back to Netta, he looked her over with cool insolence from head to foot. "I'll see you some other time," he remarked, as he sauntered away.

Yes, Netta and the dark-faced young waiter *were* sweethearts. They had known each other before she came to work in that place. Indeed, it had been at her lover's suggestion that she had applied for her present position there. Bob had told her, in his own characteristic language, that "she could make all the rest uh them toe-slingers look like they was stuck up to their knees in a street that's just been paved with asphalt"; and it was his praise for her ability as a dancer that had encouraged her to ask the proprietor of the place for a try-out.

Bob and she wanted to get married.

But where, out of the meager earnings of either, or of both put together, was the money to come from? It was of this they talked, as they walked in the park on their day off the next afternoon.

"When I see all these couples with their nice, rosy-cheeked babies," sighed Netta—"ah, Bob, it makes me wish things was different with us!"

"Sure, I know," he ruefully agreed. "It's tough we can't scrape up the price of admission to hear the weddin' bells tinkle!"

She drew him down seriously on a bench beside her.

"But that wasn't all I meant," she explained, "I wished the life we led was different. What do we amount to, boy? You slingin' beer in a place like Gafferty's. And me—a nobody, like I am. I've never seen my parents—except for the picture of my mother that's in this locket around my neck. Who my father was I guess I'm never going to know."

At that moment, in a somber-walled room in the Criminal Court Building, Judge Brutus Gregory, seated in all his stately robes of office, was about to sen-

tence a lawbreaker, who stood cowering at the bar before him.

"For God's sake, judge, your honor," the culprit pleaded, "don't send me up for the limit you told the jury I could get for this when you charged 'em——"

There was a stir in the courtroom. Judge Carteret, a white-haired and kindly faced man, who had a reputation for treating those of his misguided fellow mortals who were brought before him with leniency, entered, and was escorted, as the dignity of his position demanded, to a chair next that of the presiding justice on the bench.

"To take all those years off my life," the prisoner was going on, "will leave me an old man when I get out. If I live long enough! Ah, have mercy on me——"

Judge Carteret leaned forward.

"Let him go, Brutus," he said to his fellow judge, an old friend.

Judge Gregory turned away with an impatient shake of his head.

"Twenty years!" he handed down the sentence to the wretched supplicant outside the rail in front of him.

Judge Gregory had the name of being the most hard-hearted justice on the bench. A man who could no more be guilty of sinning himself, it seemed, than an icicle, he had no sympathy for frailty in others.

As they were walking homeward through the park, he expressed his opinions in the matter to his companion.

"A criminal's badness lies in his heart," he announced. "Clemency only scratches the surface of his gratitude. You are wrong, when you expect it to effect his reformation——"

Judge Carteret stopped.

"How d'you do, Bob?" he greeted the young man who sat with the slim and cheaply dressed, but pretty girl, on the bench they were just then passing.

Bob somewhat sheepishly arose and stepped aside with the older man.

"How are you getting on?" asked Judge Carteret heartily. "Still working at your steady job, I hope?" He moved on after his friend, lifting his hat to the girl with a fatherly smile as he passed her. "Don't forget you're coming to see me, young man, at the end of the month."

"No, sir," answered Bob, pulling off his own cap.

When the two gentlemen had passed out of earshot——

"Who was that?" asked Netta.

Bob sat down beside her once more, with a gesture of surrender.

"I been keepin' it a secret from you, girlie, all these months," he confessed. "I got into a fight with a couple uh guys, 'most a year ago. I handed 'em both somethin' fancy in the line of a trimmin'—but Dorsey, the cop, nabbed me at the finish. It looked like six months on the Island for me, on a charge of 'sault and battery. But I come up before Judge Carteret, and he let me off. I—I'm sort uh on parole to him."

Bob's lips tightened, and a hard look came into his eyes as he gazed up the pathway after the two departing figures.

"That's the one that spoke to me," he finished—"Judge Carteret. He's got a



"I only want to ask your honor if you can identify the photograph which I am about to show you as this girl's mother?" asked Netta's attorney.

heart in him as big as a barrel. But the other's Judge Gregory. One tough bird, believe *me!*" and he wagged his head awesomely. "He'd give a guy life, as soon as look at him. I knew him from his pictures in the papers, and I could tell you stories I've heard about the way he's soaked it to the poor devils who maybe haven't had the same chance to live straight that he has, till it'd set you to shiverin'—but you're doing enough uh that, as it is. It's gettin' colder out here. Let's get back to the place."

That same night Graves showed up there again. And again he joined Netta when she sat down at an unoccupied table at the conclusion of her performance on the stage. Netta looked uneasily in the direction of Bob. She was glad to notice that his back was turned, while he waited on some customers across the room. Now that she knew that he had been placed upon his good behavior by the court, she was anxious that he should keep out of the trouble his quick temper and skillful fists would be only too ready to get him into.

It was for this reason, when the "masher" beside her became openly annoying to her, that, instead of calling Bob to her rescue, she got up from the table in silence and went upstairs toward her room.

But Graves followed her. He forced his way into the room after her, before she could shut the door.

Now Netta became frightened. This was not like holding the beast at bay while there were a half hundred people within sight and easy hearing of her voice.

She backed away, panic terror in her eyes, as Graves came toward her to try to clasp her in his arms. She panted out:

"Keep away from me, or you'll be sorry for it!"

He laughed at her, and sprang around the table toward her, with arms outstretched. Whether she screamed or not Netta did not know. She felt the bureau behind her—she was penned in against the wall.

Still, with that silent laughter on his lips, Graves came nearer step by step. The door opened behind him, and Bob stood on the threshold. But the girl did not see him. She had eyes only for the thing that was advancing upon her. Her hand darted back; she whipped open the drawer of the bureau. There was a flash of something bright in her clasp, and then a report whose deafening echoes filled the little room.

Graves stood stock-still for an instant before her, a silly look of bewilderment on his face. Then all the color ran from it with the swiftness of water from a wrung-out rag.

His knees sagged under him, and he smote the floor at full length with a thud.

Bob ran into the room and knelt at his side.

"You got him," he looked up to inform Netta. "He's dead. And that's no more'n what he had comin' to him, the low-lived——"

He broke off, and rose quickly to his feet.

From below came the sound of run-

ning footsteps. Bob cast a swift glance around him at the scene. The same thought flashed across his mind that had been in Netta's five minutes before, downstairs—his parole to Judge Carteret!

"This is no place for me!" he muttered. "I'm goin' to beat it!"

And, suiting the action to the words, in a single stride he reached the door and sped from view beyond it.

Netta's trial, following her arrest, was to be conducted by Judge Gregory.

The court appointed as her lawyer a young man named Dillon. She told him the whole story at his first visit to her cell—the reason why she had fired the shot. He asked her if she knew where Bob, the sole witness to the deed, was? When she told him that she did not, he explained that a hunt must be made for him. Netta agreed with the attorney, for what she had heard of Judge Gregory's sternness had filled her with terror of what her fate might be at his hands.

She took the locket from her neck and gave it to the lawyer.

"It may help you find him," she explained. "It's the picture of my mother, inside—and it's always brought me luck till now."

But, even with the talisman in his possession, her counsel was unable to find the star witness he sought for his client's defense. The most rigorous hunt failed to reveal the whereabouts of Bob.

Examining the picture in the locket, Dillon discovered the name of the photographer on the back of it, with his address—a small country town. The lawyer debated a sudden idea that had occurred to him.

He knew how bad the outlook was for Netta. He was sorely in need of anything that he could use in her defense. The original of the picture in the locket, her mother, might still be living back there in that village where the photograph had been taken. He did not desire to question Netta about it. For the idea he had in mind was that of bringing her mother into court, to sit in plain sight of the jury throughout the trial, which might have its effect on its members. Slight as it was, the thing would be worth a trial in a case that already seemed as good as lost.

The lawyer made up his mind. That night he took a train for the country town in question, and presented himself at the photographer's establishment the next morning.

"Do I know who the woman is?" the latter repeated the visitor's question, looking at the picture which Dillon had handed to him. "Well, maybe I remember taking it, and maybe I don't—but I tell you what you do: You go to old man Aitken, here in town, and ask him if *he* recognizes it."

Dillon looked up Aitken.

At his first glimpse of the portrait in the locket, the latter's cheeks paled. He looked searchingly into the lawyer's face, his own working with ill-concealed emotion.

"Why have you come here to me with this?" he quavered out. "Tell me how it got into your possession—everything."

Dillon explained the facts in the case he was defending for Netta.



The girl gave herself into the old man's eager embrace. "Grandfather," she murmured shyly.

When he had finished, the old man rose and buttoned his coat, his lips pressed grimly together.

"Give me five minutes to pack my satchel," he said, "and I will take the next train back to the city with you."

The next day, in court, Dillon rose to make his plea for Netta's acquittal, on the grounds that she had been justified in killing Graves.

"She shot in defense of her honor, gentlemen of the jury. Assailed, will you say she had no right to protect it with all the strength at her command? Armed strength, if need be? The man she killed—'shot down in cold blood,' if you will, as my able friend, the district attorney, has stated to you—that man was not worthy of living. Not when he would have taken that from her which was worth more than life itself in her eyes." He noticed a cynical smile playing about the lips of two or three of the jurors. "Perhaps, gentlemen, you are considering the place from which she came? A cheap, East Side beer hall. You doubt, from the environment in which she lived, whether she had any honor left to lose? I tell you, she was a good girl—she is to this day and hour, thanks to the shot for whose firing you would now condemn her to life imprisonment or the electric chair. I do not attempt to pretend that my eyes are blind to the foulness of her surroundings there. But need they have smirched her, against her will? Is the flower that grows in the mire by the roadside any the less pure and sweet because of the soil where it takes root? Such a flower was this girl. I say again, that her act was defensive. It should be so judged in the heart of every man in which there pulses one drop of chivalry. But we could prove our claim, if we but had one witness, and only one, here to testify. Her peril, that preceded her snatching out that revolver and firing it, was seen by Bob——"

The judge interrupted.

"You have mentioned this witness' name before," he pointed out. "Where is he?"

Dillon threw up his hands hopelessly.

"I don't know, your honor!" he said. "I wish to Heaven I did! But we have been unable to find him."

There was a commotion at the rear of the courtroom. A dark-faced young man came shouldering his way through the crowd. It was Bob, who had been at the back of the room, unperceived, all the time. He had heard the lawyer announce that he could save Netta by telling what he had seen. Now he was coming forward to brave the danger to himself that lay in the fact that his story of having come upon the scene only when he did might not be believed, in order to help her in her trouble.

Under the attorney's eager questioning, Bob laid bare the whole story of what he had witnessed that night.

"One moment," said Judge Gregory, as he was about to leave the stand.

Bob turned to face him.

"You are a paroled prisoner, are you not?"

Bob changed color—so the judge had recognized him, after all, as the young man his friend Judge Carteret had stopped to speak with in the park that evening!

"Yes, sir," Bob admitted.

The judge leaned back in his chair, looking significantly toward the jury.

"That's all," he said.

The effect upon the twelve men in the box could be plainly read. Bob's story was not believed. Dillon, watching every move of the game, groaned under his breath. He knew already what the verdict was to be.

The jury was "out" only three-quarters of an hour.

"Guilty," said the foreman.

Netta stood up to receive the judge's sentence.

"One moment, your honor, please," interrupted her lawyer. "I should like to introduce Mr. Aitken."

At the name, Judge Gregory visibly started. His face grew pale, as he looked at the old man who was coming forward from his place in the crowd near the back of the courtroom.

But the justice wiped his face clear of its look of recognition, and sat up straighter in his chair, as though realizing that this was not the time to relax his official dignity.

"The case is closed," he reminded the attorney sharply. "It is too late for you to bring fresh witnesses——"

"I don't introduce Mr. Aitken as a witness," replied Dillon quietly. "It will not be necessary to mention the name of the father of this defendant, but I will ask this gentleman to identify this photograph as the girl's mother."

He passed the locket to Aitken. Then Dillon held it up to the judge. As Gregory's eyes rested on the pictured face, he shrank back as though at sight of a ghost.

Aitken took the vacant witness chair, unchecked by the judge.

He told the story of how Gregory had won his daughter's love. A child had come to them. A baby girl, named Netta. Then of how the man's ambition had got the better of him. Gregory had said that the wife and infant were a millstone around his neck, and with them he could not hope to make his way in the world. He had said this in a note which he had left behind—after he deserted them. He had never seen either of them again. Until a few days ago, that is.

At this point in the old man's narrative, Judge Gregory slipped from his chair to the floor in a dead faint.

The next day, Judge Carteret was on the bench to sentence Netta. He paroled her in the custody of Bob.

Her grandfather then told her that she had a tidy little nest egg, in the shape of a piece of property that had once been of no value to her mother, but which was now worth two or three thousand dollars.

It was enough for she and Bob to marry on, and this they did, with her grandfather and the lawyer as witnesses, that very day.

Her attorney had received a letter from Judge Gregory. He had explained that he had gone to his country home, to recover from the shock of the experience through which he had just passed. But if Dillon would bring Netta to him, as he wished to see her very much——

The next day, the same party journeyed out to the judge's estate. He was sitting in a wheel chair in his garden, in the sun, an expensive shawl thrown over his knees. Netta moved slowly toward him with the others. At the sound of their footsteps, he looked around. And as she looked into his face, from which all the lines of sternness had been washed away in an expression of sadness, suddenly the girl broke away from the others.

She ran forward, her arms outstretched, with a great, glad cry:

"Father!"

Fifty pounds of dynamite were used recently by Richard Stanton, the actor-director of the Kay-Bee companies, during his production of "On the High Seas," an absorbing melodrama lately released. The explosion was employed to obtain the effect of an upheaval of the ocean caused by a bomb which has been thrown overboard by a woman accomplice of a crook. The story deals with the attempt of the crook and the woman to steal a consignment of gold aboard the steamer. The woman, however, balks at the last moment when she sees her daughter and husband—whom she has deserted—aboard the vessel.

The crook has planned to blow up the ship, but the woman frustrates the attempt, by dragging the bomb from the hold and tossing it overboard.

To get the scene, Stanton sent a crew of men into the ocean for a distance of one hundred yards. The dynamite was placed on a weighted raft and exploded by means of an electric fuse. As the spark touched the explosive a mighty roar shook the surrounding territory, and thousands of tons of water were hurled into the air. The scene is one of the many thrillers in the story.

J. Barney Sherry, of the Inceville plant, was playing the part of an old Hebrew recently before the camera in the streets of Santa Monica. He was made up to represent the typical pawnbroker—with whiskers, dilapidated straw hat, black linen frock coat, and in addition to these a large, varicolored handkerchief, which peeked out from under his coat tails. The scene taking was over, and he and several other members of the company were waiting for the automobile, which should carry them back to the studio, when there hove in sight a real Hebrew, identical in garb and stature with Mr. Sherry. He approached the group and stood beside his counterpart. There was a general tittering among the actors. Soon the merriment became too marked for the finer sensibilities of the newcomer. Shyly he moved to the elbow of Mr. Sherry. Then, bending over, with furtive glance he whispered: "Say, meester—put your handkerchief in your pocket. They're all laughing at you."

"Johnny" Weiss, who has assisted Reliance directors with unflagging zeal, for several generations of big productions, is a New Yorker, who deserted a profitable business cutting out togs for the sailors at the Brooklyn Navy Yard, in order to learn the show business. His first experience was with Barnum & Bailey's. After selling programs for a few days he was put in charge of the property department. As property man he soon made his way into the legitimate, and became connected with the Academy of Music in Fourteenth Street.

"The bug was in the blood," said Mr. Weiss. "My family were all musicians, and my uncle a well-known comedian. I act a bit myself," he added modestly.

Six years ago Mr. Weiss went to the Kinemacolor, remaining with that company until it was dissolved. During that time he came under the tutorage of some of the eminent directors in filmland. In the Reliance he has proved himself an obliging, all-round man, always ready in any emergency.

Trials of the Theater Manager

By Alfred L. Otelia

IT is by no means a bed of roses to hold the position of a manager at a "movie" theater.

Not only are they subjected to combat with trouble on the part of unruly folk, but it is the curious things that happen that makes their work all the harder. Their existenee is happily brightened by the humorous side, which occurs pretty frequently.

In mentioning these amusing incidents—amusing, that is, to us—we shall mention no names, though the happenings are actual ones.

Recently a youth in the upper part of a picture house began sprinkling snuff down to a portion of the audience below. Of course, it made them sneeze—and violently, too! As soon as the manager was brought to the scene, the spectators demanded to know the reason of it all. His only alternative was to find the guilty person—and a no easy matter, as the hall was in semidarkness. The knight in command did so after the same proceedings were followed on the next evening.

Without further ado, he collared hold of the young man and took him down below where the engines were working. Here he gave him a sound thrashing, whieh made him howl in pain. Needless to say, the process was not repeated.

The other day, while the pay-box girl was away, ill, at a certain theater, the manager was obliged to combine her duties with his.

A little girl approached and planked down a dime for her seat. When told that children were admitted half pricc, she was indignant, and made the manager feel quite small over his own importanee. "I'm not having any half tickets," she said. "Do you suppose that I'm going to sneak in without paying properly when I come to see Maurice Costello? I've too much respeet for him—and, besides, they might knock the niekel off his salary. Give me a dime ticket."

All the manager could do was to comply with her request—he was a nickel to the good over the transaction.

Not so many weeks ago a film treating with the Mormons was shown at a pieture playhouse. A few days after it was discovered that considerable damage had been done. Many valuable films had been spoiled to such an extent that they were utterly useless. Additionally the lens of the electrie projector had been removed, while damage was done to the door of the operating chamber. In a prominent position was found the following written note: "It would be better for you to ridieule your own, rather than the Mormon faith."

It was presumed that the person must have hid himself in the hall after the evening show was over.

An old lady who paid her first visit to a "movie show" must have been under the impression that because all the performers at fairs come out and show themselves on the stand before the performance starts, that pieture shows are conducted on a like principle. The manager, who was standing outside could not fail to notice her eye the two smartly uniformed attendants for several minutes. Eventually she ventured in. After she had seen the program through, she came out looking very disappointed.

"Why," she said indignantly to the manager, "it was a fraud! Those fine, handsome heroes in the magnificent costumes never acted at all. It was just a magic-lantern show!"

Trying to enter a theater recently without paying, a grubby but important small boy was approached by the manager. He told him gently but firmly that he would have to purehase a ticket at the pay box first. "Go on, I'm not paying," remarked the youngster. "I'm in the profession, I am."

"In the profession?" the manager repeated, regarding the claimant dubiously.

"Of course, I am!" declared the small boy. "Don't I live next door to the bloke what works in the cab stables from which they hired the white horse which Napoleng Bonnyparty is a-riding in the film you've got inside, called 'The Retreat from Moscow'? Me pay?" He impressed the gentleman so much that he let him go inside without a demur.

Fools rush into the pieture-play business where angels fear to tread.

Mabel Trunnelle a Crack Shot.

DIRECTOR LANGDON WEST, Edison, scratched his head when he came to the fight scene in "For the Man She Loved," when the scenario called for Mabel Trunnelle to do some craek revolver shooting—plainly, he was up against it, he thought. But then came the surprise, for, unknown to her associates, Miss Trunnelle soon proved that she was more expert than many "wild West" performers. The revolver feat called for her to shoot a small two-inch glass out of an office fire-alarm box across the room, and the feat was made especially difficult because she had to shoot it while Frank McGlynn, "the Edison bad man," is struggling with her. She snapped it out on the first shot. The trick gives a fine little thrill to a struggle moment of the play.

Edward Earle a Real Artist.

PERHAPS it is a little more than apt that Edward Earle should be chosen to play the artist, *Kenneth Turner,* in the Edison prize play, "The Phantom Thief," for Earle is an artist himself of no mean ability. He is especially skillful at cartooning, and his picture gibes are always tinged with a touch of satire that make them bitingly funny. Some of his sketches have appeared in a few magazines, while he has illustrated for a friend writer a book intended for private distribution. Earle punctures many a workaday scene at the studio with his fun-play pictures of his associates, in which he plays up their pet frailty.

Ernest van Pelt, Essanay actor, is an expert swimmer, among other accomplishments. He swam an icy mountain torrent near Niles, California, on a wager recently, in his cowboy outfit, including ehaps and guns and spurs. This was on a wager, the other aetors maintaining it could not be done. He was carried downstream more than one hundred yards, but finally breasted the rapids and climbed out on the opposite bank none the worse for his adventure.

The Tattooed Hand

By Kenneth Rand

Do you like detective plays? Read this story of the two-reel Kalem feature, produced by James W. Horne, and featuring Cleo Bridgeley as the detective whose skill foiled a desperate gang and the cunning of their leader.

It is full of action and thrills—you'll have to "go some" to guess the mystery of whose hand was tattooed. *Robert Carson,* the girl detective's assistant, was Arthur Shirley. *Bat Dorgan,* the gang leader, was played by Paul O. Hurst. *Patrolman Kerrigan* was Wm. Hermann West, and his daughter, *Mary,* Ollie Kirbey.

OFFICER KERRIGAN, phwat have ye in yer hand there—behind yer back?"

The captain of police precinct No. 019 looked sternly down upon the gray-mustached patrolman who stood sheepishly at the desk.

"A bokay!" charged the captain scornfully. "Oh, ye needn't try to hide it—I've a nose on me face. And roses, d'ye mind, whether seen or not, smell as sweet. I'm ashamed of ye, Kerrigan!" he rapped out. "Ye're like all the rest. Sorra the day that headquarters ever sent us a woman detective here to——"

"But," began the policeman protestingly.

"And you, Kerrigan, with a daughter that's growed up, 'most as old as she is herself!" the captain went on. "You—well, I didn't think it of ye. Startin' a flirtation at your time of life——"

"But"—Officer Kerrigan made himself heard—"but you listen to me, captain? I'm not tryin' to 'make a hit' with the little lady. It's only that she's come to a strange place to do her work, and so's she'd feel at home like—I thought——"

The captain put up his hand in a gesture of surrender.

"Go on," he said, nodding his head toward the door behind him, "go on, and put yours with the rest in the—in the conservatoree-ay!" he brought out the last word with a grimace of disdain.

As he slowly opened that door, Officer Kerrigan understood what his chief had meant. Upon his nostrils burst an odor reminiscent of a well-stocked florist's store, and upon his eyes such a vision of blooming color as made it look as though he had, indeed, stumbled into such a shop in mistake for a private room in a grimy, downtown station house.

The horticultural display filled, in an irregular row, a drinking glass, a sponge cup, an emptied inkwell, two other tumblers, and—this was a sheaf of long-stemmed American Beauties, tied with a broad, scarlet silk ribbon—a waste-basket, on the desk of Miss Cleo Bridgeley, of the detective bureau.

She sat smiling over the top of all that fragrant array into the red face of Kerrigan, who stood on the threshold.

His face took on a deeper flush as he met her eyes; and then, reading the twinkle in them, he shook his head, laughed, and stepped into the room.

"I didn't know, ma'am," he said dryly, "that I was going to enter this in a sort of a nosegay contest." He produced the dozen pink and white carnations in their tissue-paper wrapper from behind his back, and presented them to her with a bow. "I thought 'twould make things look a little more cheery for you. But I see there's others have had the same thought." He nodded seriously as he looked over the floral display. "I might have known the boys would do the right thing."

Cleo Bridgeley rose and held out both hands.

"They're the best boys in the world!" she said heartily. "And you're one of them—thank you for these, a thousand times!"

She beckoned to Carson, the young man who had been sent along from



Patrolman Kerrigan's club met the gangster on the head and cheek, and he went down.

headquarters as her assistant, to take the carnations and find a place for them.

Then——

"Kerrigan, how are you?" she said, with a change to a tone of crisp good nature, as she seated herself across the desk from him. "It's three years since we worked on that counterfeiting case together, isn't it? And how's Mary—graduated from school, and a real, grown-up young lady by this time, I suppose? You see, I haven't forgotten you. Well"—leaning forward, her voice turned businesslike—"here I am! You know what they sent me for?"

a crowd of thugs that're too much for the force to manage——"

"You wouldn't believe headquarters would do a thing like that, would you?" echoed Miss Bridgeley softly.

At Kerrigan's nod of assent, she struck the desk before her with her palm.

"Well, that's just it," she grimly pointed out, "neither will the gangs. Do you see the idea? That's why they put me, a woman—or a girl, and thank you for the compliment, Kerrigan!—on the job. They won't be expecting trouble from me. I'll have them off their guard. And"—she rose, a light of anticipated triumph shining in her eyes—"I expect



Such a display of ready cash in a place like that marked the young Englishman as a fool, or——

Kerrigan shook his iron-gray head.

"No," he answered, "I haven't heard that yet."

"It's to clean up the tough gangs that have been terrorizing this neighborhood for months. You people don't appear to have been able to handle 'em. So they sent me—and Bob Carson, here. We're expected to show you how to do the job."

Kerrigan's mouth had dropped open.

"But," he blurted, staring at her, "have they gone off their nut over at headquarters? Sending a woman—a girl, for that's all you are—to wipe out to succeed where you've failed. Those gangs are going to be broken up. That's all."

Kerrigan's face had turned red again—but this time it was with indignant wrath. He wheeled about to the door.

"But you ain't going to try," he announced, through his set teeth. "Do they know the kind of rats they're sending you up against? No, but I do! I'll tell the captain, and he'll have you recalled——"

"Kerrigan!"

He stopped on his way across the room, and looked around at her.

"Do you suppose," asked Cleo Bridgeley scornfully, "that I'm afraid of a lot of hoodlums? I, who went after the Paulett counterfeiters, the Hazey boys, who 'cracked' the Fiftieth National Bank, who brought in 'Doc' Maeklin, the forger; 'Twilight' Smith, the second-story yegg—oh, come back here, Kerrigan, and show some sense!" She caught up her hat and jabbed the pins through it into her hair. "I want to go out with you, now, and take a look around. I want you to point out some of these gangsters to me."

Kerrigan started to enter a further protest, but another look at the firm line of her pretty chin showed him that it would be useless.

As he followed her to the door, he contented himself with the mutter:

"Well, all I've got to say is, that I wouldn't let my Mary run up against one of them human snakes—not for all the orders from headquarters they could give out in a million years!"

But, though Officer Kerrigan didn't know it, just then his daughter had run up against one of those same gangsters.

It was "Bat" Dorgan, the leader of the justly dreaded "Weasel" gang, who remarked to the knot of loafers with whom he was standing in front of a corner saloon as Mary came walking toward them down the street on her way to the store:

"Bet a dollar with any one, I can speak to that girl!"

One of the crowd laughed scoffingly.

"That's Patrolman Kerrigan's daughter—you wouldn't have the nerve!"

Dorgan's ugly jaw shot out. He stepped forth from the group, and, as Mary passed by, lifted his hat to her with a mocking flourish.

"What's yer hurry, little one?" he addressed her.

Mary tossed her head and ignored the remark, walking on. She heard a laugh go up from the crowd behind her at Dorgan's expense. And then her blood chilled in her veins. There sounded rapid footfalls in her rear, and Bat Dorgan's hand fell on her shoulder and stopped her.

"I said," the tough repeated, pushing his face into hers, "what's your hurry?"

"You take your hand off me!" Mary flared, trying to conceal her terror of the gangster, whose reputation as a desperate character she had heard, under an indignant front, "you—you loafer!"



"What would you say," snarled Bat Dorgan, "if I was to tell you that you ain't goin' to git out o' here at all?"

Dorgan laughed, and he put up his other hand to hold her off from him by both shoulders.

At that moment the gang at the corner of the street scattered and ran. Officer Kerrigan, with the girl detective at his side, had come into view. The patrolman nodded toward them, and informed his companion:

"There goes one of the gangs, now."

"But," said Miss Bridgeley, "what are they running away for?"

Officer Kerrigan glanced around him. And his eye fell on Mary and the tough. Dorgan had just caught her up in his arms, and was kissing her, in spite of the ineffectual blows she aimed for his face with her little hands.

With a growl of rage, Kerrigan ran down the street and flung himself upon the gangster.

Mary drew back against the building wall, and into the sheltering clasp of Cleo who had followed the policeman.

Dorgan had whirled the instant he felt himself clutched, and smashed his fist into Kerrigan's face. The patrolman fought back with one hand, tugging at his club with the other. He got it free just as Dorgan rushed in to tackle him around the waist.

Thwack! Thwack! the nightstick met the thug on the side of his face and head.

Dorgan fell, rolled over, and lay still in the gutter.

"Take her home!" Kerrigan panted to Cleo, nodding in the direction of his daughter. "She'll show you the way!"

Then he turned and helped Dorgan, who had recovered his senses, none too gently, to his feet.

"Now, young fellow," Kerrigan told him, "I'm going to bring you around to the station house!"

But the gang, as it transpired, had something to say about that. They had fled out of sight—all but a lookout. As he saw Kerrigan starting off with Dorgan to "run in" their leader, he sped back and informed his fellows.

They ran to a building that was along the way Kerrigan would have to take with his prisoner. Gaining its roof, they armed themselves with bricks from its dilapidated chimney.

Then all lined up along the edge of the high building—and waited.

When Kerrigan came into view, holding Dorgan by one arm, and followed by the inevitable curious crowd, the gang let fly with their deadly ammunition.

Officer Kerrigan whipped out his gun



Miss Cleo Bridgeley stepped to Bat Dorgan's side, as he stood in the grip of Officer Kerrigan. "Take a look at this," said she.

and crouched, firing up at the fringe of threatening faces along the rooftop. A rain of bricks was falling all around him, still he gamely stood his ground, fighting back at his assailants. His aim was bad, holding on to the twisting, wriggling gangster at his side as he was. He let go of Dorgan's arm. And the latter turned and swung his fist to the point of the patrolman's jaw. Kerrigan swayed, flung up his hands, and fell—knocked out.

Dorgan ran to the first corner, sped around it, and reached the entrance of the building from whose roof his henchmen had rescued him, just as they came piling out of it.

Dorgan led them back upstairs to a second-floor room in that same tenement that was the gang's "hang-out."

Meanwhile, Cleo had brought Kerrigan's daughter home. There, after reassuring her that her father was going to be quite safe, the detective left her and hurried back to the station house.

She scanned the blotter quickly.

There was no record of Kerrigan's having brought the gangster in, a prisoner.

Cleo thoughtfully tapped her cheek. Why hadn't Kerrigan completed the arrest? The obvious answer was that something must have happened to him on the way to the station house. She started back to Kerrigan's home, to see if he might have shown up there.

Bat Dorgan, in the gang's "roost," was examining in the cracked looking-glass the long, discolored bruise along his cheek where Kerrigan's club had run afoul of it.

He dashed the mirror to the floor in sudden rage.

"By——" he ripped out a string of oaths. "He'll pay for that!" he murmured fiercely. "He'll pay for it!"

Kerrigan, having recovered his senses after the gangster's blow, had hastily scrambled up off the pavement, to find his prisoner gone.

He marched back to the corner saloon, from in front of which he had first seen the gangster run. Flinging open the door, Kerrigan strode in upon the proprietor and his customers, who were seated at the tables around the sawdust-littered floor. He questioned the saloon keeper and every one of the rough denizens in the place as to

whether they knew where the gang could be found—but in vain. Of course, the information he sought was not to be gained. They all protested that they were ignorant, not only of the hang-out, but even that such a gang existed in the neighborhood.

Kerrigan next turned his steps toward his home. He knew that Mary would probably be worrying about him, and he wanted to let her know that he was all right.

He saw her at the window, waving to him, as he came along the street. He stopped and smilingly motioned up to her to show that he was all right. But that, it seemed, didn't satisfy her. She evidently wanted to examine him closely herself to see whether he was truly unhurt, for she was beckoning him to come upstairs.

With a good-natured headshake over her needless fears, Officer Kerrigan yielded and entered the building. As he mounted the dim stairs, he did not hear the catlike tread of the man who was stealing up behind him.

The next moment, the policeman felt his throat gripped in a pair of iron hands.

He was pulled backward to his knees on the landing outside the door of his flat where Mary was waiting for him. In silence—for the hands on his throat gripped him too tightly to permit a cry for help to pass his lips—Kerrigan fought to free himself from that murderous clutch.

There was murder in the heart of the man who had hold of him, the officer knew, for as his knees gave way to show that he had reached the end of his strength, and he sank to the floor of the landing, the pressure of the fingers on his windpipe did not relax, but tightened instead.

The policeman's eyes, bulging from his head, turned down upon his unknown assailant's wrists.

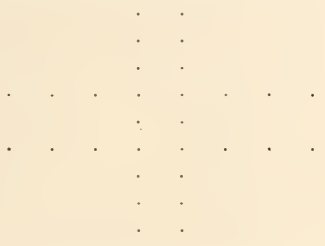
And there he saw a tattooed anchor upon one of them.

The next moment Kerrigan's senses left him in a blaze of red light and shooting stars that shot across his reeling brain.

When he came to, it was to find Mary bending over him on one side, and Cleo on the other. The latter had reached the landing, on her way back to Kerrigan's flat, a moment after the man who had been throttling the officer had been scared into flight by hearing the knob of the door behind him turning in Mary's hand—the girl, anxious at her father's delay in climbing the stairs, had come out to look for him. Only for that Kerrigan would have been a "goner."

When he had told the story of his assault—explaining that he didn't know who his would-be murderer was—Kerrigan let Mary lead him on unsteady feet into the flat.

Cleo, staying behind in the landing, searched the floor with sharp eyes. Quickly she dropped to one knee on the top step. There was an indistinguishable imprint on the rubber stair-runner. She took out her powder chamois, and patted it over the spot. And, in the resultant white square, there stood out clearly on the step the mark of a hob-nailed boot heel, shaped thus:



Cleo rose, replaced the chamois in her purse, and rejoined Kerrigan and Mary in the flat.

"A tattooed anchor," she said musingly, after she had questioned Kerrigan closely about the attack. "Do you remember which wrist you saw it on? The left, eh? And now—you say you couldn't find out where the gang's hang-out is? Well, that'll have to be attended to right away. May I use your phone?"

Cleo called up her assistant, Robert Carson, at the station house. She gave him the address of the saloon in front of which the gang had first been seen loitering. She followed this with several curt directions. And concluded:

"You'll call me up here, at Patrolman Kerrigan's home, as soon as you're through to-night."

That night a fashionably attired young man—an Englishman, to judge from the monocle he wore screwed into one eye—entered the saloon on the corner. He ordered a high ball, and produced a thick roll of bills to pay for it.

Such a display of wealth in a place like that marked the young man either for a fool—or a person who had some definite plan in "flashing" so much ready cash before the rough-looking patrons of the place.

The consensus of opinion among them was that the stranger was a fool.

One of the four young toughs who were sitting at a table nearest the bar, rose and approached him. To the invitation to come over to the table and "have something," the Englishman proved not at all averse. When the drinks were brought, he insisted upon paying for them himself—and again produced the roll of greenbacks.

"I say, how about a game of cards?" suggested the "Johnnie," after a few minutes. "Isn't there some place we can go and indulge in a ripping game of poker?"

The toughs looked at one another, and grinned. This was just what they had been waiting for the right opening to propose themselves—a card game, wherein the young Englishman and his money could be made to part company in short order. They rose with alacrity and led him to the second-floor room in the tenement around the block that was the Weasel gang's hang-out.

Bat Dorgan was asleep on the bed when the guest was brought in.

He was aroused, a whispered word or two of explanation made to him, and he shook the visitor warmly by the hand. Then the cards and chips were produced, and a five-handed game of "draw" began.

Perhaps it was because the Englishman's attention kept wandering from his cards that he lost steadily. It must have been what kept him from perceiving the cheating of the others, that went boldly on under his nose. Unnoticed by them, he kept watching their wrists.

None of them—not even Bat Dorgan's—was tattooed.

Finally the Englishman's money was gone, and he rose and took his departure. Bat stuffed the "roll" in his own pocket, and, rudely shoving aside the others who crowded around him for their share of the spoils, he went back to resume his interrupted nap on the bed.

Robert Carson—for so the English dude was—called up the police station from the nearest telephone outside. He ordered the reserves to turn out, and surrounded the tenement from which he had just come.

Then he called up Cleo at Kerrigan's flat.

"You say none of their wrists bore a tattooed anchor?" she questioned, over the phone. "All right. I'll go around there myself—yes, before the reserves get there. Good-by."

Kerrigan protested, implored.

"Your life won't be worth a plugged nickel in that den of crooks, and worse!" he pointed out. "Please, Miss Bridgeley—say you won't go!"

But, instead, Cleo said, with smiling firmness that she most decidedly was going.

The best Kerrigan could win from her was a reluctant consent to his accompanying her—"But only as far as the door of the building, downstairs," she told him, "and not a step farther!" And there, when they reached the tenement, she made him remain while she went on up the dim stairs.

She knocked on the door of the gang's roost.

"Who's your leader?" she curtly demanded of the roomful of loafers who confronted her as she stepped across the threshold at the door's opening.

Bat Dorgan, rising from the bed, stood before her.

"I guess that's me," he said, insolently returning her gaze. "And who are you—do you mind tellin' us?"

"Oh, no, I don't mind," said Cleo politely. "See?" She pulled open her jacket to disclose the silver star pinned to her waist. "And I'll tell you what I've come here for—to find a man with an anchor tattooed on his left wrist."

She took a step forward into the room, then stopped.

Dorgan had flashed out a gun, and stood barring her way with it.

"Go over there to that table!" he growled out of the side of his mouth. "Sit down!"—as she reached it. Cleo, biting her lip, obeyed. The gang leader dropped into the chair opposite her. "Now, Miss Detective—what was you sayin' about a tattooed wrist?" he resumed, with an exaggerated air of gallantry.

Cleo looked him unshrinkingly in the eyes.

"I came here to find a man with a tattooed left wrist," she replied—"a man who attempted to kill Patrolman Kerrigan on the stairs of his house today by strangling him from behind—and I'm not going to leave here until you give him up, or tell me where he can be found."

Dorgan leaned toward her with jaw outthrust.

"S'pose I tell you—a detective who's butted in here and found out where our hang-out is—that you ain't goin' to get out at all," he said menacingly. "What would you have to say to that"

Unnoticed by the thug, Cleo's hand had been busy under the edge of the table. Now she had her pocketbook open. She took something out in her hand—a tiny paper package.

"I would say"—she began, slowly rising to her feet—"*this!*"

With the word, she flung the contents of the paper into Dorgan's face. He coughed and spluttered, covering his half-blinded eyes, and stumbled up from the table.

"Grab her!" he shouted.

But the powder had done its work. It had taken Dorgan off his guard long enough to make him lower his gun from her figure for an instant—and that was all Cleo wanted.

She had gained the door and whipped it open before the rest of the gang could stop her. Outside in the hall, she lifted a shining object to her lips.

The next moment the shrill blast of a police whistle sounded in the ears of the toughs in the room. It was answered faintly from the street below.

The gang was plunged into an instant panic. Those who ran through the door, ran back through it again into the room. A detachment of the reserves was rushing up the stairs. That way of escape was cut off. A stream of bluecoats poured in through the window from the fire escape, shutting off another avenue of flight. A number of the ruffians sought to avoid capture by crawling under the bed—among them Bat Dorgan himself.

The rest opened fire on the cops with their guns. For two minutes, the interior of the room roared with the shots and shouting as though an earthquake was upsetting its previous quiet. And then the tumult dimmed and died away as, one by one, the toughs were disarmed and handcuffed.

Cleo came back into the room. She spied a pair of boots sticking out from under the bed. Stooping over them, she looked closely at the upturned heels. And there, on one, she saw—the hob-nailed cross mark.

"Kerrigan!"

She called sharply to that patrolman, pointing to the feet under the bed.

"Pull out that man," she ordered.

Kerrigan obeyed, and dragged forth Bat Dorgan. Cleo had turned away to cross the room, her attention caught by something that stood on a table near the window. As he snapped the handcuffs on the gang leader's wrists, Kerrigan growled to him:

"Your gang won't be able to help you this time—seeing as how they're all prisoners, the same as you."

Cleo stood at Dorgan's side.

"Take a look at this," she gently invited. Her sleeve was pulled up, and as the gangster looked down at her left wrist, he saw——

An anchor drawn in blue ink!

"You——" Dorgan began chokingly.

"Yes, I've tumbled to your little game," Cleo told him. She turned to the wondering Kerrigan, and explained: "It's simple. I found his marking pen and ink, over there on that table. That's what I drew this on my wrist with, just now. It was a clever scheme, all right. For Dorgan, here, to think of making it look as though the man who had tried to choke you to death had a tattooed hand. The police couldn't hold him for the thing—for his wrists were neither of them tattooed, and a tattoo mark is something that doesn't wash off. But it wasn't quite clever enough. I guessed it—when I heard from Carson that nobody in this roost had a tattooed wrist." She turned with a smile to Dorgan. "What made me suspect the thing had only been painted on, was that only a sailor would have had an anchor tattooed on him. And you and your gang have lived right here in this neighborhood all your lives."

The police captain gave the order just then to start down to the waiting patrol wagons As the crestfallen and helplessly manacled toughs began to file from the room with their brass-buttoned escort, Cleo turned back to Kerrigan.

"Well, there goes one of your gangs," she told him. "And now I'm ready to tackle the next. Don't you begin to think I may be able to make good after all—even though I am 'nothing but a girl'?"

Kerrigan slowly shook his head.

"I forgot," he answered, "when I said that, that you were something more—a wonder!"

Her Chance

By Morton P. Hobes

If Jerry, the gangster, had had a chance, Nance felt he would have been honest. "I know he ain't a thief at heart," said Nance, "and the world would, too, if he had a chance to show 'em!" It was to get him this chance that became Nance's goal in life.

How she did so, you may read in this story, taken from the Rex picture play. Pauline Bush played the part of *Nance,* Lon Chaney was her sweetheart, *Jerry,* while the *District Attorney* was played by Joseph De Grasse, who also directed the picture.

JERRY!" The girl looked in through the bars of the cell at the young man who sat on the side of the iron cot.

He turned, at the sound of his name, and the sullen expression with which he had been staring at the wall in front of him lifted from his face. He got up and took the single step that brought him to the grated door.

"Hello, Nance!" he returned, with a wry smile. "When'd you hear?"

Her eyes shone with a world of unspoken love as they searched his face.

"Only an hour ago!" she breathlessly answered. "Riley, himself, told me they'd got you. Was it just plain burglary, Jerry? You—you didn't croak nobody, in tryin' to make your getaway? Thank God for that! What d'ye s'pose they'll soak you? Riley said they'd caught you dead to rights—that you didn't stand a ghost of a show of gettin' off. How much d'ye s'pose you'll get?"

The gangster looked toward the turnkey who stood at the end of the corridor.

"Ten years," he answered quickly, in a lowered tone. "The limit! You know, Langham's been after our crowd for months. He's just been waitin' to nab one of us for somethin', and then come down on the whole bunch, like a ton o' bricks, with the evidence he's got together. I'm the goat. But it ain't myself I'm thinkin' about. The gang's all likely to be rounded up and sent away—even to Riley, the leader of it. There's only one way to save us. Nance—d'ye think you could do it? Have you got the nerve to make the try?"

She looked at him, round-eyed.

"What is it, Jerry?" she breathed.

"Listen." He pressed toward her against the bars, his voice sinking to a still huskier whisper. "Get into Langham's house—to-night, if you can. Or by to-morrow night, at the latest. Every minute counts, now. You can look up his address in the telephone book, and find out where he lives. Get that evidence away from him. Destroy the documents, and we'll all be safe—myself included. He can't prove this wasn't the



Jerry looked down at Nance pityingly. "Poor kid," he muttered under his breath, "she don't stand much chance here!"

first time I ever done a job o' housebreakin', without them papers. Riley'll use his pull, and I'll get out o' this scrape—on a cooked-up alibi, or somethin'. Will you do it, Nance? I'd never forget it, if——"

"If I do," she pleaded, catching his hand, as it gripped the bars between them, in both of hers, "will you make this the last time, Jerry? Cut out the gang and the crooked work, and try to go straight——"



Nance turned to find the district attorney standing behind her. "What are you doing with those papers?" he demanded.

"Quick!" he broke in impatiently.

The turnkey was coming along the corridor toward them.

He whispered eagerly:

"Will you make the try?"

Nance squeezed his hand again, and stepped back.

"I'll do it," she murmured.

Then, as the guard drew nearer:

"Good-by, Jerry," she said aloud.

Nance had loved the young thief ever since she was eight years old. That was when Jerry had interfered to save her from any more beatings at the hands of her drunken parents, by transferring her to his aunt's house, where he sometimes lived for a day or two.

Which shows that, at heart, Jerry was not so bad as perhaps he has been pictured. To Nance, he was all that a girl's hero should be.

Brought up among criminals, Nance herself had never yet committed a crime. But now she was ready to carry out this burglary which Jerry had asked of her, without the slightest hesitation. For his sake—ah, what wouldn't she have done!

That same night, in the Langhams' home, his wife's brows puckered with annoyance as she saw the district attorney take out his watch as they rose after dinner.

"Aren't you going with me to the opera?" she demanded.

"I'm afraid I can't spare the time," answered Langham. "I mean"—he went on quickly, as he saw his wife turn away with an impatient gesture. "I won't have time to stay for the performance; but I'll take you there. You're sure to meet Herndon in the box party, and he can bring you home."

She looked maliciously at her husband, as she picked up her wrap and followed him toward the front door of the house outside of which the limousine was already purring.

"Dear me—people will soon be wondering whether Clyde Herndon is my husband, instead of you, the way you neglect me for your work!"

As the couple came down the steps of the residence, they did not notice the figure of a girl lurking in the shadows. Nance watched the limousine roll away. And then she sped up the stoop, and, with a bit of wire, deftly "picked" the lock of the front door.

Inside the vestibule, she turned and closed the door carefully behind her. Then she walked through the two doors that stood open leading into the hall, and stopped to look around her hesitatingly.

A door before her at the end of the hallway was closed. Nance tiptoed to it, and peeped in. It was the library. She had found the place where the papers must be kept.

Twenty minutes later, Nance, with the documents for which she had come in her hand, had just risen from the district attorney's desk to depart.

"Good evening."

At the pleasant masculine voice behind her, Nance wheeled to face—Langham himself. He walked up to her and took the papers from her unresisting fingers.

"What were you going to do with these?" he asked.

Nance tried to blink back her tears. She wanted to appear cool, indifferent. To take her loss of the game like a "good sport." But she had had too much at stake. She crumpled down in the prosecutor's chair, and buried her head on her arm.

"I was going to save Jerry!" the sobbed words came from her indistinctly. "He ain't a thief at heart! I know that. The whole world would, too, if he only had a decent chance to show 'em. That's why he went crooked—he never had a chance! And now he'll be sent away, for the first time, and he'll never be able to find a straight job, with the prison blot on his record and— "

Langham laid his hand not unkindly on her shoulder.

"Jerry's the man who was caught robbing that jewelry store at the corner of Main and Kelsey Streets at three o'clock yesterday morning, isn't he?" he asked. "And you and he are sweethearts?"

Slowly Nance looked up.

"No," she said shortly, "we ain't. I—I——" she stammered, stopped, then went on with a rush: "I love Jerry! I'd lay down my life for him. But he don't know it. I'm just a poor kid he saved from gettin' mauled by a drunken father and mother—that's all—to him. But to me, he's all there is that makes life worth livin'—and you're goin' to make it a blank for me for ten long years! That's what you'll see Jerry's soaked for this robbery. It was to try to keep you from doin' it, that I came here to-night——"

The district attorney sat down on the end of the desk before her.

"My poor girl," he addressed her, "didn't you know this was the wrong way to go about it? Even though I am the district attorney of this city, I am a human being, I hope. If you had come here and asked me to intercede for Jerry—to give him at least one chance to live honestly—I would have done so. You don't believe me? Well, I'm going to prove it. You may go back to him, and let him know that, if he will promise to make a sincere attempt to mend his ways, I will exert my influence to see that he is paroled for this offense——"

"Mr. Langham—gee!"

With sparkling eyes, Nance had sprung up to face him.

"Do you mean it?" she asked eagerly.

The district attorney smiled, and took her shoulders in both of his hands.

"Yes," he said, "I mean it. I think you are a good girl. If the court were to parole Jerry in your custody, it would be a better thing for the community than sending him to prison. You can make a man of him—if he will have the sense to see your love, and ask you to marry him. Be brave, through his trial. Remember, I am on your side. And perhaps, if he isn't released outright, I can arrange it so that his sentence will only amount to a few months."

The next morning, Nance was at the door of Jerry's cell to give him the good news. But he did not take it as such. His face grew hard, as he heard that Langham had made her give up the papers that contained the evidence against him and his "pals."

"Like hell he'll try to get me off!" Jerry told her. "He was kiddin' you, that's all. I know that guy—he's a wolf. But maybe he ain't going to see me sent up, after all. What do I mean? Oh, that's all right. Riley was here after you left yesterday. The gang's goin' to stand by me. That's all I've got to say, Nance. It's a secret—you can't get nothin' more out o' me."

Nance thought she might be able to, from the gang itself. She went to



Nance heard the district attorney's false friend say: "Come away with me, darling—you know your husband does not love you!"

O'Shafferty's saloon, which was the hang-out of the crowd. And there Riley, a tough who was ten years older than Jerry, at once demanded of her:

"Did you get them papers?"

Nance shook her head.

"I told you so!" Riley turned to announce to the circle of gangsters who were seated around the table with him. "When Jerry said he'd sent her, yesterday, I told him she couldn't pull off the job. Sendin' a kid like her, who'd never 'cracked' a house before, to do it—and now it's no use sendin' anybody else. She bungled the job, and now Langham'll be on his guard. But we've still got our ace in the hole."

The gangsters put their heads together around the table. Nance, unnoticed, stole nearer to them and listened.

"Langham's got to go up to see Judge Hibbard, who lives in Rose Mount, an hour's run outside o' town, to-night," Riley was explaining. "Now you, Brady, and you and you, 'Bat' and 'Slicker'—you'll be hidin' along the road, see? When he comes along in his car, you hold him up. I ain't tellin' you what to do with him next. But maybe I don't need to. The butt of a 'gat' laid across the head of a guy who's tryin' to send us all over the road, ain't such a bad way to fix it so's he won't be able to carry out that little scheme. It'd be a good thing for all of us, if he was to be fixed so's he wouldn't never be able to worry us again—but that's up to you. Maybe you'll see it the way I do, that he's too dangerous to be let live, and maybe you won't. But you'll meet him on that road to-night, and the rest is up to you."

Nance hurried away, for she had heard enough.

Langham's life wouldn't be worth a cent, if he took that ride along the lonely road to the suburb at the North of the city that night. He must be prevented from doing so—warned of his danger. Nance determined to be the one to convey the message to him.

She believed the district attorney had not been deceiving her, when he had promised to help Jerry. She saw what the obstinate hatred of the gangsters for the man they looked upon as their enemy had blinded them to. That Langham would be replaced by another district attorney, if he were killed. Then the evidence he had collected would still be used against the crowd. They would be no better off than they were before. And Jerry would have lost a friend in authority who had pledged himself to plead his case in court.

That night, with a note she had written, telling Langham under no circumstances to ride to Rose Mount in his automobile, but to go by train instead, Nance was once more in the district attorney's home—for a second time having effected a burglarious entrance there.



"Gee," Nance lied, "it was such a pipe last night that I came back again to rob you!"

She stopped short, as she came along the hall on tiptoe toward the door of his library. Voices were borne to her from the room beyond its closed door.

"Enid!"—Herndon was pleading. "Come away with me, my darling. You don't need to consider him. He doesn't love you—hasn't his neglect shown it?"

"No," sighed Mrs. Langham in assent, "I don't believe he does. And I must have companionship, affection—and you *do* love me, Clyde? You are sure—this isn't a passing infatuation on your part?"

"Sweetheart!" Herndon answered, with a note of reproach in his voice. "How can you doubt me? But hurry—this is our chance to get safely away together. He must be at Rose Mount, by this time. It will take him at least an hour to return. And by that time we can be safely on board the steamer, which sails for South America in less than three hours more."

But at that moment, Langham was talking over the telephone in a road house only ten minutes outside the city limits on the way to Rose Mount.

"Jerry has escaped?" he repeated excitedly over the wire. "Yes—yes; the Riley gang did it? I understand. Yes. That's right. Do that. All right—I'll get right back to the house. Meet me there. Good-by."

The district attorney ran out and jumped into his waiting car, turning it back toward the city—as his wife was saying in the library of their home:

"I'll go with you! Wait for me here, while I run up the back way and get my jewel case."

Nance, listening outside the door, heard a swish of skirts across the room inside, then a door open and close, and then—silence.

Her lips grimly set, Nance turned the handle of the door and walked into the room.

"So it's you, is it?" she said scornfully to the man who wheeled to face her as he heard the door open. "You're Mr. Langham's assistant—I've seen your face in the papers. And I've seen somethin' else there, too, it seems to me. A story, tellin' about how you two went to college together, and all—that you was friends. A 'friend'—I guess he wouldn't think so, if he'd heard what I've just been listenin' to outside this door. You and her ought to be ashamed of yourselves. Plannin' to run off behind his back——"

She stopped. Mrs. Langham had come back into the room.

"Who are you?" the woman addressed the girl, in startled surprise. "What are you doing here——"

"I'll tell you what I come for," said Nance, taking a step toward her and holding her eyes with a steady gaze. "I come to do Mr. Langham, your husband, a good turn. It's too late to do that now, I guess. He—he's likely dead by this time. But now I'm goin' to tell you what I think of you both——"

Mrs. Langham's face had gone ashen.

"Dead!" she cried out.

Herndon started toward her, reassuringly.

"Don't pay any attention to what she says——," he began.

The woman flung off his hands as they would have taken hers, with a shudder of revulsion. She spoke to him, but she was still looking wide-eyed at the girl.

"Don't touch me!" she ordered. "I see everything now—now that it may be too late. It's my husband I love, and not you. It was only pique at what I thought was his indifference to me, that made me think—think I could go away with you. I wouldn't now for all the wealth in the world. I—I think I hate you for tempting me." She went on, to Nance: "What have you heard about my husband, that makes you say—what you have? Tell me. Has there been an accident——"

The sound of the front door shutting broke in upon Nance before she could speak.

"There'll be a caller, Hodges, in a few minutes," they heard the voice of Langham addressing a servant in the hall. "You'll show him into my library, the moment he arrives."

The district attorney's quick steps

were coming along the hall toward them. Nance looked swiftly from the wife to the other man. Her lips pressed firmly together with a sudden resolve.

"He promised to help Jerry," the girl muttered under her breath. "This'll hurt him most of all—it's the only way!"

She was at the woman's side in a bound.

"Gimme that box!" she hissed, trying to wrench the jewel case from her hands.

Mrs. Langham resisted, not understanding what the girl was about to do.

"Quick!" Nance got the box away from her. "Now keep your mouths shut, both of you," she charged the two in a whisper, "and let me do the talkin'."

The door opened and Langham stopped, at sight of Nance. Then, his gaze traveling to his wife, and from her to Herndon, the expression of surprise on his face was replaced by a quick frown.

"What are you doing here in my house so late at night, Clyde?" he asked sharply.

It was Nance who answered. She stepped forward jauntily, the jewel case held out.

"I found it was such a pipe to get into this joint, last night," she said, with a sneering smile, "that I thought I'd drop back again this evenin'—for this. I was just makin' my get-away, when I heard an auto pull up at the door. I remembered, like a flash, that I'd left the front door ajar. I hoped whoever was comin' wouldn't notice it. But I heard your wife say: 'The door is open—I believe burglars have broken in. I'm afraid to go into the house alone, so won't you come in, Mister Herndon, and see whether everything is all right?' That's how this man happened to be here. Him and your wife caught me, dead to rights. So now you can send for the police, any time you're ready."

Langham's face darkened as he looked at her.

What was the use in trying to help their kind, he thought? Jerry had just escaped. And now this girl, whom he had believed in, had turned out to be a fraud.

"Yes," said the district attorney grimly, "I *will* send for the police and have you locked up where you belong and——"

His hand was on the telephone receiver, when his wife checked him.

"Arthur!" she begged. "Let me talk with her—don't send for the police!"

Langham shook his head determinedly.

"Yes," his wife insisted, "I want you to let me have my way in this. You're going to let her go, this time. Leave me alone with her. And you, too, *Mister* Herndon"—turning with a cold glance of dismissal for the other man—"I don't believe I need detain you any longer, now that my husband is with me."

When both men had gone from the room, the woman took Nance's hands in both of hers.

"Thank you—*thank* you, my dear!" she said with tremulous earnestness. "I know who you are, now. You are the girl my husband told me about, who came to see him last night, aren't you? Here—let me give you this!" and she opened the jewel case, taking out several flashing rings and offering them to Nance. "They can't begin to repay you for what you've done for me to-night——"

Nance drew back.

"I don't want to get paid for it," she said sharply.

"Listen." Mrs. Langham put her arms around her. "Take these and sell them, and on the money you and Jerry can go away and start life over again. You've earned them honestly. Show Jerry there's more to be made that way than by crookedness. I'm going to see that my husband will work for his release. You can leave this city, both of you, and I'm sure you'll both amount to something in the world—will you take the rings now, for *his* sake?"

Nance's eyes lighted.

"For Jerry's sake?" she repeated, letting the rings fall into her hand. "Gee—I'd do anything for him!"

And she did. Six weeks later, when Jerry stepped out into freedom once more, Nance did the best thing in the world for him.

She married him.

Dorothy Gish in Series of Feature Roles.

DOROTHY GISH, the distinguished Mutual-film actress, is to display her unusual versatility in a series of pictures particularly designed for her. Her parts are sharply differentiated, one from another. The rôle of the slavey in a theatrical boarding house, created by Miss Gish in "The Lost Lord Lovell," was the first of these.

Then she played the foundling adopted by Quakers. She became an actress in this play in the end, returning to her foster parents' home. "Bred in the Bone" this Mutual drama was called. The third of her parts is the most emotionally uplifting she has ever played in her whole career. It is the title rôle in "The Nun," and serves to place Dorothy Gish high in the Hall of Fame of the moving-picture world.

Charlie Chaplin Reported Dead. Is Very Much Alive.

FOR some time past rumors have been in circulation to the effect that Charlie Chaplin, the famous Essanay comedian, who is, at the present time, probably the best drawing card of all motion-picture actors, had been killed while playing in one of his comedies.

This report was emphatically discredited by the General Film Company, which includes the Essanay. On the contrary, Charlie is very much alive at the present time, producing side-splitting, multiple-reel films, and had the rumor of his death been true, not only the Essanay Company, but the ten million or more people who daily spend several hours in picture-play theaters throughout the country, would have sorely felt the loss.

Marc Edmund Jones, the man who is writing the scenario for "Runaway June," the Mutual serial, from the stories of George Randolph Chester, accompanied the players to Bermuda, where several episodes will be staged.

F. McGraw Willis, the well-known West coast writer, is the author of the five-part American feature, "The Quest."

Three organizations of writers have been conducting regular meetings in New York and Chicago during the entire winter season, the Ed-Au and Inquest organizations holding sway in the former city, and the Photo Drama Club in the latter.

H. Tipton Steck, who writes so many of the successful Essanay plays, is manager of productions in the Chicago studio of that company.

Plays and Players

Anna Little.

WHO is Anna Little, the girl in the "Black Box"? This is a question which is repeatedly being asked by picture fans everywhere who never heard a great deal about this player prior to her appearance in the Universal's serial recently released. So we are going to tell you something of her life.

Anna Little was born twenty-three years ago, in a small California town,



of American parents. Her ruddy complexion, sparkling eyes, and breezy manner all bespeak familiarity with the open air, and her chief boast is that she is a child of nature.

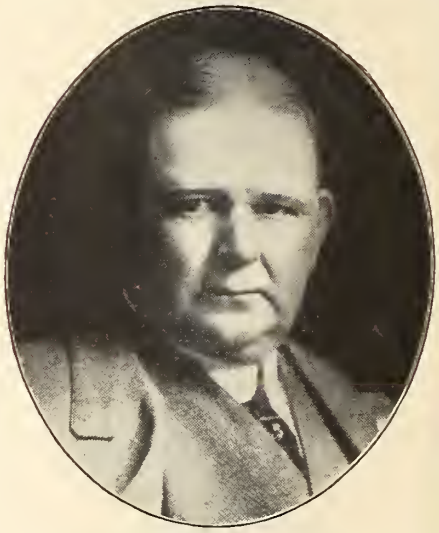
It was at a performance in San Francisco, the first little Anna had ever seen, that she determined to cast her lot with the Thespians, and so, when quite a young girl, she journeyed, in company with her mother, to the big city, and joined a comic opera, and later a stock, company. Her charming, simple manner attracted attention, and soon she was given opportunities to play splendid rôles.

About three years ago she was engaged to play leading rôles with the New York Motion Picture Corporation, and, after gaining excellent experience in the films produced by that company, she joined the great Universal City forces, where she has been ever since. She has appeared in "Called Back," "Open Shutters," "Damon and Pythias," and hundreds of other productions. But it is in this great serial, "The Black Box," that the greatest triumph of her career is achieved.

"Personally, I think there is much room for improvement in the film industry," she said recently, "but photo plays are better every day."

George F. Hernandes.

GEORGE F. HERNANDEZ, a popular member of the Selig Stock Company, in Los Angeles, California, made his début twenty-seven years ago, at the old California Theater, in San Francisco, then under the direction of the late John McCullough. Those were the good old days, when the stock actor was tried out in the standard repertoire with all the value of traditions enforced by the stage manager, and proved a splendid school that has left its impress upon the present time, where so many actors are called merely to fill the place of types. After several seasons there, he was in other stock companies, notably the old Peoples Theater, at Oakland, California, afterward the National, in San Francisco. In 1893, he joined the company of the late J. K. Emmet, and played all over the United States and part of Canada. Afterward, he went back to stock at the François Theater, in Montreal, and then reached out for the actor's ambition, New York. He was fortunate, and appeared at the Grand Opera House, being a member of the first cast of "The Cotton Spinner," which was produced there. His next traveling experience was in "Trilby," under the management of W. A. Brady, and later in the "Cotton King," under the same management. He continued playing in and about New York for the next season, jobbing. He then joined Janet Waldorf, playing with her two years on the legitimate, finally closing that connection in Honolulu. Returning to San Francisco and joining the Elleford Stock Company, the next season was spent with Walter Bently, the late Francis Boggs—formerly the manager of the Selig plant in California—associated in a sketch in vaudeville. After this season, Mr. Hernandez spent four years under the Belasco management, and then became associated with Florence Roberts, but returned to San Francisco, appearing in jobbing engagements. During his career, he has created many parts, and had a vast variety of experience with noted stars of the stage. Three years ago last May, his old associate, Francis Boggs, visiting in Frisco, induced him to join the Selig forces in Los Angeles, where he



has since continued. He owns his own home in that city, and is very contented with the work of the silent drama.

Herbert Rawlinson.

HERBERT RAWLINSON, the Universal player, was born in Brighton, England, of English parents. He was educated in France and England, and adopted the theatrical profession immediately after leaving college.

His theatrical career was an extensive one, beginning in this country in companies in the East, in road companies, and in the Belasco Theater, Los Angeles. It was just about four years ago that Mr. Rawlinson realized the tremendous possibilities offered to ambitious players in the pictures, and, very much against the advice of his friends, joined the Selig Company. Then came a short engagement with the Bosworth Company, after which he joined the Universal forces.

It was with the Universal Company that this versatile player "reely" found

himself. He has played in hundreds of pictures, improving with each film. Such successes as "The Spy," "The Vagabond," "Kid Regan's Hands," led up to



the very height of his career. This came when he was selected to play the leading rôle in "The Black Box," the great thirty-reel Universal serial, recently released. He enacts the part of Sanford Quest, criminologist, an immaculate, cool detector of crime, in an artistic manner entirely his own.

Bessie Learn.

A CALIFORNIAN by birth, Bessie Learn bears testimony to that State's already great reputation as the mother of pretty girls. This charming little ingénue began her stage career when but ten years of age, and, with the exception of the three years which she has spent at the Edison studio, she has devoted her entire time to the stage. During that time she has appeared in "Hearts Are Trumps," with Amelia Bingham; in "Lovers' Lane"; "The Little Princess"; "Home Folks," in which she played for two seasons; with Annie Russell, in "Midsummer Night's Dream," and with Robert Hilliard, in vaudeville. Her last stage engagement was in "Polly of the Circus," in which she understudied the part of *Polly*.

Her three years at the Edison studio have been busy ones, as she has played leading parts in a great many films during that time, among them, "The Hand of Horror," "The Ever-gallant Marquis," "Faint Heart Ne'er Won Fair Lady." Miss Learn wrote and played the lead in "Her Grandmother's Wedding Dress."

The same sunniness of disposition and buoyancy of spirit which has made Miss Learn so popular with the public has made her a great favorite at the Edison studio, where she is always the center of an admiring circle.

Miss Learn, though frail and delicate in appearance, is an indefatigable worker, and possessed of a good stock of courage, which is so necessary to the successful picture actress. In "A Romance of the Rails," it will be remembered that she was seen running across a high railroad trestle, but not one of the thousands who saw that picture ever realized that the camera had to be placed at a distance from the trestle in order to conceal the bruises and cuts on Miss Learn's face. She had caught her heel between the ties and plunged headlong



during the first "take," but had repeated the scene, despite the pain and fatigue from which she was suffering.

Popular Vivian Rich.

THERE are probably few young actresses among "the movies" who daily receive more attention from the letter carrier than Vivian Rich, leading lady of "Flying A" company, under direction of Sydney Ayres. These letters are not only from every State in the Union, but from almost every part of Canada, Mexico, and other foreign countries. Of course, most of them are of a platonic nature, and express the best good wishes for the continued success of their favorite, but there are



many of these letters that breathe a far more tender regard, love, and hope. Yet Miss Rich has received many flattering matrimonial propositions, and, although she has been forced to refuse them, she has the happy faculty of remaining just plain "sister."

Recently Miss Rich received an offer of marriage from a young and successful orange grower in Florida, but as Miss Rich, in the near future, hopes to own an orange grove in California, she declined the honor. Later, we may hear of and receive Vivian Navels and Vivian Rich Valencias, for if she makes the success in raising oranges that she has in her profession, she will have a nation of friends awaiting consignments.

Nor is this interest, this admiration, confined to the individual. Recently a well-known club in Texas paid her the compliment of naming it the Vivian Rich Club. Miss Rich is and has been for some time an honorary member of the Mu Gamma Sorority Club, of New Mexico.

She takes a great deal of interest in young girls who aspire to the stage as a goal to their ambitions. From these young ladies she has received many letters, and no matter how busy she may be, she always finds time to reply to them, and she has received hundreds of letters acknowledging, with thanks, the benefits they have derived from her good, sound advice.

Viola Dana.

FAMOUS the country over for her remarkable acting in the title rôle of the "Poor Little Rich Girl" before she was yet fifteen years old, and heralded with acclaim as "Broadway's youngest star," Miss Viola Dana's theatrical career stands without precedent. And her portrayals in Edison films, since that time, have only added to her laurels through the charm of girlish winsomeness blended with a rare maturity of artistic perception. Her emotional powers are exceptional for a girl still but seventeen years old, while her æsthetic art as a dancer would alone place her high in that profession.



Her astonishing performance in "The Poor Little Rich Girl" is partly realized when it is considered that it is about as long in lines as Hamlet, the criterion and test of an actor's memory and characterization. In the first play Miss Dana had but five minutes' intermission, being in a speaking part during the whole evening. More could not be probably said than that she not alone was not adversely criticized by the dramatic critics, Allan Dale and Acton Davies, but earned most unusual praise from them for her powers. No critics are more feared by the greatest of theatrical stars than these two wielders of caustic pen. She played that part for two seasons, or until she outgrew the part.

Miss Dana cares most for emotional work, and it is well known that she so lives the pathetic moments as to cry real tears. Her large, expressive gray eyes, long-lashed, bespeak wonderfully the depth of her serious, sensitive nature. Standing less than five feet, with perfect features and figure, she suggests strongly a classic statue, though the wonderfully expressive art of her dancing is pulsed with the litheness of buoyant youth.

On the stage since a child, Miss Dana has played with noted stars. She was with Dorothy Donnelly in Ibsen's "When We Dead Awake," and played little *Heindrick* with Thomas Jefferson in "Rip van Winkle" for three seasons; in the "Squaw Man," with William Faversham, for a year and one-half; was in the well-known Union Hill Stock Company with Jane Cowl; in "The Littlest Rebel," with Dunstan Farnum, and with William Courtleigh for some time. It was her work in "The Model" that won her the stellar rôle in "The Poor Little Rich Girl."

In Edison films she has played many parts, some of which are the title rôle of "Molly, the Drummer Boy"; as the dainty fairy queen in that beautiful idyl, "The Blind Fiddler," where she danced with elflike grace.

Miss Dana loves her work and hopes that she may "earn the opportunity to play Juliet," as she expresses it. But with the country's greatest critics already warmly enthusiastic about her powers, one feels that it is only her charming modesty that prompts her to speak of "earning" the opportunity. She is already equal to it.

Patrick O'Malley.

LIKE his famous namesake, Charles O'Malley, the famous dragoon and rider of fiction, Patrick O'Malley has practically ridden himself into the Edison Stock Company through his wonderful bareback performance in the film "In His Father's Footsteps." When the film was first shown, seasoned players, to whom the young actor was not fully known, kept on edge with the thrill, asked almost with one breath, "Who is he?"

With the play's dramatic moment hinging upon the riding, O'Malley goes, bareback, over country fences, jumps stone wall after stone wall, rising seven feet in the air on the jump, goes down cliffs, or swims rivers with a nerve that keeps the spectator on edge.

His skill was gained in the mountains of Pennsylvania, where he was born at Forrest City, September 3d, 1890. The dare-devil spirit of the lad finds him, at eight years of age, doing a slack-wire act on the stage, which he later followed intermittently. Though he has appeared in only a few Edison films, O'Malley is not new to pictures, as his experience covers this country, England, and Ireland. He has appeared in the Edison films, "The Best Man," "Who Goes There?" "The Young Lord Stranleigh" series, "To Make the Nation Prosper," and "The Glory of Clementina." He has been with the Sid Olcott International productions, and Gene Gauntier Feature Players, and the Kalem Company, playing comedy, character, and dramatic rôles.



But O'Malley is more than a rider—he will prove to be one of the most popular of the Edison talented players through his acting.

Twice at Once.

HARRY MESAYER, the leading actor with "On Trial," now playing at a Chicago theater, is also taking the leading rôle in "The Millionaire Baby," being filmed by the Selig Company at the Chicago studios. In other words, Mesayer is playing two parts at a downtown Chicago theater and another at the Selig studios. When there is a matinee downtown, the motion-picture production stops, for Mesayer cannot appear in two places at one and the same time. This leading actor is doing some of his best work in the motion-picture version of "The Millionaire Baby."

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

IN the actual writing of a script, the author has to depend upon his own ability. No one can stand at his side and say he must do this or must not do that, for the script would then belong to the person whose mind directed its formation.

In the mechanical preparation of a manuscript, however, direct instructions can be given the writer, for no original ideas are transferred. He is merely given a form to follow. While we do not doubt that the majority of scenarioists now submitting scripts have long since mastered this form, there are new writers entering the field daily, and we are inclined to think that some of the old-timers are tempted to be careless at times. Those who have had experience at an editorial desk know what a relief it is to look over offerings which are in correct form, and, if the writer can train himself to think editorially and play for the favor of the editors on this and many other points, he is advancing another step on the rough road to success.

The requirements of a photo-play scenario are not many, and should easily be remembered by aspiring authors. First of all, manuscripts should be typewritten on one side of the paper only, the paper used being about eight and one-half by eleven inches. Longhand was not under ban two years ago, but things have changed, and, with the many submissions which have to be considered, the majority of editors now read typed scripts only. The name and complete address of the author should appear in the upper left-hand corner of the first page, and the words "Submitted at your usual rates" in the upper right-hand space. This manner of submitting is given as an iron-clad rule because we consider it fatal for an amateur to set a price on his script.

In the center of the page—we are still on the first page—is the place the title should occupy, with an explanatory line beneath it, such as "A two-part drama of the Canadian Northwest." This is followed by a short, well-written synopsis. We see no reason for putting only synopsis and title on the first page, so we would continue right on down the blank space and put in the cast of characters, and then the scene plot, breaking the latter over onto the second page, if necessary. Then follows the scenario proper, or the scene action.

While it is not required by all the editors, it is a good plan to have the title of the play appear on each page of the manuscript, together with the number of the page. In case the scenario sheets are separated while in a studio, this will prove very beneficial, indeed. Clips may be used to hold the pages together, if desired, this being optional with the author. One thing that all those who submit should bear in mind, however, is that a neat-appearing script is a pleasing sight to the editor's eye before he begins to read it. After that —it all depends!

We have devoted considerable space to this oft-told tale, but if we can lessen the burden of the weary editors, who daily have to "wade" through a stack of submissions from writers who do not follow this form, we shall feel that our effort has been well exerted.

A NONSERIOUS PARAGRAPH.

Attention, ye scribes, whose trunks and bureau drawers are filled with masterpieces-that-never-were of the silent art! We have discovered why you failed to please the critical taste of the editors, and, therefore, failed to separate the struggling (?) manufacturers from their money.

Lawrence McCloskey, Lubin's usually serious editor, has handed us, via the esteemed publicity department of his camp, a rather unique application for a job handed him by a gentleman from North Scituate, Rhode Island. Here 'tis:

APPRECIATING VALUES.

This is aimed at the man or woman who is writing on a "one-a-week" schedule, but who is selling closer to the "one-a-year" plan. If you don't belong in that class, don't read this—unless you have nothing else to do.

If a man paused on the corner to light his pipe, which he would smoke about ten minutes, and, in trying to shield the flame of the match from the wind, burned one of the gloves he was wearing, costing about two dollars, so badly that he had to discard it, wouldn't you say, without hesitation, that it was a case where the game wasn't worth the candle?

Certainly you would. But wouldn't you be just as likely as not to hurry home and spend half an hour "developing" a plot, and then spend your spare time for three or four days, or maybe a week, writing the actual scenario for it? We won't say "certainly you would" here; you can answer the question for yourself. We would suggest, however, that you frankly ask yourself if you are sure you can appreciate the relative value of the two component parts of a scenario—plot and technique. The man destroyed something of value over mere nothing, in our example. Aren't you doing the same thing when you exert thought and labor over the technical treatment of an undeveloped plot?

ACROSTIC.

Yep, it bore that title when it arrived.

Let me your motion pictures write,
U can just bet they will be bright!
Be sure it's comedy I do,
I cannot drama send to you.
Now, if you want the snappy kind,
My pen will surely never mind.
For me it certainly is bliss,
Great Scott, man, are you noting this?
Come, quickly let me hear from you,
Oh, try me once this work to do!

P. S.—A contract quickly sent this way,
Will surely make you worth your pay.

Can you beat it? And all these years we have transacted all our business in cold, unpractical prose. We always knew there was some hidden path to the editors' hearts, but it remained for friend McCloskey to "put us hep."

THE SCENARIO MARKET.

Despite the fact that from many sources the word has been given out that it is no use for an amateur to try to get a script "across," it is an actual fact that at the present time the market for both dramatic and comedy scenarios is as promising as it has been at any time during the past two years.

Certain editors of picture pages on

daily papers in various parts of the country have, within the past few weeks, published near editorials in which they asserted that the man or woman who attempted to write a motion-picture play was wasting valuable time, for the editors were not accepting any outside contributions whatever. This is entirely wrong. Except in one or two cases, due to peculiar editorial policy, we feel safe in asserting that every company making regular program pictures will welcome worthy contributions and reasonably reward all authors whose works fit their needs.

While the writers of these "gloom" articles contend, and justly so, that the number of adaptations has more than doubled within the past six months, we take issue with them on the statement that this leaves no room for original work, except such as is done by the staff writers. It is not our intention to open an argument on the question, but we feel that if such an idea is generally accepted, many beginners, for whom the work offers a future, will become discouraged completely or else take up some other line of literary endeavor, in which success may not await them.

The amateur should remember, however, that to gain the respect of the editors to whom he submits he should be certain that every scenario sent in is really worthy of consideration. Because it is rejected by several studios does not mean it is useless, though there must be something wrong. After comparing it with the worthy productions he sees on the screen, and being satisfied it is as good as them, he should send it on its rounds. There is a good market for good scripts right now, and we venture to predict that within a short time it will be even better.

FINDING THE HUB.

The next picture you see, consider the plot as a wheel and the incidents and situations as the spokes. Then try to find the hub. Possibly you will find this a little difficult at first, but if you think over the story as a whole, and try to write down in as few words as possible what transpired within it, you will probably discover the hub.

It is the main situation, around which the entire story is woven. All picture plays in which the dramatic action is focused on a single climax have a hub. Sometimes one finds its way to the screen which contains two almost equally important climaxes. This is as much out of proportion as a wheel would be with two hubs.

After you have studied the screen and learned how important it is to the success of a photo play to have a hub, go over your own scripts and be sure that they all contain one—and only one—and see to it that it is strong enough to interest any class of audience. If you are inclined to wander into bypaths in developing your plots, remember that concentration leads to effect.

THE IMPORTANCE OF THE TITLE.

The title of a photo play is a very important element from the time the author writes it at the head of his scenario until the film's life is over. The first place the selling power of the title is to be noticed is in the editorial offices of the studios. Almost every editor will read a scenario bearing an interesting title with far more enthusiasm than he will one whose title promises nothing. Then, too, where two scenarios seem equal in merit and only one can be purchased, the title is the thing which will probably help settle the question.

Looking beyond the production end, however, it must be remembered that the title is still an important element, perhaps even more so than it formerly was. Many exhibitors book films from titles, while the public, who sees nothing but a poster of the film and sometimes an announcement of who plays in it, is largely influenced by the title.

Every writer should see, therefore, that the titles he places on his scenarios are given serious consideration. They should never be very long, and should contain an appeal by suggestion something dramatic. They must also bear directly on the story, for it is very disappointing to be lured into a theater by a title you think deals with a certain type of story and then find an entirely different story on the screen, containing nothing at all which warrants the use of the title it bears.

CHARACTERIZATION IN THE PHOTO DRAMA.

It is an actual fact that in numerous photo dramas being produced at the present time the personality of the leading players shines through their characters. This is unfortunate, for the condition does not exist so prominently on the speaking stage, but just whose fault it is is quite a question. The writer, director, and players all try to characterize the various parts in every photo play they work upon, but apparently the conflicting ideas of the three creators results in a conventional hero or heroine with the personality of the player who interpreted the rôle, plainly visible throughout.

The author is undoubtedly handicapped, for all he can work with is action. In short stories he can revert to description and dialogue, this making the creating of a character's personality a comparatively simple matter. The director works under a handicap, inasmuch as he must "sense" what the writer means in many places in a scenario. The players, in turn, get their conception of their rôles largely from the director.

It seems to us that the authors can do much to remedy this weakness if, instead of creating merely heroes and heroines with a fairly distinctive personality, they make every one of the persons who appear in their scripts live, red-blooded, distinct human beings. It may mean a little more work, and it will doubtless take us some extra space in the scenario proper, but we think it would easily be worth the energy expended.

There are plays without number released which do not come under this heading at all, and if all writers will make it a point to study these carefully, whenever they find one, they will see the great amount of "business" each player has assigned to him or her and also how everything that is done by a player further distinguishes the character from his or her personality, so that before a great deal of the film has been unreeled the player's art is lost sight of, and the audience is following the fortunes of a "human" screen character.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York City, is in the market for one, two, and three-reel dramatic and one-reel comedy scenarios at the present time. The dramas must be of a modern nature, and society settings are preferable. The comedies which would meet with special approval are ones affording William Wadsworth and Arthur Housman good parts. This concern accepts only the highest grade of scripts, and usually deliberates seven or eight weeks before accepting or refusing scenarios. The prices it pays are excellent.

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Vol.1 No.4



"A BUSY DAY WITH A MOVIE ACTRESS"
INTERESTING ARTICLE BY
MISS VIOLET MERSEREAU
UNIVERSAL STAR

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture-Plays, Their Actors and Authors

Vol. I. No. 4 MAY 1, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

A Busy Day With a Movie Actress

By Violet Mersereau
(UNIVERSAL STAR)

Did you ever wonder about the life of a movie actress? If you have not you are an exception, for almost every one who has ever entered a picture theater has said to himself: "I wonder how the players live?" It is true that the life of an actress is different in almost every way from that of those whom she works to entertain.

The following article has been written by Miss Violet Mersereau, the pretty favorite of the Universal company, and she has taken a typical day of her life and written about it for your benefit.

TIME and again letters have reached me requesting a comprehensive and detailed story about how a busy movie actress spends her time. When one stops to consider that "behind the scenes" in the movies is practically a mystery to most folks, it is not to be wondered at that this enticing phase of modern life—and by now we have become reconciled to the fact that pictures have come to stay, and are a distinctly vital part of our lives—should have a glamour for those uninitiated, and that a bit of enlightenment on the pleasures and troubles of film life should be very welcome to the layman.

I really believe that such illumination will be of material benefit to all. In the first place, it will assist in disillusionizing those who fancy that the paths of screen players are strewn with roses. Then, again, movie fans will appreciate more than ever the dangers which their favorites meet with brave, stanch hearts.

Although, when I think of it, I have found, in my experience, and in discussing the subject with other players, that the most gratifying element in our work is the appreciation which is shown by the general public in so many different ways. The thousands of kindly, helpful letters which we receive, telling us of the pleasure, instruction, and guidance which our work affords them. One of the most interesting letters I ever received was from a man who saw one of my pictures, "She Was His Mother." He wrote me that the story told in this photo play came as a revelation, and was the means of saving him from a like fate. And so it is with every play that we produce: it is our hope that the movies act as a force for encouraging the best that is in us, and, after all, there is good in the worst of us.

There is no denying that the educational value of picture plays is a potent factor in the molding of young lives, and it is for this reason that only instructive, idealistic subjects should be produced. To be sure, I do not mean that only stories dealing with the tragedies of life be exhibited. On the contrary; my ideal of photo-play life would be to play in beautiful pictures portraying the æsthetic truths which will leave a lasting impression on the subjective minds of children. This would unconsciously tend to yield idealism in human nature.

To my mind, children and their development are the most important subjects on earth. Everything that is ever done should have the advancement of this generation as its mainspring. Whether it be the innovation of a new system of teaching, or the building of a city, that all-important question should be asked first: "Are the children to be benefited?" For these children are the men and women of to-morrow. So that when we discover, beyond the peradventure of a doubt, that the moving-picture world bears the greatest possible relationship to the most powerful factor on earth—children—it is absolutely essential that tremendous care be given to the production of pictures which shall be far-reaching and beneficial as well as entertaining.



That morning Sidney had shown her a lock to his "bachelor apartments" and invited her there.

he heard the whistle announcing that work was done for the day.

Another call to the hospital, with substantially the same report that had been given that morning, with the addition that the house physician wished him to call that evening, and Tom went home. He did not stay there long, however, for the message from the doctor had worried him; so immediately after eating a sandwich, which substituted for a supper, he left for the hospital to see the physician.

"I just wanted to remind you that something must be done about getting your mother off for the South, or some other climate, or you will be wearing mourning in less than a month," was what the doctor imparted to him.

"Isn't there anything else that can be done, doctor? Can't she be saved without the expense of going south? I haven't got the money, or she'd go to-"morrow," Tom said.

"Absolutely nothing," was the reply. "I understand your situation, my boy, and if there was any other way out of it you can rest assured that I'd do it for you; but the fact remains."

"Well, then," and Tom's voice betrayed his hopelessness as he said it, "I'll do what I can to get some money tonight, if I have to rob your house to do it."

Purposely, he had not told the doctor of his rich brother who would not help. He realized that it would do no good, and it would give a bad sound to the family name. When he left the hospital he turned his way homeward, for he knew that if he must bear the worst, as it appeared that he must, he should have to have some sleep, and this he intended to get, but not before he had again tried to find some way of obtaining enough worldly goods to send his mother away.

On entering the house, Tom found a letter addressed to him, and, opening it, his face darkened with a look of ha tred. He held in his hands a check fo five dollars from Sidney, and a short curt note saying that a similar amoun would be forwarded the following week As he threw the check on the table be fore him his eyes glared with a strang stare. He fixed them on the piece o paper before him, and his fists close as he read the lines over and over "Pay to the order of Thomas Hart fiv dollars."

"Five dollars," he mused. "How kin of you, dear brother! Five dollars won buy the cover for the coffin in whic you are going to put your own mothe Your mother and mine. The mothe who brought us up together and taugh us to love each other and be kind an good. Yes, kind and good! You ar that, you devil! Love each other! Sh taught us that, and it's on her accoun in the end, that we hate each other, th we—we—w—— By the Lord!" Th last three words were spoken in a lou

half-enthusiastic voice, as though he had discovered something.

Catching the check in his hand, Tom gazed at it with a smile that might have better become a maniac. His face lightened with an appearance of questionable joy. His despair had driven him to a point where he would do anything to save his mother. Nothing else in the world mattered to him now. He looked long and scrutinizingly at the bank order in his hand and he murmured:

"It's right. There is no line there. The fool. By God, I'll do it." The check, he had found, did not have the usual waved line between the written word "five" and the printed one "dollars." It had been carelessly omitted by his brother. Tom saw in that white space the only hope of sending his mother to the South and back to life. The letters spelling "hundred" would nicely fit in there and still leave room for a small waved line to make the change appear natural. Only the thought of the crime made Tom hesitate, but he questioned which was the worse, to kill his mother by neglect, as Sid was intending to do, or to force him to help by filling out the word that would have been put there by any reasonable and grateful person. He did not hesitate for long, however. What was a prison term to him with his mother alive, in comparison with a life at freedom without the maternal love which had always been as life itself to him?

The ink was black; he saw that at a glance, and half ran to the little writing desk in the corner, where he carefully chose from several ink bottles one with a label bearing the word "black." He had also noticed that the check was written in a heavy hand, and he took a stub pen to give his own intended writing the same appearance. For several minutes Tom studied the writing carefully, and then, with a slow, well-guided motion, spelled the letters that raised the value four hundred and ninety-five dollars.

This done, he hastened to the bank, where he was known and where he always cashed his checks, wondering if any protest or investigation would be made before he received the money. When he pushed the slip through the teller's window, he was greeted with a smile by the man on the other side of the grating.

"Quite a little cash your coming into," spoke that person, and Tom was in a quandry as to what would be his next words. A weight was lifted from his mind when the teller continued. "I



Her threat forced him to walk obediently to the telephone and exonerate Tom.

guess the check's all right, though, because I know I can trust you, and your brother has considerable more than this if a man can judge from appearances. Just a minute till I count it out. How do you want it?"

"Twenties," was all that Tom could say. He was thinking of how his reputation would be ruined when his deed was discovered. Here was even a bank teller, a man whose business necessitated that he be extremely careful, who readily paid out five hundred dollars to him because "he knew Tom could be trusted." What would he say when he learned that the check had been raised, and by Tom himself? But another thought of his dying mother and then his longing to keep his reputation vanished. Love came first.

As he reached the sidewalk, with the yellow bills safely in his pocket, the young man broke into a run, which terminated in the booth of a telephone in a near-by drug store. The number he called was the hospital, and in a few minutes the doctor was at the other end of the wire.

"Make immediate arrangements to send mother to the South," Tom told him. "I've got the money; got it from my brother—and I'm on my way to book a passage by steamer to Florida. She'll go on the next boat, so hurry preparations."

"Fine, my boy, fine," congratulated the physician. "The sooner she goes, the better, and it will save her life. Tell your brother for me, that while it was his duty to do it, it shows a good spirit."

Tom bit his lips as the doctor's last words sounded in the receiver, and, with an abrupt "good-by," rang off and looked up the number of the steamship company.

Here he was informed that a boat was scheduled to leave for the South the day after the one following, and he ordered two berths; one for his sick mother and the other for a nurse whom he knew it would be necessary to send with her.

In the afternoon of the second day after he had changed the amount of Sid's check, Tom sat smiling in his home. He had seen his mother leave for Florida, where he was reasonably certain that she would again recover her health, and he had given the nurse the remainder of the five hundred dollars. With this off his person and where it could not be stopped from doing the good for which he intended it, the young man was ready to face happily the consequences of his crime. What his next step would be he did not know, but soon he decided that there was no use in waiting for the alteration on the check to be discovered. He made up his mind to tell his brother of what he had done and have the matter settled as soon as possible. Only one thought saddened him: What would Edna say? She was Tom's fiancée, and they were to be married the next month. He did not have the heart to tell her of his act, and thought that, as she held the position of stenographer in Sidney's office, she would learn from his brother of the affair. This though, he thought, would be unfair to her. Finally, after pondering over the question, he decided to call on his brother, tell him of the crime, and, while there, explain everything to Edna. She would understand—she always understood that what he did was right; and she was fair-minded.

That same afternoon found him in the private office of Sidney Hart. He was alone with his brother. At the side of the desk at which Sidney was seated, and within arm's reach of where Tom sat, was the door leading into the outer office; it was a door of ground glass, and though nothing on the opposite side could be seen, loud speaking was audible through it. Not far from this door Edna was seated in the outer office, and the noise of her typewriter could be plainly heard in the private room. That is, it was heard by Tom, for he was imagining the girl who was striking the keys. Sid did not take notice of such things, naturally enough.

"Well, what do you want now?" It was Sidney who thus opened the conversation. "Something more about the money, I suppose."

"Yes, something more about the money. You suppose right—to a certain extent," replied Tom.

"You might as well not lose your time here if that is what you came for," was the brusque statement of the man at the desk. "That is all settled, and there is no use in trying to change matters."

The clicking of the typewriter on the other side of the door ceased.

Again Tom was the only one of the two to notice it, and he reddened as he thought that every one of his words would reach the ears of his sweetheart, who was listening. She could tell by the tone of their voices that something unusual was taking place in her employer's office, and inasmuch as it concerned her lover, she felt that it also concerned her.

It was Tom who spoke next, and he proceeded to tell the whole.

"I haven't come to try to change matters," he said. "When I wanted them changed I knew that it was hopeless to attempt to have you help. So I decided to try it myself. And I did change them. You may be sorry to learn that your mother is now on a steamer bound for Florida and her health, with a trained nurse and four hundred odd dollars of *your* money to pay expenses."

Sidney paled and reddened in turn, and clearly showed that he was puzzled. "If you're trying to make a fool of me," he said, "you better tread softly."

"I'm not," assured Tom. "What I say is true, every word. On that check you sent me for five dollars you neglected to put the usual line between the five and the dollars, and you'd be surprised how nice it looked when the word hundred was added.

"I did it for mother's sake—you know I'm not a crook—and I came here to tell you so that you can have me arrested and get things over with. Mother is gone, and you cannot get your money back, so now go ahead and do your worst. I committed theft, and at the same time saved you from committing murder. Which is the worse? Now, please hurry and call the cops, so that I can get in for a free supper to-night."

Sidney looked at his brother with a suspicious eye. "I don't know whether to believe you or not," he said. "At any rate, I'll call up the bank first, and see what the check proves. If you are trying to fool me you will be sorry, and if what you say is true you will be sorrier yet. Go home, and you'll hear from me in the morning. If you changed that check it won't do you any good to try to skip, because I'll get you."

"You don't suppose I'd come here and tell you about this if I intended to skip, do you?" asked Tom, walking toward the door.

The typewriter keys began to strike off letters again, and Tom, once more hearing them, closed the interview by opening the door and leaving the private office.

As he closed the door behind him, Edna rose and put her arms on his shoulders. "I don't have to tell you now, Edna, because I heard the machine stop, and knew that you were listening to what we said. It's all true, but I did it for mother, and I feel justified. I suppose it's all off between us, because you won't want to marry an ex-convict, and, anyway, you may have to wait too long."

The girl looked up at him, and smiled sweetly. "You don't think it would make any difference to me, do you, dear?" she asked. "But, anyway, you go ahead home, and when you hear from your brother it will be to let you know that everything is all right. Leave things to me now—and don't forget next month."

It was in a very mysterious frame of mind that Tom left the office building and went to his home. What could Edna have in mind? She had refused to tell him, but assured him that things would turn out happily. He felt a little encouraged, but did not place too much weight in what she had said, for he could conceive no way in which she could possibly help matters.

Tom had hardly left the outside office when Sidney opened the door and came into it.

"Shall we go now?" Edna inquired, a sly look showing in her face.

"Go where?" returned her employer.

"Why, to your bachelor apartments, of course," she continued. "Have you forgotten already that you asked me this morning to go there with you?"

"Er—why—I had forgotten for the minute," replied Sidney. "Just as soon as I do a little telephoning I'll be with you. You might as well get ready. I'll be out in a minute." He walked into the private office and called up the bank, where he was informed that the check made payable to Thomas Hart was really for five hundred dollars. His next step was to tell the police authorities of the fraud, and urge them to make the arrest the next day. He was confident that Tim would not attempt an escape before then.

When he emerged from the room Edna stood ready to leave, and together they rode in a taxi to an uptown address. Here they alighted and entered a beautiful suite of rooms, elaborately furnished. They composed Sidney Hart's "bachelor apartments."

Having taken off their cloaks, Sidney commenced to make associations more intimate by producing from a beautiful golden-oak sideboard a bottle of Scotch.

"Just a minute," said Edna. "Lay that down till I tell you something—important. Why do you suppose I came here? Just to have a good time with you? If that's what you think, forget it. You know I am engaged to your brother, and you know we are to be married next month. You thought you were going to stop that by arresting Tom for what he did, didn't you? Oh, don't be so surprised; I know all about it. Your private office isn't as private as you think it is.

"You thought I was the kind who would come here with you when I knew that you had a wife in this same city who thought you were at a club or somewhere like that, didn't you? Well, you're mighty much mistaken. I came here to help Tom. He did an honorable thing, and you ought to be ashamed of yourself. As it is, I guess things will be all right, after all, because you are going to do just what I tell you to. Listen, and I'll tell you why:

"When you were in telephoning the bank and the police, I was using the phone in the outside office, telling your wife that you had left a message for her to come to this address to-night. She ought to be here soon. Now, if you don't let Tom out of this I'll tell her of your double life. She will know that you have been keeping up 'bachelor apartments,' where pretty young women are visitors, while she is sitting home alone. And as proof she can see for herself when she finds us here together.

"There's a phone over there; get busy with the police and tell them to stop the charge. Hurry up, and I'll tell you how to square it with Mrs. Hart when you are finished with this matter."

Sidney Hart's manner would be hard to describe. With an astonished look, that was also as meek as a kitten's, he walked obediently to the telephone, and proceeded to exonerate Tom. Scarcely had he hung up the receiver than the doorbell rang.

"Just tell her that this apartment is for her birthday. I happen to know that that is next week, as you gave me directions to order invitation cards for a party."

Mrs. Hart was shown in, and Sidney followed Edna's directions to the word. He added that he had brought her with him to help arrange the place.

"And," said Edna to Tom the next day, "we are to live in your brother's old apartment, with all the fine furniture there. He attends to the rent. You won't object to having the wedding as soon as you hear that your mother has arrived safely in Florida, will you, dear?"

Through the Camera Lens.

The lion and the lamb are literally lying down together in Filmland's animal stories.

Barroom scenes are being eliminated in Selig picture plays. Too many punches.

If the "slap-stick" comedy cannot be abolished, the next best thing to do is to work for its uplift.

"Asthma," in three parts, was shown at "The Restless Moment" Theater last evening. Unfortunately, the film was spotted in the more emotional parts.

Supposing the movie hero wore wristlets, would the bashful young maiden fall in love with him? Answers considered only in regular order.

There is nothing new under the sun that has not been developed by picture-play authors.

The girl who wore one pair of slippers for twenty years in a "State's Rights" film at least had dependable feet.

Mabel Trunnelle really loves the monkey which journeys with her in her wanderings as the madcap gypsy girl in the Edison "Olive's Opportunities" series. "Commodore," for that's his name, came to Miss Trunnelle from far-off India, and is the admiration gift of an English soldier who served in that country. She recently received a letter from her soldier admirer, telling of his having been wounded in the trenches, and that he is now convalescent in an English hospital.

We have looked through our book on "Meaning Gifts," but cannot find out what a monkey represents from the heart of the sender.

Picture Plays in Europe

No. 1—ENGLAND

By Ernest A. Dench

How and where are picture plays produced in Europe? That is a question which many of the theatergoers in this country have been wanting answered for some time. In order to have the subject presented in an authentic as well as interesting way, we have had a series of articles dealing with the various countries in sequence written by Mr. Dench, who is himself a European, and who has been in touch with the motion-picture business on that continent for years.

The series will consist of four articles, each complete in itself. Herewith we print the first.

AS probably the majority of the followers of motion pictures in this country are well acquainted with American producers and their methods, those of Europe and the manner in which they accomplish their results would undoubtedly prove a subject of interest.

We will endeavor to enlighten the public as to that continent's work along the picture-play line, and our first step will be in England, and as nearly all the film producers are located in and near the capital, London will be our Mecca.

Where the British manufacturers excel is in the interesting and educational pictures, those adapted from the classics.

They are allowed to take their time over their work, and by not working to time-table are enabled to turn out some really creditable productions. Who does not remember "David Copperfield," "The Old Curiosity Shop," "The Vicar of Wakefield," all by Hepworth? Also Clarendon's "Lorna Doone," and "East Lynne," and "Sixty Years a Queen," by Barker's, in addition to Herkomer's last effort, "A Highwayman's Honor." Everything is in the favor of the producer—the right Old World atmosphere, the correct types and unlimited time. Is it then open to argument why he excels his American brother?

Everything is not smooth for the producer. He has to make the best of a gingerly climate, and is tied down considerably with red tape.

English picture-goers never see a railroad film taken in their own country, because the railways won't grant producers the necessary permission.

When the B. & C. Company produced "The Battle of Waterloo," some time back, the services of a body of soldiers from a neighboring barracks were secured.

It afterward got to the ears of the war department, who curtly wrote that the soldiers had no business to hire themselves for mercantile purposes. Yet the soldiers were engaged when off duty, with a patriotic object, and the money they were paid went to swell their sports fund.

Although there is a good sprinkling of English photo players known to the fans by name, they cannot hold their own against our favorites. To sum the situation in one word—they lack the personality.

The work of most of them reveals considerable talent, and runs American acting very close, but for some reason or other they fail to impress the audience with their individuality. The only two whose names are a household word among the British picture public are Ivy Close and "Pimple." The former is England's most beautiful actress, and the films she has appeared in have acquired a good sale in America. She is the Mary Pickford of England, and her work has been noted by Jessie L. Lasky, who made her a tempting offer to come to America and play leads in his productions. So far, Miss Close has resisted the proposition. However, what would have proved John Bull's loss would have been Uncle Sam's gain.

The latter-mentioned shining light is a droll comedian, who has a style of his own. Both players are featured in their own companies, a fact that makes it seem strange why their sister play-



Studio of the London Film Co., Ltd. This is one of the largest English companies.

ers working for producing companies are not overpopular with their audiences.

Our first call is at St. Margaret's-on-Thames, where we will find the head-



HARRY BUSS
Who plays leading roles for the English Hepworth Company.

quarters of the London Film Company. Their studio was originally a skating rink, and they are known everywhere as the company that became "famous in a week."

There is probably no concern in England that has achieved so much success in such a short time, for they only began producing a year ago. Now, what is their secret? My answer is British capital backed up by American talent. Their leading ladies are Jane Gail and Edna Flugarth, and Bannister Merwin, of Edison fame, writes and edits most of their stories. Their two directors, Harold M. Shaw—also from Edison—and George L. Tucker—last with Imp—have mastered the knack of converting staid, legitimate players into capable motion-picture actors. In this many other directors have failed. Their secret of success is that those stage artists they employ have been properly "broken in" instead of being allowed to do as they liked.

All the rest of their stock company have been made up of players whose names are familiar to London. The leading members, however, are Gerald Ames, Henry Ainley, Charles Rock, Holmes Gore, and Judge Green. Within a stone's throw of the studio flows Father Thames, and the silvan beauties of the surrounding countryside are the producer's paradise.

The studio itself is not pretentious, as studios go, but the lack of length is made up by the compactness which characterizes everything. About six scenes at a time can be filmed, and as the usual technical aspects of the workshop will not interest you I will pass.

With regard to "props"—articles used in mounting the scenes—no stock is kept as every other film company does. They hire them for every production, which prevents an air of sameness.

Near by, on Eel Pie Island, is the home of the "Folly" films, which feature Pimple. As there is nothing out of the common, we will pass elsewhere.

Journeying to Teddington brings you to Mr. Charles Urban's English headquarters, where English Kinemacolor and Kineto films are produced.

Here he has a lovely estate covering thirty acres, in which he combines pleasure with business. The handsome, old-fashioned house is Mr. Urban's residence. All classes of pictures, from the sensational "World, Flesh, and the Devil," to the refined "Little Lord Fauntleroy," are produced here. The picturesque grounds have been improved by artificial aids, for waterfalls, woody dells, and, in fact, every setting required for rural photo plays is readily available for the producer's convenience.

Although there are well-equipped buildings for production purposes, the studio itself is an open-air one. It is unique inasmuch as there is no other revolving stage in Europe. Built circular in form, it turns round on an axis, allowing four large scenes to be taken simultaneously. The producer is a good match for Old Sol. If the sun turns treacherous halfway through a scene, all he has to do is to move the stage a few feet and catch the sun where it is not partly hidden by a cloud. The work and time thus saved is immense.

Mr. Urban specializes in natural-history films, and for this purpose there is a specially constructed chamber under a lake, which permits of under-water cinematography. By this plan such pictures as otter catching fish under water, and a trout struggling for its life when caught by an angler's line, have been possible.

The Hepworth Company was also attracted by a Thamesside town—Walton, to wit. It may be of interest to know that they were the first British film company to "invade" America on a large scale, forming a New York corporation with twenty-five thousand dollars as capital.

Mr. Cecil Hepworth is one of the pio-



A scene taken in the highlands of Scotland, for the Turner film "The Shepherd Lassie of Argyle."

neers, for he started in 1896, with the lower part of a dwelling house as his workshop. He claims that he was the first to produce a film with more than one scene. It comprised three settings, and was two hundred feet in length. The picture, as might be expected, caused a sensation, for no maker up to that date had dared to go above one hundred feet. The producers then usually sold from three to four hundred copies at sixteen cents per foot, and waited for sales to go down before they took another film.

The Hepworth Company did all their producing in the back yard of Mr. Hepworth's house, the proprietor attending to all the painting and staging of scenes, and acting with his wife, child, and dog.

The business extended so much that Mr. Hepworth had the first studio in England built. First, the services of legitimate players were secured and soon a second studio came into being. Mr. Hepworth then formed the first stock company in Britain, which is the largest to-day.

By outside appearances, you would think the Hepworth studio a factory, for it looks so businesslike outside that one would hardly associate it with anything artistic, like photo plays.

But a visit inside reveals the truth. It is a perfect model of a place, every process from the producing of the film to the time it is ready to be marketed being in competent hands, and done in a systematic manner.

Particularly in the printing and developing departments do they excel, and are admired every time an American producer visits them.

When the light is not good enough, the artificial kind is employed, which is equivalent to the light shed by two hundred and forty thousand candles. The Hepworths have achieved a great reputation for excellent photography, and no wonder they are able to maintain it when they have the most skilled camera men in England, and such splendid indoor lighting.

Despite business having grown to large proportions, Mr. Hepworth still finds time to take a hand at producing. All the Florence Turner pictures are taken in one of the studios, which is hired for the purpose. Occasionally Larry Trimble is short of a player and one of Hepworth's are borrowed. Miss Turner's leading man is Tom Powers, and recently Hector Dion joined the company. He played leads during part of Miss Turner's connection with the Vitagraph Company, and returned to filmland after a period on the legitimate stage. The principal players of the Hepworth stock company are Chrissie White, Alma Taylor, Alice de Winton, Violet Hopson, Claire Pridelle, Ruby Belasco, Flora Morris, Stewart Rome, Harry Royston—one of the best low-life villains—Harry Buss, and Jack Raymond. Now and again, when at liberty, Tom Powers is featured.

Keystone has the youngest movie "star," but to Hepworth's belongs the distinction of possessing the oldest. He is Thomas Andrews, who is ninety-seven



CHRISSIE WHITE.
Star of the English Hepworth Company.

years of age. And here hangs an interesting story:

Some months back, a number of villagers "dressed" in a picture, but when outside an inn they had to laugh. All failed to do it naturally except Mr. Andrews. The director, struck with his naturalness, engaged him as a regular extra at a dollar and a quarter per day. More of his latent talent was brought out, and finally special plots were written, providing a good part for the old man, who is deaf. This is not such an inconvenience to the producer as you might think, for directors do a good deal of their instruction by action, and this veteran player is exceedingly intelligent. He now earns five dollars per day.

Other film producers having studios in Surrey are Clarendon, Cricks, Martin, Ivy Close, Ecko, and Motograph—at the Crystal Palace. With the exceptions of Clarendon and Motograph, none of them have stock companies. Dorothy Bellow and "Lieutenant Rose" are the "stars" of the former mentioned, while "Babs" Neville, reported to be England's highest-salaried picture actress, is with Motograph. Proceeding southwest, we come to Ealing, where Barker's studios are located. There is nothing of particular interest here save for the beautiful estate that surrounds them. It only covers six acres, but a lot is made of little by ingenuity, and it is not often that the players have to leave the grounds for rural scenes of all sorts. Blanche Fortesque, of "East Lynne" fame, is leading lady. The hero is J. B. Macdonald, and, until he went to Samuelson, Fred Paul was the villain.

The British and Colonial Company dates back to 1908, when the firm started business in a basement. The B. & C.'s first big commission was to film the Canadian Railway system, the paper mills at Grand Falls, Newfoundland, apart from a number of scenics for the Newfoundland government. This huge feat only took Mr. McDowell under seven weeks to accomplish. Emboldened by his success, he secured a private house at Finchley for a studio, and engaged a number of performers. The company made their name with the famous "Lieutenant Daring" series, and have followed this up with many other triumphs.

They believe in securing natural settings, and were the first British company to send a troupe of players abroad for the purpose. Jamaica was their destination, and dramas and educational films of life in the British West Indies were taken.

Last year the B. & C. Company came into possession of the largest studio in Britain. Situated at Walthamstow, no less than twenty different scenes can be photographed all at once. Film players are naturally high strung and nervy, and to assist their artistic temperaments a small orchestra renders appropriate music during filming periods. This undoubtedly enables them to enter into the full depths of their parts.

Some of the English players have been affected by the wanderlust lately, but now Lillian Wiggins, who you will remember was with the American Pathe

Frères, is the star. George Fowey and Ernest Batley, Douglas Payne and Elizabeth Risden are the other principals.

In another part of London is the home of the "Regent" films. They produce anything from comedies to melodramas, all of which feature Arthur Finn, a polished actor, formerly recognized in Lubin films. He runs the company in partnership with Charles Weston, an American producer, with a fine record behind him.

Going back to Walthamstow, we find the home of the Cunard films. While they have not released anything down to date, some big things are expected in the near future. Gladys Cooper, a theatrical favorite, has been engaged as leading lady. D. Livingstone, a former Kalem director, is in charge of the productions.

A year previous to his death, Sir Hubert von Herkomer, the well-known Royal Academy artist, formed the company bearing his name. For some years he had been prejudiced against the movies, but through force of circumstances he visited a motion-picture theater for the first time. The artist baronet was so struck with the artistic beauty of some of the photo plays he saw that he decided to advance film production from the standpoint of art. He succeeded in so doing, but not to the extent that David W. Griffith has done, for Herkomer had some knowledge but lacked the necessary experience of the silent drama. His work is now being carried on by his son at Bushey, Herts, where some adaptations from well-known novels are in progress.

Cutcliffe Hyne, the author of "Captain Kettle" fame, also entered filmdom last year, and a large studio was erected at Bradford, Yorkshire. Besides adapting Mr. Hyne's books, the company also produce original plays of all descriptions. All the players are recruited locally. "Types" means a big lot to the producer, and Mr. Hyne has been searching many months for a dapper little skipper for his "Captain Kettle" series. When the author does succeed in obtaining his desire, a company will be dispatched to Africa to film the stories in their original settings. Other companies producing in England and possessing studios are Neptune, Cygnet, Gaumont, Eclair, Bamforth—who have a popular little comedian known as "Winky" Vanport, Samuelson, Union—"Big Ben"—Pathe Frères—Britannia—Dreadnought, Magnet, and Planet.

A New Star for Lubin.

JACK TUCKER, comedian, writer, and artist, and a member of the famous vaudeville team of Williams and Tucker, has joined the Lubin players, and has gone to the Lubin Southern studio at Jacksonville, Florida, where he will be featured in a number of his own comedies. Tucker will long be remembered as the creator of the slang classics, "Skinney's Finish" and "Driftwood," two playlets that were enormously popular in vaudeville for years.

Tucker has had long theatrical training on the legitimate stage and in vaudeville, and it will be under the Lubin bell that he will make his début as a photo player. He will be seen first in a number of one-reel comedies written by himself.

"I have been writing sketches and plays for a good many years," said he, when asked about his new work, "but only recently have I realized what a tremendously big field the picture play offers for the man who has spent as much time as I have thinking up new ideas for plays and playlets.

"The latitude of the photo play, in comparison with the limitations of the stage, attracted my keenest interest, and I sincerely hope that my new comedies will strike the new keynote in screen fun that I want them to, and will be just as wholesome as they are laughable."

Some Real Thrills.

TWO of the costliest and most sensational reels of film ever made were shown at a private exhibition at the Lubin studio in Philadelphia recently. The reels consisted entirely of spectacular big punches that have been used in Lubin productions during the past few years, and are the first two of a series that are to be made, not for release, but as a sort of catalog of spectacular climaxes, which are to be kept on record at the Lubin laboratories at Betzwood, Pennsylvania.

A love of spectacular effects gets the thrill of a lifetime watching these two reels on the screen, for sensation follows sensation. There is no sequence to any of the events; they come crashing and smashing, one after the other, with startling rapidity, and leave one quite breathless at the end. Lubin has spent a fortune securing climaxes of this type, as any one who follows Lubin productions well knows: and when one sees two thousand feet of climax after climax he realizes the large amount of money and time that must have been expended to secure them.

Perhaps the biggest punch of the punches in the two reels is the wrecking of two trains, which Lubin especially staged for one of his dramas. One sees the two trains smash together, head on, but there is no opportunity for mental recovery, for right after it a big bridge is dynamited in a thousand different directions; then an automobile plunges into a river from a high cliff, followed by the burning of a steam yacht and its disappearance under the surface. In rapid order the thrills follow. Boats, trains, automobiles, buildings of all sorts and descriptions, are burned, dynamited, and wrecked. There are daring rescues, wild mob scenes, spectacular fights, and daring stunts by Lubin players, on the earth, in the air, and on the sea; and when one hastily asks himself what else could possibly be done for sensation, a mountain is blown up and a mining town is wiped out of existence.

The Light That Failed.

HEIGHO for the carefree life of the photo player! They work while others sleep. Night is turned into day and morning turned inside out—but the story, my hearties! Director John Collins, of Edison, said he wanted a sunrise scene for the three-reeler, "The Greater Love." No one marveled at this, for John usually gets the light effect he wants. As no sunrise could be found in the "prop" room, John issued an order for all hands, including Edward Earle and Duncan McRae, the duelists, to be at the studio at four o'clock in the morning. Now, John may know a star when he sees one, but he hadn't studied sunrises, so the players were greeted by the night watchman with his lantern peering into their faces—light effect—taking them for robbers. They journeyed to the nearby hill and waited for nearly two hours before the sun was released, as per its thoroughly reliable schedule—at six-thirty in this instance.

When Gratitude is Love

(EDISON)

By Morton P. Hobes

A strong story of the lumbering camps, adapted from the Edison picture play of the same title. A young man saves a girl's life, and then she saves his. Each owes the other a debt of gratitude. Read of the way in which it was paid.

As directed by Charles M. Seay, the picture had "a thrill to every foot of film." The cast:

Jack Howard.....Thomas MacEvoy
Maud Clark.....Margaret Prussing
Her Father.....William Bechtel
Thibeau.....Edward Lawrence

"NO, that's all, Dorcas."

Jack Howard, with a nod, dismissed the manservant who hovered behind his chair in the sumptuously furnished library of his bachelor apartment.

The young man continued to sit just as he was, gazing into the fireplace before him, until he heard the door close behind his valet. Then, raising the telegram in his hand, Jack read it again. As he did so, his handsome brow puckered in a frown.

The wire was from his fiancée, Miss Millicent Olney. The message it contained had been squeezed within the prescribed ten-word limit. Perhaps that was why it seemed so cold. And yet——

Jack Howard had at last consented to yield to his doctor's advice. For more than a year, the physician had been trying to pound one idea into his head. It was the need of a complete rest and change of scene.

"You've lived at a pace, between your office and your social duties, that would have put ten ordinary men in their graves during the time it's taken you to begin to realize that you've got such a thing as nerves," the doctor had declared. "It's only the splendid physique you were born with, Howard, that's kept you up till now. But I warn you—another six months, and you'll go to pieces. And you'll be like Humpty Dumpty, too: Nothing can put you together again."

But, thanks to that same wonderful physique, Jack had disproved the doctor's prophecy. A whole year had passed, instead of six months, before he was willing to admit that there might be something besides "tommyrot" in the physician's gloomy predictions. It wasn't in his bodily frame, but in his frame of mind, that the trouble seemed to lie. Physically, Jack felt as fit as ever. Only



Maud explained how her horse had flung her onto the icy slope.

—well, he *didn't* sleep as well as he might, and work had become a grind instead of a game, and there didn't seem to be any use in doing the things that had hitherto given him pleasure.

"Brain fag," the doctor curtly told him, when he described his symptoms. "Do you know what that means?—the anteroom in which you're waiting your turn to be called up on the carpet before our old friend nervous prostration. *Now* will you take my advice, and go away?"

Jack had decided that perhaps he better. That had been a week ago; and now his bags were packed. To-morrow he was leaving for the Catskills. He had written Millicent, who was visiting friends at an estate in near-by Good Ground, what train he was taking. And now her reply was this telegram.

Nine words, to say that she would find it impossible to be at the station the next day to see him off.

Jack rose, tearing the yellow slip into a number of tiny pieces, which he scattered on the glowing coals, and stretched to his full height of six feet two inches, with his arms over his head. It puzzled him to understand why, when he had been ordered away by the doctor, the girl who had promised to marry him could not arrange to speed him on his way with even a parting handshake. Puzzled—that was all Jack was. For, strangely enough, he did not feel as keenly disappointed as perhaps he ought.

Undoubtedly it was only his nerves that made him rather relieved instead to know that he would not have to listen to a fifteen minutes' or half hour's monologue on the recent doings of society, which was Millicent's obsession.

A day later, Jack descended the veranda of the hotel in the mountains,

clad for a long tramp through the snow—for the month in which he had taken his departure from the city was January.

At the end of an hour's swinging walk, he was able to notice but little improvement in his mental state. And he had been careful to stop every fifteen minutes, too, and take one of the tablets for his nerves with which the doctor had supplied him. The fact of the matter was, Jack was as blue as indigo.

He couldn't get away from his thoughts, no matter how fast he walked; and they were still following the grim train on which they had been started by the receipt of that telegram the night before.

As Jack halted, to take another tablet from the little vial in his vest pocket, suddenly he flung up his head in a listening attitude.

It seemed to him that he had just heard a faint cry—or was it only the sighing of the wind through the pine boughs overhead?

It must have been the wind—that, and his disordered nerves, which had made the murmur of the branches sound like the far-off hail of a human voice—so Jack decided, and he started once more along the white-carpeted trail.

But the next instant he stopped short. That *was* a human voice! There was no mistaking it this time, for no rustling treetops and tangled nerves ever combined to produce the distinct word:

"Help!"

Jack broke into a run in the direction from which the cry sounded. It had come from somewhere on the left of the trail he was following. Crashing through the brittle underbrush that lay beneath the deep drift of snow beside the hard-packed trail, Jack parted the boughs of a fir that grew at the top of a sharp declivity before him, and peered down.

And his heart leaped into his mouth.

For there, lying on her side on the glassy surface of a slope that was one solid, shimmering sheet of ice, was a girl.

And even as Jack looked down upon her, she lifted her voice in another fear-strangled cry of "Help!" and slipped another foot over the slippery surface of the slope toward its edge.

It was a sheer drop of more than a thousand feet from the brink toward which she was helplessly sliding to the bottom of the precipice below.

Peering down at her between the boughs of the tree, the mystery flashed across Jack's mind of how on earth she had ever got in that precarious position? But the next second he got into action. Clutching the lower boughs of the fir in both hands, he let himself down slowly onto the surface of the slope.

It slanted before him to the brink, at whose end lay certain death, as steeply and as treacherously as a slate roof wet with rain—and with as little anywhere on its surface to afford a grip or foothold.

Still, Jack had thought of a plan whereby he might try to rescue her.

At best, it was only a chance. He let the weight of his body come down on one foot, which, as he had hoped, broke through the top crust of that glassy surface. Stepping forward thus, and making his own footholds as he went, he might be able to reach her before she slipped again. Of course, there was the risk that his feet descending through the ice crust might dislodge the whole sheet, and sweep them both to destruction.

But that risk Jack was willing to take, when the girl's life depended solely on it.

He let go of the tree altogether, and broke through the white crust with his other foot in advance of the first. Three steps forward he took in this way, and then he gave the girl her first hint of his presence.

"Don't cry out or look around"—he forced his voice into cheerful steadi-



"You have saved my life," said Maud simply. "I can't say anything else that wouldn't sound trite under the circumstances, can I? But I should like you to know that I think you are a very brave man."

ness as he addressed her—"do nothing that may cause you to slip again, and I'll soon have you safely out of this."

If she heard him, she gave no sign.

"That's right," Jack encouraged. "And now—give me your hand. You're all right now. A second more, and I'll have you on level ground again."

Lifting her to her feet, he had swung her up in his mighty arms as he spoke. Then he turned, and retraced his steps, literally, by setting his feet in the holes he had previously clumped through the crust. It was hardly more than the second he had promised her, before he let her down on the trail in safety, upon the exact spot where her call for help had first reached him.

And then, as his arms relaxed their support around her, she drooped limply against him—and Jack saw that she had fainted away.

He saw something else, in the brief interval before she again opened her eyes. And that was that this was the most beautiful girl he had ever seen. Jack felt his heart thumping with a strange, new beat as she stood back and regarded him from her wide gray eyes.

"You have saved my life," she informed him simply. "There isn't anything I can say, is there, that wouldn't sound trite, under the circumstances?—but I should like you to know that I think you are a very brave man."

In answer to Jack's question of how she came to be lying on the slope, she explained:

"I was riding along the trail, here, ahead of us, when my horse became frightened—the wind shook the snow down from an overhanging bough into his eyes, and he reared and then bolted. I was thrown over the bank, and onto the surface of that horrible, glassy ledge. I had been there perhaps five minutes—though it seemed that many hours—crying for help, and slipping ever nearer to the edge, when you came. That's all."

"And now," said Jack, "you must let me take you back to your hotel. I am stopping at The Staghorn. And my name is Jack Howard."

"Mine is Maud Clark," supplied the girl. "But I am not a visitor to the Catskills. You see, my father owns a lumbering camp here, and this is my home. But if you would care to come with me to our house, which is only a little more than a mile away——"

Jack accepted the invitation with alacrity.

And when he had met her father, he was still more glad that he had done so. For, when Clark had heard that doctor's orders were responsible for Jack's presence in the mountains, he offered a suggestion which sounded better to Jack than any of his physician's suggestions for the regaining of his health.

"What you need is work," the girl's father told him decidedly. "A man who's gone stale from too much toiling at a desk, can't get back on his feet by loafing—and it works the same way with the man who earns his bread and butter with his hands. A different occupation is what they both need. Now, I can put you in the way of working with your hands, if you care to try it. But, remember—I said *work!* Eighteen hours a day of it, and the hardest kind, too. You look as though you were built to stand it, though. How would you like to go out to my lumbering camp and whack down trees for the next month? If that don't make a new man of you I'll agree, here and now, to take that doctor's bill off your hands myself!"

Jack closed with the offer enthusiastically.

Accordingly, Clark sent a man to Jack's hotel to fetch his baggage. And, that same afternoon, Jack set out with his new "boss," as Clark jokingly called himself, for the camp, which was five miles distant.

They reached it an hour after dark, and when supper was over in the bunk house.

This long, bare-boarded room, with its rows of bunks built one above the other into the walls, was a noisy place, Jack found, as he entered it under the guidance of Clark.

Work being over for the day, the hardy lumberjacks were giving themselves up to such simple enjoyments as they could create among their own number. A fiddler was bowing "Turkey in the Straw" from the strings of a battered violin, while a loose-limbed youth was executing a buck-and-wing to the handclapping of the other inmates of the bunk house, who were ranged around the cleared space in the center of the room.

Jack had made it up with Clark beforehand that he was to be introduced simply as a "green" hand, who had applied for a job with the camp and was to be given a chance to make good there.

So, when the lumbermen fell silent at the appearance of Clark and his companion in the doorway, the owner of the camp made Jack's name and business there known to them all without ceremony, and then, bidding them go on with their entertainment, he withdrew.

Jack felt himself being "sized up" for his height and muscular build—particularly by a bearded giant, of a sulky cast of countenance, which was by no means redeemed by the fact that he had a glass eye.

"How are you on wrastlin'?" one of the other lumberjacks inquired of the newcomer. "Like to see whether you could stand up against me? There's the sawdust pit, and I'll give you a bout."

Jack surmised that these tests of strength between the men who earned their living by their physical prowess must be frequently indulged in during their hours of relaxation.

"I'm a little out of training," Jack assented, taking off his heavy ulster and the coat and vest under it, "but I'll take you on."

His challenger was fully as broad as he, but an inch or two shorter. As he rolled up his sleeves, however, above a pair of forearms that fairly bulged with the muscles the constant swinging of the heavy ax had given them, Jack knew that he was facing a man who was likely to prove a hard one to down.

"I ain't the champeen," the man, with a good-natured grin, reassured Jack. "That's him, over there." He nodded toward the bearded owner of the glass eye, who was scowlingly looking on. "Thibeau's thrown every man in this camp, and a dozen others besides. But I'll try you out first. If you get me down, you can take on Thibeau next. How about that, Henri?"

The French Canadian—for so Thibeau, from his name and appearance, seemed to be—insolently ran his one sound eye over Jack.

"I t'ink you weel not leave notheeng of heem for me to get 'old of," he contemptuously informed Jack's waiting opponent. "A child could breek hees back weeth onlee one feengaire."

The lumberman rushed in upon Jack. The latter gave back a step, as though taken off his guard. But he caught his adversary's hand up behind his back, crooked his knee in a peculiar fashion

against the other's hip, and, in a twinkling, the man was thrown sprawling on his back into the sawdust pit.

It was a simple trick, which Jack had often made use of on the mat in his athletic club back in town.

But it was apparently new to the rough occupants of the bunk house. A murmur of surprise and admiration went up from them.

"He could not do it again," scoffed Thibeau. "Peterson sleeped, there on that bit of fat dropped from suppaire on the floor—I saw him do it. Next time——"

"Will *you* try it next time?" cut in Jack.

He faced the huge canuck with a level gaze. Thibeau's jaw shot out, as he stepped forward to meet him. He pointed to his glass eye.

"You see thees?" he growled meaningly. "I lost that in a wrestling bout once. But you should have seen the othaire fellow, *ma foi*—heem! When you wrestle weeth me, my friend, it is danger-r-rous——"

"Once"—as he spoke, Jack reached out and grasped Thibeau by the collar in one hand, drawing him toward him—"I wrestled with a man"—he lifted the canuck off his feet, as easily as though he had been a child—"and this is what"—he carried the futilely struggling man to the sawdust pit, and laid him out at full length in it—"I did to him."

As he spoke, Jack sat down on the French Canadian, pulled his pipe out of his pocket, and serenely filled and lighted it.

The room rocked with the laughter of the lumberman as they saw the ridiculous ease with which this stranger had handled their bragging "champion"—and in the midst of the latter's boasting of what he could do to Jack if he liked, too.

But when Jack let him up, Thibeau did not laugh.

He went straight to his bunk without a word, and turned in. It was not to sleep, however. He had been made a laughingstock before his fellows by this newcomer. Thibeau hated him for that—and he determined to even the score at the first opportunity.

It came sooner than he had hoped. In fact, the very next day.

Jack had no idea that the canuck harbored any lasting grudge against him as a result of their encounter, and so, when the foreman of the lumbering crew ordered him to go out as Thibeau's chopping mate the next morning, Jack did so, without suspecting that he was gambling with his very life in so doing.

Thibeau was naturally of a sullen, untalkative disposition, Jack judged, and, consequently, he thought nothing of the fact that the big French Canadian had nothing to say to him on the way from the camp to the heart of the forest where they were to work for the day, and that he maintained the same silence as they began to wield their axes.



"Once"—as Jack spoke, he twisted the burly canuck's arm up behind his back, holding him at his mercy—"this is how I served a boasting fellow like you."

It was an hour after they had stopped for dinner. The morning's work had overtaxed Jack's unaccustomed muscles, and now they were stiffening rapidly into what was like the cramp that attacks a swimmer, after the noon-rest interval.

This was the reason why, as he swung his ax at the groove he was hacking in the trunk of a giant pine, Jack misjudged the distance of the swing and missed the tree altogether.

The force of the blow, meeting the empty air, whirled him around like a top, his feet slipped in the snow, and he fell.

In a single bound, Thibeau, who had been watching him like a cat all along, stood over him with his ax uplifted.

The canuck snarled an unintelligible something at him through his clenched teeth, and brought down the ax. Jack felt a stabbing pain in his right foot. The razor-sharp blade of Thibeau's ax had sunk into it.

From the stunning effect of the blow and the excruciating pain Jack's senses reeled; and then, for a moment, everything was black before him. When he opened his eyes Thibeau was nowhere in sight. But three or four of the other lumbermen were bending over him.

"We'd better take him back to Clark's house," Jack heard one of them saying. "I suppose he ran afoul of his own ax, bein' green at the game. But he's got to have a doctor for this. It looks to me as if he'd cut one of his arteries. Let's get moving with him, quick, boys, before he bleeds to death!"



"He was trying to kill him," Maud charged, pointing to the prone figure of the French-Canadian. "I caught him just in time, thank Heaven!"

On that five-mile journey over the mountain trails back to the Clark house, the only reason Jack did not bleed to death—for one of his arteries had, indeed been severed by Thibeau's ax—was that the tightness of his boot kept his blood from doing more than ooze slowly out of the gash.

But he had lost enough of the precious life fluid to be unconscious when he was brought in, at the dusk of evening, and laid on the same bed where he had spent the previous night in the home of the lumbering camp's owner. Clark himself examined the wound.

"Poor fellow," he said, shaking his head, "it looks like a hopeless case. There's no way we can get a doctor here to-night, and at this rate he'll have bled to death by morning. There's been a snowslide along the road to town. The way is blocked for a hundred feet, and as high as a man's head. If it wasn't for that, one of us could ride——"

Maud, who had been listening, stole from the room.

She had determined to make an effort to save Jack. He would be a dead man unless a doctor was brought to him that night, her father had said. If the road was blocked, there was still another way of reaching town, though a perilous one. It was by riding across country, through the drifts, which meant the risk of losing the way and freezing to death, or of plunging unknowingly down any one of a number of the steep mountain passes.

Yet, five minutes later, the girl was riding fearlessly on her dangerous mission.

It was six hours later. Jack lay alone in the bedroom to which he had been brought, in a stupor. Silently the door opened. A tall, bearded man entered, and crept cautiously toward the bed.

It was Thibeau.

He had heard that Jack had been brought to the Clark house, and that he had not bled to death on the way, from the blow he had dealt him—and why.

And now Thibeau had stolen into the room for the fiendish purpose of taking off the boot, and so causing Jack's prompt death. The canuck stooped and began to unlace the boot. He took it off. And then he muttered a curse of disappointment, for he saw that the blood had coagulated inside the shoe to form a natural covering over the mouth of the wound.

But he would soon fix that. Thibeau dropped the heavy boot on the floor behind him, and then he took a knife out of his pocket. He pulled off his other glove, to assist him in opening its blade, and stooped once more over Jack.

In through the door, which he had left open, stepped—Maud. She took in the scene at a single glance. Her heart stopped beating with horror. If only there was some weapon that she could use against the giant canuck! And then she caught sight of Jack's boot, which he had cast behind him on the floor.

Rushing forward on her tiptoes, the girl caught up the thick shoe, swung

it aloft over the unsuspecting Thibeau, and brought down its heavy heel on the villain's head.

Thibeau flung up his arms and fell senseless to the floor, hoist by his own petard; for if he had not taken off Jack's boot, in the hope of killing him, Maud would have had nothing to attack him with.

The next moment Clark rushed into the room, and with him was the doctor that the girl had ridden at the risk of her life to bring. It was only midnight. And there were still six hours left in which the physician might work to pull Jack's flickering spirit back from the shadow.

* * * * * *

Jack was convalescing, a week later.

As he lay on the sofa, with his injured foot propped up on one of its pillows, in the sunny living room of the Clarks' home, he looked up over his shoulder at the owner of the lumbering camp, who had pulled out his watch as he stood behind him, in answer to Jack's impatient inquiry.

"It's three o'clock now," replied Clark. "She ought to be able to make the trip to town and back in less time than this. I guess she'll be here any minute now."

The door opened at that moment, and Maud came in, her cheeks glowing from the ride in the crisp winter air.

She waved a letter, which she crossed to Jack, as he lay on the sofa, and gave him.

But before he opened it he insisted that she sit down beside him. He gazed at her as though she had been absent a year, though in reality it was only two hours since she had left the house.

"Hadn't you better read your letter?" she suggested, blushing under his steady gaze. Mr. Clark, with a chuckle, as he looked at the pair, had silently gone from the room and left them alone in it. "It may be important——"

Jack found that it was, when he had drawn it from its envelope and scanned the few lines it contained, in an angular, feminine hand. It was the most important thing in the world to him just then, for it was from Millicent, his fiancée, to announce that she had decided to break their engagement to become betrothed to a certain Count Vignona.

Jack turned to Maud and told her the whole story. Of how he had mistaken his admiration for Millicent's cold beauty for love, and become engaged to her. But that even before he had come away to the mountains he had begun to doubt the true state of his feelings toward her. The first day he had set eyes on Maud he had known that he did not love Millicent; more, that he never had. Thanks to this letter, he was now free to speak, and he wound up, taking the girl's hand in his, by asking earnestly:

"Maud, will you be my wife?"

She hesitated, looking down at the floor. Slowly she shook her head.

"No," she gave him his answer. "You are only asking me, I am afraid, out of gratitude for saving your life."

"Listen, dear," he said, leaning toward her. "I want you to look me in the eyes. Now, answer this: Do you feel as I think you do toward me, because *I* happen to have saved *your* life back there on that slope? You wouldn't marry any man for gratitude, would you?"

A mischievous dimple began to play in Maud's cheek.

Then, with a soft little laugh, she buried her head on his shoulder.

"I would," she announced firmly, "when gratitude—is love!"

A Young Diplomat.

JOHNNIE," said his mother, "do you know who ate those tarts I left in the pantry?"

"I do, mamma," replied the noble boy, his eyes filling with tears, "but it would not be right for me to tell."

And that is how it came that Johnnie's brother received two undeserved spankings, one for the cakes he did not steal, and another for his truthful denial.



Have you your new car?

This, glorious spring, is the season when men of means are purchasing their automobiles for the coming year, and those who must work hard may be seen touring in their cars of last season. Movie actors are no exception when it comes to a desire of spinning over the roads in a car. The famous Waddy and Arty (Wadsworth and Housman) of the Edison company have at last come before a bashful camera—yes, bashful—to pose so that the pay-as-you-enter public will not have longer to wait for the addition to their photos of the line "—and his car." See them pictured above standing proudly beside *their* car.

Irene Fenwick With George Kleine

By Emily Brown Heininger

WHEN Miss Irene Fenwick, who holds her place in the bright lights on Broadway, New York, signed her contract to appear upon the screen in the George Kleine productions for the next few years, she started something entirely new in the movies; for her agreement is that this new line of work shall not interfere with her stage career at all. In other words, she will continue to be a Broadway star as well as take her place with the constellations of the camera.

Several offers have been made to Miss Fenwick previous to the one by Mr. Kleine, but none of these propositions appealed to her sufficiently to make her willing to give up her legitimate career entirely for that of pictures. Now she is not only scheduled to be very busy, but also quite happy, for she loves to work; and everybody knows that one job is sufficient to keep the average woman well employed, and that to be able to keep up two different lines of work is an achievement for only an exceptional person to undertake.

Therefore, the public has a right to anticipate some wonderful treats when the Fenwick releases are announced, in the near future.

Chicago has the distinction of being the birthplace of Miss Fenwick, though she was "discovered" by New York. Her education was effected at the convent in South Bend, Indiana, at the same place as that of Blanche Sweet.

Upon leaving school, the desire for the stage took possession of her, and as the same thing had happened to her mother at the age of sixteen, this fond parent knew what it meant to her daughter, and was wise enough not to oppose the cultivation of so pronounced a talent.

In "Peggy from Paris," she had her first chance to play a "bit" part, which she handled so well that Charles Frohman recognized her ability, and gave her more to accomplish. From "The Office Boy," and "Just One of the Boys," she was promoted to the leading feminine part of *Sylvia Futvoye*, in "The Brass Bottle," and was pronounced an instantaneous hit.

Mr. Frohman kept her busy after that by giving her an important rôle in the well-known detective story by A. Conan Doyle, "The Speckled Band."

Her next success was in "The Importance of Being Earnest," by Oscar Wilde, and in this she toured England. Then back to America and under the management of Mr. Frohman again, she was launched in the French farce, "The Zebra."

It was while starring in the last-mentioned play that Miss Fenwick invented that much talked-of "hobble nightie," that created such a sensation on Broadway and elsewhere.



IRENE FENWICK.

Other productions in which our dual, screen-and-stage, artist has appeared have been "The Million," the delightful Savage comedy, "Hawthorne of the U. S. A.," and "The Family." This brings her up to the present, and she is to be seen now in "The Song of Songs," at the Eltinge Theater, in New York City.

Having had the advantage of such producers as Frohman, Savage, Brady, Cohan & Harris, and Al H. Woods, Miss Fenwick comes before the camera well fortified to do credit to the name of George Kleine.

His intention is not to bother with any small plays at all, but to filmize all of the adaptable stage hits in which his new "find" has starred. The first of these will be "The Commuter," which is now being made at the Kleine studios, in New York, under the direction of Mr. Fitzmaurice.

New Idea in Cartoon Pictures.

EDISON releases regularly a series of animated comic cartoons by the noted French cartoonist, Raoul Barre. The cartoons will be considerably different in several features than some that have already appeared, as the pictures will combine both acting by the Edison players and the animated cartoons, both being interestingly and funnily blended. Mr. Barre will personally stage the part of the picture devoted to the players, so that the infectious strain of fun will run consistently through the picture, and work out his ideas perfectly.

A new and clever idea that Mr. Barre has worked out is the movement—animation—of the figures in the cartoons while he is still drawing them. Mr. Barre has given a great deal of study to this unique form of entertainment, and has perfected a system whereby the very large number of drawings usually necessary to produce these animated cartoons have been reduced to about one-quarter, also allowing the more frequent release because of the time gained.

Lubin Players New Society.

THE employees of the Lubin Company in Philadelphia have organized a yearly beneficial association. The majority of the players are members, and the officers are Colonel Joseph W. Smiley, president; Isador Schwartz, treasurer; and Donald Scott, secretary.

Doctor Jim

(MAJESTIC)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

Read this story from the Majestic film, if you want your fill of Western atmosphere, red-blooded action, with the suspense of an absorbing plot thrown in. Sheriff Farley had a wayward son and a beautiful young daughter. How Doctor Jim, who had come to Green Ridge from the East to build up a practice, tried to save one to gain the other, is a story that you can't afford to miss—it will thrill you.

The production was made by Fred Kelsey. Catherine Henry was *Molly*, the sheriff's daughter. *Doctor Jim* was played by Fred Burns. And Vester Perry was the sheriff.

"OH, Doctor Hilton, have you seen anything of Dave?"

Molly Farley, the sheriff's daughter, anxiously accosted the clear-eyed, broad-shouldered young man who came swinging down the hill road.

He looked anything but a doctor. Indeed, in this stalwart booted and flannel-shirted figure, with the grime on his good-looking face streaked by the sweat of honest toil, few of Boston's exclusive Back Bay residents would have recognized Doctor James Hilton, who had departed from their midst only four short months before, to establish a practice in the West.

"Doctor Jim," as the miners called him, had become one of them through force of circumstances. He had found Green Ridge too healthy a town to afford him even the meagerest living in his professional capacity. But—though there were a hundred other towns to which he might have gone—he had not moved on.

Doctor Jim had made up his mind to stay in Green Ridge.

The reason stood before him now.

Doctor Jim loved Molly Farley—he had loved her from the moment his eyes first rested on her tender, hazel eyes, the dawn-pink of her cheeks and her thick braid of spun-gold hair. Some day, he hoped, if he were patient, he might be able to claim her for his wife. And so—to earn his board and keep in the community—he had applied to the mine manager for a job as an ordinary laborer, and set his big muscles cheerfully to the task of providing him with a living until such time as his trained skill could do so.

But now the look of eager pleasure that had lighted his face at sight of the girl was extinguished by her question.



It was only Dave's bad companions that were responsible for his waywardness.

"Why, no, Miss Molly," he replied, "I haven't seen your brother—that is, not since yesterday morning. Isn't he all right?"

"I don't know." The worried pucker between Molly's brows had deepened at his answer. "I had hoped you might know where he was. He didn't come home last night, and we haven't seen anything of him all to-day. Yesterday"—she hesitated, in obvious embarrassment; then, averting her eyes to the road at their feet, she hurried on—"yesterday was pay day at the mine, you know, and Dave is so foolish sometimes with his money——"

Doctor Jim's lips pressed gravely together, and he took a determined step past her toward the town.

He knew, perhaps better than she did, how foolish her young brother was.

Doctor Jim had been trying to reform the sheriff's wayward son, whose reputation as a ne'er-do-well he had heard from a dozen different sources, during the past three months of his stay in Green Ridge.

And, in so doing, he had lost not a little of the respect with which the townsfolk had at first regarded him. They misconstrued the motive which led him to spend all his spare time in Dave's

company. They judged that he was like Dave—a drinker and a gambler—and that that was why he sought his society.

Sheriff Farley, the boy's father, was openly bitter against Doctor Jim, whom he held to be an older man who was leading his son astray.

There was only one person who really understood that by keeping Dave constantly in his company, Doctor Jim was trying to keep him out of the society of the ruffianly element in town, whose bad example was all that had ever caused him to go wrong—and that one was Molly. Her womanly intuition had told her that Doctor Jim was a good man. That, and a certain something else that



Doctor Jim's influence over Dave was beginning to bear fruit—for the past two weeks he had resisted the temptation to fall back into his evil ways.

had been born in her heart on the day they first met. She was convinced that Dave could not be in better hands than when he was with this strong, wholesome man.

"Oh, you'll find him?" she exclaimed, eagerly clasping her hands. "Tell him—tell him, if he's not all right, to come home and I'll let him in without father knowing."

Doctor Jim, with a word of reassurance to her, swung on down the hill.

What had Dave been up to now? The boy had been making headway against his bad habits during the past fortnight. Thanks to Doctor Jim's friendly talks, he had promised to cut out the drink and the cards for good. And, so far as the former was aware, he had been keeping his word.

But now it looked as though he had backslid. Some sudden temptation must have caused him to yield——

Doctor Jim stopped short. Turning a bend in the road, he had come face to face with Sheriff Farley.

"This saves me a trip up to the mine," the old man blazed out at him. "I was coming up there after you—to find out what you've done with my boy. He ain't been home since yesterday. Now, you tell me where he is, and then I'll tell *you* something! You keep away from him. Do I make that clear? It's you that's responsible for his drinking and his squandering his money down there in Steve Boyle's 'Lucky Chance' dive, that's making me, the sheriff of this town, the laughingstock of the whole county—to have a son like that! It's you that's influencing him to go wrong. Stay away from him! You hear me? You that's got nothing better to do than to go teaching evil to a boy that ain't half your own age——"

It was on the tip of Doctor Jim's tongue to tell the man that it was his own sternness, as much as anything else, that had first driven his son into his waywardness, but he resisted the impulse.

"Very well, Sheriff Farley," he said quietly; "if you don't think I'm a fit associate for your son, I shall respect your wishes in the matter, and not continue our friendship. But I can't promise to 'stay away from him,' as you put it, from this minute on. I am on my way down to the town now, to find him. I promised your daughter that I would do so, a moment or two ago, when she told me that neither of you had seen him last night or to-day."

Doctor Jim was about to pass on.

The sheriff's iron hand fell on his shoulder, and spun him around.

"That's another thing," growled Farley, stepping closer to him. "You keep away from Molly, too. I think you're getting interested in that quarter. You look the other way hereafter when you pass her on the road—hear? She's just a fool of a girl, and I don't propose to see her head turned by the stories you, a slick Easterner, might go pouring into her ears!"

"Sheriff Farley!"

Doctor Jim straightened, his fists clenching in righteous indignation.

"You're insulting your own daughter," he charged angrily. "I won't allow any one to speak in that disrespectful way of her, not even you——"

The sheriff had drawn a blue-barreled Colt's.

"You heard what I said," he repeated, looking significantly from the young man before him to the gun in his hand. "You keep away from Molly—or you'll hear this speaking to you next time. That's the last word you'll get from me."

Old man Farley turned on his heel and walked away around the bend in the road in the direction from which Doctor Jim had come.

Doctor Jim hesitated for a moment, undecided whether to follow and try to intercede in Molly's behalf when her father should meet her back there on the road. Sheriff Farley had the reputation of owning an ugly temper, when it was aroused—and it seemed to be aroused now.

But, with a shrug, he turned and continued on his way. From what had just passed between him and her father, he judged that his interference could only make matters worse.

Down in the town, Doctor Jim got from the rough pals of Boyle, the community's professional gambler, the information of Dave's whereabouts which they had withheld from the sheriff.

The young man was in Boyle's back room, where he had been since early afternoon of the previous day. Doctor Jim passed through the saloon, and into that smoke-filled room, where he found a crowd drawn close around a table at which Boyle, alone, sat facing Dave, the sheriff's son.

The latter's eyes, with dark circles of sleeplessness under them, were bright from drink and excitement as they scanned the cards in his hand.

Before him were ranged a dozen high stacks of chips.

"I'm ahead of the game all this," the boy nervously informed Doctor Jim, looking up at the latter and nodding at the chips piled in front of him. "I just sat in to make it five-handed for an hour yesterday afternoon—but how could I leave when the luck's been coming my way ever since?" He looked down at his cards, and then across the table at Boyle. "This is the last hand, though," he murmured in an aside to Doctor Jim. "If I win, I'll have cleaned Boyle out of his last cent—it means I'll have a small fortune!"

The hardened gambler across the table laid his cards, face down, in front of him. He reached into his breast pocket and produced a wallet. From it he took a thick sheaf of yellow-backed bills, counted them, and then laid them in the center of the table.

"It'll take all you've got in front of you to 'call' me," he grimly informed Dave.

For a moment or two the youth hesitated, studying his cards. Then he shoved his stacks of chips slowly, one after the other, into the middle of the table. Upon the silence that hung over the table, his voice fell, breaking with excitement:

"What've you got?"

Boyle spread out his cards, showing a full house on nines and queens.

Dave laughed nervously.

"The pot belongs to me" he declared, and rose to gather it in, throwing down his hand, face up, in front of his opponent. "There's a straight flush! It's the first one I ever held, as long as I've been playing——"

Boyle's voice broke in upon his jubilant chattering.

"Yes, and you had to cheat to get it!" snarled the gambler. He rose, kicking back his chair as he spoke. "I discarded that six of diamonds, and you picked it up——"

"That's a lie!" panted the youth.

Doctor Jim tried to catch his arm. Too late. As Boyle reached for his gun, Dave whipped out his and fired. The gambler caught at his throat, reeled, and fell. It had all happened in a twinkling.

"There's only one chance now!" Doctor Jim murmured under his breath to himself.

Before the echo of Dave's shot had ceased ringing in the room, Doctor Jim's own gun spoke twice, and the place was plunged in darkness. He had shot out the lights. A moment later, while the men in the room were shouting, and colliding with one another in an effort to reach the door, the clatter of horses' hoofs sounded outside, then died. When fresh lights were brought, it was seen that Dave and Doctor Jim were no longer there.

Boyle's body was gone from the floor, too.

The story of the shooting was all over town by the next morning. But an altered version. It was Doctor Jim, the eye-witnesses declared, who had shot Boyle.

Molly heard about it. There was strong talk in the town—for Boyle had been popular there—of sending out a posse to bring the fugitive in. She did not believe that Doctor Jim was guilty. And she feared, once he had got her brother—who, she suspected, was the one in reality who had fired the shot—into some safe hiding place, that he would come back to town of his own volition to undertake Dave's defense.



Sheriff Farley was known far and wide in the neighborhood as a terror to criminals.

He must be warned of the danger he would run in turning up in town. She was the only one who could carry him that warning.

She determined, at any cost, to do so—for now that he was in danger she confessed to herself the truth: that she loved Doctor Jim.

She rode out into the mountains to the north, the only logical place to which Doctor Jim and Dave could have gone. But how was she to locate them there? It was going to be like finding a needle in a haystack.

"Why, what are you doing up here alone, Miss Molly?"

The girl drew rein before the angular figure of a woman who stood at the roadside. She was the wife of a miner whom Doctor Jim had pulled through a case of pneumonia some months before, and to whom Molly had brought a number of delicacies during his convalescence. Now the woman, looking furtively behind her, stepped closer.

"Listen," she said. "If it's your brother you're looking for, I can't tell you where he is. But if you'll ride along to the cabin, there's one there who may be able to—Doctor Jim. He's with my husband, finding out what the feeling over last night's shooting is in the town, while I'm watching the road for any sign of a posse. Ride along, dearie, and you may be able to catch him before he leaves."

Molly did so, and arrived at the miner's cabin just as Doctor Jim came out of its door to mount his horse in front of it.

"Miss Molly!' he exclaimed at sight of her. Then, his expression turning grave, he addressed her reassuringly: "Don't worry about your brother, for I'll get him out of this——"

"It's not Dave," Molly interrupted, blushing, but bravely looking into his eyes, "that I'm worrying about. It's *you* —they think you shot Steve Boyle. Probably you've already learned that, here at this cabin. I came—I came to warn you that you mustn't come back to town. They'll lynch you if you do."

She swung her horse's head around.

"I can't stay any longer," she said breathlessly. "Good-by!"

When she rode up to the door of her father's house in town, a half hour later, old man Farley confronted her on the threshold.

"Where've you been?" he demanded. "Up in the mountains, I'll bet, to try to help that man escape. The man I've forbidden you to speak to again—who's pulled your own brother into this scrape with him, and run off with him, Heaven only knows where——"

"Father——" Molly started to protest.

"Get into the house!" he growled menacingly, stepping aside to let her pass. "I'll find out where you've been, and if my guess is right—you'll be sorry, mark my words!"

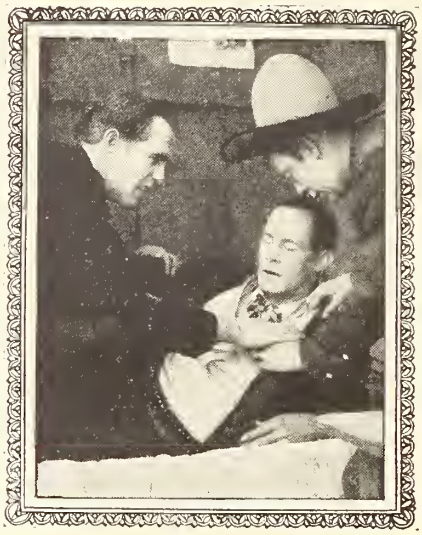
Molly had no sooner passed out of sight and hearing, than a quartet of grim-visaged men rode up to the door and ranged themselves before Farley there.

"Ed Farley, what're you going to do about the shooting of Steve Boyle last night?" demanded their spokesman.

"What d'ye mean—do about it?" asked the sheriff.

"We mean this," the other shot back; "you're the sheriff of this town. It's your place to find the murderer of one of its citizens. Now, we'll give you just forty-eight hours to do it in. If you haven't brought Doctor Jim in by that time—we're going to take the thing into our own hands. That's all."

The four wheeled their steeds about



There they found Dave nursing Steve Boyle —who, thanks to Doctor Jim's medical skill, had not died.

and cantered off without another word. Sheriff Farley stood looking after them. Then his eyes traveled to the mountains. Somewhere in them, he knew, was Doctor Jim and his son. But where? Old man Farley's gaze swung around to the house behind him. The light of a sudden plan shone in his eyes. He marched into the house and called:

"Molly!"

The girl appeared.

"Come out here and get on your horse," her father ordered. "I'm going off on a little business trip—and I want you along."

To all Molly's questions as to the reason why he wanted her to accompany him, the sheriff grimly refused to answer. She had to obey him, and mount her horse. Then she rode off beside him along the mountain trail. At an abandoned cabin, halfway to the top of the first range, Farley bade her dismount with him. He led her into the windowless shack, and then turned, with jaw outthrust.

"Now," he announced, "here's where you'll stay till I come back!"

He walked back out of the door and bolted it securely from the outside. Molly was a prisoner. But for what reason—this was the question she asked herself. She was not allowed to remain long in ignorance of its answer.

"Keep off!" she heard her father calling to some one outside the door. "Don't come any nearer this cabin! My daughter's inside, and she's just come down with fever. It's contagious. I'm on my way down the road now, to warn every one I see not to come near the cabin."

Then Molly heard her father's steps moving off—and all was silence.

She understood his scheme in a flash. News of her supposed illness would travel through the mountains like wildfire. It would reach the ears of Doctor Jim. That was just what her father wanted! He knew Doctor Jim loved her. It was a hundred chances to one that he would come to the cabin to minister to her.

And the sheriff would arrest him!

Was ever a girl before placed in such a terrible position? To be the lure that was to draw the man she loved to his death!

Frantically Molly sought to batter down the door with her fists so she could escape and spread the word that her father's report of her illness was a falsehood. But all her efforts were useless. She was securely a captive. She fell to pacing the floor, her brain tortured by the thought that each minute that was passing might be bringing Doctor Jim nearer to her, and to his doom.

An hour passed—and her strength was exhausted by her ceaseless walking round and round the narrow confines of her cell.

But still she kept pacing up and down the cabin. She could not sit down. She could not even stand still. Her mind was beginning to totter under the strain. At last she grew delirious. She pounded on the walls with her hands, screaming incoherent words of warning to the lover she could not see.

It was in this condition Sheriff Far-

ley found her, when he returned to the cabin.

It only needed one glance at her unnaturally bright eyes and flushed cheeks to tell him that, through the strain of worry, she had come down with a very real fever—one that was likely to prove fatal, unless help was brought at once.

The old man was overwhelmed, in that instant, by the enormity of what he had done. All his hardness fell from him as a shell; he took her in his arms and tried to quiet her frantic struggles to free herself from his embrace, to still her insane cries—in vain. The tears were streaming hotly down his furrowed cheeks.

"God forgive me!" he muttered to himself. Then he turned to the door. "But I must find a doctor—oh, Lord, be kind to me, and let me find one quick, before it's too late!"

He dashed out of the cabin, onto his horse, and away down the road back to town. There—for Doctor Jim had been the only doctor the community boasted of—he stopped only long enough to secure a fresh horse, and galloped on to the next town. It was rumored that there was a doctor there.

But when the sheriff reached that town, he learned that that physician had left for the East three days before—where a relative had died and left him independently well-off.

Crushed, the old man turned and rode back to the cabin on the mountain trail.

As he opened the door, he saw his daughter asleep on the rude cot in one corner of the room—with Doctor Jim seated beside her.

The news that Molly was stricken with fever in the cabin had reached him. And—as both Farley and Molly had guessed he would do—he had rushed to her side the instant the word was borne to his ears.

Thanks to his timely coming, he had checked the advance of the fever, and Molly was already out of danger, as the peaceful sleep into which she had fallen attested.

But now what was that gallop of horses' hoofs on the road from town?

Sheriff Farley quickly shut the door of the cabin, just in time to face a body of horsemen who were streaming into view. Their leader—the grim-faced man who had threatened that he and his fellows would take the law into their own hands, that morning—drew up before the sheriff.

"We've decided not to wait for you," he announced. "Your daughter's sick, we've heard, so you aren't in a position to go out and get Doctor Jim. We're going to do it for you. Come on, boys!"

The vigilantes rode on.

Sheriff Farley turned back and entered the cabin. He wanted to warn Doctor Jim to fly for his life—but where could the latter go to escape that posse? They would not find their quarry in the direction for which they were bound. They would turn back, though, and hunt him to earth—they never abandoned such a quest until it was completed, the sheriff knew.

But when he explained the situation to Doctor Jim, the latter reassured both him and Molly, who had waked, fully recovered, from her sleep.

"I don't believe," said Doctor Jim, with a puzzling smile, "that anybody will be punished for the murder of Steve Boyle."

That was all the others could get out of him that night.

But the next morning he led them to a cabin, a mile or so farther up in the mountains. And there they found Dave nursing Boyle—whose gunshot wound, thanks to Doctor Jim's skill, had not proved fatal, after all.

"I saw there was this chance," Doctor Jim explained, "of getting Dave out of his scrape by taking Boyle away with us and curing him, that night of the shooting. But Boyle's not the only one cured, I guess. How about that, Dave?"

The boy turned to his father, and held out his hand.

"I'll never be a disgrace to you again, sir," he promised chokingly. "What I've suffered, before I knew if Boyle was going to pull through or not, has taught me a lesson—to cut out cards and drinking, and all the rest, forever. And I mean to do it, too!"

The sheriff escorted the whole party back to town.

There, when he had told what Doctor Jim had done, by running his head into danger to save Molly's life, Doctor Jim won the reward he deserved by hearing himself acclaimed with three hearty cheers as a hero.

But it was a different reward he cared most about.

The one Molly flashed him with her shining eyes—which told him that his time of patient waiting to claim her love would end any time he cared to ask her a certain question.

Notes for the Writers.

SHORT SHOTS.

Lay off for a few days or a week, if you feel tired. The rest will be more valuable than the writing of a scenario.

Because you have read a novel or short story that appealed to you, don't rewrite it. Go out on the street and watch the people go by. When you note an unusual character, set your imagination to work, and turn out an original plot.

The motto of all photo-playwrights should be, "Our day is coming."

We are wont to yawn when the deep-dyed villain sets out to wreak senseless vengeance on the helpless heroine, with the strong and manly hero doing the hesitation gallop toward the scene of action.

It may prove valuable if you study the work of the players you see on the screen. Some day you may wish to write a play especially for them.

Do all those who are trying to write "comedy" know that it is nothing more than a dramatic composition of an amusing nature?

To win favor with the editors—and they are the ones who count—scenario writers should see that they never submit an untidy manuscript.

Don't think you have mastered technique because you have supplied yourself with a vocabulary of technical terms. Studio writers seldom use the same words a free lance does to explain a point.

Germs are good things to avoid—but not plot germs.

LIVE-WIRE MARKET HINTS.

Kalem Company, 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York City, is buying two-reel dramas and single-reel farces at the present time. Phil Lang, the editor, requests that all scripts be submitted to the company rather than to him personally. Kalem treats writers fairly, and pays good prices for everything accepted. They are not an easy market, though.

The Eastern Universal Film Manufacturing Company are out of the market for a while. They will probably re-enter later.

Plays and Players

Robert Conness.

ROBERT CONNESS comes from a family long known in the annals of the American stage. His stage connections have been with the Frohmans in the "Prisoner of Zenda," "Colonial Girl," and "The Bachelor's Baby," and



has starred with Mary Mannering, Blanche Walsh, and Hedwig Richer.

Mr. Conness made his first appearance before the camera in the Edison studio about five years ago, and will long live in the minds of the motion-picture public for the excellent dramatic technique displayed in such Edison films as "His Daughter," "Children Who Labor," "Church and Country," and "Van Bibber's Experiment." Having been engaged in a large theatrical production, Mr. Conness was compelled to forsake his screen delineations for a brief period. He has returned to the Edison Company, and will again bring gladness to the hearts of his admirers by displaying the versatilities and dramatic accomplishments for which he is famed.

Carlton King, Edison.

THAT the "silent" drama should call an actor who had made his mark as a singing comedian on the stage is one of the paradoxical cases presented in Carlton King, whose success in serious rôles in the Edison Stock Company bears further evidence of adaptability and versatility.

Mr. King began his stage life at twelve years of age, when he left a Chicago church choir to join the Hollywood Juvenile Opera Company, and took the part of the old maid in "The Mikado." His beautiful contralto voice was eminently suited to that rôle. The company was unique in that all the parts were played by children. Mr. King—rather, "Master" then—later played in "Pinafore" and "The Mascot." At the boyish age of fourteen years he joined the Calhoun Opera Company, and worked up soon to the second-comedy part. His success soon secured an engagement with Francis Wilson, with whom he played in "The Little Corporal," "Cyrano de Bergerac," "Ermine," and "The Monks of Malabar," spending five years, all told, with Wilson. Then, in succession, came a season with the well-known Rogers Brothers, the Dearborn Theater Producing Company, one season with Richard Carle in "The Burgomaster," when he was starred in the musical comedy, "The Golden Girl."

Then followed engagements of two years with the La Salle Theater Company, and the same time with the Cleveland Summer Stock Company. Mr. King has appeared in important rôles with such well-known stars as Joe Webber, Lulu Glaser, Pauline Hall, Jennie Weathersbie, De Wolf Hopper, Della Fox, and Valeska Surratt; also in the original production of "The Wizard of Oz." His last stage appearance was as *Theobold*, in "Alma Where Do You Live?" with Joe Webber.

The motion pictures called five years ago, when Mr. King went to Selig. He, for a time, went back to the stage, but the lure of the camera was too much, and he surrendered again, this time to Essanay. Then followed engagements with the Vitagraph, joining the Edison forces about a year ago.

Mr. King's work is always marked with a perceptive sincerity that begets conviction. Although he has played some comedy rôles for Edison, most of his work is in serious character rôles, in which he has marked success, the very range of the character giving one a good idea of his capabilities. The most unconscious, and therefore most sincere, compliment often paid Mr. King is that he has "a good face for any kind of character." He smiles at this, but the knowing ones realize that this remark is an unconscious tribute to un-



usual ability with make-up that transforms his face into the character he would depict.

"The Dead Soul."

CAPTAIN WILBERT MELVILLE has just completed the big three-reel feature, "The Dead Soul," at the studio of the Western Company. Not being able to secure a schooner of the special type to be used in this picture in the harbor at Los Angeles, Melville sent a man to San Francisco to secure one. After searching the harbor of the Bay City for several days, and inspecting all incoming schooners, one was finally located, chartered, and taken to Los Angeles, where it was used for several days in the making of the picture.

With a strong story, an excellent cast, and a number of novel and striking features, this three-reeler should attract much interest. Considerable time was spent in the producing. The principal rôles are played by George Routh, L. C. Shumway, Peggy Blevins, and Melvin Mayo.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

THE COMEDY-DRAMA.

SLOWLY but surely the comedy-drama seems to be coming into its own upon the motion-picture screen Of late several multiple-reel features of this type have been done successfully, and here and there on the regular programs they have also crept in.

It seems to us that there is no real reason why comedy-dramas, which are also known as dramatic comedies, or dramas with a comedy relief, should not be ideally suited to the screen. To be sure, it requires more skill and effort to blend the dramatic and comedy elements together than to make a "straight" picture of either of the divisions, but the result seems to be worth the trouble. It is a certainty that the average audience would welcome more of this variety, and it is as sure a bet that the exhibitors would be glad to book such films in one and two reels to maintain a balance on a program where a dramatic feature and a farce comedy appear.

We must admit that when a production is rushed, from the time the author conceives the idea for its scenario to the time the director finishes cutting it, it would show up worse on the screen if it were a comedy-drama than if it were straight comedy of any class or straight drama or melodrama. Therefore, we presume that under the present condition it would be well to look upon these comedy-dramas more as a luxury, when we are writing our scripts, than as a means of "cashing in" regularly.

Until there is a larger market for one and two-reel scenarios of this kind we would advise writers not to create them to the exclusion of the more salable farce, straight drama, comedy, and melodrama, but we want to go on record as saying that we are for the comedy-drama on the screen, and without hesitation we predict that the authors who can supply working scenarios for this type of screen play will register not a few sales within a comparatively short time.

TOOLS OF THE TRADE.

Presuming that you have a typewriter and are anxious to begin turning out scenarios, but before you start you wish to learn just what supplies you will need in the new work, we are going to offer a few suggestions.

First of all comes the question of paper and envelopes. We believe the best thing for an amateur to do is to get a box of plain white paper, of the required size, eight and one-half by eleven inches, and a package of yellow second-copy sheets—which we believe will cost about fifty cents per five hundred. The white paper varies in cost, according to the grade used. Lighter paper is cheaper, but is not advisable to get it too light for script work, as it will not stand the wear very well. We believe, after many experiments, that numbers ten and eleven manilla envelopes are the best for use in mailing scenarios. They are also rather inexpensive, being only eight or ten cents per package. While some writers have their names printed on their envelopes and stationery, we believe that an amateur, seeking to reduce expenses at every turn, will be more pleased if he buys a rubber stamp with his name and address molded on it, for something less than fifty cents, and becomes his own printer.

Every scenarioist should also have a liberal supply of carbon paper and keep a copy of every script written. These carbon copies are made on the yellow sheets, and should be kept in an ordinary file, where they can be classified according to titles. Another file—a scrapbook serves just as well—should be kept for plot ideas, almost-finished plot structures, incidents, impressions, et cetera. Then a list of the scenario markets, revised up to the minute, should be close at hand, as should a book in which a complete record of everything which has happened to all the writer's scripts since they were finished. In other words, where they were submitted, whether they sold or were returned, and all notes regarding their sale or rejection obtainable. One more tool is advisable—a flat iron. It is not necessary to rush out and buy one right away. Next time a script looks shabby ask your mother, wife, or landlady to lend you one, if you are a man, or go to the laundry and help yourself if you are a woman. Then place the shabby script on a regular ironing board and give it a thorough going over. When you finish, it will be almost as crisp as though it were newly typed, unless it is so hopelessly wrinkled that the ironing has no effect on it.

Before we leave this subject we want to include paste, shears, and a book knife in the list of necessities.

REWRITING PLAYS FOR PRACTICE.

Do you ever try to rewrite a picture play, either from the screen or from the synopsis the manufacturers send out? It is excellent practice, for if nothing else it will teach you how easy it is to bend and twist plots.

Often we take the plot of a screen story and allow it to run as it did in the original production, to a certain point. Then we forget all about how it ended, and say to ourselves: "Now, if this had not happened, how would it have ended?" As a result, our mind generally formulates an entire new plot, for the finish we created gives rise to a new beginning. Amateurs are liable to make a crude effort to change a plot

and then pass it off as their own; so we would advise that scenarios having this source as their inspiration are not sent to the editors, unless the writer, after laying the newly created plot aside for a couple of weeks, is firmly convinced, upon taking it up again and comparing it to the original story, that it is entirely different. Then he is at liberty to submit it where he pleases, for it is his own.

Our advice to those new at the game, however, is to do this kind of work not for immediate financial profit, but as a drill in plot building. We think that a few stories, rebuilt every week, would prove very beneficial to young writers, though, of course, it is preferable to work on original scenarios if the time you can devote to writing does not allow both.

After you have become fairly familiar with the process we think you would find some scripts in your discard file which might become real live wires if the same treatment were applied to them.

ARE YOU A CRITIC, FAN, OR STUDENT?

Do you go to the picture show to see how your favorite star will look in North-woods costume, or how he will make love to his new leading lady, or do you go to see if the continuity of scenes does justice to the strength of the story?

It seems to us that the majority of scenario writers are also fans, and are inclined to be critics of minor details on the screen. We do not wish to give the impression that it is impossible for a person who expects to write for the screen to enjoy picture shows. On the contrary, we believe that the insight a person secures into the work while studying the silent art makes the shows ever so much more enjoyable. The point we are driving at, however, is that if a writer expects to learn from the screen—and it is a great teacher—he must not watch the acting, settings, or photography, or allow himself to be carried away by the leads' personalities during his study period. When he goes to a theater determined to study, he should watch only what the scenario consisted of in one particular play. Then enjoy the others on the bill as he pleases.

ADVANCING.

If your first position was in a country store, and you liked it so well that you never had any desire to leave, you would probably be a country-store clerk when you were an old man. If you saw no future for yourself in the store, however, and studied salesmanship, you would probably go on the road eventually.

All of you must have had some advancements in life, and we believe that if you look back you will find that they were the result of your own determination to succeed. If you do not seem to be getting ahead in the scenario field, and feel that it is a hopeless game, look back over what you have done. Wasn't there something you did a year or two ago, which you did not consider very important at that time, but which acted as a welcome boomerang?

Every time you write a script you are climbing one step closer to the top, and it is only by never wavering in your determination to succeed that you can receive your reward for what you have already done. Circumstance plays a mighty important rôle in all walks of life, but in the scenario game the man who will finish on top is the man who takes a broad view of life, and does not allow himself to become discouraged because failure seems to be everywhere and success only a dim future possibility. Remember that "as a man thinketh so he is."

WATCHING THE DRAMA.

There are many things which have been added to the art of producing motion pictures within the last few years which originally belonged to the speaking stage. While stage technique is familiar to most writers, many new angles of it appear every season, and it is well for the more advanced writers to keep an eye on it in regard to its appropriateness for motion pictures.

We refer to dramatic effects only. An example is "Under Cover," the play of the custom offices in New York City. The leading character goes through the entire play until the last act without the audience guessing that he is a government inspector rather than a smuggler. The clever painting of the character and the arrangement of the plot, so as to spring a complete surprise, has been used by a writer, and the subject done from his scenario was recently released by one of the Western manufacturers. In no way was "Under Cover," the play, touched, but the basic foundation of its technical treatment was adapted to the screen and proved very successful.

The danger in drawing from the stage, however, lies in the fact that an amateur is liable to try it, and, not being able to distinguish between actual plot and dramatic effects, will take a portion of a story, or even a whole plot, and try to sell it as a photo play. This should not be done, though if an incident suggests an entirely different play, you surely are entitled to use it. If you feel you are thoroughly versed in distinguishing the difference between plot and technique, study the plays on the speaking stage closely, and you may be able to gain inspiration for a new and startling dramatic effect which has not been used before in pictures.

VISITING A STUDIO.

Some place in the back of your head, haven't you writers who have never been within a studio the desire to visit one? It seems almost an invariable rule that about three or four months after a man or woman begins to write, the "studio fever" comes on, and they feel that it is no use trying to turn out screen plays until they have actually seen them made.

This is not the case. If you have imagination you can realize that the players must go through the actions you call for in each scene, that each interior must be filmed in a set, that the exteriors are taken out of doors, and that what the director wants from the writer is a working script, with complete, concise directions of just what happens in each scene, providing the scenario and plot are well built themselves, of course. The thing which should really interest the writer is the plot. It would not exactly be throwing away three or four days to go to a near-by city to visit a studio, or, if you live in a city where pictures are made, to visit the studio three or four times a year, but we think that if you devoted this time to perfecting your plotting the result would be far more beneficial. A studio visit is a help, but is not absolutely necessary to gain success.

EXPENSE.

Bear in mind when writing that interior sets are not the only expensive things in producing. Don't call for too much trick camera work, a large number of extra people, overexclusive exteriors, or a cast of too many principals. These things are liable to keep your scrip from ever reaching a director.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture-Plays, Their Actors and Authors

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The Advancement of Motion Pictures

By Mabel Trunnelle
(EDISON STAR)

Not so very long ago it was generally accepted that motion pictures were rather a degrading than elevating element, a poor substitution for the stage play, and something for the entertainment of the lower classes; a venture that could not be long-lived.

Then suddenly the producers began to show noticeable improvement in their work, and the public saw that a new era in motion pictures had begun. Miss Mabel Trunnelle, the celebrated Edison player, has written an article especially for this magazine, wherein she outlines the progress in motion pictures, and points out the probabilities of their future.

IT was more than the commercial side that attracted me first to motion pictures. I, from the first, firmly believed that it was only a question of time when they would reach their present high standards, and though, by comparison, they were crude in the beginning, I, womanlike—will I say?—stuck to my opinion and my "job," though the dramatic stage offered tempting opportunities, and—well, I'm glad, more than glad that I stayed in motion pictures. For here we have the two-dollar attraction, and I am really jubilant over the success of that big production, put on by an American director and acted by American actors. I am so pleased with this symbol of higher standards reached that I can hardly keep from saying, "I told you so."

It is only a short time since motion pictures were shown in ill-ventilated, poorly lighted, and most uninviting dens called "nickelodeons." Those pictures were poorly acted, poorly photographed, and poorly rehearsed. While as for sets, it was not an uncommon thing, in those days, in a kitchen scene, to have kitchen utensils painted on the wall! Or



MISS MABEL TRUNNELLE.

an iron dog on a nobleman's lawn, forsooth, or to see a butler with a mustache.

It was considered then a questionable glory to act in the "movies," whereas now how many of Broadway's greatest stars are clamoring to be shown on the screen—if secrets will be out—they realizing, perhaps, that their salary begins with their work, and that no first-class picture company has had to call off a picture before it was half finished for lack of funds, nor had the actors to wait for the salaries in hopes of making a success later on, as did a recent company, with widely known stage stars, in New York before it gave up the ghost—the ghost that never walked!

The screen now calls for, in its remarkable advancement and growth, actors skilled in the highest art of technique. It is no longer possible for a picture company to put out as a "star" a girl who may be good to look upon but who has to lean upon the subtitles to "get it over" to the audience that she is then going through a big scene. And, to give credit where credit is due, I might safely say that part of this is due to the influence exerted by the high grade of intelligence now represented in the motion-picture audiences as compared to those who once came to "see pictures." Letters—splendid letters of

criticism and appreciation—that come by the hundreds to most of the screen favorites, tell of this great change. Those letters are really wonderfully heartening in the light they let in upon a player's work. Why, I really believe that they often are more intelligent in critical appreciation than professional dramatic critics.

These are the conditions—the improved conditions—as I have said, that make it almost an indispensable requirement that screen actors should have dramatic experience broad and varied. Players so experienced have the advantage of getting in personal contact, so to speak, with all kinds of audiences, in critical moments of a play, and "feeling" how the audience responds to the various interpretations. They, therefore, know, when they act on the screen, how the audience-to-be will take it and whether they, the audience, will "get" what the actor would have them feel and know. When a screen play is cast with an actress who cannot—is not able to—play the big scenes, and the subtitles have to tell the audience what should be played, the audience feels at once that something is wrong—the play does not reach them, except in a milk-and-water manner. Even though they may not be up on technique, they unfailingly know there is "something wrong somewhere."

So it can be said that the very high standards now required of an actor is the best indication of how the motion picture has advanced as a phase of art. The improvement in photography has been almost as wonderful, too, and has lent such genuine encouragement to the individual player as he or she now knows that—unlike the olden days—nobody can be blamed if a scene does not "get over," for the faithful camera is there with a sleepless, sharp eye to mirror back every subtle-expressed emotion.

And, too, the class of the directors or "producers"—those little-heard-of men—to whom two-thirds of the credit of the picture, I might say, is due, has also improved, both in intelligence, artistic perception, and specialized experience.

I do not think that the stars of the stage, no matter how great their magnitude, will ever eclipse those of the screen. For in the heart of every picture fan there is a throne raised for their screen favorites. And how this affectionate loyalty does our hearts good!

But in praising the actors and manufacturers for the wonderful advancement of motion pictures, let us not forget that gentle, grim-faced, indefatigable worker who made this advanced stage of motion pictures possible by his genius—that young old man whom we all love—Thomas A. Edison.

Mabel Trunnelle.

MABEL TRUNNELLE has won a place among the few really great photo players by reason of personality and inborn dramatic genius.

Her huge black eyes tell the story of the deepest and lightest of emotions with the power of a thousand voices. They, alone, would have made her first appearance upon the screen notable, even had she not possessed remarkable talent, for few actresses are blessed with so rare a gift.

Miss Trunnelle joined the Edison players over three years ago, after a stage experience which gave her an ideal training. It is the ambition of the average actress to appear in some long-run piece in which she plays the same part for two or three seasons. This Miss Trunnelle accomplished in a short time, but she found that, no matter how intricate the character, the lack of opportunity for various characterizations did not give her ample range for her powers. Accordingly, when offered an opportunity to join one of the large Philadelphia stock companies, she readily accepted. Here she found the training for which she had been seeking. Thus it was that when she came to the Edison company she brought with her a wealth of experience and technical knowledge—for she had played over three hundred different parts.

What Miss Trunnelle has accomplished since becoming an Edison player is a matter of common knowledge among all photo-play followers. Her wonderfully expressive features, her truly eloquent eyes, and sincere artistic temperament have made her one of the greatest favorites on the screen. With that art which is the greatest of all arts, she can forget herself entirely in the portrayal of any rôle, and for that reason she imparts to her work a feeling of sincerity that is refreshing.

Sally Crute a Self Critic.

ALTHOUGH she is one of the hardest workers all day long in the Edison studio, Sally Crute, the leading woman, spends much of her time going about to motion-picture theaters, but she goes with a purpose. "I find that the pictures themselves are much more honest in their dramatic criticisms than the press," says Miss Crute. "I make it a practice to see every rôle I appear in. I try to look upon the picture as apart from myself, and see if I gain the interpretation I intended. If that is lacking, I study to find the flaw. This practice affords an opportunity, too, to find your impression upon the public which is most helpful; also to learn the public's likes and dislikes. We of the photo plays feel that we belong to the people.

"I shall never forget my first impression when I saw myself for the first time in motion pictures. I could not believe that I had made so many unnecessary movements. There I was, brushing back my hair, smoothing my dress like a schoolgirl before 'the committee,' and bobbing my head when it meant nothing. One does not pay attention to this when engaged in a live conversation where the voice counts so much, but when pictured in cold black and white on the screen, these movements stick out badly. I was quite amazed at my mannerisms, and I began to stop them at once. It was a shock to one's pride, but it was a lasting and helping one."

This is how Miss Crute came to be one of the most finished—natural—and spontaneous actresses on the stage or screen. Hers is the lively and charming spontaneity that comes only when the technique of the stage becomes so much a part of one's nature that it blends into art.

New Thanhouser Brand.

THE Thanhouser Film Corporation, on Friday, April 16th, inaugurated a new brand of single-reel comedies. They are released under the designation "Falstaff."

A single-reel comedy bearing the Falstaff brand will be released every Friday in the Mutual program, and will replace the Princess dramas, formerly a Mutual Friday release. The Princess brand will be discontinued until further notice.

The Great Silence

By Morton P. Hobes

For twenty-nine years—all his life—John Landon had lived in Alaska, the "Great Silence." A fearless, untamed product of the mining camps, with the heart of a boy, and the income of a multimillionaire from the Nugget Gold Mine which he owned—this was John. He felt the call of the outside world. He went to New York——

But read what happened then, in this story of the Essanay three-part film, featuring Francis X. Bushman as *John Landon*. This was the rest of the cast:

Nicholas Channing.....Frank Dayton
Arthur, his son.....Bryant Washburn
Loyal.....Beverly Bayne

I'LL do it!"

John Landon crumpled the newspaper clipping in his hand. He rose, his eyes sparkling like a boy's at a circus prospect.

That was all he was, in reality—a great, big, overgrown boy of twenty-nine. Standing six feet three in his stocking feet, with a breadth of shoulder and girth of chest in proportion; a sculptor seeking the model for a figure of a young Greek god would have hailed him with joy.

But a school-teacher—even of the primary grades—would have been affected quite differently by this handsome young giant after putting him through an examination. For John knew as little of spelling, grammar, and such things as a child of four. He was just a fearless, untamed product of the Alaskan mining camps, where he had spent all his life. At the age of eight, his mother and father both dying, he had been left to get along the best way he could up there in the "Great Silence." It had meant a stark struggle for existence ever since, or until he had at last won success, two years before.

As president of the Nugget Gold Mine, which brought him in an income of something more than a thousand dollars a day, John, at a year under thirty, had become one of the richest men in the Far North.

Now he was feeling the call of the outside world.

In this newspaper, which bore a date six weeks old and had just come up from civilization with the mail by the last boat, he had been reading of a life he had never known—one in which theaters, gay restaurants, fine music, and beautiful women all played a part.



"I'll do it," John repeated his resolve. He had spent his life up to then in the North woods; was he not entitled to some pleasure?

Why not—so ran his thoughts—go and see what that life was like? He could amply afford to. Often he had told himself that he would take a well-earned vacation, when he had "made his pile." And now the time when he could afford to relax, to enjoy himself, had certainly come.

"I'll do it!" John repeated his resolve, tossing the wadded-up ball of the newspaper into the fireplace before him, and turning to drag out his bag from under the "bunk" and beginning packing it at once. "I sure do feel that I'm entitled to have my fling—and I'm a-goin' to take it!"



The man from the North was not an experienced "dude." He considered dressing an art.

It was three days after his arrival in New York, a month later, that John, standing at the bar in the café of the fashionable hotel where he was stopping, heard himself addressed by a neighboring customer at the mahogany rail.

"Won't you join me?" asked the stranger.

John turned, to see an elderly gentleman, with a smartly clipped white mustache, and wearing a suit of evening clothes whose perfect fit immediately aroused John's envy, nodding with a smile toward an unopened bottle of champagne that had just been set out on the bar in front of him.

If he was a stranger to John, the latter was not one to Mr. Nicholas Channing—as the dapper, white-haired gentleman was known to a coterie of his kind in Wall Street.

He was one of the thousands in that licensed gambling place who had won, and lost, a dozen fortunes in almost as many years. Just now luck was against him; indeed, he had been walking on the brink of confessed ruin for the past year and a half. A turn was needed, and needed quickly, to set him on his feet financially. And he was getting too old to "judge" the market with his former shrewdness.

He had noticed John about the hotel, and made inquiries at the desk concerning him. These had elicited the information that the strapping, broad-shouldered young man, with the wind-browned face and the free-swinging gait of a native of the out of doors, had but just arrived from Alaska, and that the name he had signed on the register was John Landon.

Channing had recognized the name immediately as that of the young Yukonite about whom there had been so much talk in the papers as the discoverer, a year or so before, of the Nugget Gold Mine, whose shares were eagerly sought by investors in the Street, but not to be had for love nor money.

The hard-up Channing had watched John ever since, as a spider does a fly that he hopes to enmesh in its web, for some opportunity of picking up his acquaintance. Now he had made the initial move in the game that had formed in his mind, by addressing him at the bar.

John accepted the invitation, without suspecting the ulterior motive that lay behind it—such convivial generosity was by no means uncommon among strangers back in the region from which he had come; though, to tell the truth, John had thus far failed to encounter any such free and easy goodfellowship in that metropolis.

As a matter of fact, his holiday had not been turning out as he had planned. Going to restaurants and theaters alone was not much fun. He didn't know a soul in all that vast city, and nobody in it had seemed to care whether he ever found any one to talk to or not.

After sharing Channing's bottle of wine, John bought one in turn. And after that, he and his new-found friend left the café arm in arm, bent on spending the remainder of the evening in each other's company.

Channing turned out to be an ideal pilot for a stranger seeking to kill time pleasurably in the big town. He knew which was the best musical show to see, and which restaurant had the most entertaining after-theater cabaret, to be taken in later. John passed one of the most enjoyable evenings in the genial old gentleman's company that he had ever spent in his life. And when Channing, at their parting, suggested that he dine with him in his own home on the following evening, to meet his two grown-up children—who might prove congenial acquaintances, he said, as they were near the young Alaskan's own age—John promptly accepted the invitation.

On his arrival at the brownstone private residence on a side street in the mid fifties, and fashionably situated a

few doors from the avenue that is famous the world over as the thoroughfare on which stand the homes of America's wealthiest people, John found nothing in the location of the house, or in the way its interior was furnished, to make him change the opinion he had formed of Channing's position in the community—which was that of a man of independent means like his own.

John could not know that the house was not owned by Channing, he having sold it at the time of meeting with his last reverses on the stock market, from which date he had become only a tenant of the purchaser. Nor, even had John known that, could he have suspected that Channing was already seven months in arrears with his rent. Nor that the dinner which was to follow had all been charged to the already long-overdue bills of the butcher and grocer—for which, incidentally, they had begun to threaten Channing with a legal suit.

There was nothing in the bland manner of Channing as he greeted his guest that showed he was occupying the precarious position of a man keeping up appearances in the face of impending bankruptcy—that is, so far as the guileless John was concerned.

The elderly gentleman introduced a tall, slender young man as his son Arthur.

John shook hands with the latter cordially. He would have liked the young man better if he had been a little clearer of eye, a bit less sallow of skin—from loss of sleep, wasted in the pursuit of proficiency at the latest dance steps—and perhaps without the insignificant mustache that decorated his upper lip.

But still, John told himself, with the whole-souled charitableness in judging his fellow man that was characteristic of his simple nature, he couldn't expect to find the young men in this effete East of the same rugged stock as those up in the North—what there would be taken for a dissipated appearance, as in the case of Arthur Channing, might readily be recognized here as the typical look of the city-bred chap.

And then—clean out of John Landon's mind was swept all thoughts of his elderly friend's son, and even of Channing himself.

For a girl had entered the room. She was clad all in white, from the tiny slippers on her feet to the girlish semi-low neck top of her gown. A single deep-red rose at her waist was the only ornament she wore.

"My daughter," John heard Channing saying.

But the words came to him faintly; his mind was miles away from his host as he looked into the level, honest eyes of the dark-haired girl who stood but a foot away in front of him. Strangely, at the first sight of her, John had seen her as she might stand, framed in the doorway of his cabin on the bank of the Yukon, welcoming him home in the evening's sunset glow. It held him spellbound—that vision. At that instant, for the first time in his life, a mighty wish welled up in his heart to know the love of a wife.

Was this girl the one for whom, subconsciously, he had been waiting all these years—waiting and longing for her, without definitely knowing what it was he lacked to make his happiness complete?

The rest of that evening John passed as in a dream. He heard only one thing distinctly, or which stuck in his memory afterward, out of all the Channings' conversation. Her name was Loyal. Loyal—how well it fitted her! The straightforward gaze of her eyes; the firm clasp of her hand, when she had taken his at their meeting, and once again when he was leaving. Loyal—Loyal! Over and over he repeated it to himself on the way back to the hotel. "That's what she'd be!" he told himself. "'Loyal unto death'—to the man who won her." John had been asked to repeat his visit as soon as he liked. And, for fear he might oversleep and miss the time he had already appointed in his own mind for returning to gain another sight of her, he left a "call" with the clerk at the desk, before he went to bed, for seven o'clock the next morning.

Channing, the elder, had smiled at his son meaningly behind John's back more than once during the progress of the first evening that the young Alaskan had spent in the debt-assailed home.

And Arthur—who had been made acquainted with his father's plan—had smiled back. Both had seen that John, if he hadn't actually fallen in love at first sight with the girl, had at least been attracted by her beauty and many graces. It all bade fair to work out to a triumphant conclusion—the scheme which the elder Channing had evolved as a way out of the family's difficulties.

If John Landon, the Alaskan multi-millionaire, married Loyal, those same difficulties would all melt into thin air.

There was nothing in the way of carrying out the scheme—though he did not dream that it existed in the mind of the girl's father and brother—so far as John himself was concerned. By



"I'm on to your game!" John blazed out at him. "That's what you were playing with me—a game. You sank that low for money!"

the end of a week he had hopelessly lost his heart to her.

Reaching the house at that unconventional hour of seven, on the morning after his first call, John had met Loyal just as she was starting out for a canter through the bridle paths of Central Park. He had won permission to accompany her to the livery stable, and from there, having secured a mount for himself, to join her in her morning's ride. Before they parted she had asked him to tea that afternoon. The same evening he had taken her father, her brother, and herself to the theater. From that time on John had contrived to see her every day. His adoration of her was plainly manifest—he was only waiting before he spoke to screw up sufficient courage to make the first proposal of his career.

As for Loyal's feelings toward him, they remained unsolvable even to herself, often as she turned the question over in her mind. That she was interested there was no doubt. Here was a man who was different from any she had ever known before. There was a certain sort of magnetism which his bigness, his giant's strength, exerted over her when she was with him that she found it hard to resist. But if that feeling was love, however, it was not how she had imagined it would come to her from all she had read—her own experience having left her wholly innocent of any firsthand knowledge of the subject.

John called at the Channing residence one evening, a day or two later. His jaw was set, and his brows drawn together, in an expression of grim determination. Channing's heart gave a secret bound of elation as he read these signs to mean that the stalwart young Alaskan had at last made up his mind to put his fate to the test. And he gave his consent, with an eagerness that he had hard work to conceal from voice and manner, to John's request that he be allowed to take Channing's daughter to the opera that evening—alone.



"And now," Arthur finished manfully, "can you give me a man's job to make good at?"

Channing, pacing the floor of his library, had his watch out of his pocket a hundred times during the ensuing three hours. Arthur came home meanwhile, and his father told him the good news—that he was sure John meant to ask the girl to marry him that night. The two waited, with the same impatience, for the return of the pair.

But Loyal came in alone.

"I think I ought to tell you," she said later to her father, "that Mr. Landon asked me to be his wife to-night. I have only known him for a little more than a week—so of course I refused him."

Channing and his son both started up from their chairs, with the stunned disappointment they felt at the falling through of all their hopes registered plainly on their faces.

"You—did *what?*" blurted Arthur.

But his father, the more seasoned gambler of the two, had recovered somewhat from the first shock of the blow. The situation might not be hopelessly lost yet. He determined to take a hand in it—to exert his authority as a parent.

"Loyal," he said sharply, "it is my wish that you marry this man."

"But, father, I don't love him——" began the girl.

"That"—Channing waved the objection aside as a trifle—"will come later. I have made inquiries about him, and learned that there isn't the vestige of a blot on his record. Besides—as you must know—he is enormously rich. You know what the financial situation is with us. I am growing old; I don't believe I shall ever be able to get back on my feet by my own efforts. Don't think, however," he lied hastily, "that it is for myself I care. It is your future I want to safeguard. I want you always to go on living in the luxury to which you have been accustomed——"

"Why don't you marry him, Loyal?" broke in Arthur impatiently. "What do you care about love, so long as he's got the money? As dad says, it would be a good thing for you. But *I* think you ought to consider the rest of us, too; think what it would mean to dad and to me——"

The girl looked slowly from her brother to her father.

"Very well," she said in a low voice, "I will make the sacrifice. I will write to Mr. Landon to-night, and tell him that I have reconsidered my answer."

She kept her word. That note brought John to the house early the following forenoon, his face aglow. He brought the ring with him, and Loyal listlessly let him slip it on her finger. He asked for an early marriage, and as apathetically she agreed. In her heart she told herself it made no difference when the wedding took place; it might as well be over with soon as last.

Three days later John brought her to the private house he had leased for them—at an enormous rental—on The Avenue.

And there he gave her, as a wedding present, a thousand shares in his mine, the Nugget. Being ignorant of how to set about making the transfer of the

stock, John had hired the advice and services of a firm of Wall Street brokers in attending to the matter.

The certificate, stating that she was the owner of "one thousand shares in the Nugget Gold Mine, of Alaska," meant nothing more to Loyal than a piece of paper. She might have had more respect for it could she have seen, in actual cash, the one million dollars which the thing represented. But she did not know, or feel like taking the trouble to find out, that a thousand dollars apiece was the price offered in the Street for shares in the Nugget Mine —with not one for sale.

Thus, when her father asked her to transfer the stock to him, explaining that he wanted to negotiate some ready cash, of which he was in need, with it, she indifferently surrendered the certificate to him.

It was six weeks later that John received a letter from the firm of brokers, asking him to call at their office.

"Mr. Landon," said the senior member of the firm when he arrived, "we thought you ought to know that Nugget stock is being 'wildcatted' on the curb. Were you aware of that before? Or has it been going on, as we supposed, without your knowledge?"

John's expression had instantly turned anxious.

"Who's selling it?" he asked quickly.

If the report which he had just heard was true, the damage it would do him could not be estimated. Since John was known to be practically the sole owner of all the stock in the mine, the fact that it was being peddled would look to the public as though he was "unloading" the stock in his own property because he knew it to be worthless—it might ruin him.

"We have made inquiries," slowly replied the broker, "and found out who the seller is. Mr. Nicholas Channing, your father-in-law."

Like a flash, John saw that the man must have got the stock away from Loyal. It was all clear to him—that this was what Channing had been after from the start. The man's pretended friendship for him had been all part of a scheme to get hold of a big block of his stock, which he could turn into cash. John's brow turned black as a thundercloud.

Leaving an order with the broker to buy back every share of the stock which had been sold—no matter at what premium—John went straight to Channing's office.

The latter's face went red with shame, and then dead white as he started up shakily from his chair when John, seeming to tower a whole half foot taller than his already massive height from the righteous anger that swelled within him, burst into the room.

"I'm onto your game!" John blazed out at him. "That's what you were playin' with me, from the very first night I met you—a game. I could take my medicine without squealin'—I've been roped in by card sharps, once or twice, and I never put up a holler—if it wasn't for one thing. You brought your daughter into it! You and that whelp of a son of yours—you sank that low for money! I've half a mind to——"

But John stopped in the quick step he had taken toward the cringing Channing.

With a gasp, the pallor of his cheeks turning a sickly green, the latter suddenly collapsed into the chair from which he had risen. John bent over him; but one look was enough. The man was dead—detection in his guilt had brought on an attack of heart failure.

For the next five or six hours John walked the streets until his anger had cooled. Then he could trust himself to go home to Loyal.

John felt only pity for her. He believed that she was entirely innocent of complicity in the scheme of her father and brother to get hold of some of his money. And so, when he found her weeping as though her heart would break, he thought it was because she had found out the game of which he had been the victim, and thought he would believe her equally guilty with the others.

But it was for her father's death that Loyal was crying; and she sprang up, with flashing eyes, to break in upon John's reassurances that he knew she had no part in the latter's unprincipled scheme, with righteous indignation:

"How dare you accuse my father of such a thing? As having deliberately made your acquaintance so that he could bring you to our house to meet me—hoping you would be attracted by me and—and marry me, so that he and my brother could get hold of some of your fortune? It's a lie! And I hate you for it. My father was a good man—oh, I hate you! I hate you!"

John stood for a moment or two, staring at her blankly.

Then she, too, was tarred with the same stick as the rest? She had married him only for his money. She could never have loved him, or she would be rallying to his support instead of to her father's now. Turning, John walked from the room and from the house without another word.

It was over—his dream of happiness. That night he started on his three-thousand-mile journey back to the "Great Silence."

But Loyal's brother confessed everything to her.

"He told you just what dad had done," he admitted. "I knew about it all along—and I am as much to blame for letting it go on. But—but dad's awful death has brought me to my senses. I wish I could go to John Landon, at this minute, and take him by the hand and say, from the bottom of my heart 'I'm sorry!'"

"You can," said Loyal, with sudden decision. "And you shall—you and I are going after him to Alaska this very day. He is my husband. My place is at his side. And, Arthur, I—I know now what I didn't realize before. I love him."

It was two months later that John, coming toward his cabin with slow, discouraged steps, lifted up his head to face the sunset—and there, bathed in its glow, he saw Loyal standing in the threshold of his home, exactly as his vision of her had once been.

He took an eager step toward her, a questioning look on his face.

"Arthur will explain," she said, with a timid smile. She stepped aside, and her brother stepped from the interior of the cabin into the doorway beside her.

The young man told John that they were there because he had let Loyal know the truth at last.

"And now," Arthur finished, manfully squaring his shoulders, "we're going to stay here. Can you give me a man's job—to make good at?"

John gripped his hand, and gladly gave him that assurance.

And then, stepping past her brother, he opened his arms—and Loyal, with a contented sigh came into them.

The Outlaw's Revenge

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

The story of General Francisco Villa, the great Mexican rebel general, is told in the Mutual Masterpicture—one of which is to be found as a regular feature in this magazine every week—in this story-version of the film.

Produced by W. Christy Cabanne, the picture was taken under the supervision of D. W. Griffith, which speaks enough for the quality of the battle scenes depicted in it. The cast:

The Outlaw.....R. A. Walsh
His Sisters.....Irene Hunt, Teddy Sampson
An American Girl.....Mae Marsh
Her Sweetheart.....Robert Harron

IN one hour I will return!"

Francisco Villa—"the outlaw," as all Mexico at that stage of his career knew him—smiled at his two sisters who shared the dobe hut with him.

One, the eldest of the two, was lame. The other was but a slip of a girl of fourteen.

Waving his hand in adieu to them from the doorway, the short, thick-set man—seeming shorter and more squat of build from the enormous brim of the high-crowned sombrero he wore—departed.

"Little sister," said the lame girl, lightly touching the other's shoulder as she passed her with an earthen water jug in her hand on the way to the door, "I am going to the well. I shall not be gone long."

She, in turn, passed from the hut. The young girl was alone.

Outside the humble dobe dwelling the tropic landscape shimmered in the fierce noonday heat. All was silent. Not a bird flew. Not a fly hummed. Not a leaf stirred. Silence. All nature seemed like a man stricken, moveless and scarcely breathing, in the torpor of sunstroke. And then, faint at first but growing steadily louder along the road from Torreon that ran past the lonely hut, there sounded a not-unmusical metallic jingling. It was produced by the long spurs and the silver-strung bridle reins of two horsemen who walked their mounts along the narrow, rutted, and dust-laden road.

In front of the dobe house by the wayside, one of the riders pulled up.

"Companero," he suggested, "let us rest for a while in the shade outside this poor adobe."

The other, from where he sat on his halted steed behind him, could see into the hut through the open doorway.

"Why not inside the house?" he suggested softly. "You have called it 'poor.' But look—do you not see the treasure it holds? Perhaps we might fare better inside than out, my brother."

His companion, backing his horse, followed the speaker's gaze through the door. He saw the young girl sitting on the rude clay floor, playing with her doll—a homemade affair, constructed of a length of sugar cane, wrapped in a scrap of calico, with two black chile beans for eyes and corn silk for hair.

The two Federal officers—for so the riders were—dismounted, exchanging an evil smile as they did so. Each read the same thought in the narrowed, covetous eyes of the other.

They swaggered into the hut and stood before the lonely girl.

"Good day, little wild flower," greeted one, sweeping off his wide-brimmed sombrero of straw and making her a low bow. "And who does this house belong to?"

"My brother, sir," the girl replied, rising to face them.

In her wide, innocent eyes was no fear, not the faintest suspicion of the purpose for which they had entered the dwelling. The other officer spoke:

"And who is your brother?"

The girl shook her head slowly, uncomprehendingly.

"He is just—my brother," she answered with the truth. "That is all I know."

The first dark-skinned rogue twirled his mustache.

"And you live with him, here in this wilderness—all alone?" he inquired.

"With my sister," nodded the girl. "She is away now, and so is my brother—but they will be back soon." She hesitated, looking around the room, evidently seeking to hit upon some way of entertaining these strangers, as hospitality demanded under the circumstances. Her wandering glance lighted on her doll, lying on the floor before the fireplace where she had left it. She ran and picked it up.

"This is Chiquita," she said simply, holding the plaything out to them in her hands. "She lives with us, too."

The sharper-nosed and blacker-browed of the two men turned from her to his companion.

"Come," he said abruptly. "You heard what she said—they will soon be back, the others. How shall we decide?" He took two dice from his pocket and shook them together in his hand. "With these?"

The other, with a cheerful nod of assent, crossed his legs and sat down on the floor:

"Agreed. The best three throws wins."

His fellow officer joined him on the



For an instant, before he sprang upon her, Villa's little sister covered the Federal officer with his gun.

floor, and handed him the dice. They rattled out upon the hard clay surface between them. A five. The other threw. Eleven. He had won the first heat.

Again his companion cast the dice. They ceased rolling, and he snarled a curse at his persistent ill luck. He had thrown only a four, this time. The other shook the little cubes of bone and sent them pattering upon the earthen floor. An eight. He had won again.

The next time, the first player threw a nine. He leaned forward, a light of expectant triumph glistening in his eyes, to follow the dice as they left the other's hand. But once more he was doomed to disappointment. Double six. The hawk-nosed officer had won the third and last heat, and the stake was his.

He rose from the floor. The other slowly followed suit. He looked at the girl—who all this time had been watching them in unwitting, patient silence—and then, with a shrug, he walked reluctantly toward the door.

No sooner had he gone out of sight through it, than the officer who stayed behind wheeled on her. His lips curling back from his white teeth in a grin, he put out his arms and started slowly toward her. At last—she knew. Her cheeks went ashen, and her eyes round with terror. She cried out sharply as the villain sprang for her. She grasped the butt of the revolver that was stuck through his belt, and yanked it out. With the laugh one uses to humor a child, he easily turned the wrist of her hand that held the gun, so that the weapon pointed away from him. It pointed at her own breast. And at that instant she pulled the trigger.

She fell, simultaneously with the report, without a sound.

The bullet had found her heart, killing her instantly.

The officer, sobered at once, stood looking down at her slender, motionless form stretched out at full length at his feet. Then, stooping, he removed the revolver from her hand and thrust it back in his belt. He straightened and stepped back, looking down on her once more and thence slowly around the hut's interior. Then, with the same philosophic shrug which his companion, waiting for him outside, had given at losing the prize he had gambled for, he crossed to the door and passed through it without a backward glance.

He saw his brother officer running toward him from one direction, while a girl was hobbling as swiftly as she could toward the hut from the other—both having heard the shot.

"Quick!" snapped the hawk-nosed rascal. "The horses! It is that sister she spoke of, I presume. The girl is dead." With the laconic statement, he swung into the saddle. "Let us ride back to the city. And before she can see us—I should not like my identity known to the brother. These peons—they are a vengeful breed. And at a face and figure they recognize as owned by one who has incurred their hatred, they can shoot remarkably straight from a long

distance. I should not care to take half a pound of buckshot between my shoulder blades some night when I am riding along a lonely mountain trail!"

Wheeling their horses about in front of the hut, the two were off at a gallop long before the lame girl could come within hailing distance of them. But if her gait was pitifully slow, her eyes made up for it by being remarkably sharp. And she had the exact appearance of the pair stored away for future reference in her memory before their horses turned to bear them away—for she suspected the tragedy that had taken place in the lonely dobe house before she reached it.

There, in that quiet little figure which met her eyes on the floor as she paused on the threshold, she saw her worst fears realized. With a low moan of grief, she sank to her knees beside her sister and bowed her head in her hands.

And thus Villa, returning to his two sisters—his all in life—found them.

The next day, standing beside the cross-marked grave, the short, square-shouldered man swore revenge.

He was captured, a week later, and put in prison on the charge of "cattle rustling." He was tried, convicted, and sentenced. The future looked black for Villa just then. For, though he had plenty of friends on the outside who would have helped him willingly, without the risk of running their own necks into the noose of the law by so doing—still, there was that risk.

But there was one who stood by to help him, without regard to the danger to himself.

This was Villa's faithful old Indian servant. It was he who smuggled the means in to his beloved master of making an escape from his cell, which Villa succeeded in doing in the dead of night. And he accompanied the outlaw on his ride to the safety of the hills, too.

A flight it proved to be. For the escape was detected only a few minutes after Villa had got through the sawed and bent bars of his cell window, and pursuit started out after him at once.

Riding for their lives—and with the recklessness which that long-shot chance they were taking of winning out against the galloping Death behind them entailed—the old Indian and Villa sped up the winding mountain paths.

The Indian fell, at last.

On Villa rode alone. Suddenly, in the hail of lead that poured all around him, he felt his horse pitch forward under him. As the stricken steed fell, Villa bounded free. Then, crouching in the dark shadow of the underbrush at the inside of the precipitous trail, he waited for his pursuers to come up.

As they streamed past, Villa did not move until the last man of the cavalcade came up. Then he sprang for him. Clambering up by the stirrup, he grappled with the rider, while the horse galloped on through the night with its struggling double load. At last, by sheer strength, Villa managed to wrest the man from the saddle, and he sped on, in undisputed possession of his mount.



At the battle of Torreon, Villa was in the forefront, fighting like a demon to win what meant more to him than the gaining of the day for his forces—the fulfilling of the vow of vengeance he had sworn.

At the first branching of the main trail into a second pathway that ran at right angles to it, Villa guided his horse off the heels of the posse who thought they were following him while he, instead, was following them!

But scarce had he covered two hundred yards, before he heard his hunters coming after him. They had made sure that he was no longer ahead of them. And, turning back, to look for him along the trail, they had spied him racing off along this branch road.

Villa could not hold out much longer. He was well-nigh exhausted alone from the efforts he had put forth in escaping from the prison, and the grueling race and hand-to-hand tussle with the owner of the horse he now rode, besides.

And he was wounded, too.

Not one, but three separate shots from his pursuers had found their resting place in him. He would surely have been captured and brought back to his cell to await the carrying out of his sentence—if it had not been for the timely assistance he received from a party of American settlers just then.

They hid him under the seat of their wagon, and sent the posse who rode up behind him off on a false scent. It was mainly due to the pleading of the beautiful young daughter of the American settler—whose sweetheart was a young man who owned an equal interest with her father in the wagon and its load of farming utensils, and made up the party—that Villa had been aided by them.

The girl had been touched with pity at seeing so many men in pursuit of one—and he wounded and looking as though he was about to drop at any minute from weariness—and that was why she had interceded in his behalf.

Villa did not forget the service she had done for him.

When, a few days later, his wounds being sufficiently well along toward permanent healing for him to attempt to depart, he took his leave of the party, he pulled a crucifix from under his ragged shirt.

He gave it to the girl with these words:

"If you ever need help, send this to Francisco Villa, the outlaw. He will come quickly."

There came a day when they had reason to remember his words.

The rising tide of revolution had at last taken definite shape. Americans were forced to flee from the marauding bands of Federals and Constitutionalists alike. Before Torreon City, General Francisco Villa—no longer the leader of

a band of desperate outlaws, but commander in chief of the Constitutionalist army of the north—had pounded away for days at the Federal forces intrenched there.

In a last desperate charge, Torreon fell, and the hawk-nosed officer responsible for the death of Francisco's little sister died by Villa's own hand.

Meanwhile, the girl of the wagon and her party were in desperate straits.

With other Americans, made fugitives by the menacing wave of the revolution, they were attacked by the Federals under command of the officer whom Villa had sworn to bring to justice.



Villa's triumph was complete—he had tracked down the last of the two officers who were responsible for his young sister's death.

In the hour of her need the outlaw's words were recalled to her.

Her message was sent to him by her sweetheart, and Villa, at the head of half a thousand hard-riding cavalrymen, the pick of his command, dashed back over the road the messenger had come, arriving just in time to save the American party from annihilation.

But he did not hear their cheers, nor their thanks, nor the wild yells of his men pursuing the beaten enemy, for under his hand had come the other officer, upon whom he had vowed to wreak his righteous vengeance.

But in carrying out his vengeance, he had won a double triumph.

In the hour of his personal victory—"the outlaw," Francisco Villa, had become the liberator!

Undesired Realism.

ROBERT EDESON, the distinguished actor, forgot all about the rules and regulations of the world of make-believe recently, when he was rehearsing the mob scene in "The Absentee," a Mutual feature in which he is being starred.

In the play Edeson is recognized by a mob of angry strikers as the cause of all their troubles.

"At him!" yelled Director W. Christy Cabanne, and the camera crank began turning with the intention of recording a bad beating for Edeson, as the script specifically directed. Edeson, however, didn't see it quite that way. He forgot all about acting, and sailed into the mob with both fists. While the thirty feet of film that records what happened to the strikers is wasted as far as "The Absentee" is concerned—still, it's worth saving, according to Cabanne.

Health a Problem to Players.

HOW to keep in good health is a problem with motion-picture actresses, for they are called on to undergo rigorous exertion and "do stunts" that would stump a college athlete, let alone a pretty girl intent on keeping her hair ship-shape and pleasing. Whatever they do must not tire them. They have to conserve their strength in order to make their acting forceful and appealing.

In order to keep herself fit, Florence la Badie, the Mutual star, has taken up swimming as a regular form of exercise, and goes to the natatorium every day of the year.

"I've always been fond of swimming," she told her friends recently, "but it never occurred to me before to swim in the winter. Of course, I've always done lots of it in the summertime, but when cold weather came I quit. I always felt badly when I stopped it, however, no matter how many letting-up exercises I did in the morning. Then it suddenly occurred to me, why not swim all the year round? So I go to the pool daily, and you've no idea how fine I feel in consequence."

Edison's New Comedian.

EDISON has augmented its string of comedians by what they consider a stroke of good fortune in securing, for his first appearance in motion pictures, the services of the noted English star and comedian, Dallas Welford.

Mr. Welford has been starred both in this country and in England, and has been associated with England's greatest tragedians, for he is versatile talented. This new convert to motion pictures hails originally from Scotland, his family being well known in theatrical history, and his father owning a theater in Aberdeen, his birthplace.

Of course, he played child parts innumerable, and then for seventeen years he appeared in many of the famous old dramas and melodramas popular in that period. Although he had earned his name in serious rôles, nature made him a comedian, and when the distinguished English comedian, Charles Hawtrey, was attracted by his work, Mr. Welford naturally followed the course of nature and appeared in principal comedy parts for three years with his distinguished associate.

In the Western drama, "A touch of Love," offered in the Mutual program by the American Film Manufacturing Company, Vivian Rich, the famous American-Mutual star, riding at a pell-mell gallop down the street, throws herself from the saddle of her mount because she has lost control of the fear-crazed animal. To add to the thrill of the scene, Harry von Meter, who is riding his horse close behind her, barely avoids trampling the helpless girl.

Picture Plays in Europe

No. 2—FRANCE

By Ernest A. Dench

Having told you of the production of motion pictures in England and the British Isles in last week's issue, we have now gone over to France. This article is the second of the series of four which is being printed by Picture-Play Weekly, and it is our aim to acquaint the public with the foreign side of what is to-day probably the greatest industry in the United States. The author of these articles is in a position to make them well worth reading, as he has for a long time been in personal touch with the motion-picture business abroad.

FRANCE is the home of the multiple-reel photo play. It was born there many years before other European countries and America thought of it. The greatest production the French have given us is "Les Miserables." This was produced three years ago, and its length is twelve thousand feet. There is only one nation that can excel them in historical subjects and that is Italy.

French acting has been stated to be the best in the world. This may be so, but we undeniably appreciate the restraint of the American and English players in preference to the over-elaborate gesture and tedious portrayals of the French. When you see a French production it is simple to detect what country it hails from, for the acting betrays that at once.

The French photo players are recruited from the legitimate and vaudeville boards, though few desert their first love altogether. Most of them play before the camera in the daytime and in the evening they respond to the lure of the footlights.

Outside of their own country, hardly any of the players are well known. They, too, have not the knack of stamping their personality in their work, and, for another thing, their foreign and hard-to-pronounce—to us—names are against them. The only two of international fame are "Wiffles" and Max Linder, both comedians, and, oh, so very French! Nick Winter, a cross between a burlesque and serious detective, has also achieved widespread popularity.

The foremost film-producing concern in France is Pathé Frères. Its founder, Monsieur Charles Pathé, is a genius.

Back in the earliest days of the industry, Edison's kinetoscope was such a crude invention that nearly every one thought that moving pictures were doomed to die. Not so with Charles Pathé, however. After breaking down a considerable amount of prejudice, he dispatched operators all over France to give picture shows. Putting his inventive faculty to the test, "The Pathé Projector" was the result, which brought the "movies" out of the peep-show stage.

His next move was to have huge studios erected in every important country and to engage skilled stage directors and employ the best theatrical talent to play in his productions.

No pains nor money were spared to do everything on an imposing scale, and the "sign of the cock" was the first to provide the movie fans with elaborate historical photo plays and adaptations from the classics. Nor must it be overlooked that Pathé's process, the Pathécolor, made possible the change from black and white to colors. Soon afterward other inventors got busy with similar processes. The pictures are produced in the ordinary manner, and then colored by experienced hands.

Pathé was also the first to organize a special department for the producing of educational and scientific subjects, with a well-known scientist in charge. By using a new microscopic invention it was possible for insects and microbes to be photographed at close quarters. The pioneer has reaped praise everywhere for his efforts in this direction.

The animated newspaper, too, was born in the house of Pathé, and by perfect organization their news film is able to maintain its foremost position to-day.

Noninflammable films, which remove all danger of fire, are also another Pathé innovation.

These things should have come into the description of the studios and works at Vincennes, which, as may be imagined, are very large in order to cope with the enormous output. Before we leave them, there are several things to be recorded. First is the system by which the directors and players are employed. They are not paid regular salaries, but their earnings depend upon the profits their efforts bring, and this gives them an added incentive. It practically amounts to the stars possessing their own producing companies. I have already mentioned three of their leading players. The others are André Deed, Gabriel Robinne, Monsieur Mevisto, Stasia Napierkowska, Mademoiselle Celiat, Maria Fromet, Europe's best child photo player, and Mademoiselle André Pascal.

For his efforts on behalf of cinematography, Charles Pathé has been made a chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French government.

On the future of the cinema, Max Linder holds his own views. Here they are: "Some day we will have the motion-picture theater from which the screen will have disappeared. Instead, we will have perfected projections of detached personages in relief who will act and speak. I believe in a mixed screen-stage entertainment."

It seems the fashion these days for film-producing companies to have towns of their own, and in a part of Paris lies Gaumont Town. What we find to particularly interest us here are the private streets, with street cars for the

conveyance of players and goods, and the botanical garden, in which their well-known scientific and educational pictures are produced.

The reason that Gaumont excels in staging and attention to detail is not far to seek, for everything is done on a realistic basis, and its work is never hurried. Gaumont does not believe in employing speaking stage players, for by having its own stock company they are always available.

Fontainebleau is the place the producer makes for when desiring charming country backgrounds. Here are rivers, woods, pastoral lands, and at the far end there are stretches of desert, which permit of American "cowboy" films to be taken effectively. The only thing that cannot be found is a mountain.

Of the Gaumont players, probably the following are the best known: Berthe Dagmar, who, by reason of her adaptability for wild-animal productions is known as Europe's Kathlyn Williams; "Oscar," "Simple Simon," "Tiny Tim," Mizza Parla, Mademoiselle Fabrienne Fabrèges, Mademoiselle Renée, Carl Mario, and Monsieur Melchior.

Another firm with international activities is the Eclair Company.

About twenty miles from Paris, at Epinay de Seine, their producing quarters are situated. They have chosen an old-fashioned country estate, and on this every variety of background is waiting for the producer to utilize. The grounds assume a different aspect every day. A Swiss châlet may have to make way for a street of the French Revolution period overnight. The studio itself is large enough for eight different sets, and the scenery store and property room are so large that they are unsurpassed in Europe. There is also a laboratory, which permits of their popular "Scientia" films being taken. A factory for coloring pictures by unique electric stencil cutters is another important item.

The printing department employs a large staff, and the film titles are printed in nearly every language of the world. Mademoiselle Josethe Andriot, "Funnicus," "Softy," "Jane," and "Little Willie" are their stars.

The Eclipse Company is next to receive my attention. I found little at their studios to yield good "copy," except that they have some brilliant players. Of these may be mentioned their three comedians, Dupin, Peter, and Butterfly. Others are, "Arizona Bill," Monsieur Houly, and "Billy" Campton, an English funmaker.

Other producers in France, with studios, are Filma, Film d'Art, Hecla, Aubert, Menchen, and Cosmograph.

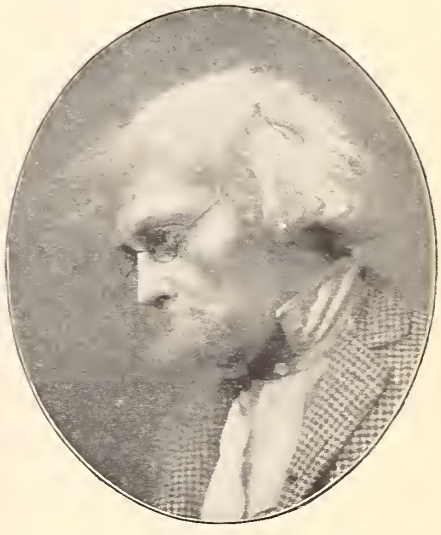
The subject of the next of the European motion-picture series will be Italy.

Arthur Housman, Gloom Dispeller

LOOK closely at the two accompanying illustrations. Can you recognize the clear, youthful face of Arthur Housman, the Edison comedian, who is shown in the first, as the bent old man in the second? Very probably you cannot, for that is the very reason that this young player has gained the wide reputation that he has.

With "Arty" it is not a case of covering up his face with a mass of whiskers to hide his countenance and then calling it a "wonderful make-up," but the transformation is accomplished only by his remarkable facial control, and the little beard he wears merely helps to make the face more natural.





Besides being one of the Edison leading players, he is also a successful scenario writer, preferring, however, to have his work appear under the disguise of a nom de plume.

"I came to the stage by the star route," explained Arthur Houseman in response to the question. It was almost startling, coming from the boyish comedian, who is joked by his fellow Edison players because of his modesty and funereal seriousness of face. "Yes, I read, when I was seventeen years old, that any one born on October tenth, my birthday, was astrologically destined to be a great actor. I foolishly believed the stars, and here I am."

Houseman, the comedian, was speaking, but to judge from the success he is having in Edison comedies, especially when "teamed" with William Wadsworth, another carekiller, the stars seemed to have spoken aright. He is one of the quietest of the Edison players, and it is as difficult to get him talking about himself as it is to open the proverbial oyster with a pearl cargo.

Much of his ability to make his presence on the screen a fun frolic is due to the excellent training he received as pantomimist while traveling with the celebrated Signor G. Malasso. Houseman has played comedy most of his theatrical life, having spent some time in musical comedy, one of which was "Queen of the Moulin Rouge," where he played the comedy cop.

He appeared practically for the first time with Wadsworth, in the Edison "Wood B. Wedd" series, scoring an immediate success. The following he has acquired is amazing to those who perhaps have not realized how eternal is the pulling power of a real comedian.

Mixed Values

(KOMIC)

By B. Quade

A mix-up is right! That's what you'll say when you have read this story. A servant girl and her beau, the young lady of the house and *her* fiance—and two engagement rings. Throw in a policeman, and a jeweler who was robbed of a diamond ring, and there you have a mixture that's bound to give you a few hearty laughs—but read the story and see.

It is adapted from the one-real Komic, produced by Edward Dillon, with Fay Tincher playing the part of *Emily*, the servant girl, Elmer Booth in the role of her sweetheart, *Jimmie*, and Chet Withey as *Henry van Dyke*.

AT nine o'clock the postman came.

And at nine-fifteen the house rang with the singing of Emily, the Only Perfect Servant Girl.

The house first began by ringing. Then it shook. For Emily had made no mistake when she picked out her life work. As the chauffeur of a cook-stove she had no peer, but her voice would have won her only one thing on the stage—the hook.

It was sour, rasping, off key, but what it lacked in melodiousness it made up for in volume. Now, as she informed the neighborhood for a radius of three blocks that it was "A long, long way to Tipperary," the pots and pans rattled down off the kitchen walls unnoticed in the greater din of her vocal effort.

Upstairs the chandeliers rocked, and Miss Alice Lewis hastened down toward the kitchen, covering her ears as she neared the source of that titanic upheaval of sound.

"For goodness' sake, Emily, what is it?" she demanded.

Emily threw her a beaming smile and produced the letter the postman had left from her apron pocket.

"It iss from Jimmy," she announced. "I t'ought he had a mad on mitt me. For von whole veek I ain't seen 'im. But it's all right. He's comin' around to-day. He says here his grandmother has been sick—that's vhy he's been avay."

Ah, men, deceivers ever!

At that precise moment Jimmy was taking leave of his "grandmother"—who, strangely enough, wore a two-inch-thick black mustache, a coat and trousers of blue, and what looked suspiciously like a policeman's helmet.

"Now, clear out!" said the officer. "It won't be a week in the 'cooler' you'll get next time—remember that. Second offenders get soaked harder."

Jimmy walked away in the direction of the Lewis home, and circled the



"That ring is worth only a dollar and a half," explained the jeweler; "for it is not a diamond, but glass."

block three times around it, while he tried to muster up courage to knock at the kitchen door.

"Did she fall for that letter?"—so ran his thoughts. "Or did that dish-faced cop, Gilhooley, who's on this beat, tell her I'd got pinched?"

Jimmy thrust his hands in his trousers pockets, hunched his shoulders, shivering, and walked away from the end of the walk leading up to the kitchen door of the house where he had come to an uncertain halt.

He walked around the block twice more.

"There's the job that young lawyer feller told me he'd give me in his office," he reflected, after a while. "Maybe I'd ought to go there first? If she knows about me landin' in the jug, I might be able to square it by tellin' her about the job."

Around the block once more Jimmy walked.

"No, that wouldn't do no good," he groaned to himself. "Them Dutch are strong for respectubilty—if she once found out where I'd been this week, it'd be all up with me, no matter how I tried to smooth it over."

He came to a hesitating halt again before the path to the kitchen door.

"I've got to find out," Jimmy muttered half aloud, "one way or the other—so here goes!"

He went up the walk.

"Jimmy!" The door flew open, and he was dragged into the kitchen. The next moment he found himself sitting on the floor. Emily was perched on his lap. That absence makes the heart grow fonder, she had somewhat impetuously proved by launching herself at Jimmy's neck. It was not the reception he had anticipated, even in his wildest dreams; and he had gone down under it like a shot.

But when the stars had ceased merry-go-rounding around his head, Jimmy hauled her to her feet and hugged her with a happy grin.

"Did you miss me, Emily?" he asked.

"Shuer," she nodded. "And how iss your grandmother? Better? But, ach! how pale you get, Jimmy—you must have lost a lot of sleep taking care of her."

Jimmy rubbed flusteredly at his cheeks, to try to restore some color to them by the friction that would remove the telltale pallor of his week's sojourn in a cell.

"I—I got a bad scare, that's all," he stammered out the explanation. "I thought the old lady was goin' to die."

Emily nestled closer in his arms.

"Would she hat left you anything?" she inquired. "Maybe enough to git married on, Jimmy?"

"She don't need to," Jimmy answered, releasing her and proudly expanding his chest. "I got a job now, Emily. Or, that is, I'm going around to see about it to-day. I ought to be there now. If I get it, you and me'll be able to hunt up the parson before very long. Shall I come back to-night, and tell you if I get it?"

"Ah, Jimmy!" breathed Emily with glistening eyes. "You vouldn't forget to do it?"

Jimmy turned to the door.

"Leave it to me," he reassured her. "I'll be here around eight."

He hastened off to the office of Henry van Dyke—who, though Jimmy did not know it, was engaged to Miss Alice Lewis, the eldest daughter in the family where his beloved Emily was employed.

And Jimmy got the job he had been promised.

It was about a week later, when the young lawyer called Jimmy into his private office and told him that he was about to intrust him with a most important errand.

"I want you to go to Janviers', the jewelers," Henry ordered, "and call for a ring that they were to have finished for me to-day. I'll let you in on the secret, Jimmy—it's a diamond solitaire. I'm going to slip it on the finger of the dearest little girl in the world to-night. It's all paid for—here's the receipt, see, for a hundred dollars?—but you'd better take that along with you, in case there's any trouble. And hurry up back. For I want to look it over, and see if they've done the work right."

On the way to the store, Jimmy was doing some hard thinking.

He was engaged to Emily, as long as it was understood between them that they were going to be married as soon as he had saved up enough money. She ought to have a ring from him. But a hundred dollars—— Jimmy had always vaguely supposed, before now, that a battleship or a skyscraper office building was the only thing that could cost as much as that in one lump. And that was what it took to buy an engagement ring!

Emily would have been worth it, if only he had that much money. But as things were, it looked as though she would have to get along without any ring.

After he had secured the one for which his employer had sent him, Jimmy asked the jeweler if he had anything any cheaper. When the proprietor of the store inquired about what price, Jimmy, mentally totaling up the amount of money he had in his pocket, replied, with a sheepish laugh:

"Oh, about a dollar and a half."

To his astonishment, the jeweler produced a tray of rings for his inspection.

"Certainly." The man picked out a ring with a stone in it that was the exact size of the one Jimmy had seen go into the box he now had in his pocket. "This one is priced one dollar and fifty cents."

Jimmy looked at the jeweler to see if he was joking.

He didn't seem to be.

"Did you say that was a hundred dollars?" cautiously inquired Jimmy.

"For this?" The man was smiling now—scornfully. "No, we don't charge such prices for glass."

At last Jimmy understood. The stone was only an imitation. But—he turned the ring to and fro between his thumb and finger in the sunlight. It looked like a genuine-er, all right. Not everybody would know it was a fake diamond. *Emily* wouldn't know!

"I—I'll take it!" stammered Jimmy.

He fished out his dollar and a half and passed it over the counter. The ring was put in the same sort of a box that he had just been given. Then Jimmy one-stepped back to the office to the blithely whistled bars of the latest "rag."

"I guess that's bad, er, Jimmy?" asked his young boss admiringly, twisting the ring that Jimmy had given him, and which he had eagerly taken out of its box, back and forth in his fingers.

Jimmy spread out his feet and threw back his shoulders.



The officer drank the beer, which Jimmie had thoughtfully asked Emily to get for him; but he kept his eyes fixed on the young man all the time.

"Oh, I don't know," he said.

He drew the other box out of his pocket, opened it, and held up his own ring.

"I guess *that* ain't so poor!" he proudly declared.

"What—are you engaged, too?" cried Henry incredulously. He jumped up and grasped Jimmy's hand. "Congratulations, old boy!

"This is the life, this is the life,
This is the life for me!"

So sang Jimmy and Henry, as, with hands clasped, they exuberantly danced around in a circle.

Then, picking up one of the two boxes from the table, the young lawyer left to call on his girl.

Five minutes later Jimmy followed suit.

"For me?" gasped Emily, as Jimmy slipped the sparkling ring on her finger. "Oooooh—dot's grand! But, Jimmy, vhere did you get it? You found it, I betcha, lyin' in the street—ain't it? You couldn't buy something like this—but ve mustn't keep it, Jimmy. That vouldn't be honest. It'll be advertised in the paper, and then you must bring it back——"

Jimmy was strutting up and down the kitchen, flipping back his coat lapels with a great show of importance over his inflated chest.

"That's all right," he reassured her largely. "You can keep the ring—nobody lost it. I'll tell you that much, but don't ask me nothin' else about where I got it. 'Cause I won't tell you. But it's yours to keep—ain't that enough for yuh?"

Emily *did* ask him how he could have bought such a magnificent thing for the next half hour, with characteristic German persistence.

But Jimmy evaded all her inquiries.

And when he took his departure, he left Emily looking down at the ring on her finger with a doubtful frown puckering her brow.

The same expression, at that identical moment, was resting on the face of Miss Alice Lewis as she stood before the dressing table in her room upstairs, after Henry had gone. She, too, was looking down at the solitaire on her finger. But the doubtful pucker did not long remain on her forehead. As it faded, a look of wrathful certainty overspread her features. *She knew!*

Henry received the ring he had given her back by the first mail next morning, with a letter stiffly informing him that their engagement was broken.

Poor Henry racked his brain all day long to think what he could possibly have done to cause this blight to fall on all his happiness; but by nightfall, having been unable to gain an inkling of it, he decided the only thing left for him to do was to drown his sorrows.

Meanwhile, the jeweler had discovered that a valuable ring was missing from the tray he had shown Jimmy.

The latter had been the last customer to whom he had shown the tray. The jeweler remembered Jimmy's rather inexpensive attire—he ran to the door of his shop and cried loudly for the police.



"Never mind where I got it," said Jimmie. "You just wear it on your finger, and be glad you've got it, that's all."

The officer who responded to the appeal was Jimmy's stanch enemy—for he had had designs on Emily's affections himself, until that young man had "cut him out"—Patrolman Gilhooley.

"That's Jimmy!" declared the cop, when he had heard the jeweler's description of the individual he suspected of being the thief of the missing ring. "Don't worry, mister—I think I know where I can lay my hand on him, right now. If he's still got the ring on him you'll get it back. And he'll get a long sentence this time—he's been in jail once before."

Officer Gilhooley walked straight to the Lewis house and into the kitchen. And there, sure enough, he found Jimmy.

Now, Jimmy's only fear at sight of the cop—for, of course, he was entirely in the dark as to the suspicion that rested on him—was that the other would let out the fact of his having spent a week in the lockup before Emily.

"Give the officer a bottle of beer, Emily, can't you?" he suggested hospitably.

While Emily turned away to the ice box, Jimmy winked meaningly at Gilhooley and shook his head.

Officer Gilhooley merely continued to stare fixedly at him.

He tilted the bottle of beer to his lips and drank it the same way.

But all at once he caught sight of the ring on Emily's finger.

"Ah-har!"—he grasped her by the wrist, and pulled off the solitaire. "This is the ring that was stolen from Janviers' jewelry store!" He turned and laid hold of Jimmy by the collar, dragging him to his feet. "And now you come with me to the station house, where you belong!"

Jimmy heard Emily's piercing scream ring out in the kitchen behind him, as he was dragged away.

"Good night!" he thought gloomily. "She's seen me arrested—and that's enough to make her throw me over for good."

But he was wrong. Emily ran upstairs and told her trouble to Miss Alice. "He luffed me!" sobbed the girl. "That's vhy he stoled the ring from the joolry place. Vill you come mitt me, vhile I beg the man that he vouldn't send Jimmy to prison?"

But when the girl and Miss Alice showed up there, they found the jeweler staring pop-eyed at a ring he had just found under the tray, where it had been mislaid.

It was the one he had accused Jimmy of stealing.

He quickly put on his hat, and accompanied the two young women around to the station house to have Jimmy released.

At that moment Jimmy was sitting in the cell with his arms around Henry, who was bitterly weeping—not at all because the state of intoxication he had got into, following the receipt of Alice's letter, had led to his arrest.

"Why—hic!—why did she break it off?" sobbed Henry thickly. "I can't

understand it. And it's breaking my heart!"

Jimmy was sent for to appear at the desk just then. Henry refused to let him leave him, and, the efforts of two policemen being insufficient to free his hold around Jimmy's shoulders, they were both led off together.

The jeweler was looking at the ring that had been taken from Emily's finger as evidence by Officer Gilhooley.

"But," he excitedly informed the captain, "this is the ring I sold to that young gentleman there, yesterday. How did it happen to get into the possession of a servant girl?"

The light dawned on Jimmy and Henry simultaneously.



"The ring," babbled the jeweler, "that I thought was lost——" his words trailed off into an unintelligible mumble, as his amazement grew.

"We got the boxes mixed up!" cried Henry, the shock of the discovery having sufficed to sober him. He turned to Alice and held out his arms. "I see why you broke off our engagement now!" he told her. "You thought I had given you a paste diamond—but it was the one Jimmy, here, meant to give to Emily, which I took by mistake!"

Alice ran gladly into his embrace.

Emily looked at the reunited couple, and then she looked meaningly at Jimmy as though to remind him that he had forgotten something.

"Jimmy!"—she opened her arms.

The young man, with the memory of that fall he had taken in the kitchen recurring to his mind, looked about him with a hunted look widening his eyes.

Then he stepped back to the wall and braced himself against it.

"Now," said Jimmy, "jump!"

With the Screen Folk

Films or Hats?

LOUISE GLAUM, who is featured in plays released in the Mutual program by Thomas H. Ince, has received an offer to go into business. The offer comes from a Los Angeles woman, who says she can make Miss Glaum's fortune.

"All you'll have to do," this woman writes, "is to say that you buy your hats where I do and go out in Los Angeles society with me. I never saw anything like the hats you wear, and I'm told that you design them yourself."

It seems that this woman owns a large millinery store, although the fact that she does is strictly a secret, and keeps trade brisk at her shop by coaxing her unsuspecting friends with lots of money to go there. Her idea was to employ Miss Glaum as a designer, but keep the actress' connection with the establishment a secret. The main requirement was for Miss Glaum to wear her hats around town.

"They would be a walking advertisement," the letter concluded, "and, believe me, there's money in the millinery line."

Despite this inducement, Miss Glaum has decided to stick to the movies.

When an Actor Isn't.

WALTER EDWARDS, director of Broncho films, also acts in them. When made up for the part of *Tucson* in "The Gun Fighter," recently released in the Mutual program, he told his company after rehearsal that he would walk home from the location alone, as he wanted a chance to think over the development of the story. It took him longer than he had expected, as he met the sheriff on the road to Inceville. Edwards did not know the man, nor the man him.

"What are you doin' wanderin' around loose?" the sheriff inquired. "You better come with me."

"Come with you. What for?" Edwards demanded rather testily.

"Never you mind," the sheriff continued. "Come along now. No monkey work."

Thoroughly indignant, Edwards walked toward the other with fists clenched. The sheriff flashed his badge and the actor halted.

"What's the idea, sheriff?" Edwards demanded. "What have I done?"

"Oh, nothing," was the answer. "You're just a suspicious-looking character."

Then it dawned on the actor. "This is just make-up," he explained. "I'm from Inceville."

In the end the two men shook hands and had a good laugh over the incident.

Prize Dogs in Edison Film.

THE Edison studio had a good-sized dog show recently for the filming of a dog play, "A Sad Dog's Story," in which William Wadsworth's dog, "Jerry," plays a leading part in preventing a scandal. The play, rather a unique one, is by Lee Arthur, and is being directed by Richard Ridgley, who, of course, has his troubles in making the dogs "act." A regular kennel is shown, among the pedigreed dogs being many prize winners, such as the English bulldogs, "Rosella Saxton," which won two blue ribbons at the Madison Square Garden show, and "Gotham Commander," a ribbon wearer. The ferocious-looking, heavily-jowled "actors" were precariously near to chewing each other up before Director Ridgley could get near enough to get acquainted.

Mestayer Joins Selig.

HARRY MESTAYER, now playing in Chicago in "On Trial," has been engaged by the Selig Polyscope Company to play the lead in "The Millionaire Baby," a film version of Anna Katherine Green's world-famous mystery story. The novel was adapted for the screen by Gilson Willets. The play has already been put in production at the Chicago studios of the Selig company. Mr. Mestayer will probably join one of the Selig Pacific coast stock companies as leading man late in the spring.

The Greaser

By Kenneth Rand

How a man despised proved himself a hero. An appealing story of sacrifice for love, based on the Majestic picture play.

Would you say that after a man had tried three different times to kill another, there could be a motive strong enough to make him lay down his life in his enemy's stead? Read the following story, and you will learn of the motive that is "stronger than hate," which urged one man to do just that.

In the film, Miriam Cooper played the leading feminine role, Elmer Clifton was the young New Yorker, injured on a hunting trip to the West, while the popular Vester Perry enacted the part of *The Greaser.* The production was made by R. A. Walsh.

OH, my carissima!"

The young Mexican stepped out from the side of the ranch house and stood looking after the girl who was walking toward the corral.

He breathed the term of endearment too softly for her to hear it. Stooping, he picked up the rose she had dropped in passing. He raised it tenderly in both hands toward his lips—and as he did so he felt himself spun around in a grip of authority.

"Here, you greaser!"—old man Sawyer, who owned the ranch, had hold of him by the collar. "What game are you up to? Pickin' up a flower that my daughter dropped, and kissin' it—so that's the way the wind blows, eh?"

He shook the youth roughly.

"She's not for the likes of you," growled the ranchman. "Get any moonshine notions you may have in your head out of it—quick, too. Or you'll find yourself out of a job. I'd fire you right now, only you're too good a worker to lose. But the rest of the time you're around this ranch, you remember that that girl's nothin' more to you than the daughter of the man who pays your wages. Now, here's somethin' to keep you from forgettin' it."

Turning the young man around, his employer kicked him.

"Get back to your work," he ordered contemptuously. "And don't let me see any more of this nonsense—I warn you."

Miguel hurried off. But it wasn't "nonsense" to him—the love that he had borne for Miriam, the rancher's lovely daughter, throughout all the months that he had been employed there.

She had never known it. And now it seemed that his adoration must always be kept a secret from her. What was the use in staying on here at the ranch any longer? That was what Miguel asked himself, in the first hot tide of resentment that surged up in his heart after his mortifying encounter with her father.



Miriam did not know—or dream of his adoration for her.

To be sneered at, called a "greaser," yes, and kicked—only because his skin was dark!

But the next thought that came to him was that, by leaving the ranch, he would lose the daily sight of Miriam. There was a way that he could still retain that much comfort, at least. Her father had said so. If he hid any further signs of his love, he might keep his job—the penalty for forgetting himself in future would be his instant dismissal.

Well, it was going to be hard, Miguel told himself, to keep his feelings concealed week after week, and month after month, always hidden from the eyes and ears of one—but that was what he would do.

It was better to be near her and suffer than to lose the glimpse of her dear face and the sound of her voice, with the ten times deeper suffering which that would entail.

For the next two weeks the life at the ranch went on much the same as usual.

Perhaps old man Sawyer kept a sharper eye on Miguel than he had before—but if he did so, he found nothing in the young man's manner toward the girl to give him an excuse for threatening again to discharge him.

But at the end of that fortnight, a break occurred in the monotony of the daily round at the ranch which drove all thoughts of Miguel for the time being from Sawyer's mind.

It was just at sunset, that a cavalcade of horsemen rode slowly into the clearing on which the ranch house, corral, and the cowboys' bunk house stood.

The party of riders was made up of a half dozen cow-punchers of the Sawyer outfit, who had been sent out that morning to search through the hills to the west for some cattle that had strayed off the range, and which it was thought might have found their way up one or more of the mountain trails.

They had found the cattle—and something else, during their exploration of the hills.

The something else was a young man

from the East, who had gone hunting there. In endeavoring to make the descent over the unfamiliar ground in the darkness of the night before, he had fallen and sprained both ankles.

The cowboys had come upon him, and, making a litter out of a blanket stretched between two saplings, had brought him with them to the ranch.

Old man Sawyer, who originally hailed from Kentucky, opened the doors of his house wide to the stranger with true Southern hospitality.

Miriam was detailed as his nurse—an arrangement which, as soon as he opened his eyes and realized that the vision sitting at his bedside was an angel of flesh and blood, the young man from New York found entirely satisfactory.

Indeed, as the days passed, Clifton—for so the injured stranger's name proved to be—had about reached the conclusion that his accident might turn out to be the luckiest thing that had ever happened to him in his life.

He felt himself already falling in love with Miriam. Not alone was she more beautiful than any of the girls he had met in society—and the mental picture of each one of these whom he summoned up while his eyes searched the face of the girl beside his bed, suffered by comparison—but she had the fresh wholesomeness about her which only those bear who have passed all their lives in the wide out-of-doors.

Clifton's case was rapidly becoming one of the heart, instead of the body.

And as fast as he recovered from one, the other ailment grew worse.

As he regained the use of his feet—at first with the aid of a pair of improvised crutches—he was able to see more of Miriam than in the intervals when she had brought him his meals, or sat at his bedside and read or talked to him.

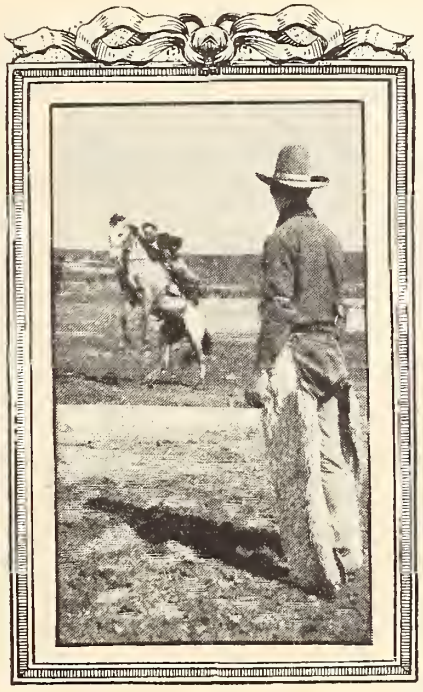
He hunted her up, in the house or out of it, a dozen times a day.

He made no pretense at concealing the fact of his infatuation—but he could not have done so if he would. His heart and soul were concentrated, now, upon the one goal in life for him: to win this radiant girl's love. He had no thought for the outside world, as a witness to his headlong wooing. It was a fact—Miriam owned him for her willing slave—and any one might see it who chose, for all it mattered to him.

One who looked on, did so with no little satisfaction—and that one was old man Sawyer.

He had made some inquiries about Clifton. And what he learned—principally the fact that the New Yorker was wealthy enough to have bought that ranch and ten others like it, if he had cared to, without ever missing the purchase price—disposed him to hold the young man in high favor as a prospective son-in-law.

Soon Clifton was well enough to be able to exchange his crutches for a single cane. And shortly he could get around without even that aid. But still he said nothing about taking his de-



Miguel mounted the dangerous animal.

parture. Sawyer offered no hint, either, that the guest's excuse for remaining at the ranch house had gone with his invalidism—as a matter of fact, he was only too glad to have Clifton stay on, for as long as it took to settle a certain matter.

And what of Miguel all this time?

His attitude toward Clifton had been one of suspicion at first. This had quickly turned to conviction as to what the latter's feelings were toward the girl—even before the other outsiders had read the signs, the Mexican's impulsive temperament had led him to guess by intuition that Clifton had fallen in love with her.

And from that moment, his hatred of the man he looked upon as a rival had become implacable.

"If only instead of his ankles, it had been his neck he tweested!" Miguel would grate through his clenched teeth to himself, as he looked in upon the scene of Miriam seated, with a book, or her embroidery, at the stranger's bedside during the interval when she was nursing him. "Ah, if it could have been me, that found him first back there in the hills after his fall, I would have tweested it for him in these two hands—so that he might never have come here!"

But when the days passed into weeks, and Clifton was well again, but still gave no sign of terminating his sojourn at the ranch, then Miguel's hatred deepened into a rage that was all the more deadly for being kept bottled up inside him.

"Each day it becomes more dangerous!" the dark-skinned youth fumed to himself. "He is handsome—curse him!—I admit that. And doubtless he knows the art of smooth words. What—ah, what will be the effect on her heart?"

He twisted his lean brown fingers in his hair and tugged at it in anguish.

"If he wins her," he groaned, "she is lost to me forever. She will go with him to his home. And I, left here behind, without her face to gladden my eyes, or the music of her voice to lift up my heart——"

Springing to his feet, Miguel raised his fists to the heavens and swore an oath as black as his brows had become.

It was that Clifton should die!

There was no other way, or hope of a way, of removing him as a factor from the scene. The man loved Miriam almost as wildly as did Miguel himself. He would not leave before he had asked her to go with him. And he would not ask that until he felt sure of his answer.

He could not be allowed to go on working the spell of his good looks and mental accomplishments upon her, until that answer was certain to be only one thing, that was all!

In the next few days Miguel made two attempts upon Clifton's life.

The first occurred while he and Miriam were out on a ride into the hills, to inspect the scene of Clifton's fall, which had resulted in his making her acquaintance.

Miguel, unnoticed, had followed the pair.

Miriam, on the ride back, expressed a wish for a specimen of a rare wild flower that she had spied growing a foot or so beneath the edge of the cliff road along which they were traveling homeward. Clifton dismounted to get it for her.

As he spread himself out at full length on the road, a dozen feet away from Miriam and the two horses, and reached his arm down over the edge of the precipice toward the cluster of bright blue blossoms that had caught her eye, there was a thunderous roar behind him.

At the same instant, the girl cried out sharply.

Only her warning saved him. For, as it struck his ear, Clifton rolled swiftly over to the left. And an immense bowlder, rolling down from the cliff above, plowed across the path where he had been lying but a second before.

It was a narrow escape, the couple both thought, from a pure accident. There was no sound following the roar of the bowlder in its flight down the cliff, to let them believe otherwise than that they were alone in the hills. And they rode on to the ranch, entirely in ignorance of the fact that it had been Miguel's hand that had dislodged the bowlder from its resting place.

Two days later Miguel made his second effort to put Clifton out of the way.

There was a horse named Gentle Alice—chiefly because that was not her nature—among the string in the corral of the Sawyer ranch. Alice was never used in range riding with the rest of the mounts. Indeed, she was never used for any purpose whatsoever. Not since she had broken the neck of the first man who had tried to ride her.

Miguel, leading Clifton into the corral on the day in question and giving him a glowing description of the merits as a swift, but docile, saddle horse, which were possessed by the vicious mustang, had just succeeded in persuading the visitor to take a trial ride on her—when Miriam appeared at the corral gate.

"Don't attempt to mount that horse, Mr. Clifton!" the girl called anxiously, as she saw Clifton in the act of lifting his foot to the stirrup. "Your life wouldn't be worth a penny—the animal is a brute!"

Miguel bit his lip—caught, it seemed, in the lie he had told as to the horse's docility.

But the next moment he had stepped past the hesitating New Yorker.

"Afraid?" he sneered, in an undertone. "Well, my friend—I am not!"

And with the words, Miguel mounted the dangerous animal. The horse shot straight up in the air, off its hind feet, like a skyrocket. But Miguel held on.



"If you don't want to die," snapped Miguel, "move on!"

For the next fifteen minutes it was a duel between man and mount.

Miguel had taken his life in his hands, as much for anything as on the thousand-to-one-shot chance that the exhibition of his bravery, in contrast to the other man's caution, might damage the latter in the eyes of the watching girl.

In one thing, at least, he succeeded—he did what no one else had ever done before him, and that was to ride the "man-killer" into a state of heaving, lather-soaked subjection.

But later, if Clifton had lost ground through the episode, Miguel was unable to detect any signs of it in Miriam's manner toward him.

The incident, however, had led Miguel to form the opinion that Clifton was really a coward.

So, a day or so later, he confronted him alone in back of the ranch house.

"You weel not be staying here much longer, eh?" inquired Miguel, holding the other's eyes with a cold, unshifting gaze. "You are able to walk as well as ever—I should advise you to do it."

"What do you mean?" asked Clifton stiffly.

Miguel took a step nearer.

"I mean," he answered, "that sometimes one may outstay his welcome—and grow unpopular."

Clifton's face reddened with anger.

"See here, my greaser friend," he said sharply, "a little more of this impertinent line of talk, and you're going to become unpopular with *me*——"

Miguel had whipped out a gun.

"Put up your hands!" he snarled. Then, as Clifton slowly obeyed, he went on in a rage-choked tone: "I am not a 'greaser' to you—do you understand?"

Clifton coolly looked down at the gun.

"What does this mean?" he questioned.

"It means, if you don't want to die," snapped Miguel, returning to the original purpose of his interview with his enemy—"move on!"

He held Clifton's eyes in meaning silence for a moment or two. Then he returned the gun to the belt under his jacket.

And, indifferently turning his back on him, he walked away.

But Miguel was forced to change his opinion of the man's lack of bravery. For, as the days went on, Clifton did not take the hint implied at the point of the gun. He remained a guest at the ranch house, in almost hourly company with the girl. And Miguel began to despair of ever being able to get rid of him.

Then, one morning, Clifton rode to town alone to do some shopping.

That is—he thought he went alone. He did not know that a solitary horseman had set out from the ranch in his wake, within ten minutes of his own departure, and that that horseman was the young Mexican.

Three hours later, Clifton had made his purchases and was ready to return to the ranch.

As he walked down a deserted, alley-like street toward the livery stable where he had left his horse, he was accosted by a man about three drinks the worse for having encountered in the saloon near by a spirituous distillation colloquially known as "forty-rod."

"Wanta buy a gun, stranger?" inquired this unsteady party. He held out a revolver, butt end foremost, toward Clifton. "Pufferaly good gun. I'll sell t' you cheap."

Clifton, smiling leniently, shook his head and attempted to pass by.

"No, thanks," he declined the offer.

"But thisiz a gun'n good condition!" declared the would-be disposer of the firearm, blocking his way. "'S fully loaded. *And* in good condition. You c'n—you c'n have it for six bits. Quick sales 'n small profits, that's my motto. You see, I need 'nother drink——"

"No, thank you," said Clifton more firmly.

The inebriated stranger, clutching him by the coat lapel, tried to force the handle of the gun into his hand.

"Just looker over, an' see if that ain' worth——"

Impatiently, Clifton pushed the weapon back upon its owner. As he did so, there was a sharp report. A smell of burned powder and of singed cloth smote Clifton's nostrils, while a puff of white smoke blotted out the drunken man's face from his sight for an instant.

The man—whom he had never seen in his life until less than a minute before—crumpled to the uneven pavement of the narrow street in front of him, loosely and without a sound, as a garment might fall from a hook to the floor.

A bullet had entered his heart, as the hole in his coat over the left breast showed, and death must have been instantaneous.

Clifton stood looking down at the body for a moment, and passed his hand over his brow.

Then, in a daze, he walked on to the livery stable, secured his horse, and—still too stunned to think at all, let alone clearly—he rode out of the town and back toward the ranch.

Miguel, shadowing Clifton's footsteps, had witnessed the brief scene in the side street. As he heard the report of the gun, and saw the drunkard fall, his heart had bounded with fierce joy.

Here was the chance he had been looking for, after all!

He knew the thing had been an absolute accident, so far as Clifton was concerned. But—need anybody else know that? He could swear to the truth; that he had seen the Easterner and the intoxicated man talking together. Yes—he could even go so far as to say, without stretching the facts more than a little, that there had been an argument between them over the purchase of the gun.



"I called him a greaser," said the rancher, "but I reckon he was white, inside."

And he could charge Clifton with having shot down the other, in a gust of anger, in cold blood!

Wheeling in his tracks, Miguel raced to find the sheriff. Into that official's ear, when he had located him, he poured the story of the "killing." He replied, when asked if he had any idea where this stranger from New York could be found, that he had a very good idea, indeed. And he gave Sawyer's ranch as the place where the fugitive could be captured.

Then, with a gloating smile playing about his lips all the way, Miguel rode hurriedly back to the ranch himself, in order to be on hand to enjoy his triumph.

Less than an hour after his arrival there, the posse rode in past the bars of the corral, grim-faced and with drawn guns.

"We're looking for one Douglas Clifton," announced the sheriff. "If he's here, let him stand forth."

Miguel saw Clifton, white as to cheeks, but with shoulders manfully squared, step down from the ranch-house veranda and walk across the clearing toward the sheriff.

"I believe I am the man you want, sheriff," the Mexican heard him say. "And I think I know what you want me for. But I can clear myself before any jury."

Miguel hugged himself, rocking with silent laughter. He knew that the other stood not one chance in a million of being able to make good that boast—he was doomed. Out there in the West justice was administered but roughly at best. And what proof had Clifton, other than his own word, that he had not murdered the owner of that revolver? There was the dead man's body, and Miguel's account of the way he had seen the latter meet his end.

It was two to one against him. His case was hopeless.

"And is that all you've got to say in your own defense?" the sheriff was grimly saying just then, as Clifton concluded his brief explanation of the way the accident had happened. "Well, boys" —looking around at the members of the posse, "does it strike you the way it does me, that we'd better ride back a ways and find a convenient tree?"

A growl of assent came from the rest.

"But—but I'm entitled to a trial, am I not?" gasped Clifton.

"You've had it, friend," said the sheriff, "and the verdict's in. You'll be hanged by the neck until you are dead. Fall in here with us!"

Miguel was nodding his head rapidly, his white teeth showing in a smile. Yes —it was all coming out as he had foreseen. Now, in another half hour or less, his rival would be out of his road. Miriam should not have a chance to fall in love with him, and go out of her fond Miguel's sight——

The Mexican straightened, craning his neck toward the posse. Clifton had just concluded what seemed to be an appeal to them. And now, while they sat waiting sternly in their saddles, Clifton turned and reëntered the house.

Quickly Miguel sped around to the rear of it, to see what the move meant.

And he saw.

Clifton had asked for a few moments in which to say good-by to Miriam. And now Miguel looked upon a scene that turned his triumph to ashes on his tongue. The girl stood on the back veranda, her arms around Clifton's neck, crying as she kissed him in hopeless farewell.

So she had found time to love him already!

Miguel drew himself erect, with something like a shiver passing through his slim frame. His eyes were closed, and his drawn lips moved—almost as if he were praying. "I want her to be happy," he murmured. "Ah, yes, that counts for most!" Then he opened his eyes again. With squared jaw, he sprang up on the porch behind the oblivious couple.

"Queek, señor!" he whispered, touching Clifton's sleeve. "Say nothing—but take off your coat and give it to me!"

The pair drew apart, turning to stare blankly at him.

"Oh, be queek!" hissed the young Mexican impatiently. "Let me have your coat!"

A light of comprehension broke over the girl's face.

"But, Miguel," she pointed out, her expression going hopeless again, "they will discover that you're not him before you have ridden with them a hundred yards, and then they will only come back——"

"No," gently Miguel reassured her, "they will not discover it!"

Then, wheeling on Clifton.

"Give me your coat!" he demanded once more.

In a twinkling he was out of his own velvet jacket and into Clifton's corduroy norfolk. Then, without a word, he spun round on his heel and sprang from the porch into the saddle of Clifton's horse.

In a clatter of hoofs, he flashed away around the side of the house.

Instantly a shout went up from the posse drawn up before the front of the building.

"Stop him!"

"There he goes!"

"Halt—or we'll shoot!"

The even gallop of Clifton's horse that came to the ears of the two on the porch showed that the order was not obeyed. They heard the pounding dash, of the posse's mounts starting in pursuit. Then a rattle of shots. And after that—silence.

Clasping Miriam's hand, Clifton ran with her around to the front of the house.

There he came face to face with a man who had just ridden out from town, having been a witness from the window of a house in that side street to the drunkard's death, and come after the sheriff's posse, as soon as he heard where it was bound, to clear Clifton of all blame for the accidental shooting.

The posse was returning now—on foot.

They bore on a stretcher the quiet figure of Miguel.

At a gesture from old man Sawyer —who had heard from Clifton what the Mexican had done—the stretcher was placed on the top step of the veranda.

"I called him a greaser," said the rancher softly, holding one of the slim brown hands in both of his and raising his eyes to the sky, "but I reckon it'll be written down in the Great Book above that he was white inside!"

Clifton's brow was furrowed in perplexity.

"But why did he make the sacrifice——" he began.

"Shh!" whispered Miriam. She knelt by the side of the stretcher. "I think I understand."

And she bent and kissed the quiet lips.

It would doubtless have brought solace to Miguel to know that she had read his secret at last—though he could not know that she had *always* understood!

Just Do It.

ALBERT C. FROOME, for many years a headliner at the New York Hippodrome, has been engaged to appear in "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery," the latest Thanhouser-Mutual serial.

Mr. Froome plays the rôle of a wealthy Montana mine owner, who was a friend of *Zudora's* father when both were prospecting, and the part should suit this performer, who has earned for himself the title of "the actor unafraid." There never has been a stunt which caused Froome to hesitate a second.

Taking his life in his hands seems simple enough to this new member of the Thanhouser-Mutual stock company.

"All you do is to do it," he says, by way of explaining his lack of timidity.

Vanderbilt Cup-race Film.

THE Vanderbilt Cup Race—the world's Automobile Derby—was run this year at the Panama Exposition at San Francisco. Mrs. Vanderbilt was present to witness the contest bearing her name. The race was chock-full of excitement. Cars collided, overturned, bursted, skidded, and shot all over the track at the gentle rate of seventy miles an hour. Accidents were the rule rather than the exception. The World Film Corporation has the authentic picture of the race, and it is being shown at the Strand Theater and the Hippodrome, New York.

The photography of this great auto film is exceptionally good, and, besides having all the thrills incidental to the exciting and dangerous racing, it gives a very good idea of the grandeur and beauty of the Panama Exposition buildings and attractions.

Advance Fashions from the Films

By Lillian A. Tredegar

DAME FASHION is to have a great deal to say in motion pictures hereafter. The Hearst-Selig News Pictorial has instituted a department for the presentation every week by Lady Duff-Gordon, of New York, of the very latest frills and foibles that are dear to the



Photo by International News Service.

feminine hearts. These fashions, so we are informed by the Selig Company, are the up-to-the-minute creations from Paris and elsewhere where styles are inaugurated.

The accompanying illustrations are taken from the Selig pictures, and represent the latest fashions for late spring and midsummer frocks.

Kathlyn Williams on the Styles.

OF all the movie actresses, Kathlyn Williams, of the Selig Polyscope Company, has been seen in a greater variety of style of dress than any of her sisters of the screen.

"Dressing appropriately is one of the biggest problems of our business, and requires actual thought and study," says Miss Williams. "And the only way I can keep abreast of the fashions for my screen work is to make a study of the advanced styles as they are inaugurated in Paris before they come to America, and dress accordingly. For I have learned, if I were to work in a picture dressed as the women of the present appear daily, for my modern productions, by the time the picture is released I would be just about three months behind the times, for you know the styles change faster than our pictures can be produced and released." And so saying, she smoothed out the ample skirt of the modish blue taffeta gown she was wearing at this time, thus unconsciously calling attention to the fact that she was up to the minute with her wearing apparel off the screen as well as on it.

"These full skirts are pretty enough," she continued, "but we have been accustomed to the tight ones so long that I can hardly get around in this one, though I do think I shall learn to like them, for they are really more graceful and becoming than those we have been wearing for the past few years."

Miss Williams has appeared in almost every type of dress; she has been seen to advantage in the colonial gown of ages gone by, the antebellum hoopskirts, and bustles of the past century; the robes of ancient history, the khaki outfit of the Western girl, the simple frocks of the country girl, the frills and furbelows of the city girl, the rags of the poor, the impromptu regalia of the girl of the wilds, and, above all, her jungle dress.

"When I was told by my producer that I must have a dress made of leaves," continued fair Kathlyn, with a smile at the thought of hardships gone by, "I was at my wits' end to know where to get it. I went straight to my dressmaker in a hurry of excitement and told her of my predicament, thinking, of course, she



Photo by International News Service.

could furnish this thing that seemed to be so simple at first thought; but it did not take me long to discover that it was entirely out of her line. After a fruitless tour of all the shops in Los Angeles, I realized that I should be

forced to resort entirely to my own resources. So, after a bit of thought, I bought piles of natural leaves that had been put through some chemical process which made them retain their natural color, and my maid and I set to work to attain the unattainable. We wove that whole garb with our hands, and when it was finished we felt that we had accomplished something worthy of even our own respect, and were quite proud of our achievement, and I thought my troubles were over until the next cast of characters should be handed to me. But, alas! I discovered that the making of this costume was the least of it. For you can't imagine the odor those leaves had! This was one of the worst hardships with which I have had to contend in my picture career. Every time I donned this garb, the scent of those chemicals nearly made me ill. Then, too, it was a dreadfully fragile affair, and hard to keep intact. It fairly shattered whenever I moved, and this kept the maid eternally busy mending it. Luckily for me, occasions that call for such attire as this do not happen very often."



Photo by International News Service.



Photo by International News Service.

During the past two months, Miss Williams has had an opportunity to wear

all sorts of clothes, including everything from a filmy evening gown, suitable for the tropics, to her sealskin coat and muff, fit to brave the cold of Chicago, for she has just returned to the States from a trip to Panama. She, with her producer, Colin Campbell, Colonel W. N. Selig, and a special company of players, left California in appropriate garments for that State in December, went to New Orleans, changed to attire suitable for a Southern winter, took a fruit steamer, and set sail for the Isthmus. There they found the ideal conditions of the tropics, where all semblance of winter, spring, or fall raiment was discarded, and they all made themselves comfortable in regular summertime style. The purpose of this trip to Panama was to produce the "Ne'er Do Well," a story of adventure made from the great novel by Rex Beach.

And from the subject of clothes, the conversation drifted to that of character portrayed in recent releases by Miss Williams.

"I love the part I have in this production," said this popular screen favorite, "though I do believe I am more partial to the character of *Cherie,* in 'The Spoilers,' for she was so human, and that is the type of rôle I feel I can play to the best advantage. But in 'The Ne'er Do Well,' I am also a woman who suffers and loses out in her affairs of the heart, as did *Cherie.* Life is not made up of all sweet dreams for any of us, and I enjoy playing lifelike parts that are realistic and full of human interest in stories that pulsate with red blood." Out of respect for train time and the fact that Miss Williams was booked to start the return trip to California in a few minutes, it was impossible to learn more about her just then. She is every bit as sweet in real life as she is upon the screen, and even a bit more so, for in conversation with her a person has an opportunity of hearing her soft, resonant voice, and enjoying her magnetic personality.

Technique of Camera Acting

THOMAS SANTSCHI, one of the bright and particular stars of the Selig Polyscope Company, asserts that two eyes and ten fingers are prime essentials to the technique of acting in motion pictures.

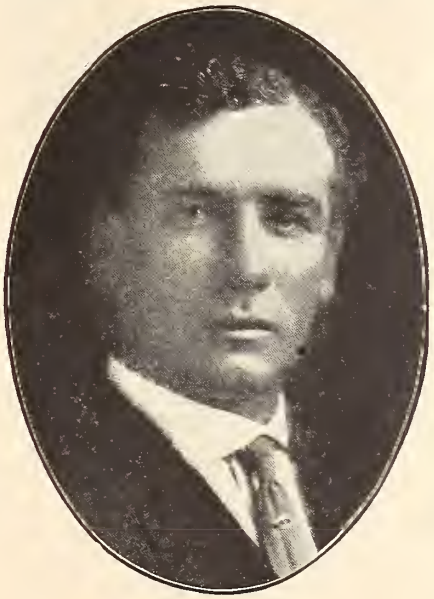
Of late—and only of late—we have been hearing of the "technique of motion-picture acting." Formerly it was just "acting for the movies," nothing at all about technique. Another sign, and one of the best yet, of the real development of the cinematographic art!

Believing that the motion-picture fans have been desirous of knowing exactly what the "technique of picture acting" is, and how it differs from the technique of other acting, Thomas Santschi was interviewed on the subject, and as he had long experience in the spoken drama before entering motion-picture work, his statements are interesting.

"There are three things that are necessary to good picture acting," said Mr. Santschi. "The first is two eyes; the second is ten fingers, and the third is that wonderful, indescribable, God-given something known as personality.

"Nine fingers are not enough; the motion-picture actor or actress should possess the required ten. If one finger is missing, that fact will loom largely on the animated screen, and will be immediately noticed by the audience. The two hands and the ten fingers are prime requisites in the art of the silent drama. Every movement of the hands, or the fingers, yes, even the movement of one finger, can be made meaningful.

"And what power in two good eyes! Why, eyes are often everything in motion-picture acting. All expression is subservient to them, and, properly controlled, they can bring fame and fortune to the man or woman fortunate in possessing a good-sized, well-working pair."



THOMAS SANTSCHI

"Do you think personality counts for so much in the pictures?" he was asked.

"Do I? Yes. It counts more in motion pictures than on the stage. You've got to get through the canvas screen, and personality is the only thing that will carry you through. Good acting before the camera is much the same as good acting for the stage; but deprived of voice, you are depending entirely upon pantomime. That means you must accentuate gestures and expressions, and concentrate your mind on every move.

"And then the art of the silent drama requires thought; you must think more than if you were on the stage. You must project your thought without the aid of voice, and projecting thought means thought concentration. Take any simple action, going to open a door, for instance; you must think first. Then the eyes will show it, and that is the soul's mirror.

"The action should never be hurried. The first thing the director tells you is to act more slowly than you do on the stage. I have employed the same methods in motion pictures that I always have, because I never have been hurried. It is possible to get the effect of apparent quickness by deliberation. Avoid needless movements, even the repose of the ten fingers is a wonderful thing. You must act more slowly in the silent drama because the camera absorbs action.

"In silent drama get the thought first, and then you will have mental background for what you accomplish.

"Try, if you will, to express an emo-

tion with your hands. Joy and sorrow, hope and despair, the whole gamut of human emotions can be expressed by the hands. The eyes, the lips, the whole face, cannot be made nearly so eloquent as the hands.

"The human hands can convey prayer, supplication, menace, blessing, despair, guilt, and greed.

"The putting on or the taking off of a glove, a gesture ever so slight, a finger raised or lowered—any or all of these gestures may be made to convey a most significant meaning.

"The motion-picture actor or actress cannot convey meaning by voice inflection, for the drama of the animated screen is truly a silent art. He or she must convey meaning by action, and the more significant, the more repressed, is this action, the more illuminating it may be.

"The art of pantomime is generations old; the ancients excelled in this art, and, with the popularity of the motion picture it has been revived and carefully studied. There is much to learn, however; something new and vital is forthcoming every day, and much improvement can be noticed. Five years ago, motion-picture acting was an exaggeration; to-day it is an art, a most dignified and impressive art."

Something About Mr. Santschi.

The face of Thomas Santschi, the Selig Polyscope Company star, is as well known as that of the man in the moon. His art, which he presents naturally and convincingly, is greatly appreciated by the public.

Mr. Santschi was formerly a successful player on the stage, and joined the Selig Polyscope Stock Company, at Chicago, Illinois, some years ago. He went to the Pacific coast, where, in the past three or four years, he has earned for himself the reputation of being one of the most versatile of motion-picture actors, and he is certainly one of the most popular. He receives on an average a sack of mail daily, and he frequently requires the services of a secretary to answer the complimentary epistles he receives from all quarters of the globe.

Thomas Santschi is not only a versatile actor, but he is a versatile player on the piano. Piano playing is his one hobby, and he likes to entertain his friends at his handsome home, after a day's work, by improvising pleasing musical airs.

Mr. Santschi is one of the few leading players who are also successful as authors and directors. He directs all the picture plays in which he stars, and writes many excellent stories.

Born in Switzerland, he came to the United States early in life, and learned the trade of a watchmaker; but the footlights called him, and he responded. That his choice was a wise one is proven by the great successes he achieved at the very start.

Mr. Santschi is one of the most companionable of men, and his is the personality that cannot be spoiled by adulation. He says he is "perfectly satisfied to work for the Selig Polyscope Company, where nothing is sacrificed for art, and where conditions for artistic work are ideal."

Plays and Players

Lillian Hayward.

MISS LILLIAN HAYWARD, a well-known and exceedingly popular Selig star, is said to possess more



versatility than any other "character" leading woman in the motion-picture business. Miss Hayward has the faculty of making herself look so homely and unprepossessing that it is sometimes impossible for her friends to believe that she is playing the part ascribed to her. Miss Hayward is exceptionally talented and successfully portrays the most difficult parts from that of a society belle to a crabbed, disagreeable old washerwoman.

Edith Johnson.

A COMPARATIVELY new member of the Selig forces is Miss Edith Johnson, who has advanced herself until she plays the leads with one of the Selig companies at Los Angeles. Miss Johnson is young, and her friends expect that she will go far in her profession with the magnificent start which she has made in moving pictures. Miss Johnson joined the Selig forces about six months ago, having acted in several small parts. Her appearance on the screen with the Selig forces was her first serious work.

During the past few months, Miss Johnson has made a reputation for herself as the "lead" in such pictures as "The Lure o' the Windigo," and "If I Were Young Again," while she will be seen in a number of Selig picture plays to be released in the near future, including "Wade Brent Pays," and "The Flower of Faith."

Miss Johnson is considered to be one of the most beautiful young women appearing in motion pictures at the present time. She is modest and unassuming and a hard worker, and her friends and admirers predict a brilliant future for her.



Housekeeping Under Cover

(WORLD FILM)

By Richard D. Taylor

It is by no means an easy matter for a family to keep up in style and general appearances with a neighbor—especially if they are poor and the neighbor wealthy. But the Gramercys attempted it, and their experiences, with the astonishing ending to them, make this story, taken from the World Film picture play, a series of laughs.

"OH mother, I have a plan!" exclaimed Mabel Gramercy, running into the living room of the beautiful apartment at the Gorham hotel, where the family lived.

"You have a plan for what, my girl?" her mother asked in reply to her daughter's statement.

"Why, to cut down our expenses, of course," the young lady answered, as though it should have been perfectly evident that she was speaking of this.

"Well, I suppose it is to move somewhere else, where the living will not cost so much, or something equally foolish," said Mrs. Gramercy. Then she continued after a pause, "You know, my child, that we simply have to live here. If we were to move you would lose Frank Richman's attentions, and I do not want such a thing to happen, after you and he have been such steadfast friends. Very probably he will propose to you soon, and I would not break my daughter's happiness for the sake of a few pennies—or dollars, for that matter. And then, too, although it is an insignificant matter in comparison to real love, the Richmans have a lot of money, you know, and Frank could take fine care of you."

It was plainly evident from her tone that the "insignificant matter" was what seemed the most important to her, and the "real love" was merely an excellent excuse for the carrying out of her plan—to have Mabel wed the wealthy Frank Richman.

"But, mother," the girl interposed, "you didn't give me a chance to explain my plan. It really had nothing whatever to do with living elsewhere. What I was about to say was that we could cook our own breakfast here in the apartment, and while that would not make us appear cheap in any way, provided it was kept under cover, it would save us from two to three dollars every morning. You know it costs us a lot to eat in the dining room, and we could do it much cheaper here."

"Didn't you know that that would be violating one of the rules of the hotel, my child?" her mother asked.

"Of course I did, mother," she replied, "but no one need know about it. In fact, we would have to keep it dark, anyway, because if it were discovered, that would make us lose more in the eyes of the Richmans than we would gain by it in money."



Mr. Gramercy was told of the scheme to reduce their expenses and approved enthusiastically of it.

And so it was decided that the Gramercys, who were attempting to live up to style of their friends, the Richmans, in order to help bring about the marriage that would join the two families, even in financial matters, which was the chief aim, were to do housekeeping "under cover," at least every morning.

Plans were commenced that very afternoon, and mother and daughter went shopping for utensils. They were to do the cooking over a little electric stove that was purchased.

When Mrs. Gramercy and Mabel returned late in the afternoon with the required articles, they succeeded finally in smuggling them up to the apartment by the use of two suit cases. They were given a scare when the man at the desk inquired if they were going on a trip, and offered to have the boy carry the bags upstairs.

"Oh, no," said the ever-ready Mabel, "we just did a little shopping at the department stores, and did not want to wait till the goods were delivered, so decided to bring the things home ourselves. Bags are so handy, you know."

The man at the desk admitted that they were, but insisted that they allow the boy to take the luggage up. Mrs. Gramercy came near to ruining the explanation of her daughter, by exclaiming:

"No; no, thank you. They are so light, you see. They are empty."

The kindly man with the pen seemed puzzled until Mabel again came to the front with her ready wit.

"Yes," she said quickly, "they are nearly as light as though they were empty. Dresses are not at all heavy."

With this they proceeded to the elevator, thanking their luck that they had gotten this far. In mounting into the car on their way upstairs, Mrs. Gramercy stumbled as the bottom of the elevator was a little higher than the floor level. There was a low rattle as the aluminum ware knocked together, but, fortunately, it was not heard by the clerk, who was busy working over his register by that time.



On his way upstairs Mr. Gramercy met Mrs. Richman in the hall, but hid behind the backs of his wife and Mabel.

As they alighted before the apartment Mabel whispered a word of caution to her mother, to the effect that the matter be kept from the maid, as she was on intimate terms with the girl who worked for the Richmans.

When they entered the room, both laid down the bags with a sigh of relief, and went to take off their cloaks. On returning, Mabel was frightened to find the suit cases disappeared. A moment later she caught sight of the maid standing over a table in the adjoining room, in the act of opening one.

"Mary!" she called in a stiff, authoritative voice.

"Yes, ma'am," Mary called back, still loosening the strap on which she was working.

"Come here!" replied Mabel in a cold, commanding tone.

When the girl appeared before her, Mabel began to scold her, with well-pretended anger.

"What do you mean by taking up those bags and opening them without permission?" she inquired. "Don't you know yet that such things do not concern you?"

"I—I thought they were dresses or something like that, and—and I was going to put them in the closet," the abashed Mary explained She had never been called down like that before, and was at a loss to know the reason. She had always opened the bags brought in before, and the family had always appeared appreciative. But she had to be satisfied without knowing any reason, and left the room bowing apologies.

No sooner was she out of sight, than Mabel and her mother busied themselves concealing the cooking utensils in a wardrobe.

Mr. Gramercy returned from business not long after, in a taxi, and ordered the chauffeur to wait until he brought the family down to take them to supper. This was to precede a box party at one of the theaters, to which the Gramercys had been invited by the handsome young Mr. Richman.

Before going out he was told of the plan to cut down their expenses that they might live at the hotel, and continue to be in style before the critical eyes of their neighbors. Mr. Gramercy approved enthusiastically of the scheme, for he was not at all backward in paving a smooth way for a happy marriage between Mabel and Frank Richman.

"But don't say a word to any one, father," Mabel warned, or you might spoil it all.

"Don't worry, my child," he consoled; "I wouldn't have things go wrong for anything." And he spoke the truth.

At the box party that night everything went fine. Frank and Mabel found themselves alone in the box after the first act, the others having thoughtfully retired to the lobby. If things went fine before that they went still better then. Frank leaned over to his companion, and whispered something to her. Both drew their chairs together closer, and the conversation was just becoming interesting, so they thought, although it had really been quite interesting to Mr. Gramercy, who was unpolitely eavesdropping outside the box, when the orchestra broke into a strain, announcing that the second act was about to begin. The two chairs separated suddenly, their occupants each wearing a disappointed look, and the others filed in to their places.

The play was very much enjoyed by the young couple, but it could in no way be compared, in their eyes, to the intermission between acts. At last, during the interval before the last act, Frank reached the point in his conversation for which he had been aiming all evening.

"Mabel, dear," he said in a soft, apparently troubled voice, "do you really love me, or is it my money that attracts you? I don't think, and I hope, that finance has anything to do with our love. Has it, sweetheart?"

"Oh, no, Frank," she assured him, and quite honestly, for she really thought more of him than any other man she knew; "I truly love you with all my soul."

"And you would not marry me for money?" he asked.

"Of course not, dear," was her reply, "not for all the money in the world. Oh, I mean not even if you didn't have it. Or, rather—— Oh, Frank, you know what I mean, don't you?"

"Yes, love," answered that gallant. "Certainly I do. You mean that you

wouldn't marry me for all the money in the world if I didn't have it."

And, glancing first around him, to make sure that no one was watching them, he planted a kiss on her white cheek.

The next day was a troublesome one for the Gramercys. The man of the house was made to arise early and go for some cereal, while his wife and daughter sought other necessaries for the morning meal. The latter two returned in safety, each carrying a huge bundle of groceries under their arms, but the father did not fare nearly so well.

In the office of the hotel a long trail of oatmeal followed him from the door, as he had broken open the package on the knob as he entered.

"Mr. Gramercy!" called the clerk. "Your bundle is broken."

Embarrassed, the old man looked around, and grew red in the face, as he saw the floor littered with the former contents of the paper bag which he carried. He was much relieved, however, when he heard the man in charge order the boy to sweep out the office, without himself paying any particular attention to the proceedings. A quarter sealed the mouth of the broom wielder, and Mr. Gramercy continued his way upstairs, having first made sure that the nature of the stuff being swept out was not discovered by the clerk.

On his way upstairs Mr. Gramercy met Mrs. Richman in the hall, but hid behind the backs of his wife and Mabel until he reached the Gramercy apartment.

After a scanty breakfast of part of the remainder of the oatmeal, an egg boiled six minutes overtime, and a cup of black coffee, he left for his office downtown.

Having eaten a meal much similar to Mr. Gramercy's, Mabel and her mother decided to lay in provisions for a period of time, and the elder lady went out to get condensed milk, while Mabel remained at home to see that things progressed smoothly and were not found out by either the hotel authorities or the Richmans. She had hardly gone when the doorbell sounded and Mrs. Richman was ushered in.

Mabel brushed herself off and proceeded to entertain the neighbor. Her guest stopped short in the midst of her conversation to remark:

"Oh, what an arrogant odor! Smells just like coffee."

"Yes," exclaimed Mabel hurriedly, with another display of her wit, "we just bought some catnip balls for the cat. They are dipped in some preparation that they claim is good for an animal's cold, and you know poor Scottie has such a bad cough lately."

Apparently satisfied with the explanation, Mrs. Richman resumed her talking and Mabel breathed a sigh of relief.

Meanwhile, Mrs. Gramercy was visiting a grocer with an order for condensed milk. When it was all wrapped, she suddenly thought that they had no can-opener, and asked him to please punch two holes in the top. This done, she started for home, first seeing to it that the can was well covered so that its identity could not be discovered.

As she passed the desk and entered the elevator, Mrs. Gramercy smiled, recalling the experience the preceding day with the clerk. On arriving at the apartment, she called out:

"Oh, Mabel, I got the——"

"Mother, come here; Mrs. Richman is in here to see us," the daughter interrupted in the nick of time.

Placing the condensed milk on a shelf in the closet where the foodstuffs were kept, Mrs. Gramercy hastened into the room to meet her neighbor. Just as she crossed the threshold, Mrs. Richman cried:

"My you have spilled something all over your dress. What is it? I hope it won't stain."

Mrs. Gramercy looked down. Sure enough there was the condensed milk covering her gown.

"Gracious!" she exclaimed; but that was all she could say, and again the situation was left to the ready mind of Mabel. She grasped it, as usual, without faltering:

"Oh, mother, did you spill that face wash? The cork must have come out of the bottle, for it is all over you."

Again everything was cleared until the cat, who had so nicely helped clear up the coffee situation, strolled leisurely into the room, and began lapping up some of the spilled "face wash." Things had to be let stand this time, and although it seemed strange that the animal should take so delightfully to the drugged fluid, and abandon the catnip ball entirely, it was assumed that it must be perfectly natural.



A short circuit in the electric-stove connections had caused a blaze which spread rapidly.

Finally Mrs. Richman left. Mabel and her mother decided to remove the products from the closet to the window ledge, as they might become sour, or at best would cause the apartment to be filled with their odor. As the last of them were put out, Mrs. Gramercy closed the window. In so doing, her arm struck a cereal box, and the whole of their pantry fell to the street.

With a shriek she opened the window again and peered down to find if they

were fortunate enough not to be seen falling. Mabel rushed to her side, and both saw a sorry spectacle. Mike McGuire, hod carrier at the corner building, which was being erected; Chandler W. Barnesworth, esquire, president of the Trust Company; George Davis, cigarette salesman, and several women were nearly smothered. It rained oatmeal and milk, and hailed coffee beans.

There was an enraged crowd of very mussed-up people standing in the street, when Mabel pulled her mother into the room, gathered all incriminating evidence from the sill, closed the window, and watched the proceedings through the curtain. Again they were saved, for no one could tell from whence the storm of food came.



There sat Mrs. Richman and her husband, all eating heartily of a home-cooked breakfast. Meanwhile Mabel and Frank were taking advantage of the confusion, in a corner of the room.

Mrs. Gramercy was now in favor of giving up the plan, but Mabel would not allow it, and by the time Mr. Gramercy arrived from work another supply had been brought in. This time it remained in the closet.

The following morning things went much better—for a while. There was no cereal on the office floor, nor food in the street. The family was profiting by experience.

"I guess we can get along all right now," Mabel was saying, "and, besides, Frank is getting ever so nice to me now. He told me last night that——

What *is* that smell? It is like something burning!"

"Look at the curtain!" Mrs. Gramercy screamed. "It's on fire!" A blaze was playing merrily with the drapery, having been caused by a short circuit in the electric-stove connections. Even as she spoke, the flames spread to the woodwork; extinguishing it themselves was out of the question. Mr. Gramercy rushed downstairs and sent in an alarm for the engines. All was confusion, and while the firemen got the blaze under control, before any great damage was done, the Gramercys all ran into the Richman apartment.

Suddenly—very suddenly, indeed—all halted in astonishment. There, without any knowledge of the fire, sat Mrs. Richman, her husband, and Frank, all eating heartily of a home-cooked breakfast.

"Won't you sit down and join us?" asked Mrs. Richman. "We found it much more pleasant to have breakfast here at home, and have been doing it for over a month."

"Well I'll be—jiggered!" exclaimed Mr. Gramercy.

And over in the corner of the room, taking advantage of the confusion about them, Frank was standing with a happy smile, slipping a diamond ring over the willing finger of Mabel.

Valuable Notes for Writers.

LIVE WIRE MARKET HINTS.

We understand that lately it has been rather difficult for outside writers to sell to the Keystone Film Company, 1712-19 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, California. This is probably due to the fact that the majority of the scripts submitted are merely repetitions of what Keystone has already done, and are therefore of no value to them. We are sure that if a writer can supply them with a new vein of comedy he will receive a check quickly, accompanied with a request for more new ideas, for it is no little task to turn out the number of funny pictures this company does and make them all fairly distinctive without causing them to become dull. Farce comedies that will make any audience roar are what they want. They read synopses only. Hampton Del Ruth occupies the editor's chair.

SHORT SHOTS.

A true artist is never satisfied with his own work.

When you visit successful writer friends don't try to tell them how wonderful you are, or don't try to "sponge" information. Be a "regular fellow," and you will find the visit will be beneficial.

When you are especially gloomy turn out a comedy. Then throw it away.

If your mind is concentrated on the screen in a picture theater, the "know-it-all" to your left—or elsewhere—won't bother you.

Amateurs seems to take especial delight in describing love scenes. We wonder why.

It's a gay old world, after all. Catch the spirit; then the checks.

Don't plan to write your best play next week. Do it now. Then try again, and you will have two good ones.

When you actually write, you go ahead; when you think or say you are going to write, you stand still.

Don't preach in all your plays, but hide a lesson somewhere amid interesting action in some of them.

It's been so long since we saw a play in which the lost wanderer returns home on a birthday, Christmas, or some such time, that we are getting lonesome. What? No, we do not care to have you cheer us up by writing one of that species.

If you write clean plays your critics will treat you more gently.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

ADVANCED TECHNIQUE.

WE recently saw one of the episodes of a serial which has become well known, and in it appeared a scene which gave us food for thought. A woman—the leader of a band of crooks—determined to frighten a heiress into leaving the country so her millions would pass into the hands of the crooks. To gain her end she masked as a ghostlike creature and visited the girl's home at night. Climbing to the heiress' second-story room by means of a ladder, she entered through a partly opened window.

This was all shown on the screen clearly, but when the interior of the room with the heiress seated in a chair appeared, the ghostlike creature was dissolved into the picture and then out. The following scenes showed the female crook descending the ladder and making her get-away.

We at once declared that the director had bungled the job, but upon thinking the matter over in our study that evening a great light struck us. It was advanced technique. The audience knew that it was the woman crook all the time, but the scene in which the visionlike figure appeared was given from the heiress' point of view—as it appeared to her. While it did not quite harmonize in this picture, it can easily be seen that on numerous occasions the accepted technique can be played with by experienced writers and directors to gain certain effects, not only along this line, but also in various other directions. When doing this, however, the creator of the change is running the chance of getting into the difficulty short-story writers frequently do when seeking to "cover up" a portion of a plot so that they may later spring a surprise—the changing of viewpoint. Some may never have seen the viewpoint in pictures, but it certainly exists. And when it is changed abruptly is easily noticed even by those knowing nothing of technique.

SPEED OR EFFICIENCY?

Before a word can be said about the number of scripts an author should write in a month, when he is breaking into the game, a more important question must be considered.

Can an amateur restrain himself or herself enough to destroy or file away scenarios which were written merely for practice? We do not think this is possible, except in rare cases. The moment a beginner has finished a scenario he or she cannot rest until it is in the mails and on the way to the studios, even though when he or she started to write it with the intention of throwing it away as soon as it was finished.

Under these circumstances we should say that an amateur should write no more than one a month, or, better still, only one every six weeks. This means that the script must be considered and reconsidered, built up and torn down, until the writer feels certain it is worthy of consideration. On the other hand, if a writer feels he or she can trust himself or herself to destroy the practice efforts, we would advise writing one or two every week. In either case it is our firm belief that if a beginner submitted a script only once a month, or even exceeded the six weeks' delay limit occasionally, there would be a marked development in the ranks of photo playwrights as a whole, for the material sent in would improve—it being the cream of each writer's work.

In writing for practice a writer will probably develop many interesting incidents and situations which can be used later in plays which are to be submitted. When the story is discarded these should be preserved, filed away in the "plot vault," and improved when the time for using comes.

EACH SCRIPT JUDGED ON ITS MERITS.

Do all those who are trying to write know just how an editor looks upon a script? We have often wondered if they did. When a scenario arrives—granting it is from one of the thousands of unknowns who are trying to succeed in the script game—the editor has nothing but the typed sheets of paper telling the story to guide his decision. He knows or cares nothing about the person who wrote the script. He or she may be rich and influential or may belong to the directly opposite class. The writer may have lived life in many of its varied forms in foreign lands, or may be the occupant of a little dingy room at night and a clerk in a department store during the day; he or she may have worked for years to master technique of one of the other branches of art, or the script may be the first fictional effort of a beginner; the writer may have done big things of which the editor has never heard, or he or she may feel that in the future big things can be done. These and a thousand other things mean absolutely nothing to the editor. If the story is there he will leap with joy, for he has discovered another live wire. If it is merely an "effort" it goes back into the basket for the mail clerk to return.

A beginner should realize these things and put his very best work into every script which is submitted. We willingly admit that there is a great difference when an editor sees a name on a scenario which he recognizes as being well known in some other line of literary endeavor or belonging to one of the

writers he has been buying from regularly. These are read with much more care, but they are by no means presold. Like all the rest, they have to come up to the standard set by the man who passes judgment on them, but the mere fact that they bear the names they do gives promise that they probably will fill the requirements. Very often the editors are surprised. Agreeably so in the case of unknowns, and otherwise in the case of "knowns."

TRAINING FOR THE MENTAL GRIND.

We know a writer who can sit down at a machine and stay there for four or five hours at a stretch, and then, after a half hour rest, go right back and duplicate the performance. When a budding scenaroist meets such a man he will immediately attempt the same feat, and will probably succeed in sticking the required time, if he can spare it from other work, but we would hate to read the stuff he turns out. You see, a beginner doesn't seem to realize that all things must be developed, or if he does realize it he don't think it applies to scenario writing.

Some persons will never be able to stand a long grind at the machine, while to others it will come with only a little practice. Those who can train themselves to stand it are indeed fortunate, for it is one of the big elements in the money-making plan of a professional. Probably nothing a writer could do would give better training along this line than newspaper work. We remember, in our "feature page" days, how we strolled into the office one Saturday afternoon and was told that another form—four pages—had been added to the magazine section for the following day, to make room for an exceptional feature story of local interest, and that it was up to the man who had charge of this section and myself—as his assistant—to supply the remaining three pages. We "grabbed one page out of the air," meaning we found available copy in the office, and each of us sat down to "grind out" a page fake story to fill the gap. We wrote a Civil War story a soldier in the National Home of that city had told us during the week, and we certainly stretched and stretched to make it cover the page. It was about three in the afternoon when we began, and by seven we both turned in the copy.

Such an experience is not infrequent in newspaper work, especially among reporters, and things of this kind harden the writer to stand the strain of the "mental grind" when he turns out scenarios or fiction. We advise beginners to learn just where they stand on this —how long they can do good work at a single sitting—and then gradually train themselves to work longer and longer, until they are capable of finishing a script in a rush if it is needed.

At first a beginner will probably find that he or she can work intelligently just so long. Then the brain begins to tire, and all that is written after that suffers in accordance. If a writer aims to occupy a staff position in some studio later on it is really essential that the mind be trained to stand a long strain, for the "rush assignments" received by the men getting salaries from the various companies are many, and to retain their position the work must always be of the best quality. Therefore begin now to train your brain so that when the time comes for it to stand the "grind" it will be ready.

TALKING FACTS.

Why should a man or woman who has been writing five or six months become discouraged? We hammered every studio that we knew to be reputable for eight months before we sold a script. And we didn't tell any one at home that we were trying to sell either. We just worked along night after night because we felt that it was within the scope of our ability to succeed.

Are all you amateurs doing that? The chances are that many of you are doing almost the same, but we know that many who have told their friends that they were planning to write a big picture success are growling because the editors fail to realize that they are being offered a "masterpiece." If you are not in the latter class the rest of this article does not interest you; if you are, please read on.

Just as an experiment quit writing, growling, talking, or whatever you may be doing during the time you think you devote to scenario work and take yourself over to a corner all alone. Then begin to think over the situation. Is there any reason under the skies why you should register an immediate sale? Have you worked long and earnestly, applying intelligence to all you wrote and studied? Do you think you have mastered plot and technique to such an extent that you can talk, without danger of saying something foolish, to a man or woman who understands every angle of the game as it exists to-day? Do you notice an improvement in your work—if you have written more than one "masterpiece"? And, above all, do you really think that you are fiatted to do the work, or do you lack that all-important requirement—imagination?

When you have honestly answered each of these questions you will probably realize that you are merely "learning how," and you will awake to the fact that it is just as important that you study and work on the photo play, with no immediate reward promised, as it is that you work and study during your school days, with apparently no remuneration. If you decide honestly that you can succeed, and begin to work again determined to go to the top, we will bet that you win out.

Every script that is out represents the possibility of a sale, but what is one sale compared to enduring success in the field? It is better to continue to work and study without paying any attention to acceptances or rejections, and sending out only the best, until you feel you have reached a position where you are capable of doing good work steadily. If you have judged yourself correctly at that time—and it is to your great advantage to do so—you will probably find that the studios cannot see too much of your work.

This article was written with very serious intent, and we hope that those who read it will have no difficulty in catching the meaning we wished to convey, for we believe it touches upon one of the most vital obstacles in the path of a beginner to-day.

PRODUCERS LOOKING INTO THE FUTURE.

The little bird has whispered that three or four well-known Eastern producers have gone on record as saying that the question of securing material for future photo plays is becoming more and more serious every day. These men see that the supply of books, plays, and short stories fitted to the screen cannot last forever and that the scenario writers must be developed until they can supply really big plays. Mr. Scenaroist, do you realize what an important part you may be called upon to play in the film game in the near future, and are you preparing to surprise those who have just been awakened to your growing importance?

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1 No. 6



EDITH JOHNSON
SELIG STAR
HAS WRITTEN A SPECIAL ARTICLE FOR
THIS ISSUE

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 6 MAY 15, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

Realism in the Movies

By Edith Johnson
(SELIG STAR)

In this advanced stage of motion pictures nothing can be omitted to make productions a success. Among the most important things is having scenes realistic, and in order to accomplish this no small risk of life must be braved by the players. Miss Johnson is noted for the dangers which she ventures daily, and is in a good position to write this article on the subject.

LIFE is real, life is earnest, in the movies, for it is realism that counts for everything. At one time the people could be "faked," and scenes were "made up," but the public soon tired of it, and that day is over. Now nothing short of risk of life is accepted, and players are almost as deserving of credit as soldiers at the front.

On the stage, painted scenery, lights, et cetera, all add to the illusion of the action of the play. In Movieland there is real scenery, the forests and the streams form the backgrounds, and when the brave girl plunges into the sea she does not drop gently into a hidden tank, but she is required to take a real plunge, and into a real-for-sure sea.

People who willingly take risks, who regard hazards as being in the daily course of business, are termed "stunt actors" in motion pictures. A "stunt actor" who combines talent with a willingness to take a chance, is always in demand.

The director of motion pictures must provide the necessary thrills, in the vernacular called "punch," for the edification of the motion-picture public. It is his business, more so than that of the scenario writer, to provide thrills and gasps so that the audiences, after viewing a film, will leave the theaters with the expressed sentiment: "That was a good picture."

And how many members of the audiences are in a position to appreciate the risks and the daring necessary on the part of the motion-picture actors and actresses in order to win the commendation "that it was a good picture"? Very few. The scene where the savage chieftain falls from a tree may have resulted in a sprained ankle or even a broken leg. The action in which the two automobiles plunge down a hillside may have been accomplished at the risk of life and limb to the actors who participated in the scene.



Miss Edith Johnson, the Selig star. This article is the work of her pen.

A motion-picture actor or actress, worthy of the name, is always ready and willing to take a chance. In fact, it is frequently the duty of the director to curb this propensity, for rivalry in the "stunt" line of work sometimes develops, and the players seek to outdo each other in actions of daring. The wise director endeavors to incorporate as much exciting action as possible in the play without overdoing the matter and causing his actors and actresses to assume impractical risks. Nevertheless, nearly every manufacturer of motion pictures has one or more physicians and surgeons on the pay roll, and some companies even keep well-equipped hospitals in readiness.

Strange as it may seem, there is seldom a hospital call, and, despite the risks daily taken by the motion-picture players, one is rarely seriously injured.

In the great Selig Jungle-Zoo, at Los Angeles, where I am employed, every precaution is taken to care for the welfare of the motion-picture performers. Of course, acting in the wild-animal pictures is hazardous to a certain extent, for one cannot say with certainty just what the beasts will do while working, but accidents are few considering the character of the work.

In "His Jungle Sweetheart," a one-reel Selig Jungle-Zoo story, I was required to enact the part of the "Queen of the Wild Animal Arena," and I appeared in the picture surrounded by pumas and leopards. These animals were confined in a gigantic steel cage.

"Have you the nerve to go in there and pose?" asked the director who was producing this picture.

I did not give danger a thought, and, attired as "The Queen," I entered the steel arena and posed, surrounded by the animals. I never took my eyes off them for a second. The stage was so arranged that I could, by a quick spring, escape from the cage, if necessary, and the keepers surrounded it on every side. Certainly there was an element of danger, but if you do not show fear—no matter how much you experience that sensation—the beasts will seldom do you harm. The animals had been well fed, and they all winked and blinked at me in the scene, and I winked and blinked back at them.

The wild beasts take violent fancies to actresses who are kind to them. I had been working with a pet leopard at one time, and then rested for a week or so preparing for another picture play. In the meantime, the keepers tell me, the leopard was sulky and restless. When I returned to work, the animal showed every evidence of affection, and immediately became peaceful.

Miss Kathlyn Williams had a more dangerous experience. A large leopard had been working in a series of pictures under the coaxing of Miss Williams. She went to Panama to enact a part in "The Ne'er Do Well." When she returned, Mina, the leopardess, seemed to have forgotten her. When she approached she snarled, and made a spring. Miss Williams stepped out of the way just in time to escape the outspread claws of the angry beast. Keepers rushed forward, but she waved them back, and spoke to Mina. Immediately the beast, recognizing her voice, became pacified, and licked her hand.

Miss Bessie Eyton, another star actress of the Selig company, is an expert swimmer. In the great production "The Spoilers," she jumped from a boat and swam, with her clothing on, a mile or more in order to add realism to this great production.

Another example of what is chanced to avoid audiences from feeling that they have been faked comes in one of my own experiences. I was required to enact a scene which necessitated my posing on the edge of a yawning chasm. Becoming interested in the action of the piece, I stepped backward—almost too far. The warning shouts of the director and players back of the camera told me something was wrong, and I gave a quick glance behind me. I was poised upon the very edge of the cliff, where, almost a mile below, I could see the tops of trees. If I had not kept my head in this crisis, I would undoubtedly have toppled over, fallen thousands of feet below, and dashed to death upon the rocks beneath. As it was, I stepped forward instead of backward, and the work went along as if nothing had happened.

Tom Mix, of the Selig company, certainly is a believer in realism in the movies. I have seen him perform stunts which would never even have been considered by other motion-picture actors. With hands bound, astride a galloping horse, he has jumped from the horse, backward, and rolled down a declivity several hundred feet. He arose, a mass of cuts and bruises, but was happy withall, for he had added realism to the picture for which he was acting.

Many of the Mix stunts on horseback, which are so popular with motion-picture people, are performances undertaken at the risk of life and limb. The motion-picture audiences have no conception of the risks taken by Mr. Mix in some of his desperate rides as shown upon the screen.

In order to add realism to a motion picture, Mr. Mix decided to have real bullets during an exchange of shots. These bullets, of course, were not to be fired at any individual, but were to strike the ground, giving a spurt of dust, and so proving to the audiences that this was real in the highest degree. One of these bullets struck a piece of rock, which split, and a chunk struck Mr. Mix in the face. Despite his wound, he went right ahead with his motion picture, and seemed pleased at the success of his experiment. However, no more real bullets are being used by members of the Tom Mix Stock Company. Once was plenty!

Thomas Santschi is another advocate of realistic pictures. Every one who has seen "The Spoilers" remembers the fierce hand-to-hand combats between McNamara, the character undertaken by Mr. Santschi, and Glenister, the character undertaken by Mr. Farnum. This was motion-picture-screen realism with a vengeance. This fight was not rehearsed. Colin Campbell, the director, told the two men that he wanted a real fight, and a real hand-to-hand combat was put on. The two principals stopped at nothing. Chairs were overturned and broken—really broken. The clothing was torn from their backs. There was power put into every blow exchanged, and at the cessation of the conflict both men were bleeding profusely.



Miss Johnson as she appears while acting with animals. To obtain realism for the picture, she must risk her life by entering the cage with the wild beasts.

The hand-to-hand combats so often seen in Selig motion pictures are as real as they can be made. A mock combat would fail of its purpose. Real earnestness and power must be placed in these tussles. Of course, there is no enmity existing between the actors, and they do not always relish these performances, but they must follow out the director's instructions to put true "punch" into their fights.

Adding realism to the movies is all in the day's work. There must be realism. There must be convincing atmosphere. Otherwise the real trees and rocks, the real rivers and lakes, the real mountains and valleys would prove a mockery to the action of the actor instead of lending true atmosphere.

To the ambitious young men and women wishing to become motion-picture actors and actresses I would say *don't*—emphatically. It is hard work; risks are daily undergone which would never be thought of in any other occupation. The hours are long, and there is no applause from enthusiastic audiences to spur the players on to further efforts. They only must follow out directions. If there are orders to play with wild beasts, mingling with these animals must be cheerfully done. If there is an order to occupy an automobile which later is to be wrecked, one must forget any possible fear, and courageously enter into the spirit of the scene. If a girl is to be a participant in an exciting runaway, she must participate in a real-for-sure runaway, in which riding horses add realism to the picture, and in which her terror-stricken face often lends more reality to the action than was originally meant for.

"Realism in the movies." That tells the story. It is realism and more realism, for that means the success of the silent drama. And when you, dear friend, seated in your comfortable theater chair, see the hazardous exploits, adventures, or episodes, in which the young lady performs daring deeds, kindly remember that these performances are real; that the girl very often is taking her life in her hands to please you; so be lenient, and when you leave the motion-picture theater be charitable, and say: "That was a good picture." We shall appreciate it.

Curiosities: Parsnips, egg plant, and unusual endings in photo plays.

A Real Indian Chief for Movies

DARK CLOUD, Indian star with the Majestic, has lost none of his picturesqueness, through his work in pictures. Civilization cannot corrupt the venerable chief. To-day he is, perhaps, the most important factor in America in the making of authentic Indian pictures for the screen. He and his wife, Dove Eye, write scenarios from Indian legends or adapt them from miracle plays and tribal ceremonies of the red man. Dark Cloud designs the costumes from the genuine dress of the various clans and nations, distinguishing to the least detail between the customs of the Ojibwa, the Cherokee, Sioux, or Creek.



Dark Cloud, one of the stars of the Majestic company, and a valuable player.

It was during his experience "under the big top" that Dark Cloud first became interested in motion-picture work. He used to find a great fascination in watching moving-picture views in the old "black tent" days, when the films were projected in a darkened side-show tent by the circus people. But not until half a dozen years later did he discover in the developed photo play the educational and artistic opportunity which he sought. Dark Cloud says that the greatest dramas ever presented on the screen are the "Passion Play" and "Hiawatha." He spends nine hours a day in the Hollywood studio contributing his expert knowledge to the production of Indian subjects, staging scripts of his own, or going before the camera in dignified, dramatic Indian rôles.

Dark Cloud is an Abnaki of the Algonquin nation, and a chieftain, who has devoted his life to conserving the character of his vanishing race. Probably he is most celebrated as the original model for Frederick Remington's classic Indian, who, of course, most people believe was entirely idealized—until they see Dark Cloud on the screen. After Remington's death he posed for De Costa Smith, Edward Demings, and Menard Dickinson. He also performed in numerous Wild West shows, and produced with his own company "The Indian," one of the most striking playlets ever presented on the vaudeville stage.

Dark Cloud has lectured on the North American Indian all over the country. Not long ago he talked before the Indian Rights Association of Philadelphia, and the Colorado Cliff Dwellers' Association at the Waldorf-Astoria, New York. On this latter occasion several eminent archæologists and ethnologists were appreciative members of his audience.

What he considers most worth while, however, is making authentic Indian pictures for the screen.

The chief has two charming daughters, now young women, finely educated, who help him in his work at the studio and in his lecturing. But when Prairie Flower and Bright Eyes were little girls like the child in the play who stars as *A Banakie Maiden*—until Irene Hunt assumes the rôle in maturity—doubtless they often sat beside their father, under a tree, while he read to them some old Indian tale which he had been instrumental in preserving in print. They grew up steeped in the lore their parents loved, and to-day are as earnestly devoted to their people's cause as Dark Cloud himself.

We'd rather sit behind a post in the motion-picture theater than behind the swain who knows all the actors by their first names.

The Man Who Found Himself

(WORLD FILM)

By Kenneth Rand

This tells the story of the World Film Corporation's five-part photo drama of the same name. James Clark, a young cashier, wanders from the straight and narrow path of honesty for the sake of his sick sister. Years later, Payton, his fellow employee, turns up to blackmail him. To pay, pay, pay for the rest of his life to keep the secret of his past concealed, or—?

What would you do, in the same circumstances? Read the story, and find out the way Clark took out of his dilemma. The cast:

James Clark.....Robert Warwick
Frederick Payton.....Paul McAllister
Roy Hudson.....Douglas MacLean
Catherine Hudson, his sister.....Arline Pretty
William Hudson, their father.....Charles Dungan

I CAN'T do it!"

James Clarke stood in the cashier's cage of the office. The young man of twenty-four was himself the cashier of that mercantile concern. From the furrow in which his brows were drawn together and the thin line of his set lips as he held himself tensely erect, with his hands clenched on the desk in front of him, he seemed to be struggling with something.

He was, and the thing he was struggling with was temptation.

On the desk before him lay a half sheet of the firm's paper. Under the printed letterhead was penned the single line: "I O U $400." After it was the signature of Thorpe, the junior partner of the firm, who had deposited the memorandum there only five minutes before, after having drawn out the amount in cash for his own personal use.



The doctor had told James that an operation was the only hope of saving his sister's life.

It would be easy, so James Clarke was thinking, to make it look as if the member of the firm had drawn out more. Thorpe would have forgotten exactly how much the sum was, in the course of a few months. And there would be the skillfully tampered with I O U to prove that he had been given whatever amount the cashier chose to write in.

He could put the difference in his own pocket.

James Clarke had never done anything that was dishonest in his life. He would not even have been thinking of stealing from his employers who trusted him now—only for one thing.

His sister Emily was an invalid. The doctor had told James that an operation was the only hope left for her. The operation was a delicate one, it needed to be placed in a capable surgeon's hands, and the cheapest that a reliable one would do it for was five hundred dollars.

James' salary was small; it had taken all of it to support himself and Emily, and so he hadn't that amount saved up. To raise the needed sum, he had tried to get some outside work to do from one or another of the chinaware concerns in the city.

He had a talent for drawing, and he had devoted all his spare time at night to working out decorations for plates, cups and saucers, and the like. The men in the office, to whom he showed the designs, had all thought they were fine—but all of the concerns to which James had submitted the sketches had sent them back to him, unbought.

There seemed only one way that he could get hold of the money: By taking what did not belong to him. That way lay open before him now, in this paper on the desk. James murmured half aloud through his clenched teeth:

"I can't do it!"

But his tone was not as firm as it had been before. The thought persisted that the business house for which he had toiled all these years on a pittance was rich, and it would never miss the money.

Only the day before, the doctor had drawn James aside to tell him that the operation would have to be made soon, if his sister's life was to be spared.

James, squaring his shoulders with sudden decision, whispered:

"I *will* do it!"

He looked furtively around him. Payton, his assistant, who worked in the cage with him, had his head lowered over his ledger, with his back turned. Nobody in the outside office was looking toward the cage just then.

Bending over Thorpe's voucher, James carefully scratched out the figure "4" and substituted a "9" in front of the two ciphers. Then he stepped back and quickly took five hundred dollars from the safe under the counter in front of him, and put the memorandum inside.

But Payton had watched him do it. He had his pocket mirror out in his hand, and in it he had seen all James' movements reflected behind his back.

Payton was five or six years older than James. He had a thin, smooth-shaven face that reminded one of a fox. He was an inveterate gambler. With cards, dice, or roulette, all his hours outside the office were spent. He had been having a run of bad luck lately. He had lost every dollar he could raise by borrowing, or by pawning his personal belongings, and he had come to his wit's end to find the money to continue to try to win back his losses with.

Three days later, James returned to the office a few minutes after closing time to get his umbrella, which he had forgotten.

He found Payton, alone in the cage, bending before the safe. The man was stuffing a package of bills in his pocket with one hand, while with the other he replaced the I O U of the member of the firm in the pigeonhole where James had put it.

"What are you doing?" James demanded of him sharply.

Payton turned, with a guilty start. But when he saw that it was James who had caught him in the act of his theft, he faced him with a confident sneer.

"Oh, I've just been improving on a little of your work," was the reply he gave him. "I saw you 'raise' this memorandum of Thorpe's last Monday from four hundred to nine hundred dollars. I've just 'doctored' it again, by putting back the original figure '4' that you took out, and adding a '1' in front of it. That puts me five hundred dollars to the good, the same as you. I guess, if I keep your secret, you'll keep mine. Nobody'll ever know the difference, as long as we both keep our mouths shut."

But it was only a week later when the theft was discovered.

Happening to come upon his I O U in the safe, the junior partner saw at once that it had been altered. He said nothing of his discovery at the time.

But that night, when all the employees had gone, he brought in a detective and a handwriting expert. With a magnifying glass, the latter made out the erased figure "9" which James had written in place of the "4." By comparing it with the same figure in James' handwriting on his books, his guilt was fastened on him.

But Payton did not escape, either. The "1" which he had placed in front of Thorpe's figures was traced to the pages of the ledgers he kept. And so both young men were arrested.

Poor James! It turned out that his attempt to save his sister's life by going to the length of stealing for her sake, accomplished just the opposite result; for the shock of learning that he had been taken into custody killed her.

James and Payton were tried together, convicted, and sentenced to five years apiece at hard labor.

Two days later, the heavy door of the State penitentiary closed upon them. And they began to serve out their terms with pick and shovel, down in the coal mine that adjoined the big, low, granite building of the prison.

It was six months afterward, when three guards came along the "gallery" of the mine where James was working with a half dozen of his fellow prisoners in the underground gloom that was dimly lighted by the yellow flare of the lamps which were fastened at the front of their caps.

Beside the guards walked a brisk-looking man, with a linen auto "duster" and a soft felt hat.

It developed that he was the director of a motion-picture company. He had come to the prison with two automobile



That night, the junior partner brought in a detective and a handwriting expert, and James' guilt was fastened to him.

loads of principals and "extra people," to take an "escape scene" for a film he was producing.

But in the one rehearsal that had just taken place in the actual prison setting outside the building's walls, the "supers" had not registered the right effect in their rôle of convicts; and so the director was making a tour of the prison with the guards now, to pick out a few of the prisoners themselves to give the picture the air of being the "real thing."

"This fellow's a good 'type,'" said the director, stopping in front of James. "I'll take him. That'll be enough, with the ones I've already chosen. Come on!" he nodded to James to follow him, as he started back the way he had come with the guards. "I've got to hurry, if I want to take advantage of this daylight."

James, with nine other convicts, was marched out through the gate of the prison yard and halted outside. The director was bustling about, giving orders to the camera man and the principal actors.

The other prisoners, and the guards themselves, were all interestedly following the man's hurried but sure preparations. James cast a quick look around him.

Now was his chance, if ever, to make a bolt for liberty.

The camera man, turning the crank of his machine, was beginning to "take" the scene between two of the principal actors that was to precede the one in which the convicts were to be used; and the guards and the rest of the prisoners were giving their undivided attention to the performance.

James walked away, with the back of his scalp prickling.

When he had covered a distance of a hundred yards without being hailed, he broke into a run which carried him to a temporary hiding place in the thicket that stood beside the highway, a couple of hundred yards beyond.

Not until the convicts filed back into the prison yard, after they had taken part in the picture, and a count showed the guards that there were only nine returning where ten had gone forth, was it discovered that a real escape had been enacted instead of the mock one.

The near-by countryside was scoured for him in all directions, but by that time James was bowling swiftly along toward the city, which lay forty-five miles away.

He had stayed hidden in the shrubbery beside the road until he had seen the automobiles that had carried the moving-picture troupe out to the prison start back with the performers again.

As the last conveyance, which was of the "sight-seeing" type that had been chartered to accommodate all the supers, went speeding by, James ran from his cover and sped after it.

He caught the back step, and then crouched down there out of sight of the vehicle's occupants, to look back over his shoulder at the gray prison building which he was leaving behind him at the rate of thirty miles an hour.

When the big auto drew up before the moving-picture company's studio, James sprang down and mixed in with the extras. He took a chance that no one in authority would question his right to do so, an unfamiliar face among these would-be Thespians who were not regularly employed by the concern being scarcely likely to arouse suspicion, and went into the dressing-room building with them.

James loitered around inside until the last of the supers had gone. Then, from an unlocked "property trunk" he took a cap, and after that a coat, both of which he put on.

And so, five minutes later, he emerged from the building and walked, unhindered, away.

Squaring his shoulders, he drew in deep breaths of the free air. That was how he felt, as free as that air itself. At the end of another ten minutes he had come to the railroad tracks. All James wanted to do now was to put as many miles between himself and that prison as he could. He would never see the inside of another, he promised himself. He was through with crime for good; the lesson he had been taught by his one misstep, taken though it was with an unselfish motive, was too bitter for him ever to forget. Somewhere he would begin life all over again. He could live down his disgrace; he *must*. A freight train came rolling into view along the tracks. As it came abreast of him, James swung aboard it.

Back at the prison, the news of his escape passed among the convicts.

Down in the mine, one of the men in stripes tapped out in the prisoners' code with a bit of coal on the iron surface of his shovel the information to the man at work in the next gallery:

"Clarke made his get-away to-day!"

The man was Payton. He had believed from the moment of his arrest, despite all James' protestations to the contrary, that the latter had told on him, which was why he, too, had landed in prison. He had threatened to square his fancied score with James when they were both released; and he meant to keep his word.

"He'll never get away from me!" he tapped back, and then added grimly to himself: "I've only got to do four and a half years more in here, and then ——"

The country, for a radius of five hundred miles around the prison, was flooded with posters bearing the photograph and printed description of James Clarke, with a reward of two hundred dollars for his apprehension as a fugitive from justice.

But as days passed and became weeks, and these in turn grew to a month, without a trace of him being found, the prison authorities gave up all hope of his capture.

James alighted from the freight train sixteen hours later, in a strange town. He hunted up an eating place, for he was half famished. He asked the proprietor if he had a meal to give in return for a few hours' work of any sort.

"Yes, and a steady job for a man that proves himself honest," was the prompt reply of the owner of the cheap restaurant. "I'm short-handed on waiters, but mop up the place first, and I'll give you a few more odd jobs after that to keep you busy for the next few days, while I size you up."

At the end of the time specified, James found himself possessed of steady employment.

Several weeks passed. James might have gone on working there as a waiter indefinitely, for the restaurant keeper was perfectly satisfied with him; but one day the young man noticed that a customer he was serving was looking at him sharply. On the way out, he saw the man stop and say something to the proprietor.

The incident might have meant nothing; but James dared not run the risk of the man's having recognized him as an escaped convict, which might mean that he would be captured at any minute if he remained where he was.

So within an hour he had left the place by the kitchen door at the rear, hastened to the railroad tracks, and boarded another freight train, to seek a fresh scene.

This same fear of being discovered and brought back to finish out the law's punishment for his misdeed, was to remain with him through all the years to come.

Passing up the main street of the new town in which he had alighted from the freight, James stopped before a building. A sign over its door informed him that it was the Acme Pottery Works. A card was nailed to the wall beside the door. And it read: "Designers and Modelers Wanted."

James entered the place and asked if he might see the person who received applicants for employment.

A clerk bade him be seated, with the statement that Mr. Hunter, the owner of the establishment, was engaged just then in his private office, but that he would be through in a short while.

The business with which that elderly gentleman was engaged at the moment was the grilling of his wayward, only son.

"Don't answer me back, sir!" the head of the pottery works was thundering at the youth. "You're a disgrace to me! I warned you what I would do if you didn't turn over a new leaf, by putting an end to your drinking and gambling. And still you have gone on! I wash my hands of you now!"

James, sitting outside the railing of the outer office, looked up as he heard the door through which he had entered fly open. A girl, with flushed cheeks and sparkling eyes, walked by him with a familiar nod to the clerk who had scrambled down off his high stool to open the gate in the railing for her.

She was Catherine Hunter, the daughter of the owner of the works.

She entered her father's private office, in time to hear his threat to cast her younger brother off, and instantly interceded in his behalf. In the end, Hunter agreed to give the boy one more chance to mend his dissolute ways—but it was to be only one.

As she came out into the main office with her brother, Catherine looked at the young man who was sitting outside the railing. James had been waiting with almost feverish impatience for another sight of *her*.

He thought she was the most beautiful girl in the world.

But all at once, noticing the heightened color of her cheeks as she lowered her eyes and hastened by him out of the building, he realized that he had been boldly staring at her, and he quickly fixed his gaze on the floor, covered with mortification for what she must have thought was his rudeness.

James remembered one of the designs he had worked out in the days before his sister died. It was one that his office mates then had been loudest in their praise of. He determined to redraw the sketch now, and enter it in the contest.

It won the prize.

When the daughter of his employer handed him the fifty-dollar check, James hesitated for a moment. Then, catching up a pen, he indorsed it over to the Acme Girls' Club, and handed it back to her with the request that she use it in the interests of the organization.



The boy sank back into a drunken stupor. "What shall I do?" gasped Catherine. "Only one hope—I must see Richard!"

James was hired by old man Hunter, and put to work in the designing room. He gave his name as Richard Harper.

The next eight months passed uneventfully. And then, one day, James heard that a prize of fifty dollars was offered for the best design for a china pattern, to be submitted to the committee of the Acme Pottery Girls' Club, whose organizer and head was Catherine Hunter.

But a week later his generous act won its reward. It was in the form of a note from Catherine, inviting him to call.

At the end of two years, James had been promoted to full charge of the de-

signing room. They were happy years for him, doing the work he loved. But the next two brought him even greater contentment with his lot; for at their close, he was called into Hunter's private office and informed that he had been promoted again, this time to be the manager of the entire plant.

He had won back his place in the world's society, but in tenfold measure. The respect of every person in that town was his. He had lived down the past, as he had vowed to do, and in only four short years.

And then, to crown all, in another six months he became engaged to Catherine Hunter.



It was all over in a twinkling; James had the blackmailer by the throat; he began to wrest the knife from his hand—Payton went limp, all the fight taken out of him.

But if they passed quickly for James Clarke, there was another for whom those four years and a half had dragged out all too slowly. Not for an hour of all that time had Payton forgotten the oath he had taken to repay James for having been, as he supposed, the cause of the five years' forfeit out of his life which he had been compelled to pay the law for his crime.

And now he came out of the penitentiary, his face still thin, but with an unnatural pallor on it from the long hours he had spent toiling underground, and looking less like a fox's and more like a wolf's.

He went first to the office of a private-detective agency in the city.

There he asked to be allowed to look over the files of the "reward-offered" notices which that firm had received during the past few years. Thumbing through the pile, when he came to the one that bore James Clarke's picture, he held it up and inquired indifferently:

"Was this fellow ever caught?"

He was replied to in the negative.

Payton walked away down the street, bitterly reflecting on the hopelessness of the task that confronted him. The proverbial needle in the haystack would be no harder to find than James, with the headstart of four years and a half he had had in which to run into a safe hiding place from him.

And then Payton halted in his tracks.

He stepped close to the window of a house-furnishing store which he had been passing, and peered in through the glass. On a plate in the window he had seen the design he remembered as one of James'—the one with which he had won the Acme Girls' Club prize.

Payton went into the store and asked to examine the plate. He turned it over, and on the back read the name of the pottery from which it had come, with the town where the plant was located.

A smile was on Payton's hatchet countenance when he came out of the store. He headed for the railroad station, for he knew where to go now.

The next morning he stood on the sidewalk outside the door of the Acme Pottery Works, where James had halted more than four years before.

Then, like James, he entered the building. But he did not pause at the railing to state his business, but walked with a confident swagger through its gate and up to the familiar figure he had recognized at a desk within.

"Pretty soft for you, eh?" he whispered at James' elbow.

James turned to look up at him. The blood rushed into his face, and then ebbed, leaving it the color of a sheet. In his eyes, as they rested on this man who had come to breathe new life into the past which he thought he had buried, was a look of stark dread.

"Pretty soft," repeated Payton, with a nod. "I've been making some inquiries on my way up here from the depot, and I hear you're the manager of this place. I had it all planned out, what I was going to do when I came face to face with you again. But now I think I'll change my mind. I think 'll play the game differently." He looked around at the two young men who were working at nearby desks. "That young chap," he jerked his head toward Roy Hunter, the son of the owner of the plant, who had gone to work in the office ever since his father had offered him another chance to make something of himself, "that's the boss' son, isn't it? He was pointed out to me a couple of hours ago, downtown. Introduce me to him."

James started to refuse.

"Introduce me!" insisted Payton, in a growl. "Or shall I introduce you?"

With a hopeless gesture, James rose and called to Roy. Curtly he performed the introduction of the man who had him in his power to the brother of the girl he loved. Then, catching up his hat and overcoat——

"Payton, let's take a walk," he suggested briefly.

When they were out on the sidewalk, James demanded:

"How much do you want?"

Payton ran his arm through his, and chuckled softly as they walked along.

"You've got the right idea," said he. "Money is what I'm after. A couple of hundred will do—for now. I'll go along to the bank with you while you get it."

Five minutes later, James handed over the sum in front of that institution.

"You'd better give me the key to your rooms," said Payton, holding out his hand. "I don't know what time I'll turn up there—and I don't want to disturb you."

With a stifled groan, James gave him the key.

"Ta-ta, for a while!" said Payton, turning to saunter off down the street alone.

A block away he came upon Roy going to the bank with a satchel to draw the pay-roll money for the plant from the bank. After stopping to exchange a remark or two about the weather with him, Payton stepped aside to let him pass on to carry out his errand. But he waited for the boy to come back. Payton had sized up his weak nature, from the moment he had first laid eyes on him. And he had decided to play on it for his own profit.

Now, as Roy came along on the return journey to the plant with the satchel from the bank, Payton stopped him again and invited him to come and have a drink. At first the youth refused. But at length he and Payton went off arm and arm together.

Meanwhile, James had gone to his rooms. There he paced the floor, racking his tortured brain in vain to find some loophole of escape from the man who had him in his clutches, for hours.

At last he sank down in an armchair before the fire, worn out from his endless walking up and down the room and from his mental struggles.

It was midnight when Roy let himself into his father's house, the bag sagging open and empty from his hand, and stumbled into a loose heap in a chair in the living room.

Catherine, wakened by the sound of his home-coming, ran downstairs to him with a light wrap thrown over her shoulders. She caught her breath on a sharp cry of disappointment, when she saw his condition—disgracefully intoxicated.

"Oh, Roy, Roy!" she cried, when she had managed to get the story from him, of how Payton had muddled his wits with drink, and then taken the pay-roll money all away from him by gambling with a pair of dice. "Father will never forgive you for this! I know he won't! Oh, what are we to do?"

But the boy had fallen back again into a drunken stupor. Gathering the wrap tighter around her, Catherine in sudden decision turned and ran from the house to James' rooms, to tell him everything, and beg his help.

"Who was the man he gambled with?" he demanded quickly, when he had heard her account of the affair.

But already he suspected what the answer was to be.

"Somebody named 'Payton,'" the girl replied.

And at that moment the door of the room opened, and Payton himself stood regarding them from the threshold with the key by which he had let himself in at the downstairs door still in his hand.

James straightened, and squared his shoulders.

"Go into the next room, and wait for a moment, dear," he told Catherine, leading her to the door that gave into the bedroom of his suite. When she had passed through it, he closed the door, and then swung around on Payton.

"Well," said the other, as he advanced into the room in high good humor, "I've got this on the boy," and he pulled a package of bills from his pocket and showed them to James. "And I've got this on you, Mr. James Clarke: You're an escaped convict, with four and a half years of a five-year sentence for theft still to serve. I'm pretty well fixed in this town for meal tickets, I guess. You'll have to——"

"Payton," broke in James firmly, "you haven't got anything on me."

The other regarded him blankly.

"What do you mean?"

"Just what I say. And you're not going to have anything on that boy, either." James held out his hand. "Give me that money you took from him!"

At the businesslike sternness in James' voice Payton gave back a step, his face paling.

"So that's it, is it?" he said, his voice shaking in spite of his attempt at bravado. "You—you're going to try to get the money for yourself, are you,"

At the insinuation, James sprang for him. It was all over in a twinkling; the grab Payton made for the long-bladed paper knife on the table between them; James' dive for him which upset that piece of furniture, and then his strangle hold on the fellow's throat. When James let go of him, Payton sank at full length on the floor. He lay there, gasping for a moment or two, and then he slowly picked himself up, cowering away.

"Give me that money!" repeated James.

Payton did so.

"And now—go!" James held his arm leveled toward the door. "If you're in this town in another hour, I——"

But he found himself talking to the empty air before him. For Payton had fled from the room ere he could finish the words. James went to the door of the bedroom and opened it.

As Catherine came back into the study, he began to speak without looking at her.

"You heard what he said, of course," he remarked in a dead tone. "He called me 'James Clarke'— and that's my name. He said I was an escaped convict—and that's the truth. That I had a four-and-a-half-year sentence still to serve—he was right again, I have. It's all true. All of it. There's your brother's money on the table, and now—good-by!"

The girl had been slowly drawing near him as he spoke. Now she laid her hands on his, looking up into his face.

"What are you going to do?" she said in an eager whisper.

"I'm going back," said James Clarke, throwing up his head, "to serve out the rest of my sentence. And when I come out——"

With a little sob, Catherine stretched up on tiptoe and pulled his head down against hers, as a mother might her boy's.

"And when you come out," she told him, "you'll find me waiting for you!"

Shannon Fife, the well-known Lubin photo playwright, distinguished himself during the month of March by having five of his plays released by this company. They were "A Woman Went Forth," "Winning Winsome Winnie," "Here Comes the Bride," "The Only Way Out," and "The Unmarried Husband."

The Lady of the Snows

(ESSANAY)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

Can a man love two women at once?

You are bound to be surprised by the answer to that question which is given here in this story of the three-reel Essanay feature film. It has many thrills, as the fact that it deals with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police promises. The cast:

Patricia Sutherland..... }
Gloria Templeton..... } Edna Mayo
Charlton Trevelyan.....Richard C. Travers
Helen Mason.....Betty Scott
Hillaire de Betrand.....Earnest Maupain

HELEN, I love you!"

Charlton Trevelyan breathed the words in the ear of Helen Mason. He sat beside her on the *chaise lounge,* in front of the fire in her London drawing-room.

She was unquestionably a beautiful woman. Her dark hair and lashes set off her ivory-white skin to perfection. And yet a beholder might have thought her chin was a bit too pointed, and her lips a little too thin. These things made her look as though her nature was shrewd and calculating—which, indeed, it was.

Now, as she returned the ardent gaze of the tall, square-shouldered, handsome young man who leaned toward her, she did so with a measuring expression in her gray-blue eyes. She took stock of his good looks, of the admirable way his clothes fitted his lithe form, of the whole air of breeding that his descent from an ancestry, which was among the best in England, gave to him. Yes, she told herself, he was all that a girl's heart could wish for in a husband, so far as external appearance went. But——

Trevelyan, a bachelor, without living kin, had an income, as she had found out, which was barely enough to permit him to hold the place in the upper circle of English society to which he had been born. To become his wife, thus dividing that income in half, one would have to resign, descending to a lower sphere with him.

For more than a year, Trevelyan had been an adoring, though unavowed, suitor for Helen Mason's hand. And throughout all that time, she had been trying to decide whether or not to accept him when he should propose, without being able to make up her mind.

She wished, from the selfishness of her nature, to own him as the prize for which so many other women of their set had angled, and still were angling, in vain. If that was love for him, then Helen loved Charlton Trevelyan for himself alone, as much as she could love any man for that reason. But now she was thinking, could she be content with him and his insignificant eight hundred a year for the rest of her life, when she might become the mistress instead of an unlimited fortune by answering "Yes" to the proposal that she had already received from another?

The Honorable Travers Langdon, a member of the Canadian Parliament, had crossed her path six months before, on a visit from his native Dominion to carry out a mission of state in the British capital. When he had laid his heart and his vast wealth at her feet, Helen had still been unable to decide whether to give Trevelyan up. She had promised the statesman, at the time of his return to Canada, that she would give him a final answer within a half year.

In one more week, the time would be up.

"I love you, darling," Trevelyan repeated his avowal, "madly, till I feel that I cannot live another hour without you! Tell me, is there any hope? Will you be my wife?"

Helen lowered her eyes to the fan in her hand.

"I cannot say now," she replied. "Give me a fortnight's time—I haven't made up my mind yet."

But she wasn't telling the truth. For she had already made her decision. It was against Trevelyan's physical attractions, in favor of Langdon's riches. Two days later, Trevelyan learned from their friends that she had sailed for Canada to marry his wealthy rival. He took the blow hard, for he had loved Helen Mason as he could never love another woman—or so he believed.

During the next six months, Trevelyan flung himself into all sorts of dissipation. He was reckless of what became of him. His life was wrecked, by what Helen's acceptance of his constant attentions made little else than his jilting. It made small difference what he did now, he bitterly reflected.

One evening at the club he saw a group of his friends collected around one who was reading to them from a newspaper. They were laughing, and slapping one another on the back. Then some member of the party, catching sight of Trevelyan, gayly called to him:

"Come over and see this, you lucky dog! Here's an heiress who wants you to marry her. Or, that is, she won't inherit all her dear, dead papa's millions unless you do!"

Taking the thing at first for some silly joke on the part of his clubmates, Trevelyan approached the group. The one who had been reading from the paper, handed it to him to look at. It was a copy of a Canadian daily, Trevelyan saw. The young man who had first discovered it on the club reading table, where it had arrived only that evening from the North American possession of England, pointed out with his thumb an item on the first page. Trevelyan, frowning in puzzled surprise as his eye

lighted on his name in the heading of the piece, read it through.

It stated that a young and beautiful Canadian girl, Miss Patricia Sutherland by name, had just been left her father's entire fortune by the terms of his will, on condition that she marry Charlton Trevelyan, whose father had been the dearest friend of the girl's deceased parent.

Trevelyan lowered the paper, his brows knit together as he ransacked his memory. Yes, it came back to him now; he *had* heard his father speak of an old chum of his named Sutherland, whom he had lost track of in the years preceding his own death.

But why should the girl's father have made such an eccentric will—calling for her marriage with a person whom neither had ever seen?

The answer was simple enough: probably esteeming Trevelyan's parent as the finest man he had ever known, and being aware that he had had a son who must be like him, he deemed that he would be the safest man into whose keeping he might intrust his daughter's happiness.

The expression of earnest thought that had replaced the one of mystification on Trevelyan's face slowly faded out before a cynical smile.

The pace he had been setting for the past six months had poisoned his mind as well as body. Dissipation had warped his outlook on life. His faith in the goodness of humanity in general having been shattered by the sight of Helen's mercenary marriage, he had unconsciously lowered the standard of his own moral code. He had been thrown over by her because he was not well off. Well, why not adopt some of her mercenariness himself? Here was a chance offered him for the picking up, to become richer even than the man she had married in his stead. Turning back to his friends, Trevelyan said nothing of the sudden decision he had reached, as he replied to their jesting comments on the newspaper story in kind. But the determination that had taken root in his mind was to go to Canada and marry this girl for a half interest in her legacy.

Three weeks later, Trevelyan stepped off the boat at Quebec, and thence took the train across the northern end of the continent to the city which the newspaper had said was Patricia Sutherland's home.

The item had also mentioned the fact that the girl lived with her uncle, the Archbishop Hillaire de Betrand.

At the prelate's residence, Trevelyan presented himself in the course of the next twenty-four hours. He informed the archbishop that he was the Charlton Trevelyan referred to in the late Robert Sutherland's will, and the account of it which had been printed in the newspaper. Having seen the item, he explained, he had come all the way from England to fulfill the instrument's terms by marrying Patricia, if she were willing to accept him.

The old archbishop, with the ugly, big-limbed body of a Caliban under his black gown of office, and the sweet face of a saint above it, rose and slowly came across the room to halt in front of him.

"My niece," he announced, placing his hands on Trevelyan's shoulders, and searching his countenance closely, "is not here just now. She is enjoying a short vacation—elsewhere."

His eyes continued to scan the young man's face.

"But perhaps," he went on, with an inscrutable, grim tightening at the corners of his lips, "we will not send for her about this matter just yet?" He shook his head gravely at Trevelyan. "You look pale, my young friend, and there are bad rings around your eyes. A few months in the open air up here will be a good thing for you. How would you like to become a member for



The half-breed did not make good his threat of what he was going to do if Trevelyan tried to close up his place. The new member of the Canadian Mounted Police had proved himself too brave a man to be trifled with.

a while of the Northwest Mounted Police?"

At the mention of that name, magic to all young men with red blood in their veins, who have read of the daring exploits of that picked organization, Trevelyan's eyes sparkled with the first genuine interest that had lighted them for months.

"Do you think it could be arranged ——" he began eagerly.

"Have you ever had military training?" pursued the archbishop. "I thought so. You bore yourself as though you had, when you came into this room just now." He nodded, stepping back. "Yes, I believe I can arrange it. Leave the matter in my hands. I will do what I can, at least."

What the Archbishop Hillaire de Betrand could do, it turned out, was a great deal more than his last words implied. For, in three days, Trevelyan received a curt note, ordering him to report at the substation of the Mounted Police, a half mile beyond the outskirts of the city, ready for service. What wires the prelate had pulled was his own secret. That they had responded to his pulling was enough.

Forty-eight hours later, Trevelyan was clad in the uniform of the organization, given a horse and a brace of revolvers, and dispatched to a "district" for which he was to be responsible, as to the maintaining of law and order within its bounds for the next three months.

The archbishop had been right. At the end of the first one of those months, the bracing, outdoor air, with the ninety miles he put in on horseback every day, had brought Trevelyan's body back to the healthy condition it had been in before dissipation began to sap its strength.

And, as his body became well again, so did his mind. He was his own honest, right-thinking self again.

When he waked up in the morning, it was with a tingling sense of gladness running through him for the sheer fact of being alive. He had soon lost even the memory of those mornings when he had waked to the prospect of dragging through another day of a blasted life. And with the passing of their recollection came total forgetfulness, also, of the woman who had been the cause of those miserable risings.

The news traveled swiftly around the district he had been given to watch over, that a "tenderfoot" had been placed in charge of it.

One Pete, a half-breed, who owned a ramshackle tavern near the border line, with his disreputable cohorts, began to resume his business of smuggling liquor over into the prohibition State that lay but a few hundred yards away from the long, low, one-story shack in whose cellar the "moonshine" was manufactured. He and the others had been warned two years before that the place would be closed up if it was found running as a still again. But Pete and his fellow rascals were disdainfully sure that this new member of the Mounted would not have the nerve to enforce the might of the law in which he was vested.

How much they were mistaken in their man shortly developed.

One day, Trevelyan, having got wind of what was going on out at the shack, rode that way to look the place over. As he came upon the scene unperceived, Pete and two of his pals were rolling up several full barrels from the cellar, which they transferred to a waiting cart that was to carry them across the border.

A traveling salesman, who had been storm bound at the tavern overnight, was looking on at their work.

"Ain't you fellows taking a pretty big chance," he inquired, "carrying this business on as openly as all this? I should think you'd be afraid that one of the Mounted would come along and nab you in the act."

Pete sneered contemptuously, loud enough for Trevelyan to hear him:

"No, we ain't afeard o' him—that polisman what has this district now. He's only what you call 'toy cop,' thass all. He no have the nerve enough to come botherin' us. He knows dam' well we pump him full o' lead, if he does."

Trevelyan rode up to Pete.

In the silence which fell as his presence was suddenly discovered, the two men who were helping Pete in the loading of the contraband liquor onto the cart looked from the mounted officer to their leader expectantly.

"I've come," Trevelyan addressed the half-breed quietly, as he looked steadily down into his evil face, "to bother you. Why don't you start in to 'pump' your lead? I ought to make an easy target. That is, if *you've* got the nerve to even draw your gun."

Pete shifted from one foot to the other uncomfortably.

But he kept his hands at his sides.

"I thought so," commented the young man, still fixedly watching him. "A coward always *talks* the most, and really does the least, when it comes to a showdown on his threats."

Without another word, he dismounted and turned his back indifferently on the moonshiners to walk over the ground to the tumble-down tavern, into which he disappeared.

A moment or two later there came the sound of smashing ax blows from the region of the cellar. When Trevelyan came out of the door again he had a half dozen good-sized nails and a hammer, which he had picked up inside, in his hand.

He shut the door tightly after him, and then stood before it and nailed it up. Throwing down the hammer, he turned, brushing his hands together, and walked toward his horse.

"Now your place is closed up," he informed Pete, as he passed him and swung back into the saddle. "You were warned, if you didn't obey the law, what would happen. And it has. You'd better all clear out."

But Trevelyan's courage in performing his duty, had only served to incur Pete's hatred for him. He vowed to be revenged on him for the closing of his profitable shack, by driving him, in disgrace, from that district.

The very next day, in the blackness of that hour which precedes the dawn, Trevelyan, riding over his beat, drew rein as he came to the side of the railroad tracks. Something told him that all was not well. He got down from his horse, and struck a match. And by its tiny flare, as he stooped beside the tracks, he saw his worst fears realized.

Piled on those rails, a dozen yards out of sight of the train that was due to pass that way in another fifteen minutes around a sharp bend in the hill-lined track, were a heap of bowlders and big logs that it must have taken four or five men at least that many minutes to place there.

It would be humanly impossible for Trevelyan, alone, to remove even an appreciable part of the obstruction in that scant space of time.

A gray light lay upon the scene now, for the dawn was breaking. Trevelyan heard the rattle of gravel under a

horse's hoofs. He looked up quickly toward the bend around which the sound had come. And as he did so, he saw a girl ride into view and rein in not ten feet before him.

From her description, which he had often heard in that past month from his brother officers, Trevelyan recognized her for Gloria Templeton, otherwise known by the mysterious title of "The Lady of the Snows."

She had gained the name by her unexpected appearance, no one knew from where, seemingly out of the snowy landscape itself. Some said that she was an authority on Indian affairs, who left her home in the city at various intervals and for different lengths of time, to study the aborigines at firsthand in order to better their condition. And others said that she was a secret agent of the Northwest Mounted Police.

But for neither of these rumors Trevelyan cared one iota now. He *knew* what she was, as he sat staring at her, enraptured.

She was as a fairy up there in that half wilderness, and even tempted him to forget his mission with Patricia Sutherland, which had brought him there.

And something else he knew: That was that he had been mistaken when he thought his feeling for Helen Mason could be the only real love of his life.

The Lady of the Snows nodded toward the piled-up bowlders and logs on the tracks between them.

"That's Pete's work," she said in a businesslike tone. "I heard him plotting some sort of mischief down here by the tracks only yesterday. I didn't know what it was then, but I see now. It'll be a bad wreck, won't it?"

Trevelyan ruefully nodded, looking at the "train trap" before him.

"And that five-forty-five north-bound express is due along here in about thirteen minutes more," he said. "I couldn't get all that stuff cleared away in two or three hours. I'd need at least four men to help me, in order to move it all in time."

The girl swung her horse around.

"I'll get them for you," she said simply.

And while Trevelyan stood gaping after her, she rode back out of sight around the bend. In less than a minute more, she returned.

In her hand she held a gun.

And it was trained on Pete and three other desperate-looking characters like him, who marched sullenly along in front of her horse's head.

"I knew where they were hiding," she explained to Trevelyan, "so I ordered them to come out and walk back here at the point of this. They put that stuff there on the tracks. We'll make them take it off again."

Trevelyan sprang down to the ground, and ran toward the scowling quartet. He pushed them, with threats and blows, when their feet lagged reluctantly, to the mound of logs and bowlders. And then, from the tracks with the last log rolled free of them.

The express shot past, then slowed, and came to a stop along the straight stretch of track ahead.

The engineer had seen them from the cab window, and halted the train to find out what their presence, with the scattered bowlders and tree trunks at the side of the roadbed, meant.

Trevelyan saw the badge of a marshal glinting on the vest front of the first passenger to alight from the halted train. When he had explained that the four



Helen lightly asked Trevelyan, meaning that Gloria should hear her: "How are the plans for your marriage with the heiress, Patricia Sutherland, getting along, dear boy?"

while the girl from her place in the saddle kept the pistol in her hand trained on them to hold the need of haste ever before their minds, the four ruffians, with Trevelyan tugging and straining in their midst, at last had the track cleared.

It was not a moment too soon.

The blast of a locomotive's whistle, which had been sounding nearer and nearer as the men feverishly worked, came in an ear-splitting, final warning with the appearance of the engine's headlight around the bend, just as Trevelyan and the desperadoes sprang back

men he was holding prisoners beside him with his own gun out in his hand, had attempted to wreck the express, he put Pete and his confederates on board the train to be carried to the jail in the nearest town, in the custody of that marshal.

When the train had started on, Trevelyan turned back toward Gloria Templeton, only to find that the Lady of the Snows had vanished as suddenly as she had come.

Meantime, the reporters who had

looked over the passenger list of the steamer on which Trevelyan had arrived at Quebec, when that vessel first docked, had come upon his name. They had cabled back to his friends in England to see if he was the same Charlton Trevelyan whose name had been featured in the Sutherland will case in the papers only a short while before. The information had come back that he was the same Trevelyan.

And that evening the papers had all informed their readers that Charlton Trevelyan had arrived in Canada to marry Patricia Sutherland, who would thus become an heiress.

The wife of the Honorable Travers Langdon, Canadian M. P., and millionaire, who had been Helen Mason, read the news among the rest.

She had long since grown tired of her husband, whom she had only married for his money, anyway. Now, learning that Trevelyan was there in Canada, and planning to be married, she mistook her jealousy of any other woman whom he might love more than her, for the dawning within herself of a real love for the suitor she had rejected.

Finding out that Trevelyan had joined the Mounted Police, she wrote him a letter in care of his substation, asking him to call and see her.

When Trevelyan received the missive, he tore it in bits and scattered it on the snow at his feet, and then walked away over the fragments, with his jaw grimly set.

He never wanted to see her again.

His thoughts, by this time, had become occupied with Gloria Templeton. He had seen her two or three times since their first meeting, always unexpectedly. Which bore out the nickname that had been given her. Once she had been far away when he had spied her, and, though he galloped his horse wildly in that direction, when he reached the spot she had vanished. But the two other times, he had been able to talk with her. And from those brief chats he had come away with his love for her deepened into such a state of worshipful adoration as he had never known before, even in his experience with Helen.

But when Helen received no reply from him, she decided to resort to the expedient of meeting him by going into his district.

It was late one afternoon when Trevelyan came face to face with her in the heart of the dense, snow-carpeted woods. She was mounted on a chestnut mare, which she rode with superb ease. In a splendidly becoming riding habit, that she had worn expressly for the occasion, she made a picture to stir the admiration of almost any man. But Trevelyan regarded her without the slightest quickening of his pulse.

They rode along through the woods side by side. Trevelyan asked, naturally enough, if she was happy in her new life. It was Helen's chance; and she made the most of it.

She told him that she was miserable, that she did not love her husband. As Trevelyan did not follow up the opening, she bit her lip. Then she blurted out the confession that she loved him. It had *always* been him she loved, from the first. But Trevelyan gravely checked her.

"That is over between us, Helen," he announced.

They had not noticed, while they were in the comparative shelter of the woods, that it was snowing hard. Now, as they came out into the open before the forest, the driving white blanket that swept down from the heavens awed the woman at her first sight of it. It was her first sight of a blizzard, for blizzard was what this was.

Before their horses had taken a dozen paces away from the edge of the wood, it was blotted from sight behind them. They could not see a foot ahead in any direction. Lowering his head to meet the brunt of the storm, and shouting to her to do likewise, Trevelyan caught the bridle of her mount and began to urge his own horse forward against the raging wind. He thought he knew the direction of the substation; but it turned out that he was as hopelessly lost as the now panic-stricken woman beside him.

And then, by luck, Tevelyan's shoulder grazed something in passing. He pulled up his steed, and stretched out his hand, to touch the wall of a cabin. Hugging it, in the impenetrable, foglike downpour of snow that enveloped them, he steered around it until he felt the door. Then, dismounting and catching Helen as she slipped from the saddle, he flung open the portal of the shack, swept her quickly before him inside, and fell, with his back up against the door, to shut it again.

In the lighted interior, he saw an Indian girl, of about twenty, standing with her wide eyes fixed on them in surprise. And beside her stood—Gloria Templeton.

So this cabin, upon which they had stumbled, was the long-sought-for hiding place of the Lady of the Snows!

Later, when Helen had been wrapped in a blanket which the Indian girl had warmed before the fireplace, and she and Gloria were sitting on opposite sides of Trevelyan in front of the hearth, his former sweetheart noticed how often the man's eyes wandered toward the young lady on his right, and the light that shone in them when they rested upon her face. Helen ground her teeth. She had only hatred for Trevelyan now, since he had put her to the humiliation of offering herself to him, only to be refused. She wanted to hurt him in whatever way she could, and so she broke in upon the pause in which the trio had been listening to the storm abating outside, with:

"By the way, dear boy, how is your prospective marriage to Patricia Sutherland coming on these days?"

With malicious satisfaction, Helen noticed the wince that Gloria gave. Trevelyan had seen it, too. He bent toward her, to say something that would make her forget what she had heard. But Gloria drew away from him, with a gesture of disgust.

Trevelyan rose, and walked to the window of the cabin. His face was white as death. His rotten plan, bred of the warped state of his mind when he had left England to come here, had earned him the reward he deserved. Gloria knew him for the sort of a cad who would deliberately try to marry a girl for her money. More than that, from Helen's words, she must think that he still had every intention of doing so, even while all the time he had been making love to her!

But he must tell her the truth—he could not let her think that of him.

Only he couldn't do it in front of Helen. The storm had ceased as quickly as it had come, and Trevelyan turned his back on the window.

"Come!" he said to Helen, avoiding all chance of meeting Gloria's eyes as he spoke. "It is time for me to take you back to the city."

But he only rode with her until its outskirts were in plain sight and within easy riding distance. Then, informing her that he had urgent business which

would prevent his escorting her any farther, he lifted his cap, swung his horse around, and rode back over the way he had come. Midway to Gloria's cabin he stopped, took out his notebook, and wrote her a letter. In it he explained that he had abandoned his plan to marry Patricia Sutherland a full fortnight before he had met her—and that *she* was the only one he loved, or ever could love.

Then, folding the missive and placing it in the breast of his coat, he rode on through the gathering dusk of evening toward the cabin. It was dark when he got there. He rode up toward the light that streamed through the one window, and dismounted before the door. Under it he slipped the note, then climbed back into the saddle and rode away.

Next morning he rode up to the cabin to learn what Gloria's answer would be.

He found the shack empty.

All that forenoon he hung around it, hoping to see her come back to it. But she did not. In the afternoon, he covered a radius of fifteen miles around the cabin, in the expectation of running into her on one of her mysterious rides about the country. In vain. Bitterly disappointed, he rode back at nightfall to the substation.

It was an hour later that Helen, trying to read in the library of the magnificently appointed, but somehow cheerless, home which her marriage for a fortune had gained her, flung down her book and sprang to her feet.

The thought had just occurred to her that there was another way in which she could hurt Trevelyan.

Hurriedly getting into her wraps, she ordered the motor brought around from the garage, and in it rode swiftly to the home of Archbishop Hillaire de Betrand. When she was received by the prelate, she explained the purpose of her call.

"I thought it was right that I should come and warn you," she said, with a righteous air of performing an unpleasant but, nevertheless, necessary duty. "This man, Charlton Trevelyan, I have reason to know, is not in love with your niece, but with a girl called Gloria Templeton. He is after Patricia Sutherland's legacy, and nothing else."

The archbishop seemed to be filled with incredulous anger by the information.

"I know the girl you speak of," he said. "Isn't she sometimes called 'the Lady of the Snows,' also? Yes, so I thought. Well, it happens that she is here in the house at this minute. She brought me some information this evening, from the open country out of which she has just come that I was very glad to get. But I will send for her." He rang for a servant. "And at the same time I will have this Trevelyan brought here, and he shall see whether he can get out of his bargain as easily as he thinks."

Gloria Templeton came into the room.

And, a little later, Trevelyan also entered in his uniform of the Mounted Police, from the substation where the archbishop's messenger had been dispatched for him.

"Sir," rapped out the prelate to him, "when you first presented yourself to me, did you or did you not tell me that you wished to marry my niece, Patricia Sutherland?"

Trevelyan looked in anguish toward Gloria.

"I did, sir," he replied, hanging his head.

"And I gave you to understand, if indirectly, that I would not stand in the way of the match, did I not?"

"Yes, sir."

"Well, then," snapped the archbishop, striding up to stand in front of him, "that constitutes a bargain between us. In this part of the country, when a man makes such a bargain, he is expected to stick to it. Do you intend to do so? Or do you not?"

Trevelyan's face was the same chalk white as it had been in the cabin that afternoon. He looked at Gloria. And from her to the prelate before him. Then he squared his shoulders.

"Yes, sir," he said in a dull tone, but firmly. "I will stick to my end of the bargain—you are right, that it is the only honorable course for me."

On those shoulders, the old man again laid his hands. Deeply he looked into Trevelyan's face, as he had done before. The signs of dissipated living were entirely gone from the young man's features now. A moment longer the prelate kept his gaze fixed on his countenance. Then, as though satisfied with the answer he found there to some unspoken question in his mind, he gave a quick nod of his head.

By his shoulders, he turned Trevelyan around to face Gloria, who stood blushingly smiling at him.

"Then keep your bargain, my boy," said the Archbishop Hillaire de Betrand gently. "Let me make you acquainted with this young 'Lady of the Snows'—my niece, Miss Patricia Sutherland!"

Crowds Directors' Hardest Work.

"IN producing a feature," said Thomas H. Ince, the famous director who has produced several of the remarkable Mutual masterpictures, "the crowd picture is invariably the hardest to secure. First, the important characters must be to the fore. Then, again, there may be a bit of superb acting in front, and some farcical stuff being parceled out in the background. All this must come under the directorial vision, and the characters must be so disposed as to meet the requirements of mechanics and photography.

"In 'The Sign of the Rose,' in which we starred George Beban, there is an excited, surging crowd. Here the difficulty was not with the principal players, but with those in the minor rôles. For one thing, it was difficult to convince the crowd that it should be both excited and surging: it was doubly difficult to convince the policeman that he should force the crowd back hard, as a New York copper would. It was necessary to change policemen before we found a good near-cop. The crowd rehearsed one scene twenty-four times before it reached that pitch of excitement that called for the camera man.

"All this costs money. It is part of the expenditure necessary to the production of feature pictures which have become the great bulwark of the motion-drama business. This is natural as well as evolutional, for a feature, which calls for a world of work and money, gives the public more for its money. We spent one hundred thousand dollars on 'The Sign of the Rose,' but we do not begrudge the expenditure, because we know we have produced something that is worth while and will repay us."

Father: "Bobby, I thought I told you to divide that apple with your little sister."

Bobby: "Well, I wasn't going to have Willie Bryan think we had only one apple in the house."

The Little Straw Wife

(ESSANAY)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

A pretty love story with an "idea" in back of it, is the three-part Essanay film from which this story has been written.

Most stories of the kind are wishy-washy, sugar-and-water affairs—about as nourishing to the person who wants to read something that will keep his or her mind "awake at the switch" all the time, as an empty cream puff to a hungry man. But this will amuse, perhaps sadden, and at all events keep you guessing as to how it's all going to turn out, right up to the last line. The cast:

Dudley Holt.....Bryant Washburn
Zoe Ballentyne.....Edna Mayo
Claire Razor.....Betty Brown

WHAT is it, Tuppy?"

The girl with the two blond pigtails hanging down her back leaned eagerly over the railing of the stoop toward the sturdy, freckle-faced boy on the sidewalk below.

"Tell me—ah, *please!*"

But even as nine-year-old Zoe Ballentyne breathed the appeal to her equally youthful masculine admirer, she kept her ear strained toward the open doorway of the house behind her. Her mother was an invalid; she might call for something at any minute, and the faithful little girl nurse wanted to catch the first sound of her weak voice.

She had only come out on the front steps for a moment, in answer to the whistle of "Tuppy" Holt, the boy next door.

"Promise you won't show it to anybody?" Tuppy, his face red with embarrassment, was holding his right hand behind his back. "Cross your heart—and hope to die?"

Zoe repeated the vow.

"Cross my heart, and hope to die. Now come on, Tuppy; let me have it—what is it?"

Tuppy withdrew his hand from its hiding place. In it was a scrap of wrapping paper, folded into a note. He gave it to the little girl; then, stepping back, thrust both hands into his trousers pockets and looked down as he ground the toe of one shoe on the pavement.

Zoe eagerly regarded the missive—the first one she had ever received, all for her very own, in her life. But, before she could open it and read its contents, there was a faint call of "Zoe, I want you for a minute!" from the interior of the house. With a hurried word of excuse to the boy, she turned and ran back inside. It was fifteen minutes later before she had a chance to open the folded—and, if the truth must be told, somewhat thumb-marked!—scrap of wrapping paper.

On it Zoe found, written in a wavering line, the words:

"Will you marry me?"

Zoe's eyes shone, and she pressed the note to her heart. Not only was it her first letter, but it was her first proposal as well. She blushed happily, as she thought of the "Yes" she meant to give Tuppy when she saw him next day.

But Zoe did not see him the next day, nor the next. So does Fate play its tricks alike upon young and old. That very night Zoe's mother, who had been dragging out a bedridden existence for years, closed her eyes in her last dreamless sleep. The little girl was taken away by her aunt, who lived in a great, red-stone mansion with a whole army of servants, twelve miles out in the country. It was thought best to remove the child from the House of Death until after the burial preparations had been made.

When she came back for the funeral, three days later, Zoe missed seeing Tuppy still. Perhaps his mother, knowing how little boys are wont to stare at the tragic, but to them only interesting, spectacle of a funeral procession, had forbidden him to go out on the street that bright spring morning. The blinds were closed at all the front windows of his house; if he was looking out from behind any of them, he was not visible to Zoe.

And so, as she went away with her aunt, this time for good—for Zoe, having no other relatives, was now to make her home with that rich, middle-aged lady—she had not given Tuppy her answer: the assurance that some day she would marry him.

But she took his wrapping-paper note with her as her dearest possession, to treasure it for the rest of her life.

At the end of fourteen years, Zoe had amply fulfilled the promise of her prettiness as a child. She was a ravishing beauty. And she had more than one suitor now; indeed, no less than a half dozen young men were striving at once to win her favor. Zoe's aunt, far from being displeased by the attentions her beautiful young niece received, was highly elated because of the fact. She was something of a "climber" socially; if Zoe could make a good match she would be indirectly benefited by it.

All of the wooers who came flocking to the country villa were "eligible," so far as wealth and position in the fashionable world were concerned; but there was one among them upon whom Zoe's aunt looked with even more favor than the rest.

The scion of one of the "first families" in that locality, if perhaps not quite so rich as one or two of the others—he was Dudley Holt.

Yes, the same Tuppy Holt who had lived next door to Zoe in the old days. But in this self-poised and more than

good-looking young man of the world Zoe did not recognize the boy who had written her that note which she still kept locked up in the "treasure drawer" of the writing desk in her room.

Nor had he recognized Zoe—whom he loved to distraction—as the first girl who had ever won his heart.

What Zoe's feelings toward Dudley might have been if her aunt had held her match-making enthusiasm in check and allowed matters to take their natural course is a question.

Zoe liked the young man—she even admitted that he pleased her better than any of the others—but her aunt's ceaseless harping on his virtues distracted her from perhaps discovering them for herself.

No girl—or young man, either, for that matter—is ever prone to see the good in one of the opposite sex when he or she is talked to too much about it.

"Has Mr. Holt spoken to you yet?" Zoe's aunt asked her one day.

"Spoken to me?" the girl replied innocently. "About what?"

"What, indeed!" impatiently gave back her aunt. "Of his intentions, of course. Has he asked you to marry him? No? Well, if he hasn't yet done so openly, he means to; that is certain—you must have seen, as I have, the way he feels toward you. And now, my dear"—with a confidential lowering of her tone—"what answer have you decided to return him? Is it to be 'yes' or 'no'?"

"If," Zoe replied, a little exasperatedly, "I say *if* he should ask me to become his wife I'm afraid I should say 'no.'"

"You would!" Her aunt rose, and stamped her foot on the floor. "You would turn down a chance like this? Why, your position would be second to none socially. He is well enough off, too, to give you all the luxuries within reason that you could ask. You would refuse him! Oh, I declare, I have no patience with you! One man in a million, from every standpoint of acceptability, who would go through fire and water to claim you for his wife——"

"But, why, auntie," broke in Zoe protestingly, "why should he want to marry me when I don't love him?"

"As if that made any difference!" retorted her aunt, with mounting anger. "Do you suppose he cares the snap of his finger whether you love him or not? What he wants is a *wife*. A charming, well-bred, and beautiful woman to grace the head of his table and preside over his house—to uphold his place in society, in short. That is all. But you are *not* going to refuse him! If not for your own sake, then for mine, I order you to marry him. Do you hear?"

"Auntie!"

Zoe had risen to face her, aghast.

"You owe your obedience to me," the latter went on in the same passionate tone, "as you owe everything else! This home, which I have given you all these years; the dress you have on; even your polished manners—which I paid to have you taught. Think of those things when the time comes to decide how you will answer this young man. I warn you, if you disobey my wishes in this matter you may have cause to regret it! And perhaps under a roof that you will not find as comfortable a shelter as this has always been for you. There!" Her aunt swept toward the door. "I don't dare trust myself to stay any longer for fear of what I will say, you have made me so angry!"

But there was no trace of that emotion in her manner as, a servant having informed her even as she stepped out of Zoe's room that Dudley Holt was waiting to see her in the drawing-room downstairs, she smilingly advanced to greet him with hand outstretched.

"This is fortunate," she told the young man, nodding him to a chair before the one on which she herself sat down, "for I was just going to write a note, asking you to call. There is a question I wish to put to you. As Zoe's guardian, I believe I have a right to inquire—noticing your frequent calls—what your intentions are concerning her?"

"I love her," said Dudley simply. "And I expect to ask her to become my wife——"

"Don't put it off another day," the lady advised earnestly. "Not another hour! I will tell you a secret, Mr. Holt—er—Dudley, as I hope I may call you? It is this. She loves you. That is the particular reason why I wanted to find out the state of your heart. The poor girl, I am afraid, will only be a shadow of her own self if she keeps on worrying over the fact that you have not spoken to her yet, which has made her fear you do not return the feeling she has for you. Speak to her to-day—at once—I do entreat you!"

His face aglow, Dudley rose.

"I will!" he declared eagerly.

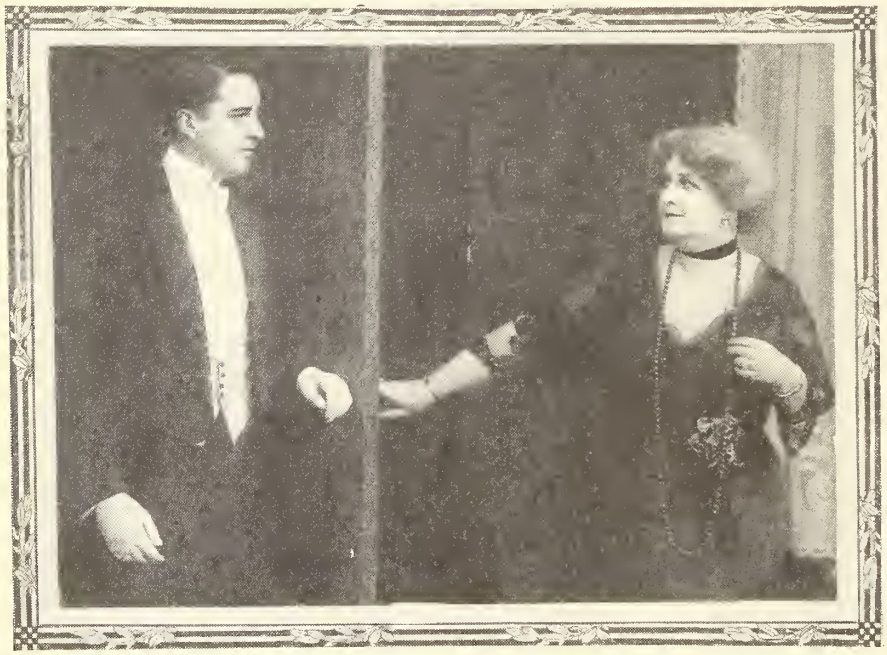
All this time Zoe was sitting in her room, where her aunt had left her, with her head buried on her arms on her writing desk, crying over the helpless-



That night Zoe's mother, who had been dragging out a bedridden existence for years, closed her eyes in her last dreamless sleep. And Zoe was taken away to live with her aunt.

ness of her position. She must either marry a man she was not sure she loved, or seem ungrateful for all her aunt had done for her. Of course, so long as what Dudley Holt wanted was only a wife to show off, like a piece of costly furniture, in his home, she would please her aunt and marry him. But——

"Oh, Tuppy!" murmured Zoe, sitting up to pull open the drawer in front of her and take out the bit of soiled and creased wrapping paper which she had always cherished. "Why haven't you ever come to claim your answer to the question you wrote? Tuppy, dear, *dear* Tuppy, if only you would come to me now, and save me from this!"



"She loves you," Zoe's aunt told the young man, though she knew it was not the truth. "Go to her, and ask her to marry you, and I'm sure you'll find that her answer will be 'Yes.'"

As if in answer to her prayer, a maid knocked on the door just then to tell her that Dudley Holt was waiting to see her downstairs.

Hastily locking the note back in the drawer, Zoe dried her eyes and went down to him.

And for the second time—though neither of them was aware of it—Dudley Holt made a proposal of marriage to Zoe Ballentyne.

Hating herself all the while for doing it, she accepted him. But when he would have taken her in his arms, Zoe refused to let him embrace her. A single kiss, and that on her coldly turned cheek, was all she granted him by way of sealing their betrothal.

By the time the day set for their wedding arrived, six weeks later—both Dudley and her aunt had pleaded for an early marriage, to which, after a weak protest, Zoe had hopelessly consented—he had gained no further ground with his love-making.

It was an hour after the wedding ceremony—which had taken place in her aunt's spacious mansion—that Zoe overheard Dudley complaining to her in the next room.

"She's a straw wife, I tell you! I begin to believe, madam—to speak in plain language to you—that I have been sold. This looks to me like another one of those marriages for social advancement, for money—for anything you choose but love. It's the sort of a marriage that I've always sworn I'd never make. But I thought I was to be saved anything of that kind with her. I had your word for it. You told me she loved me. If that's the truth, and she does, I must say she has a decidedly peculiar way of showing it——"

Zoe's eyes had gone wide, while all the color had streamed from her face. Then her aunt had not told her the truth, by Dudley's words which she had just been listening to, when she had said he only wanted a wife as an ornament of which he could be proud—that he would be indifferent as to whether she loved him or not. But that was not all. Her aunt had lied deliberately to him as well. She had told Dudley that she knew Zoe loved him—when she knew, instead, that the girl had not made up her mind whether she did or not!

Impulsively, Zoe ran and flung open the door of that adjoining room.

"She has tricked us!" she panted out to Dudley, standing between him and her aunt, and nodding toward the latter—without looking at her. "Both of us! I've heard what you said. About—about the kind of a wife you've just taken. But you won't have to suffer for the mistake you've made, I promise you. There's one way out of the whole wretched thing. And I'm the one who's going to take it."

Before either could stop her, Zoe had gone from the room.

A subsequent search proved that she had gone also from the house.

Zoe had fled back to the city from which her aunt had taken her when her mother's death had left her alone and friendless there as a child. She could no longer remain under her roof after what had happened. And as for Dudley—she never wanted to see him again. Disdaining to bring away any of the last allowance money she had received from her aunt, Zoe had brought with her only the few pieces of jewelry which had been her mother's, and one of these she now pawned, and with the money took a room in a cheap boarding house, from which she proceeded to hunt for a position in order to support herself.

But work was not easy to find for one as inexperienced as she, she soon learned. Another piece of jewelry followed after the first, and after it another; but still all her answers to the advertisements in the papers brought her no reply but those which, after an interview, she bitterly reflected might as well not have come, and so saved her the wasted carfare.

Meanwhile, Dudley had engaged the services of a private-detective agency in an effort to get track of her—at first in vain.

One night Zoe was returning to her boarding place from a trip to the mail

box on the corner to post some more of her interminably unproductive answers to advertisements.

She had not seen the man who had followed her all the way along the other side of the street and then turned back behind her across the way as she left the lamp-post.

The man was Dudley; he had at last found out where she was, three days before, and been watching her ever since. It was well that he was keeping his vigil to shield her from harm this evening, for he saw a man stop her and address some remark to her as she was hurrying along the opposite pavement. Zoe tried to pass on; the "masher" stepped in her way, and then he laid his hand on her wrist, and Zoe cried out.

Dudley, running up, caught the man by the scruff of the neck, whirling him around, and after threatening what he would do to him unless he made himself scarce in that neighborhood, sent him, with a shove, about his business.

Zoe had recognized her rescuer.

"What are you doing here in the city?" she asked him.

"Looking for you," was Dudley's smiling reply. "I found out which was your window in that boarding house, and for the past three nights—or since I learned where you were—I've been watching it across the street till your light went out, to show me that you were safe."

Zoe drew herself up stiffly.

"That's very kind of you," she frigidly informed him, "and to-night, it seems, your assistance was quite timely—thank you for it. But in future I don't think you will need to trouble yourself about me. I can take care of myself all right. Only—I am rather glad you found me, for there is something I want to say to you. It is this. That I am ready to release you from our marriage whenever you let me know that you have found a girl you love!"

And with that she turned to run up the steps of the boarding house and leave him standing there on the sidewalk.

On the floor of her room, where it had been pushed under the door, Zoe found a letter which had arrived while she had been out to the mail box. It was a *real* reply at last to one of the answers she had sent to a "Help Wanted" advertisement!

For it offered her the position of social secretary in a family named Razor, brewers, with a new-made million or so, in St. Louis. A draft, to cover traveling expenses, was inclosed—and the very next morning Zoe set off to fill the post.

She found the Razors—husband and wife and one grown-up daughter, Claire, of surprising beauty, considering the physical aspect of her parents—a typical *nouveau-riche* family as far as Mrs. Razor was concerned, and she seemed to be the undisputed ruler of the household.

Social preëminence was the goal on which that lady, short, fat, and floridly homely as a Rembrandt fishwife, had set her heart. Thus the series of house parties with which she kept the big suburban estate overrun with guests. And thus Zoe's hiring, to take care of the storm of invitations with which Mrs. Razor whitened the country in the effort to attract more fashionables to her home.

There was one guest at the Razor house when Zoe arrived there whom Mrs. Razor endured on sufferance. Claire had invited the young man. He was Bret Jordan—only a struggling portrait painter, with undoubted ability, but little or no money. The last was the reason for Mrs. Razor's dislike of him.

In the days that followed it was an amusing comedy that was played between mother and daughter—one to outdo the other's thinly veiled digs and slurs with all manner of attentions showered upon the fortuneless painter—which Zoe might have watched had not the preoccupation of her mind with her own troubles prevented her from noticing it at all.

And then, three weeks after Zoe had been there, she heard Mrs. Razor say, looking with a joyous exclamation from her letters at the breakfast table:

"Here's an acceptance of my invitation to spend the week-end with us from Dudley Holt—*the* Dudley Holt! He's coming on Friday. Claire"—turning to her daughter with a light in her eyes which heralded the arrival of a sudden, gigantic idea—"you'll telephone to Madame Estelle to-day, and tell her that she must have all of your new frocks finished and delivered here by noon on Friday. Tell her expense is no object; the dresses *must* be here!"

Zoe hastily excused herself from the family circle, and ran upstairs to her own room.

She had interpreted Mrs. Razor's look and words aright—the lady meant to try to marry her daughter off to Dudley. Then the news that he was already married had not gone abroad. But he was coming here—again she would meet him, they would be together under the same roof for at least three days—what should she do?

There was only one thing to be done. Make the best of the unfortunate situation. She could not afford to leave this position for which she had waited so long. She would simply tell Dudley, when he arrived, that he must say nothing of their marriage; they could pretend that they had casually met once before—but that was all.

But when Zoe told him what she wished him to do—leading him aside on a pretext as soon as he saw her on his arrival—Dudley at first refused point-blank to obey her request.

"You bet I'll tell 'em you're my wife!" he announced. "Do you suppose I'm going to allow you to work another day for such people, when——"

"You forget," Zoe told him. "I'm only your 'straw wife.' So what difference does it make to you? It needn't bother you in the least. If you don't say anything, I won't; and so these people will know nothing at all about it. I insist that you do as I say. Otherwise, I shall leave at once, which means that I will lose this position, and I can't afford to, with my own way to make in the world from now on."

There was nothing for Dudley to do in the face of her undoubted sincerity in her professed intention to go away if he disregarded her command, except to yield. Smilingly, he did so—for the thing seemed a huge joke to him.

The next day Zoe was walking in the garden. Though she did not know it, she was following the path that led to an arbor where Claire Razor and Dudley Holt were in an earnest conversation at that moment.

As Zoe rounded the turn in the path that brought her to the entrance of the arbor—and into full sight of its occupants—she quickly faced about the way she had come, biting her lip with annoyance for having thus accidentally

stumbled upon Dudley with his head close to Claire's, on the arbor seat.

They—Dudley, at any rate—might think she had been spying upon them!

A half hour later poor Zoe found herself in just such another false position—this time, by having opened the music-room door and come upon Dudley and Claire sitting close together on the music bench in front of the piano.

But this time she had heard a scrap of their conversation in the instant when she had innocently swung the door open.

Claire was speaking. And the words Zoe had caught were "elopement," and "to-night." With flaming cheeks she closed the door again as soon as she saw that the room was occupied. And then, with her hand pressed to her bosom, Zoe fled upstairs to her room to lock the door and then fling herself sobbing across the bed.

The night was dark, there being no moon.

Dudley Holt stood in the shadows of the shrubbery surrounding the Razor mansion, his hands steadying a ladder which led up to a second-story window and down which a girl, heavily veiled, with a long dustcoat enveloping her from shoulders to heels, and carrying a traveling bag in her hand, was descending. Outside on the road in front of the house, and only a scant fifty yards away, an automobile stood purring in readiness to start.

Claire Razor—for so the girl was—let herself slip into Dudley's waiting arms, and then he set her on her feet at the end of the ladder.

And at that instant around the corner of the house came—Mrs. Razor, led by Zoe, whose face showed grim and white against the blackness of the night.

"*This* is what I brought you out to show you, Mrs. Razor!" said Zoe, pointing to that lady's daughter and Dudley, standing together beside the ladder.

Instantly the young man stepped in front of Claire, and he gave her a meaning push with one hand behind his back in the direction of the waiting motor car as he did so.

"What——" began Mrs. Razor.

"My dear lady," cut in Dudley rapidly, "you see this ladder, unquestionably. And myself standing below it just as obviously. Well, the two together mean——" He paused, listening for a moment. And there sounded, at that instant, a snort instead of a purring from the auto on the road behind them, together with a whir of wheels on the dirt which rapidly dwindled away. "The presence of this ladder and myself before you mean," Dudley went on, a note of elation in his voice, "that you are to know that you have just lost a daughter, but gained a son-in-law. While I held you here for a moment with this large and empty collection of words, they have got away——"

Zoe broke in, on a high-pitched note of incredulity:



"I said you loved me," Dudley Holt repeated. "And now you've just admitted it. Don't you recognize me, dear? I'm Tuppy."

"They——"

"Certainly," nodded Dudley. "Miss Razor and young Bret Jordan. I've been helping them to elope."

With a stifled cry Zoe turned and ran back into the house.

"Why," faltered Dudley, as he stood for a second looking after her, "I believe she thought that I——"

With a quick word of apology to the still-bewildered Mrs. Razor, Dudley sprang by her and into the house after Zoe. He found her in the library, standing with her back toward the door before the desk at which she performed her secretarial duties in the household.

"Zoe, you love me!" he exclaimed, striding toward her. "You were jealous, and that proves it——"

She turned to face him.

"I don't love you!" she passionately denied.

He stood holding out his arms to her, a confident smile on his lips.

"Yes, you do!" he insisted.

"I don't!" Zoe returned his steady, smiling gaze for a moment. Then her eyes wandered toward the desk before her. "I'll prove it!" she exclaimed, and bent and pulled out a drawer, to take out a folded scrap of wrapping paper which she opened and held out for him to see: "That's the only one I've ever loved—Tuppy!"

Taking the worn momento from her hand, he read the single crooked line it bore. He looked slowly up at Zoe, an expression of wonder on his face. Then it gave way before an expression wonderfully tender, as he took a step toward her and again held out his arms, nodding once more.

"I said you loved me," Dudley Holt repeated. "And now you've just admitted it. Don't you recognize me now?—I'm Tuppy!"

Collects Counterfeit Money.

ELIZABETH BURBRIDGE, who is seen in Broncho films in the Mutual program, has rather an unusual hobby, the collecting of counterfeit coins. She was showing a friend a photograph album full of pictures of her collection recently.

"If you ever got desperately hard up," the friend remarked, "you'd be tempted, wouldn't you? There must be an imitation thousand dollars represented here. Let's see them. Where do you keep them?"

"I don't keep them," said Miss Burbridge.

"But why?" the friend demanded. "You must have paid a lot for these."

"Nearly one thousand dollars," Miss Burbridge admitted. "But you said it. I was always afraid that if I were ever to get desperate, hungry, or anything like that I might be tempted, so as soon as they are photographed on both sides I have them destroyed. Still, this collection may be worth a lot some day if the secret-service folk don't take it away."

A Jitney Elopement

(A CHARLIE CHAPLIN COMEDY)

By B. Quade

Here's where Charlie Chaplin will hand you a few more laughs—in this story taken from an Essanay comedy featuring "the funniest man in the movies" and a jitney auto, in which he runs away with a beautiful young heiress who had fallen in love with him at sight.

In it you'll find that he says as many funny things as he does—and that's "going some."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN was waiting for something to turn up—as usual.

While he waited, he took a cigarette paper out of one glove and a five-cent bag of tobacco from the other, and proceeded to roll a cigarette. He did it with his gloves on. His eyebrows worked up and down, and his ridiculous little black mustache shifted from side to side. He threw some of the scattered tobacco over his left shoulder—to keep off bad luck.

A young and beautiful girl came out on the balcony of the house behind him. She stamped her foot, with a toss of her head, as though in emphasis of a refusal she had just given to obey the order of some one inside that grand mansion. Then, coming to the balcony's rail, she looked down, and, by chance, her glance rested on Charlie Chaplin standing beside the garden wall.

She clasped her hands.

"How brave he looks!" breathed the girl; "how noble and true! His clothes are shabby, I must admit, but that only shows how different he is from the men of society I have known!"

Meanwhile, Charlie Chaplin had raised one leg to bring into view a long-unshined shoe, while he struck a match along a fold of his baggy trousers, to light the cigarette which he had painstakingly made. Most of the tobacco had rolled out of it during the process of its manufacture, and the paper burned in a twinkling down to within a quarter of an inch of his mustache.

A look of hopelessness came into his eyes. He twirled his little bamboo cane to try to regain his composure, but the effort was in vain. With the corners of his mouth drooping despondently, he puffed on the stub of the cigarette which remained between his lips. It was no longer lighted. The rest of the tobacco flew out in the disconsolate sigh he gave, and the empty paper which adhered to his lips flapped up and down against them as he tried to dislodge it by moving his mouth to and fro.

"He shall save me!" whispered the girl, wheeling to run back into her room. There she snatched up paper and pencil, and wrote a note. Then, returning to the balcony, she found Charlie still standing where she had first seen him. "My hero!" she murmured fondly.

And, crumpling the missive into a ball, she threw it down to him.

It struck him on the mouth, knocking off the cigarette paper. He started, and drew himself up, blinking his eyes rapidly.

Turning, he looked up at the girl. She was pretty, he saw. At once a pleased smile broke over his face. He lifted his hat to her by the back of the brim. Then he looked down at the note on the ground near his feet. He pulled it closer with the handle of his cane, and bent and picked it up.

These were the lines he read:

"My father has written a letter to Count de Ha Ha, whom he has never seen, offering him a million dollars and my hand in marriage. I do not love the count. Can't you think of a way to help me?"

Charlie Chaplin wriggled his shoulders. He looked up again at the girl on the balcony. She was a peach; there was no mistake about that! And a million dollars—he whistled an aimless tune, and twirled his bamboo cane at a furious rate.

"Do I need a million dollars?" he asked himself. "Yes! Can I get it by passing myself off as this count? Maybe. Shall I try it? I will!"

He took two little steps forward, stopped to tip his hat again to the girl, and then briskly walked away on his heels.

He rang the front-door bell of the mansion.

"Tell the boss," he informed the tall, sleepy-looking footman who answered the summons, "that Count de Ha Ha has arrived for the million and his daughter."

Two minutes later, he was escorted into the presence of the father of the beautiful heiress.

The gentleman rose and put on his eyeglasses. He looked him over in surprise, taking in the battered derby hat, the shiny black coat and trousers of antique style, and the frayed necktie "riding" the collar.

"You are Count de Ha Ha?"

"Yes, yes!" The trampish intruder tipped his hat rapidly up and down to the millionaire. "Count de Ha Ha—ha, ha!—how d'ye do, how d'ye do!"

The uncertain expression on the other's face lifted.

"A little eccentric," he told himself, as he advanced welcomingly; "but that is to be expected of a foreigner." He warmly grasped both the caller's hands in his. "Delighted to make your acquaintance, count! You got my letter, I presume? In it I stated that I would give you a million dollars to marry my daughter. Is the arrangement satisfactory to you? But don't—don't decide hastily to reject the offer, my dear count! Wait until you have seen what my daughter looks like. I will go and inform her that you are here. And about that million——"

With a reassuring wave of his hand, Charlie Chaplin seated himself beside a table on which stood a half-filled decanter.

"Get it ready," he directed cheerfully. "I'd accept it if your daughter was the twin sister of Stupid Stephen, here"—jabbing the end of his cane against the vest of the footman, who, with the sol-

emn-faced butler, stood beside his chair. "And," he called after the owner of the mansion, "I'd like to have it all in one-dollar bills, if you don't mind.'

The latter laughingly shook his head at him from the threshold.

"Ah, you will have your little joke, count!"

"I may have my little million, too," commented the pretended nobleman under his breath, "if I can keep on getting away with it like this."

Then, looking at the amber-colored contents of the cut-glass decanter at his elbow, he exclaimed aloud:

"A cigar, sir?" invited the butler.

He was proffering a box at his opposite side. Charlie took a handful and stored them in his hat for future use.

And then he rose to follow the footman, who had left the room, to return with the announcement that the master of the house, with his daughter, was awaiting the visitor's presence in the next room.

Charlie Chaplin found the millionaire rubbing his hands with expectant satisfaction as he stood beside the girl of the balcony. She quickly nodded her smiling understanding of, and willing-



Charlie Chaplin, with the handle of his little bamboo cane hooked absent-mindedly around the neck of the sleepy-looking footman, acknowledged the introduction to the beautiful young heiress.

"Why, dear me—this can't be something to drink?"

"Would you care for a little, sir?" inquired the footman.

Charlie Chaplin smiled his winning smile, as he watched the servant begin to pour out a drink from the decanter into a tumbler.

"Oh, only a little!" he protested. But he gave the decanter a push with the end of his cane, which caused the glass to run half full. "Never mind about pouring it back now. That would spoil it. There's only one thing to do, and that's for me to pour it *down*."

And he suited the action to the words.

ness to share in, the deception the young man was practicing for her sake.

"Count de Ha Ha," said her father, "allow me to present my daughter Elma."

Chaplin, with the handle of his cane hooked absent-mindedly around the neck of the footman, acknowledged the introduction:

"Suffocated with pleasure!"

He took off his hat, and the cigars fell out.

"A little idea of my own!" he hastily informed the millionaire, biting his lip over the accident. "I always carry my cigars in my hat—yes, yes! I comb my hair with water. It makes my head a first-rate humidor, you see!"

The owner of the mansion crossed to his side, still rubbing his hands.

"Isn't she beautiful, count?" he whispered. "Are you satisfied to marry her now at my terms?"

Chaplin regarded the girl approvingly.

"I'd do it for half a million," he told her father.

The butler appeared in the doorway.

"Dinner is served, sir," he announced.

The millionaire drew his arm through the supposed Count de Ha Ha's.

"You'll stay for dinner, count, won't you?" he urged.

"Oh, yes, yes!" quickly assented Chaplin—it was more than two days since he had had anything to eat. "I always stay to dinner. Even when I come before breakfast, in the morning. I always stay to dinner. I love dinner! Which way is the dining room?"

His host led the way to it with Elma.

Chaplin plucked a flower from the floral centerpiece on the table, salted it, and ate it. He noticed the millionaire was frowningly watching him. Realizing that he had invited detection in his masquerade by the faux pas, in his confusion he sugared his soup, which the butler had just set in front of him. Then, seeing what he had done, to cover the mistake before his host could notice it, he started to dash pepper into it.

He shook the shaker so hard that both Elma and her father began to sneeze. Chaplin's mortification deepened. If he made any more of these blunders, he was *not* going to get away with it, that was certain. He picked up his spoon, to commence eating the soup—and the butler removed the plate before he could do so.

Thus far, he had taken the edge off his hunger with just one simple little daisy of the fields, eaten with salt.

"Will you cut the bread, count?" asked the millionaire.

Charlie Chaplin grabbed up the whole loaf and a knife.

"The bread—certainly, certainly!"

He proceeded to slice the knife into it, without looking at what he was doing.

"How many meals," he asked his host, trying to distract the latter's thoughts from his breaches of table etiquette, by aiming a running fire of conversation at him, "how many meals are there in a million dollars, do you know? I was

always good at geography at school. But long division was my weakness. The teachers said——"

He looked down at the loaf of bread in his hands, to find that he had run the knife in a spiral course through its entire length, wthout severing a single slice from it.

He opened the thing out, and closed it again, like a concertina.

"She was 'bread' in old Kentucky!" he sang gayly, though his heart was quaking for fear he had given himself away for good this time. "Have a hunk?" He tore off half the loaf, and tossed it across the table to the girl's father. "It's the way we always serve bread in Bulgaria," he explained, "where my estate is."

"Bulgaria?" exclaimed the millionaire, putting down his knife and fork beside the steak which the butler was handing around. "I understood you came from France, count!"

"On my father's side," the caller corrected, with another miserable attempt at light-heartedness, though a cold perspiration was beginning to break out on his brow. "I am a vulgarian—I mean a Bulgarian."

He attacked his steak, to find that it was tough as shoe leather.

"Some of the beans, count?" inquired his host.

"Some of the what?"

"Beans."

"Oh, yes, yes!" By mistake, he passed his piece of steak instead of the plate. "I'll have a couple of beans!"

Meanwhile, with a discordant "blat" of the horn, a jitney auto had stopped in front of the entrance to the mansion. Its solitary occupant, the *real* Count de Ha Ha, sprang out and ran up the steps with such haste that he fell all the way down them again. Picking himself up, he finally arrived at the front door, and rang the bell.

"Announce ze Count de Ha Ha!" he breathlessly informed the sleepy-looking footman. "Queek! I have just received your master's letter—I accept! I accept! I will take his daughter off his hands for ze million!"

The footman entered the dining room, to convey to the owner of the house the whispered information of the distinguished caller's arrival.

Charlie Chaplin did not notice the interruption. He had just taken a gulp of the tea which the butler had set down in front of him. It was so hot that the steam came out of his nose. He clapped his napkin over his mouth with one hand, while with the other he cooled down the remainder of the beverage in the cup by dropping a dozen lumps of sugar into it.

The millionaire, following the footman from the room, received the real Count de Ha Ha in the library.

"You are the Count de Ha Ha?" he inquired; but the puzzled look lifted from his face as he saw the caller's silk hat, frock coat, and the monocle in his eye. "Yes, I see what has happened," he quickly went on, his brows coming together in an angry frown. "I have been led to receive a bogus count—allowed myself to be tricked, bamboozled, by a shabby, down-at-heel sharper. But he shall answer to me for it. Wait here for a moment, count."

He returned to the dining room, and brought back Charlie Chaplin into the library.

"Little million dollars," said the latter softly under his breath, when he caught sight of the genuine count, "good night! Also, lovely Elma, there will be no wedding bells for thee and me!"

He stepped up to the millionaire and tipped his hat to him. Then he turned around and obliging bent over.

"I'm afraid I must leave you," said he. "Kick me good-by!"

With a vengeance, the father of the heiress did so. Charlie Chaplin straightened up, his hat slipping over one eye.

He coughed into his hand, straightening his derby and his tie. Then he twirled his little bamboo cane. And, without warning, he let his foot fly out behind him, to catch the millionaire between the fourth and fifth buttons of his vest, sending him back through the portières as though he had been shot out of a cannon, to fall in a heap into a chair in the next room.

Charlie Chaplin approached the count. He stopped in front of him, and his little black mustache moved from side to side. Then he whacked off the nobleman's high hat with his cane, and passed out of the house.

The millionaire came running back into the room.

"Has he gone?" he demanded. "Well, we don't need to worry about him any more. But, thank heavens, you arrived in time, count! I will go and bring my daughter in for you to see. I am sure you will like her, count."

But Elma did not like *him*. She emphatically said so.

"I don't care whether the other one was a real count or not," she told her father. "I love him, and he is the only man I will ever willingly marry—so there!"

The Count de Ha Ha drew the millionaire aside.

"I have my auto outside," he suggested eagerly. "Let us all three take a leetle spin out into ze country—yes, no? Ze beautiful young lady may be placed in a more yielding, tender mood by ze charm of ze nature."

The owner of the mansion went to get his coat and hat, and ordered the girl to do likewise.

"A good idea, count!" he approved. "You will win her there, while the birdies in the treetops chirp an accompaniment to the persuasion of your gifted tongue, I am sure!"

A half hour later, the party left the jitney auto at a country roadside.

Charlie Chaplin had wandered out to that particular spot himself, after leaving the house. He had missed the million; but that did not make him half so sad as the thought of giving up the girl.

And then he caught sight of her, coming along between her father and Count de Ha Ha, who was heading for a bench that stood under a tree—which he probably thought would be a good place to make his proposal.

"I *won't* give her up!" Charlie Chaplin declared in an undertone. "Not until I have had another try for her, at least."

The Count de Ha Ha had dusted off the bench with his handkerchief, and gracefully bowed an invitation to the girl to seat herself there.

Her father, rubbing his hands again, stole off on tiptoe, to perch himself on a stone wall out of earshot.

Charlie Chaplin started to walk away in the opposite direction, looking for a brick.

Two "dopey"-looking policemen appeared from the neighboring bushes. They lined up on either side of him. Charlie Chaplin walked forward, for three steps, between them. Then he began to walk backward. The two ivory-headed cops continued to saunter along, unconscious of the fact that the "sus-

picious character" they were accompanying was no longer between them.

The Count de Ha Ha, seating himself beside the girl, leaned toward her fervently and took her hand.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" he began his impassioned plea for her heart.

A brick bounced from his head—for Charlie Chaplin had found what he was looking for.

With a low moan, the count fell over the back of the bench, and lay senseless.

"My hero!" cried Elma, rising, with shining eyes and clasped hands. "Oh, you are going to save me yet!"



"I will fight you the duel," Charlie said, accepting the Count de Ha Ha's challenge, "willingly—at ten o'clock in the morning the second Monday of next week."

She had caught sight of Charlie, quickly walking toward her across the field on his heels. He stood before her, with a smile, and tipped his hat up and down on his curly head.

At that moment the count came to.

"Ha!" he hissed, picking himself up and coming between Chaplin and the girl. "You chuck ze brick—yes? Weeth it you lay zis egg here?" he pointed to the lump, the size of an English walnut, which stood out on his brow. "Then I fight you ze duel!"

"No, no!" cried Elma in alarm.

"Why, I thought I put you down for the count, count?" said Charlie Chaplin pleasantly. "About that duel: I'll fight you at ten o'clock in the morning the second Monday of next week—ta-ta!"

As he spoke, he kicked out behind him.

The count went sailing through the air, to collide with the millionaire, who sat reading his newspaper on the stone wall fifty yards away. They both went down in a heap.

A burly, lantern-jawed policeman stood at Charlie Chaplin's side. He caught the girl's hand in his.

"Come on, let's run!" he said, and pulled her after him.

The count, picking himself up once more, helped his prospective father-in-law to his feet.

"Queek!" he cried to the latter. "He has turned up again—that rascal. And now, look! He ees running off with your daughter. We must stop them!"

They bolted after the fleeing couple. As they dashed past the thickset cop, they shouted to him to join them, and he did so. With two hundred yards head-start, Elma and Charlie were running, hand in hand, toward the roadway.

"The count's auto!" exclaimed the girl. "We can get away in that!"

She scrambled into the waiting machine. Chaplin, halting his wild run on one leg, started to follow her, tripped over the step, and fell on the road. He got up and clambered aboard the auto. He tugged at this lever and that. But the thing wouldn't start. And behind them they could hear the shouts of their pursuers coming nearer every minute.

"Oh, I know!" Elma cried. "It's a jitney auto. You have to start it with a nickel—have you got one?"

"Yes," said Charlie Chaplin—"one."

He fished the coin out of his pocket.

"It's a buffalo nickel," he told her, as he dropped it in the slot, "just what we need, if they're going to be buffaloed by seeing us ride away from them in this."

The auto started away with a jolt. Charlie Chaplin looked over his shoulder to wave a derisive farewell to the count, the cop, and the father of the heiress at his side, as the three ran out on the road behind them.

"There's another auto up the road," the policeman pointed out. "If we can get the use of it, we may be able to catch them yet."

The trio raced to the waiting car. They pulled out of the rear seat the man who was sleeping there, and dumped him out on the road. Then they piled in and started after the jitney runabout.

Looking behind him, Chaplin saw them coming. He hitched himself back and forth on the seat, to try to make the machine go faster. But, as they swung off the country road onto the smooth boulevard that led back to the city, whose buildings were now plainly in view, the bigger auto was steadily gaining on them.

Charlie Chaplin stopped the runabout. He hopped out, and gathered an armful of bricks. Then he sprang aboard the car again and rode on with the girl.

As he heard the snorting of the auto behind them, he picked up a brick and kissed it for luck, tossing it back over his shoulder.

It struck the policeman, and knocked him out in the back seat.

Chaplin tossed another brick into the air behind him.

It got the count this time, who toppled over on top of the cop.

Around a corner Charlie Chaplin steered the runabout. The bigger touring car followed. He stopped and waited for the other auto to come up.

Then he backed into it. The touring car, with Elma's father at the wheel, shot back along the road for a couple of hundred yards from the impact.

"One good shove deserves another," Charlie Chaplin told the girl. "And straight ahead is the place for the next."

He nodded toward a dock at the edge of the river, and ran his machine for it. Back came the other auto in pursuit. Charlie Chaplin waited until it was between him and the river. And then he reversed the lever in his hand again.

The touring car went over the end of the dock, and disappeared in the water.

"Father will never forgive you, now!" said the girl, giggling.

"Yes, I've just thrown a million dollars overboard," the young man ruefully agreed. Then his face cleared.

"But I'd call it square," he declared, "for a nickel. Have you got one?"

"Yes," nodded Elma, looking perplexed. "But what do you want with it?"

"To drive you to a parson," said Charlie Chaplin.

Plays and Players

Clara Kimball Young.

BYRON, the English poet, "woke up one morning and found himself famous." Clara Kimball Young became a bright particular star—a World Film star—by her work in one picture, "Lola." Byron was a great poet, and deserved his fame. Miss Young is a great artist, and is equally deserving of her success.

The girl—she is little more, by years—



is of Western birth. She was a stock actress in the West before being attracted to pictures, in which she made a number of successes that prepared her for World Film stardom.

When World Film "got going," when it was making its strides as one of the greatest motion-picture-producing companies on the globe, Miss Young's life opportunity was offered her. She was starred in "Lola," the film rendering of the Shubert-Owen Davis drama.

And as *Lola*, the girl with a dual nature, very good, very bad, Miss Young made a screen success greater than any other girl had ever made. She repeated the good impression she had made in "The Deep Purple," and is enhancing her reputation in "Hearts in Exile."

Now about Clara personally: She's as affable as she's lovely. She has the most wonderful haunting eyes in the world, and when she turns them upon you—you'd be Vermont marble if you didn't feel a little fluttering at the heart. She's a clever, refined, literary girl about to put her name to a book of travel. She went around the world a little while ago, and whenever a motion-picture exhibitor is lucky enough to get Clara to appear before his patrons and talk to them, he's a lucky man, and he makes money, for Clara's personality is an entrancing one. Of course, Miss Young gets a heavy mail, containing avowals of love, requests for her autograph, and demands from stagestruck store girls wanting to know how to become a movie star.

But best of all, Miss Young is modest and unspoiled in her success, and takes her work seriously. So you may expect to see her soon in some productions in which this lovely artist will make an unusual sensation.

Lyllian Brown Leighton.

LYLLIAN BROWN LEIGHTON, of the Selig Stock Company, at Los Angeles, California, commenced her public career as a newspaper woman, writing for *The Forest Leaves*, in Forest County, Wisconsin. She learned typography, typewriting, and the rudiments of the journalistic business, so that after three years' service she felt sufficiently familiar with it to purchase and conduct a paper of her own, the Mattoon *Clarion*, at Mattoon, Wisconsin. Her arduous duties in this capacity wore her out, so that at the end of three years she was glad to dispose of her property and take a rest. In the interim she had met managers of numerous traveling theatrical companies and formed a



fancy for this business, so she went out with the Ferrell Dramatic Company. For a little while the change benefited her, but she had not sufficiently recovered, and at the end of six months was again broken in health, and was taken back to her home in Antigo, Wisconsin, by her mother.

When she felt strong enough, she went to Milwaukee, and seriously took up the study of dramatic reading, with a view to teaching. But she soon discovered

that pedagogics did not suit her. She then accepted a position to play "leads" with the Pilson & Fisher Road Company, remaining with them through the season. At this time vaudeville was alluring. She wrote a sketch for herself, called "A Matrimonial Revolution," having as a partner J. W. Byrne, the organization being known as the Lyllian Leighton Company. The next year she journeyed to Albuquerque, New Mexico, joining a stock company that was playing there. With her usual eye to business, she took over the company, owning and managing it and playing the leading rôle. Touring in the Southwest was not as profitable as she had hoped it would be, and she joined the Grace Hayworth Company for a season, and then the MacLeon Company. Following a stock engagement at Davenport, Iowa, she came to Chicago in 1911, with a view to engaging in vaudeville. While she was thus occupied, a flattering offer came from the Selig Polyscope Company, which she accepted, where she has remained ever since. Miss Leighton has written not only a number of vaudeville sketches, but a number of picture plays, and is a particularly strong woman in character parts.

Stella Razeto.

STELLA RAZETO is considered one of the most talented actresses now appearing in the All-star Selig Polyscope Stock Companies. She assumes leading rôles in the popular picture plays directed by Edwin E. LeSaint.

This beautiful young lady was born in San Diego, California, and spent most of her early life in that neighborhood. She was educated at the Girl's High School, in San Francisco, and made her stage début there, proving so capable and talented that she was engaged to undertake an important rôle by Florence Roberts, who took her to Honolulu as an ingénue in her company. She remained with the Roberts company for three seasons, after which she played in stock in Los Angeles.

Later, Miss Razelo turned to the profession of authoress and wrote an original sketch in which she toured the country. She came to the Selig Polyscope Company well experienced even in youth, and demonstrated from the very start her capability as an actress. There is no hesitation on her part at any daring feat that will enhance the realism of the picture-play production, and one of her earliest excursions in



this line was sliding down a mountainside in a log chute. She also made a trip across a cañon on a high wire cable in an ore bucket.

Bryant Washburn.

BRYANT WASHBURN, one of the "heavy" men of the Essanay eastern stock company, is a handsome



and extremely popular favorite with photo-play fans, even though his work is of the villainish and thankless type. Washburn is now completing his third year with the Essanay, and in that time has portrayed scores of effective studies in an unlimited range of films, including melodramas, dramas, comedies, and farces. He has had a long stage experience, playing for several seasons with George Fawcett in his well-known successes. Was with Miss Percy Haswell in stock at the Royal Alexandria Theater, in Toronto, and starred for a season in Eugene Walter's "The Wolf." He has also been associated with such successes as "The Remittance Man," "The Great John Ganton," and "The Fighter." Mr. Washburn is a splendid photographic subject in photo plays, and his work is always effective and clean-cut. He is well remembered in such films as "Whatsoever a Woman Soweth," "His Dearest Foes," and "The Strength of the Weak."

"Flooey and Axel" in Pictures.

THE latest Komic release, produced under the direction of Edward Dillon, features "Vic" Forsythe, creator of the "Flooey and Axel" series. This comedy is called "Flooey and Axel."

Vic, the cartoonist of the *Daily Blizzard*, has a hard time winning Margie's hand because of the activities of a grouchy father and a husky rival. Then he loses his job. Discouraged and blue, he goes to bed, and dreams that Flooey and Axel step down from one of his cartoons and teach him how to get back his job, make love, and lick his rival.

When he awakes the following day he puts these instructions into practice, with disastrous—but humorous—results. Robert Fuehrer is seen in Mr. Forsythe's support.

"The Millionaire Baby."

THE work of filming the story of "The Millionaire Baby," from the novel of the same name, written by Anna Katherine Green, is progressing at the Chicago studios of the Selig Company. One of the most spectacular scenes of the film play will occur in a theater, and the Selig force of scenic artists are engaged in preparing for the big scene in which hundreds of extra players will take part.

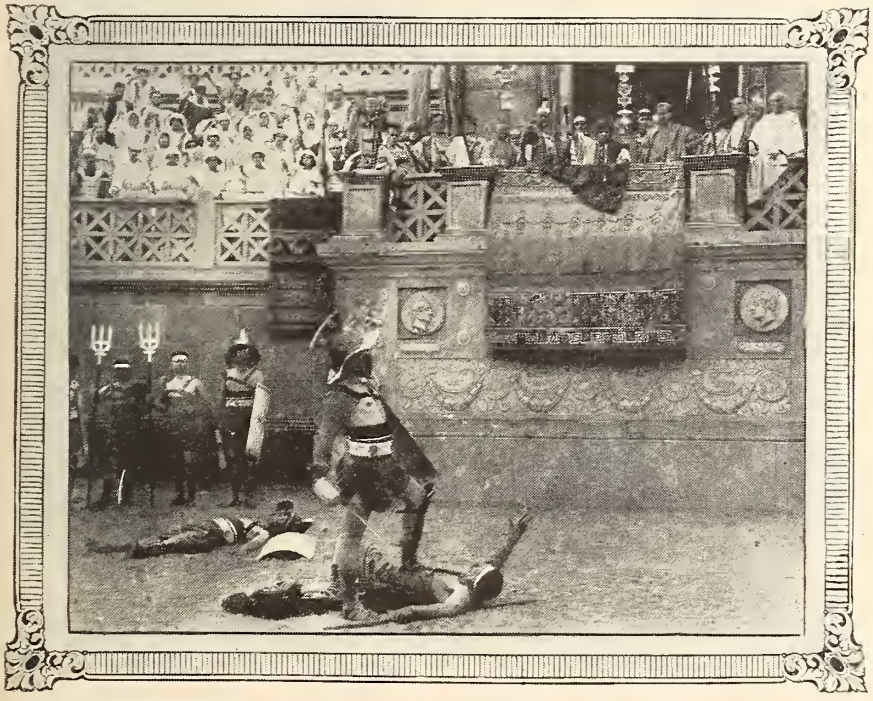
Picture Plays in Europe

No. 3—ITALY

By Ernest A. Dench

The subject of this, the third of the series of articles appearing weekly in this magazine, and relating to the production of picture plays in Europe, is the motion-picture business in Italy. The two former articles dealt with England and France respectively, but the work of the Italian concerns differs considerably from that of the other countries. The writer, having for some time been in personal touch with this industry abroad, is well able to handle his subject comprehensively.

WHEN one speaks of Italy, it recalls such notable productions as "Quo Vadis" and "Antony and Cleopatra." Italy's speciality in the film-production line is pictures portraying important epochs in Roman history. Other countries have tried to imitate them, but have failed utterly in their attempts.



Scene from "Quo Vadis," the famous production of the Cines company, one of the largest Italian producers.

This is why Italy leads the way with photo dramas of a stupendous nature.

Why is it so? you ask. Well, here is my explanation: The film directors are almost unapproachable in the handling of huge mobs and the extras themselves put all their energies into the work, for they are proud to be able to take a part in reconstructing their country's history. They also only require about a quarter a day. In America the producer has to pay five dollars. This is why such large numbers can be employed. One more thing is that the producers have the genuine atmosphere in their midst. There is great competition among the producers, and as soon as it is out that a company is producing a Roman classic another follows suit. This is why there are several versions of "The Last Days of Pompeii" and "Antony and Cleopatra." You may hardly credit it, but the Italian players are quite content with twenty-five dollars per week. I wonder what our "stars" would say to getting the same salary. Theirs varies from two hundred dollars to five hundred dollars. It may be a national trait that makes them indisposed, but every now and then the Italian players develop lazy fits and take a vacation. However urgently their services may be needed, they will not return until they have exhausted their earnings. Such a state of affairs would drive an American director frantic, methinks.



Madame Hesperia, star of the Milano company.

Like the French, the Italians rely more upon gesture to put their acting over. Were our players to adopt their methods, they would be accused of overacting.

As the Cines company is the principal Italian firm, we will pay them the first "visit." This company—one of the youngest in Italy—is run by several prominent citizens of Rome. They have a long pedigree behind them, and their influence carries so much weight that the army and navy can be borrowed, the aristocracy will willingly permit scenes



Madame Mercedes, another well-known Italian star.

to be taken in their antique grounds, and they enjoy many other privileges that are obtained by few film companies.

If you ask for Cines Town you will be directed to the outskirts of Italy's historic city. Here you will find more activity than in the average small town. There is a restaurant, in which all the thousand-odd employees take their meals together. On each side of the road running through the estate are buildings. Two of these are large studios, permitting of eight scenes to be taken at once. But the bulk of the work is done in the huge studio grounds. It is here where the mammoth historical scenes are staged. A depth of seven hundred feet is obtainable. Like in California, the sun is a good friend to Italy.

The Cines wardrobe is immense, covering all periods from Roman days to the present time. So many do they possess of the former period that there is enough to stage an army, the size of which would have delighted Julius Cæsar.



A realistic setting of the days of the Roman Empire, in a Cines picture drama.

Among their famous players may be mentioned Signora Gonzales, world-famous for her portrayal of Cleopatra.

Backed up chiefly by American capital and talent, the Photo Drama Producing Company is the latest arrival in the Italian ranks. At Grugliasco a huge park has been acquired. There are lovely backgrounds of all kinds at the beck and call of the producer. The studio plant has been described as the best of its kind in the world.

Already the company have made a hit with "Othello," and this is the forerunner of many other big productions to be looked for in the near future.

Their neighbor, the Ambrosio company, of Turin, is also in a large way of business. Several times have they been obliged to enlarge their studios, and to-day their stock company numbers about sixty. The only innovation here in the studio is an elevator. A number of scenes can be set on top of each other and the elevator conveys the players up and down, as the case may be. Their principals are "Tweedledum," a droll comedian, Saturum Farandole, and Robione Antore.

Not so long ago the Milano company reorganized with a view to increasing their output. At Turin they possess a well-equipped plant, and their speciality is society dramas. Now they have a leading lady, Madame Hesperia by name, who apart from playing the lead is a living fashion plate. In each play she appears she dons as many new dresses as possible, the cost of which—for the ladies—is not less than four thousand dollars for each production. Being a mere male, I will not attempt any further description.

Altogether there are twenty-two film-producing concerns in sunny Italy. Of these the remaining important ones are

Gloria, Pasquali, Celio, Savovia. Film d'Art, and Itala. The latter has achieved world-wide fame for their masterpiece, "Cabiria." As showing the pains they take over their work, this picture de luxe took three years to complete, and they have all the facilities for staging such productions.

Itala's stock company is stated to be the largest in Italy, recruited chiefly from the legitimate stage.

The Morgana Films Company is a recent addition to the Italian producing ranks. They are now engaged producing a series of films featuring Giovanni Grasso, the tragedian of world fame. He will be supported by Signor Maiorana and Signora Balisteriere.

Situated in Turin and Rome, the Savovia company have a well-equipped studio in each town, with sixty players on their permanent pay roll. Their two notable successes have been "Joan of Arc" and "The Sign of the Cross." The latter received approval of the pope. This company is shortly to break out new ground by modernizing—not burlesques—many of the ancient classics. Thus, for instance, they will first turn their attention to "Romeo and Juliet," employing autos and aëroplanes, with everything bang up to date. Mademoiselle Maria J. Jacobini is their leading woman.

At Torino, which is a famous film center in Italy, we find the studios of the Pasquali company. They are the owners of a menagerie, which is the terror of the inhabitants of the town. Whether it be a slapstick comedy, featuring "Polidor," their funny man, or a multiple-drama reel of the Roman era, they equally succeed.

Maria Bonnard made his mark in the title rôle of Milano's "Satan," and is now with the Gloria company, playing opposites to Mademoiselle Lydia Borelli.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

NOT A SUBJECT FOR ARGUMENT.

A FREE-LANCE scenario writer, who has not the opportunity to meet persons in other lines of the motion-picture industry, probably never hears any one say that the creation of the scenario is not the most important element in the success of a celluloid drama, but those who live in cities where films are made and who associate with people in all branches of the industry, hear many disputes over the question of what branch of the creating, distributing, and exhibiting ends of the business is most vital to its success.

When you are near an argument of this kind, step aside if you would avoid a lot of useless talking. The scenario writer, the director, the camera man, the film magnate, the exhibitor, the exchange man, the actor, and each of the others who do a "bit" toward presenting the films for public approval, are absolutely necessary to one another, and, while it must be said that some of them are more responsible for a picture's success than others, none could very well do business without the other.

Be sure that you, as a scenario writer, believe with your whole heart and soul that you are the backbone of the industry and write your scripts accordingly. But keep your belief to yourself, for you have nothing to gain by trying to convince any one else—except the magnates, and they haven't time to listen.

TOO MANY IRONS IN THE FIRE.

While it is advisable to always keep three or four unfinished plays on hand to work upon, it behooves us to caution the beginner not to get too many started at the same time. The effect will be anything but beneficial to your "sales department," as it is a certainty you will not be able to make each of them novel and full of interest. It is best to learn from experimenting just how many you are capable of giving your attention to in rotation and then see that you keep this number in the course of making all the time.

SKETCHING YOUR PLOT.

Don't think that "plot" is some concrete thing that walks around the edge of your script after it is finished or exists in human form without being seen.

The cry of agony that comes from an amateur's lips oftener than any other is "What is a plot?" The worst of it is that when the amateur is given a definition to the best of the ability of the person asked, he is never satisfied. There is still that vague feeling in the amateur's bones that the "plot" is the magic something that must be pursued through space until it is captured.

Why not come down to earth and do a little clear thinking? "Plot" is simply a handy name for the rough sketch or outline of your story. It may be compared to the framework of a building, which will later be filled out and rounded into a beautiful structure.

If you sit down to write a letter in which you wish to tell the person you are writing to several items of interest in a certain order, you would probably make a note of the various items upon a piece of paper and then write about each fully in its order. Do you get the comparison? The notes were your plot; the letter your finished script.

In sketching your plot for a scenario the same principle is applied, but, of course, the outline becomes ever so much more complicated.

KNOWING THINGS.

We have always firmly believed that to gain lasting success in any business a person must know a great deal about said business.

When a person starts to write scenario he is entering the motion-picture business, and we believe it is necessary to gain a "working knowledge" of the industry in general if one intends to continue turning out salable scripts.

It is necessary to immediately learn just what market conditions are as regards selling scripts, but when we started we also tried to find out all we could about selling films—that is, from the manufacturers' point of view. Then there are a thousand-and-one other things about the industry which can be picked up here and there by studying the trade journals closely, and we believe that learning all these things is one of the surest ways of entering the gateway on the road to lasting success.

This does not apply to players particularly, though it is well to keep an eye on them and their ability, as we have stated before, so we presume that those who are inclined to be "fans," as well as writers, will not be overpleased. However, there is nothing to prevent you from being a member of both classes if you so desire, only don't try to be both at the same time, while a picture is on the screen or while you are reading film lore.

WRITING SYSTEMATICALLY.

Do you go at your work in a business-like manner or do you take it hit and miss? It doesn't pay in writing fiction of any kind to be too cut-and-dried, but it does pay to get results in as direct a way as possible. We have three general divisions to our work of writing a scenario, though this system can be offered merely as a suggestion, as we believe a writer gets better results by formulating his own working methods.

At any rate, here is our way: First comes sort of a selection of material. We get together the nucleus of the story. Then we go over it and frame the plot, discard what we do not want and add what we think is needed. This step takes the longest, for when we finish it the story is complete and ready for the third and final step—the scene development of the applying of technique.

This method has always proved effective and speedy for us, and if any of our writer-readers think they can use it, we're sure they are welcome.

SPECIALIZING.

Do you write drama or comedy most successfully? When you have settled this question in your mind it would be well to give most of your time to the selected class of writing, not neglecting to write one of the other class occasionally, however, to keep from getting rusty.

By doing scenarios of one class most of the time a person who is not versatile by nature is liable to get into the rut, but, on the other hand, practically all the big writers in the fiction field have made their reputation by writing one kind of stories most of the time. We believe when the photo-playwright becomes recognized there will rise masters of the various classes of scenarios who can, nevertheless, turn out a script of any variety if called upon to do so.

USING THE DAILY PAPER.

In the search for plot material, we believe nothing offers more help than the daily papers. While we gather our material wherever we find it and make the paper just one hunting ground, we find that the reporters have been our best little aids. Of course, you all know that the great drawback in using items which have appeared in the newspaper is that every one else who read the paper, and who is inclined to write scenarios, has the same privilege of "lifting" the news story that you have. Therefore, it will have to be twisted and revamped until it appears to be almost entirely original. We use them more as a means of suggesting things, than we do as concrete incidents or situations.

It might be said here that it makes no difference whether the story is run under a "scare" head on the first page or whether it occupies three or four lines on the last. If you are capable of using it intelligently in your own work—that is, making it seem different—you can take it and cease worrying over the number of others who will find and use it. If you do not shape it to suit yourself, however, but instead use it as the reporter described it, you are hopelessly out of running on the front-page story, and will probably learn that many other writers besides yourself have used the three-line item on the last page. It reverts us to what we are wont to say every now and then—if you wish to sell scripts, create them; if you wish to have them rejected, merely copy something which has been handed you in ready-made form.

We wrote two scenarios and one short story from clippings of the sinking of the *Titanic*, and not the slightest suggestion of a sinking ship appeared in any one of the three creations. Incidents mentioned in reports suggested dramatic situations, and two of these situations were planted in the Canadian north woods, where they quickly worked into a plot. The other became a society play. Had we thrown a shipwreck into these idea-germs we would still be spending postage on them.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Balboa Amusement Producing Company, Long Beach, Cal., are in the market for multiple-reel scenarios, according to reports received from the coast. This firm formerly paid three dollars per reel, and even less in some cases, but claims to have reformed. If the writers feel they wish to do business with them, we believe they will find them a ready market for material of their style.

Short Shots.

Why did you kill the villain in that last script? Wouldn't it have been better to allow him to live and suffer for his misdeeds?

Try placing yourself in an editor's place and looking over your scripts with his cold, critical eye. Do they stand the test?

Action is the word. You can't write a photo play with a lot of fancy sentences.

Why doth the amateur persist in thinking a single-reel plot will make a two-reel film?

Scenario writing is one of the few branches of fiction work that was not hit by the war.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1

No. 7



CARLYLE BLACKWELL

FOUNDER OF FAVORITE PLAYERS CO.

HIS PAST, PRESENT AND FUTURE

THIS ISSUE

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 7 MAY 22, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

Carlyle Blackwell—Real "Movie Man"

By Rex Berry

Real Movie Man—that stands for a great deal and it is just the title that fits this prominent personage of the motion-picture world, Carlyle Blackwell. Mr. Blackwell, after a successful career before the screen as an actor, founded the Favorite Players Film Company, one of the high-class producers of the time, and besides running the business at the producing end, features in all the pictures. The following is an interesting story of his life as told by himself in an interview.

IT'S a wonderful business, and only in its infancy."

That was what Carlyle Blackwell said when I asked him what he thought of motion pictures. It seems such an easy thing to say, but I knew that it was the result of years of labor on the part of this popular young man, whose features are familiar to patrons of practically every theater devoted to the silent drama the world over.

"Every day something new is discovered," he continued, "and now that those engaged in making pictures are all working for their uplift and advancement, I look for some wonderful changes in the very near future."

The last statement was made with his eyes resting on a table, which was then in use by Mr. Blackwell's brother Max, the manager of the Favorite Players Film Company—"the Blackwell concern." Carlyle's brows were slightly wrinkled, and his whole attitude showed that he was thinking. Undoubtedly he recalled some time in the dim past when he had thought the same thing, or something very much like it, but when he could distinguish no immediate improvement.

Carlyle Blackwell is a thinker. I surmised that a moment after I was introduced to him, and all during our interview I did not once notice him lapse into the "this-is-work" mood which often comes over those who are answering questions about themselves.

"Your company is meeting with success, isn't it?" I asked, in an effort to change the line of thought from motion pictures in general to one particular player, named Blackwell.



Carlyle Blackwell—the man who owns, directs, manages and acts in motion pictures.

"Yes, indeed!" he exclaimed. "We hoped for success in a small way when my brother and myself went into the venture, but neither of us had any idea we would get through as well as we have. You see, we had many advantages when we started. Both of us had taken pictures seriously from the very first time we saw possibilities in them, and had worked out many plans together, hoping that some day we would have a company of our own. I remember how we used to sit up night after night and talk things over when we were both with Kalem on the Pacific coast, and how we watched every change in trade conditions."

He paused and glanced at his brother, but Max appeared to be about as busy at just that moment as the two of them were during their "study period."

"Brother just eats up business deals," said Carlyle, "while I can do nothing which gives me greater pleasure than to produce a picture. When it comes to business, however, I admit I'm out, and Max feels the same way about producing and acting. Undoubtedly that is why we get along so splendidly together, for between us I guess we pick up most of

the things of interest in the film industry and explain them to each other."

"Yes, Carlyle is strong for this matinée-idol stuff," broke in Max, raising his head from the papers he had been going over.

The hero of the screen, thus belittled, made a sudden move toward his brother manager, and that worthy threatened to have him expelled from the office if he didn't remain quiet. Carlyle accused Max of jealousy and then backed up the accusation with so much rapid-fire talk that Max was forced to admit defeat. After enjoying a laugh, we again settled down to the interview.



Carlyle Blackwell as he appears taking the leading part in a Western drama. He is an excellent horseman and is perfectly at home in the saddle

"Seriously speaking," continued the star, "I don't like what Max termed 'matinée-idol stuff.' I get so many letters every day which are on the order of mash notes, that it is a relief to find one here and there which tells me this or that part of a picture was hopelessly poor."

As he spoke, he reached into a pigeonhole in his brother's desk and brought out a handful of mail which had been sent to the eastern office of the Favorite Players. Out of twenty or more envelopes, the letters, all of which were from persons Mr. Blackwell had never met, proved to be, without exception, notes from girls requesting pictures or asking some silly question or other.

He replaced them without further comment, except for a good-natured smile, in which I read both appreciation of the fact that the authors of the letters had thought enough of him to write, and a sort of wistful disappointment to think that they did not say something of more value to him.

"Some of the correspondence I receive, I must admit," he went on, "is of real value, for there are many points which I never notice in my acting in the productions themselves, which are called to my attention by friends whom I do not know, but who say they feel they know me well through seeing me so often on the screen. It is peculiar how the screen has a way of making you friendly toward those you see on it. I have experienced the same feeling toward other players whom I have never met."

"I'm afraid I'll have to leave you for a few moments," again put in the busy Max, as he rose from his chair.

"We'll never miss you," sang out Carlyle, as his brother started for the door, "unless some one comes in here and tries to sell raw stock or something like that."

"If they do, tell 'em to wait," fired back the manager as the door closed behind him.

"He's a great pal," said Carlyle, turning away from the door and looking toward me with frank admiration of his brother written upon his features; "there is twenty months difference in our ages, but we've been just about like twins as long as I can remember. He can accomplish more in a businesslike manner in an hour than I can in a week, and he can't understand, for the life of him, how I can stay out there in California and be content to produce pictures. It seems like child's play to him, and we have many friendly arguments as to whether the productions or the handling they receive from the business department makes a film company. I contend that with something to sell there is no salesman needed, while he says that a real salesman can sell anything, regardless of the quality. Maybe we're both right—at least, both of us think we are."

Again he smiled, and those who have seen his smile on the screen will undoubtedly be able to realize how much it can be appreciated in real life.

"Our company," said Carlyle, suddenly prompted by a new thought, "was not in any sense created to exploit Carlyle Blackwell. It seems to be the general custom for a star to organize his or her own company and put himself or herself all over the screen; egotism rises superior to good judgment. The sole object of the Favorite Players Company, however, is to make money for Max and myself through films that the public wants. I realize too well that I cannot go on playing forever, and that some day the audiences will demand a younger man to take my place, when gray hairs and crow's-feet appear. That's why brother and myself started our own company. I may disappear from the screen in time, but our company will go on making money for us, and we will be assured of an income when we need it most."

It was a long statement and contained the thought that had prompted Mr. Blackwell and his brother to work night after night in order to build a foundation upon which a company of their own could firmly stand. When he spoke of the future his eyes shone brightly, and his manner spelled one thing only—determination to succeed.

"We are organizing a new company, in which I will not appear," he continued, and his voice rang with enthusiasm as he spoke of his plans. "I believe we will have a woman star at the head of it, and will operate it much like the one in which I play leads, producing plays adapted from well-known novels or stage productions."

"You believe, then, that adaptations will always be popular?" I questioned.

"No, indeed!" he hastened to assure me. "On the contrary, I feel certain that in time the vast army of scenario writers who are now struggling to gain a foothold will develop men and women capable of turning out original scenarios whose plots equal or excel those found in published novels or produced stage plays, and which, because they will be written especially for the screen, will be even more popular with the public than the adaptation."

"You have written many scenarios yourself, haven't you?" I asked, slowly trying to turn the talk to Mr. Blackwell's past experiences.

"Yes, when I was with Kalem I wrote many of those I produced, and found it to be real work," he replied. "The writer, just now, is working under discouraging circumstances, but they are certain to become better in time. That is largely up to the scenarioist himself. When he has the goods to sell he will find a worth-while market.

"Brother and myself often talk over this factor of the industry, and, while we both agree it is an important one, brother does not consider the writer quite as essential as I do. That is because he has never had to produce a picture from a poor scenario, while I have done it more than once. It was one of the questions we used to discuss when we spent our nights talking over the future."

He paused again, and I managed to get in another question: "All the Favorite Company's plays have been adapted from books, haven't they, Mr. Blackwell?"

"Yes," came the answer. "The first was 'The Key to Yesterday,' from Richard Harding Davis' book. Then followed 'The Last Chapter,' 'The Man Who Could Not Lose,' and 'The High Hand.' We are getting ready now to produce a picture from another novel by the author of 'The High Hand,' which we expect will be our best effort thus far."

I saw an opening to question him regarding his career, and took it:

"You played in some adapted films for the Famous Players Company, also, didn't you?"

"Two of them," he answered; and then, after thinking a moment, went on: "It's funny I can't remember them by their titles. I know what they were, but they do not seem to come to my mind. I was with Famous while brother was settling a few details regarding our own company. It was my last engagement before Favorite began to produce."

I followed up my lead with a request that he tell me something more about his career. He demurred, but I insisted that it would be of interest to our readers.

"There isn't much to tell," was the way he summed it up. "I started with Vitagraph, where I stayed about eight months. Then came a three-and-a-half-year engagement with Kalem, during which time I played only leads. Brother was manager of the company which I headed, and it was during this time that we studied and planned for the future. After that came the two pictures for Famous, and then our own company."

"But before that?" I persisted. "Your early life and your career on the speaking stage."

"Really, that's an awful proposition to tackle," he dodged, "but I'll try to give you some idea of it. I always am far more interested in the present and future than in the past, but it seems to delight the picture patrons to know that a player did this or that before he or she became known to them."

He paused, and thought a moment or two, and then began.

"Troy, New York, was the birthplace of our hero," he said, with mock earnestness, "and Ithaca, New York, was where things began to happen to him. Cornell College was supposed to teach him what he did not know, but that worthy institution found the job to be too much for it, and sent friend Carlyle back to his father. Father gave Carlyle one hundred dollars and told him to get on the train and stay on until the money had all been taken away by the conductor.

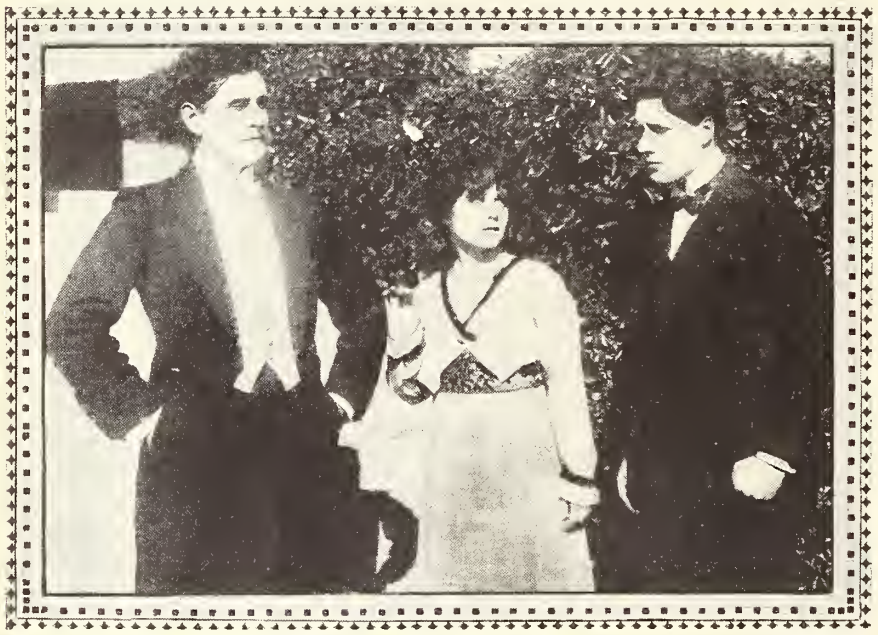
"This was the reason Carlyle landed in South McAllister, Oklahoma, 'dead broke,' and also the reason that he became an express driver in that same city. Because he dropped a crate of chickens from a wagon and they escaped from their place of confinement, he soon found himself without the first job he ever had. A freight train had the kindness to take him to Dallas, Texas, where for a few short months he solicited insurance. By dodging a board bill, he managed to leave Dallas for Mexico City and arrived there with a little cash in his pocket. A few odd jobs kept him 'going,' and eventually landed him in San Antonio, where a department-store 'job' furnished him with a living for a week, after which he departed for El Paso.

"Here Mr. Carlyle became an actor, or at least he thought he did, for he met a fellow named Bill Hicks, who could play the guitar. His college education came to his rescue, for during his term of 'education' he had learned to play the mandolin, and had also discovered that he could sing. Our hero and Hicks introduced 'Good Old Summer Time' and 'Bedelia' into El Paso, and earned more money in two weeks than either of them ever thought existed in the South before. With money in their pockets, of course work was impossible, therefore a few weeks' layoff found our hero broke again. Hicks stuck to him, however, and together they operated a food emporium for a man who didn't like to wait on the class of customers who patronized his place of business. Then father relented, and Carlyle went back home and spent a summer lounging around the lakes of New York State and performing in amateur theatricals."

He paused, and laughed. "Interesting little tale, isn't it?" he commented. "You see, I was always sort of averse to real work until I finished that summer at the lakes, then the 'theatrical bug' had bitten me, and I determined that the stage was the only place for me. Because I had been able to sing in El Paso, I managed to secure a place with the Elich's Stock Company, which is located at the gardens of that name in Denver, Colorado. I learned the rudiments of the drama during my stay

there, and will always remember Mrs. Elich as the woman who gave me my first insight in my life's work. My parts there didn't amount to a great deal, but everything I did helped me.

"After I felt I could qualify in a real professional company in the East, I hopped a train for New York, where, after a little worry and effort, I was employed by the Keith & Proctor Stock Company as juvenile. This engagement lasted fifty-two weeks, and served to convince me more than ever that I had made no mistake in taking up the stage as a means of livelihood, for I really worked harder and learned more in that year than I had in all my previous life."



Carlyle Blackwell's wonderful versatility may be appreciated by the way in which he can take the role of a society man as well as parts so far different.

"You consider stock work the most valuable training a player can secure, then?" I asked.

"Nothing is better," he replied, with conviction; "without this training I fear I would have found I was up against an awful proposition when I went into pictures."

"You were on the road, too?" I prompted.

"I was with Bertha Kalich, and I acted in 'Brown, of Harvard,' and with 'The Right of Way' for two seasons. Then I put in some time in musical comedy, and was with 'The Gay White Way' company for a season. All in all, I acted almost everything actable before appearing on the screen.

"I remember how indignant I was when Vitagraph told me it thought I could make good in pictures, and offered me a place in its stock company. Lack of an engagement prompted me to accept, but I feared that if my friends saw me on the screen they would never speak to me again. About a week of picture work, and I realized that I had found the greatest thing I had yet run across, however, and as time passed and I realized the possibilities of motion pictures, I interested Max, and we both began to think of the future."

Max must have heard his name mentioned, or else he thought Carlyle had forgotten his luncheon engagement with a prominent Eastern film man, for he hurried into the room, told his brother they had five minutes in which to reach the restaurant, pulled down the roll top of his desk, gave the stenographer some hurried instruction about what to tell Mr. So-and-so if he called, and started for the door again, taking his hat and coat as he passed the coat rack. Carlyle excused himself, and then caused Max to smile by also excusing him. In another instant they were off.

I left the office with the final impression of Mr. Blackwell foremost in my mind. While he was seated I did not realize what a wonderfully neat dresser he was, but when he stood up to leave I noticed that every detail of his athletic figure was emphasized by the neat-fitting suit he wore.

It is small wonder, when you consider Carlyle Blackwell as a whole, that he has reached his present position in the film world, for he has all that makes for success, and I venture to predict that the future he has planned for himself will be every bit as gratifying as his present and his past—which is predicting much.

Just as this edition is going to press a rumor has reached us to the effect that Carlyle Blackwell has signed a contract with the Jesse L. Lasky Feature Play Company, for which he will play leading rôles. This will sever his connections entirely, so far as acting is concerned, with the Favorite Players Film Company.

How Thomas H. Ince Produces.

THOMAS H. INCE, whose successful productions have enriched the Mutual program, is a man who does a lot of thinking before he begins work. This accounts for the remarkable celerity with which he makes a production. In his mind's eye, Mr. Ince visualizes everything he intends doing, so that, when rehearsals and camera work begin, not a minute is lost.

Mr. Ince has a corps of aids who assist him. These men, all able directors themselves, devote their time to arranging the sets and to preliminary rehearsals. When Mr. Ince arrives he has only to examine and approve the sets, polish off the rough edges of the acting, and then, having made a mental photograph of the scene, set the camera in motion.

The work, in its entirety, is systematic. On the Inceville stage delays are few and far between. Locations, in the Santa Monica Valley, of all kinds, are always close at the producer's hand: busses are always ready to convey actors and directors there. Everything about Mr. Ince's work is prearranged, so that not a moment of his valuable time is lost. By his thorough and careful work, the productions made at Inceville are not only among the best, but are made quickly, and consequently include frequent releases.

A Man and His Mate

(RELIANCE)

By Morton P. Hobes

The transformation of a morphine fiend into a self-respecting man through a good woman's love and influence, is the idea that stands out in this story based on the Mutual masterpicture of the same name. This is the seventh in the series of stories founded on these masterpictures which are appearing as a regular weekly feature in this magazine. Produced by John G. Adolphi, and featuring Henry Woodruff as *Robert Ogden*, the picture had the following cast:

Colonel Tolliver.....F. A. Turner
Betty, his daughter.....Gladys Brockwell
Taylor.....Walter Long
Choo.....Sam De Grosse

BETTY!"

At the furtive hail, the girl who was feeding the chickens in the back yard of the house she and her father had rented out in Montana, upon their arrival there from Kentucky two months before, dropped the pan from her arms and ran to the barn door.

"Robert Ogden!" she exclaimed, in surprise. "What are you hiding in here for?"

The young man she addressed was breathing hard, as from a recent run. As he caught her hands and drew her into the barn with him, his eyes wildly rolled and his mouth twitched jerkily. He, too, was a stranger in the West. He had been there when Betty and her father arrived, but only for a couple of weeks. The girl had heard his history, and from his own lips. It was briefly this:

The star full back on his college football team, he had been badly knocked about in the "big game" of the season during the first quarter, and even worse in the second. The time had come for him to retire, and with it all hope of his side's winning. He was infatuated by a dangerously attractive woman—she does not appear again in his history, and so her name is of no importance—who was the trainer's sister. When he told her that upon his announcing his intention of leaving the game her brother had offered to give him an injection of morphine which might help to render him insensible to pain, she had eagerly urged him to take the drug. She had bet all the money she had in the world on his team, she said. If he left the field she was sure to lose.

For her sake he had received the injection and gone back into the play. Twice more, before the game was ended, he had been given the narcotic; and then, with the victory won, he had limped, battered and bleeding, across the field to the box she occupied, only to see her turn away, with a scornful laugh, on the arm of a man with the look of a hardened sport. A man, as he afterward found out, who was a professional gambler, and her husband—whom she had helped to win a small fortune by leading the young man on.

Morphine had deadened his pain on the gridiron. It should deaden this greater one of a crushed heart and a lost faith in the goodness of womankind, he had decided at the time. From thence on, Robert Ogden's career had taken the downward path. He had become a slave to morphine. At length his father, at the end of his patience over his waywardness, had not disowned him outright, but he had sent him, instead, out to the West on a small monthly allowance, with the understanding that if he should ever be cured of the drug habit he might come home, but not before.

Betty Tolliver had brought her father out here to cure him of the same thing. Having succeeded, she had undertaken Ogden's reclamation from the curse. During the past few weeks she had been making progress—greater than the young man himself had any idea of.

But now, at his hunted look and manner, she repeated her question:

"What are you hiding in this barn for?"

"They want to lynch me!" was his panting reply. "I'll tell you how it all happened. This noon the craving came over me strong. You told me I was never to take the drug unless you gave it to me; but you weren't here, you know. You'd gone over to Lamar's ranch yesterday with your father to spend the night, and I felt that I couldn't wait. So I took 'Bud' Hoover's horse from the hitching post in front of the general store to ride over to the next town, where the remittances that come from my father are delivered at the express office. It's the twenty-fifth of the month—the regular day for my allowance to come—and I thought I'd go get the money without waiting for the stage to bring it, as usual.

"Well, I did it, and got the cash; but as I was riding back a man sprang out in front of me from the side of the road with a gun in his hand. He was a desperate-looking character, and he wanted my horse, he told me, to make his getaway from a scrape he'd just got mixed up in. He was armed, and I wasn't. I had to climb down and turn Bud's nag over to him. He rode off on it like the wind, and I walked the rest of the way back here into town.

"I'd only meant to borrow the horse, in the first place. I told Bud about it ten minutes ago, but he didn't believe me. I'd taken his horse, and come back without it, but with a pocket full of money, you see. It looked as though I'd sold his mount. He accused me of being a horse thief in front of everybody in Miller's saloon. I knocked him down and ran here. That's all. Only, if they catch me, they'll string me up—I know that!"

The girl laid her hand soothingly on the back of one of his, that was jumping nervously.

"You don't appear to have taken any of the morphine you went after, yet," she said, searching his face anxiously. "Have you?"

"I haven't even bought it," he replied, with a half laugh; "but could you get me some?" eagerly.

She turned, catching her breath over a sigh of relief, to leave the barn.

"I'll give you an injection," she promised. "Just keep out of sight in here for a minute."

She ran across the yard and in through the kitchen door of the house. There she stood listening for a moment. She heard her father engaged in conversation with some one in the front room, and, with a little nod of satisfaction, she opened a drawer of the table and took out a hypodermic. She filled it with water and then she returned to the barn.



"I'm used up, I tell you," Robert Ogden had informed the trainer. "I'll have to get out of the game." And then the brother of the girl he loved had offered to give him an injection of morphine, which would make him insensible to pain, and allow him to continue.

She gave the young man who was waiting for her there the harmless injection. It was nothing else that she had been giving him when he applied to her for morphine throughout the preceding three weeks. By getting him to agree to let her administer the drug whenever he craved it, and secretly decreasing the dose of the poison each time, she had got him to the point where he was taking only water and not noticing the difference, either. In a little while she would be able to tell him that he had got along without morphine for a month, and lived—a thing he would have declared to be impossible without such proof. She could show him that the quieting effect on his nerves had been purely a mental delusion, as it was now.

Robert Ogden's lips ceased to twitch, and his eyes lost their wild glare. He rolled down his sleeve and rebuttoned his cuff, turning toward her to speak with a noticeably steadier voice:

"You're an angel! I feel like a new man now. But don't think it was just because my nerves were all shot to pieces that I said that about the boys lynching me. They'll do it, if they can get hold of me. This barn is the best place for me to hide till they've cooled down, and I can come out and explain with some chance of being believed. May I throw myself on your mercy, and stay?"

"Of course," she quickly assented. "You haven't actually done anything wrong. Having Bud Hoover's horse taken from you was too bad—but it wasn't your fault. I'll show you where you can *really* hide in here. Come!" And she jumped up to take his hand and lead him toward a small room that had been partitioned off when the barn was built, as a place for a hired man to sleep.

The person with whom Colonel Tolliver of Kentucky was talking in the sitting room of the house was a Chinese graduate of a mining course at Yale. A young man of twenty-eight, he had been recommended to the colonel as a shrewd and thoroughly honest judge of mining properties, and the elderly gentleman had promptly engaged his services to pass on a mine he had been offered at a figure that represented half of what he had in the world, but which the would-be seller had assured him was a "bargain price."

A dyed-in-the-wool scoundrel named Taylor was the man who was trying to palm off to the colonel the mine which he was perfectly well aware was nothing more nor less than a worthless hole in the ground. He had followed the Tollivers from the "blue-grass" country, where he had been a neighbor of theirs, for that purpose—and one other. First, he wanted to get hold of a good bit of the colonel's money; and then he wanted to marry his daughter. But one of these plans was just then about to be blocked, and by Choo, the young Chinese graduate of an American university.

"Here is Mr. Taylor now," the colonel broke in upon something the mining expert was saying. As a tall, smooth-shaven man, with the sharp eyes and thin, unscrupulous lips of the typical sharper, entered the room, the old gentleman directed a stern look at him. "I am just getting a full report on the mine which you desired me to purchase, sir," he informed the intended crook stiffly, "from this gentleman, whose services I engaged for that object."

Taylor flashed an uneasy look at the Chinaman.

"And what does he say?" he inquired, with an assumption of confident joviality. "That I've told you the truth, and it's a regular bonanza?"

Choo spoke quietly.

"I say that you have told a lie," he announced, "if you have said that. The mine is not worth a single dollar of Colonel Tolliver's money, or any other man's."

Taylor strode toward the Oriental, who lacked at least a full foot in height and fifty pounds in weight, of his own burly stature. The rascally Kentuckian's brow was dark with rage and his fists were menacingly clenched.

"No man's ever called me a liar yet and got away with it," he snarled, "and

I reckon a measly, yellow-skinned chink ain't goin' to be the first to do it. I'll knock your head off——"

"Taylor!" The colonel stood barring his way. "This gentleman is in my house, and in my employ, and as such he is entitled to my protection. You'll not molest him, now or in future—or I'll give you into the hands of the police for the rogue that I've found you out to be. I believe what he has told me of your mine. You meant to swindle me. Now—go!"

Taylor stood opening and clenching his hands at his sides for a moment or two in helpless chagrin for the spoiling of his scheme. Then, with an unintelligible, baffled growl through his set teeth, he swung around on his heel and obeyed. Soon after, Choo also took his departure, having fulfilled the office for which he had been engaged by saving half the colonel's fortune.

Betty came into the house.

"Where have you been, my dear?" asked her father.

The girl hesitated, undecided whether to tell him that she was hiding Ogden. He liked the young man, she knew. But she made up her mind that it would be better to say nothing about it. Nobody must know of his presence in that small, unused room in the barn.

But when Betty went out ten minutes later with a basket of food for the fugitive, she made the disheartening discovery that his hiding place *had* been detected. And she knew who it was that had stumbled upon it.

On the ledge of the sliding, wooden window that was set into the wall which separated the small room from the rest of the barn, half of a cigar was lying where a person might have laid it while he drew that shutter aside stealthily in both hands to look into the room.

Out there, men who smoked, used a pipe or cigarettes, which they rolled themselves—never cigars. But that was what Taylor smoked! It was he who must have laid the thing there to draw the window open, and forgotten to pick it up again in the haste with which he had departed to give the alarm to the cowboys in the town of Ogden's whereabouts, after what he had seen inside the room.

Betty suspected the design the Kentuckian had of winning her hand, though he had not yet spoken of love to her. She had noticed that her friendship with Ogden during the past weeks had aroused his jealousy. Now, knowing that the latter had got into hot water in the community, he would be only too glad to put him out of the way as a rival for her affections.

The girl had run out of the barn again, to stop distractedly between it and the house while she tried to think of some way to prevent Ogden's capture.

And at that moment her eye fell on Choo, who was returning to the house for something he had forgotten there.

Betty hailed him.

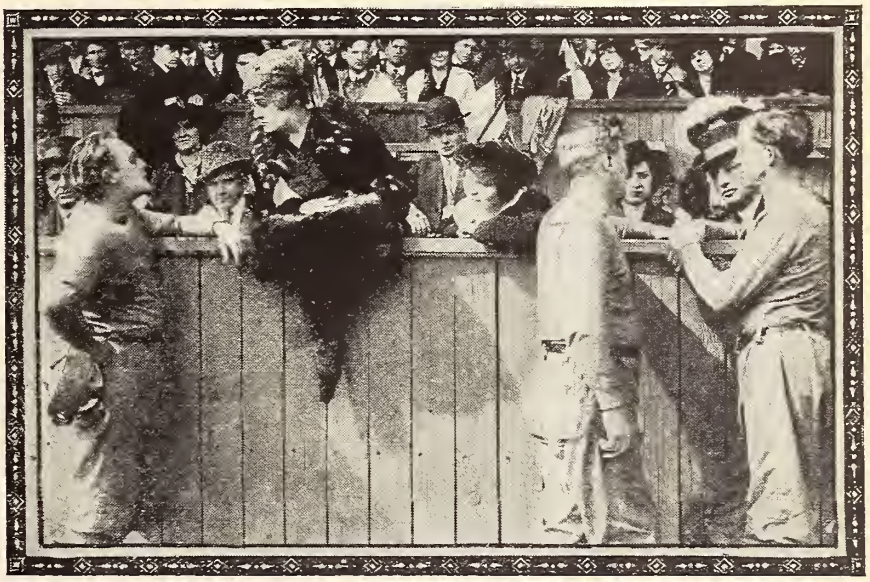
"Will you do something for me?" she asked the Chinaman, when he stood before her in the yard. "My friend, Mr. Ogden, is in the barn behind us. He is hiding there from the cowboys who have threatened to lynch him as a horse thief. I know he is not guilty. But his hiding place has been discovered, and at any minute he may be taken prisoner—unless something is done to save him. Will you help me? I don't believe they'd ever think of looking for him in your house."

She paused as she breathlessly awaited his answer to the unspoken favor she had asked.

Choo's face remained as impassive as ever. Searching it, Betty could not guess the thoughts that were going on behind it. He was telling himself for the dozenth, but now for the final, time that his love for her was hopeless. She loved this man Ogden. His keen, Oriental intuition told him that she would not be so anxious for his safety unless she did. And now she was asking him to save the man he would cheerfully have seen boiled in oil, for his greater good fortune in having won her heart; without knowing what that meant to him. But—she loved the other. Her happiness was at stake with his life; he would be saving that, by doing as she asked. To serve her! That, perhaps, was as much as he could ask.

"Certainly," he told her gravely; "I will hide him. But we must be careful how we transfer him from here to my house. No one must see him leave this place. I have a plan."

He gave Betty a few simple instructions of what she was to do, and then walked briskly away. Two hundred yards up the road there was a hay-and-feed store; and here Choo ordered a load of hay driven to his house at once. He informed the driver that, since he was himself bound for his home just then, he would ride along with him. They passed the Tolliver house, and then came abreast of the barn. Here Choo requested the man to stop, just for a moment or two, while he went back to the house to give the colonel a message he had at that moment remembered. While the driver sat, with his view of the rear of the wagon cut off by the hay load behind him, Betty led Ogden out of the barn and saw him burrow a secure hiding place for himself in the



"I have bet every dollar I own on this game," the girl had told him. "Won't you take morphine, as my brother has suggested, and keep on playing—for my sake?"

hay. And thus, when Choo returned to take his place on the driver's seat, he was able to escort the young man to his house entirely unperceived by the outside world.

Sure enough, not five minutes after Ogden had departed from the barn, Betty saw Bud Hoover and a half dozen of his fellow cowboys ride into the yard, led by Taylor.

"Ma'am," said Bud, with an apologetic, but grimly determined, air, "we've heard that a man we're lookin' for is roostin' in your barn. We'd like to get him out. And with your permission we *will*."

"I've just come from the barn" said Betty, "and so I ought to know whether anybody is there or not, don't you think? There is no one there."

Bud slanted an eye at the building in question speculatively.

"Well, ma'am," he said, with a slow grin, "I guess it ain't so big that you could exactly lose track of anything the size of a stray man in it. But, the fact is, we—er—we've been led to understand that you *do* know that the man we want is inside it."

Betty turned and gave Taylor a look of triumphant scorn.

"Is that so? Well, you are wrong," she declared to Bud, "there is nobody there. I give you my word on it."

Bud swept off his hat with a bow.

"That's enough for us," he said sincerely. "Your word's better with me, Miss Betty, than a gold dollar in the bank. We've been taken out here on a false trail, that's all——"

"No, you haven't," Taylor cut in. "She's bluffing you. I tell you, I saw him with my own two eyes when I looked in through the window of that room——"

"Look again," interrupted Betty sweetly, waving an inviting hand toward the barn. "There may be something the matter with your eyes, Mr. Taylor."

He regarded her for a moment uncertainly.

"All right," he accepted the challenge, swinging down from the saddle and drawing a gun from the belt under his coat. "I'll show you," he informed the knot of cowboys, as he went by them, "the man you're looking for. Or you can call me a jackass."

He disappeared from view inside the barn.

Three minutes later he reappeared alone and with a puzzled frown knitting his brows.

"You're the twin brother of a donkey," remarked Bud Hoover laconically. He wheeled his horse about. "Good day, ma'am!" he saluted Betty, and at the head of the little cavalcade he rode out of the yard and back to town.

Taylor, remounting his horse, looked down at her from it.

"You fooled me this time," he threatened; "but just the same, I'm going to see that he's turned over to these boys and the limb of a tree, yet—and you know why I've got it in for him, little girl, I guess!"

It was the nearest he had ever come to openly avowing himself her suitor.

Betty shuddered as she watched him ride after the others. She was not so much afraid of what he might do. He had boasted, and one who does, so seldom does anything else, she knew. But Bud and his friends had said nothing of their determination to keep on the trail of Ogden. They hadn't needed to, for their grim faces had told their own story, and in their silence lay the danger she feared the most.

That horse stealing was a crime which the native Westerner considered justifiably punishable by death, Betty was beginning to realize was a fact and not merely a fable of the storybooks.

Suppose Ogden should be traced to Choo's house that very night? The thought turned her cold. There was only one thing for him to do, and that was to return to the East, to his people, with no more delay. She had it in her power to send him back to them. By telling him that he had complied with the sole condition under which his father had agreed to receive him into the household again. He was cured of the morphine habit by her help. And yet it called for a sacrifice on her part to make him acquainted with the truth, which would mean his going from her, perhaps never to return—yes, she confessed it to herself at last, she loved him!

But it was better far to lose him that way than by death. She made up her mind to go to Choo's house, as soon as it was dark, and see that Ogden started eastward and toward safety without further delay.

Choo answered her knock himself, when she arrived at his dwelling. Without a word, he led the way to the living room. With a chamois-padded stick, he struck a large bowl of hammered brass that stood on a pedestal. The receptacle responded to the blows of the muffled hammer with a resonant, bell-like note, three times.

In answer to the prearranged signal, that he might safely appear before the caller, Ogden emerged from the adjoining room.

Unnoticed by the couple, Choo withdrew and left them alone in the room.

Betty told him what she had come to say. That he was no longer a slave to the drug that had made him an outcast from his father's roof, and that he must return to it at once. She explained that the horse she had ridden there had a man's saddle. It was tethered at Choo's back door, all ready for him to ride away under cover of the darkness. He could get to the road that led to the next town, and there take a train for the East. And he must do so at once.

"You've saved me," said Robert Ogden reverently, as he took both her hands in his. "I'll go, but only so that I can bring back the proof of my identity, and money to clear this matter up. And—Betty—I want to claim you for my wife when I come back! I swear to you that I'll be here in this room a week from to-night. Will you come when I send you word? And will you marry me, and be my guardian angel throughout the rest of my life?"

With shining eyes, she clung to his hands.

"Oh, Robert!" was all she said.

But the way she said it gave him his answer.

He held her close in his arms, and kissed her once in token of their betrothal. Then she went out after him through the back door of the house, and saw him safely on the horse and away.

She walked back to her home, with a song in her heart, where fifteen minutes before she had expected a dirge to the burial of her fondest hopes to accompany her dejected footsteps from that errand. She had not lost him. He loved her! He had promised to come back——

She heard a shot from the direction of the road he had taken, as she reached the door of her house five minutes after she had parted from him. Her heart stopped beating. Did that mean he had been fired on? She ran into the house,

frightened as a child in the dark, calling to her father.

By the light of the lamp on the table in the front room she saw a note lying on the cloth. It was addressed to her, in her father's hand. She scanned the lines that told her not to worry, if she came back and found him away, as his friend Lamar, the owner of the near-by ranch, being laid up from a fall he had taken from his horse the day before, was unable to ride to the bank for the pay-roll money, and had asked him to go for him, which he had done. The missive ended by stating an hour at which he would certainly be home.

Betty looked at the clock, to see that it was already ten minutes past that hour now.

And then she ran back to the door, outside which she had heard a trampling of many feet, with men's voices talking in foreboding undertones.

Bud Hoover, and four of his fellows from the ranch, bore her father into the house between them.

"He's dead, Miss Betty!" Bud broke the news to her.

Another cowboy spoke up.

"Murdered, and robbed of the pay-roll money," he explained. "We found him on the road to the next town just now, with this satchel lyin' open and empty at his side. And you can bet we'd like to find the cuss that did it!"

Betty stiffened at the thought that struck her like a thunderbolt. *Ogden did it!* She had left him only five minutes before. It was impossible that he could not have passed her father on the road, and just at the moment, too, when she had heard that shot fired. How did she know that any of the story he had told her about his past life was true? That he had a rich father back East—all the rest of it? If he had lied to her, when he saw her father riding toward him with the familiar satchel that Mr. Lamar always carried to the bank and back once a month, he might have seen a way to keep his promise to come back and claim her, after all. By killing her father and taking the money he had in his position, he would be in a position to return to the town with his pockets well lined at the end of the week. As though he had made a trip East, and got the money from his father. He meant to come back and get her, for he had seen how much she loved him, to use her as his plaything for a month or a fortnight——

All her love turned to hatred of him in that moment, Betty addressed the cow-punchers in a businesslike tone.

"Boys, you say you'd like to know who did this?" she repeated the words of the last speaker among their number. "Well, I can tell you. It was Ogden—the man you wanted for stealing Bud's horse. He was on that road to-night, riding away from town. Wait—listen to me! I have a good reason for believing that he's coming back one week from to-night. I want you to let me see him alone first. Promise me that—and I'll agree to do this: When I send you word that he's back in town, go to Choo's house and surround it. Then, when you hear me strike a brass bowl three times, you can come in and take him. He's yours to hang, or to do anything else you like with, after I've said a few things to him that I want him to hear. Is it a bargain?"

They chorused their eager assent.

And then began a week of impatient waiting on Betty's part. Would he come? Or wouldn't he? With a hundred arguments, she weighted the scales of her mind down first on one side of the question then on the other. But at last her doubts were all set at rest. On the night of the seventh day after his departure, she received the three words from Choo: "He has returned," on a folded slip of paper.

With vengeful satisfaction, Betty sent a messenger to tell the boys to assemble around Choo's house.

And then she set off for it herself.

"I'm glad you came back, Mr. Ogden!" she began at once, when Choo had left them alone in the room as before. She drew herself up as Ogden, no longer in Western attire, but clad in the tweed suit in which he had stepped off the train from the East a half hour before, started toward her with his face alight and arms eagerly outstretched. At the indignant fire which blazed forth from her eyes as they met his squarely, he stopped, perplexed. "I am glad you came back," she went on, speaking slowly and distinctly. "For it gives me the chance to tell you just what I think of you. I suppose you thought I wouldn't know what you had done—that I wouldn't see the blood with which your hands are stained—that I would never



Betty gave him another injection. It was only water—he did not know that she had been administering nothing stronger than that to him for weeks; and that, as a result, he was now cured of the drug habit.

dream it was *you* who murdered my father——"

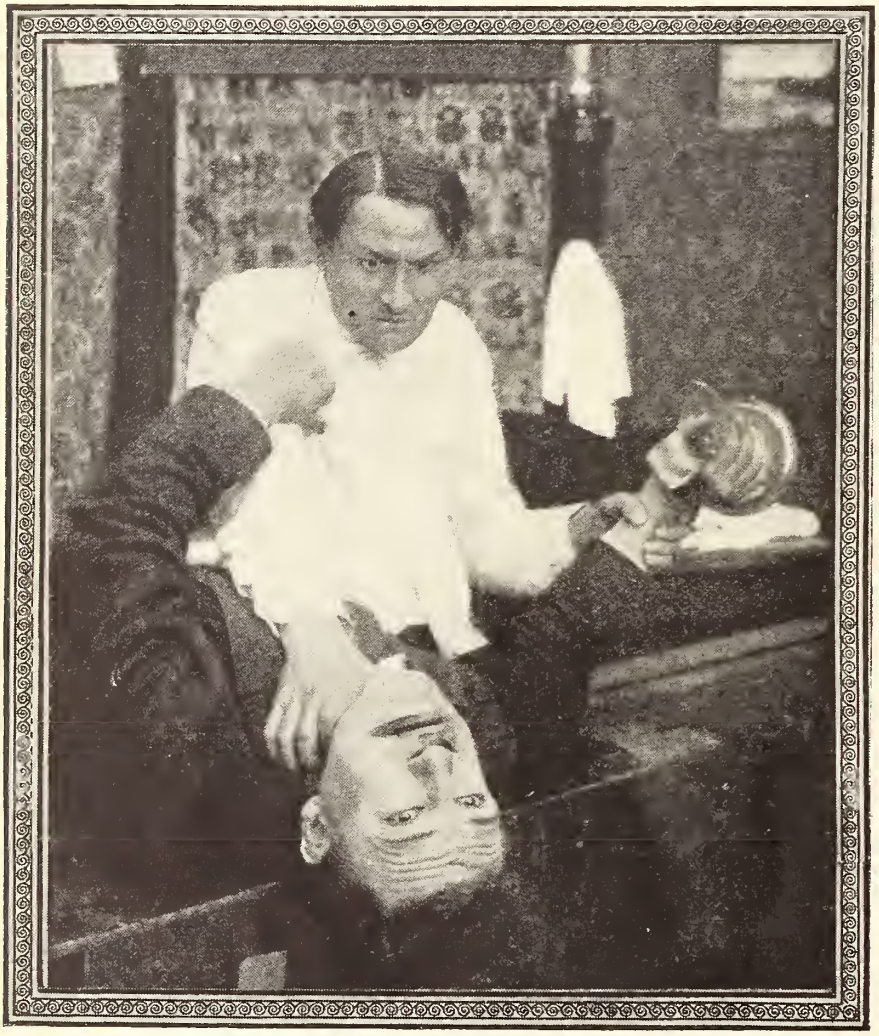
"What?" blurted Ogden, giving back a step in sheer amazement. "What are you talking about in Heaven's——"

"Don't stop me!" she rushed on, whirling to catch up the felt-covered hammer and poise it above the side of the brass bowl on the pedestal. "Or I'll strike this three times. And you will be captured before you can make a move to escape. You'll only hurry your own doom, by speaking until I am through. For, when I have finished with what I have to say to you, you are going to be taken from this room to a tree, where you will hang until you are dead!"

On the tense silence that fell for an instant between them, there was the click of a latch. One of the long windows at the side of the room opened, and in out of the night stepped—Taylor.

The man was drunk. He lurched against the table.

"'S a good joke on Choo!" he babbled, speaking as though to the room itself, rather than to its occupants. "He thought—thought he'd block my game to get old Tolliver's money. Well, I got some of it, after all. Even though I had to kill him first. But that was 'n accident. I saw that cub, Ogden, 'scapin' on horseback down the road, 'n' I took a shot at him. Missed him, 'n' got th' old man. Luckiest shot I ever made! 'Cause he was carryin' a bag full o' money, 'n' I got it all. I come here to tell Choo that I got the better of him, after all. And to break every bone in his yellow body for inter—interferin' with my plans before. Then I'm goin' back to civiliz-zation, to enjoy myself!"



Choo forced the man back over the table, holding him helpless to use the jagged neck of the carafe against him. And then he reached under his jacket for a knife, and his Oriental face broke into a smile.

Choo stood in the doorway.

"But when I go," said Taylor, seeming to see Betty for the first time, and taking an unsteady step toward her, "I'm goin' to take you with me. Y'hear? Don't you leave this house till I'm through with the chink. Y'hear? You 'n' me are goin' to get married, Betty, dear. I've got the money now. Sort of weddin' present from your father—har-har! You c'n gimme a kiss to bind the bargain, before I go lookin' for that slant-eyed rat eater——"

He flung out his arms, to try to grasp Betty as she ran by him. And at that instant, with an enraged snarl, Choo sprang upon him.

"The boys are coming," he addressed Betty and Ogden as he held the struggling Taylor. "They will have reached the front of the house in another minute. You'd better leave by the back door now—while there is yet time."

Betty turned to the man she loved again with her whole heart, now that she saw how she had misjudged him.

His face cleared with relief as he read the returned love light in her eyes.

"Come," she said, taking his hand and starting with him toward the rear door of the house. "Let us take Choo's advice—and go before it's too late!"

As they went out Ogden said:

"But I don't understand. Plenty of parsons will still be——"

Choo did not hear him. Taylor had wrenched himself free of his hold, and made a dash for the table. He caught up the carafe from it, and deliberately knocked off its neck against the table's edge, leaving a jagged rim of glass.

With a soft laugh, Choo slipped under his guard. Something long and bright glittered in his hand as he removed it from his silk jacket. He buried the knife in the Kentuckian's ribs. Twice he drove it home to the hilt, chuckling still. As Taylor's knees bent limply under him, and his head lolled, Choo eased his dead weight down with him, and seated himself on a chair.

He lit a cigarette. Picking up the padded hammer, he struck the brass bowl beside him thrice. And then, with the body of the dead man across his knees, he waited for the boys to come in.

The Castle Ranch

(AMERICAN)

By B. Quade

The transplanting of an Englishman and his comfort-loving valet from the luxuries of an English country home to what they term the "wild and woolly West," is productive of many laughable situations. They are produced in this story, based on the American Film Manufacturing Company's two-reel comedy, which follows. The cast:

Lord Algy.....Ed Coxen
Simpson, his valet.....John Stippling
Jefferson Todd, a land shark.....Joseph Harris
Sprout, his assistant.....Frank Maly
Mr. Dunn.....Harry Edmundson
Sally, his daughter.....Winifred Greenwood
An Indian.....Wm. Bertram

"SIMPSON, have you ever thought of going to America?"

Algy, the second son of Lord Hickey, of Hickey-on-Hickey, addressed his valet. Simpson, who was fat, forty, and far from fair, blinked his eyes.

"Hamerica, sir?" he repeated uncertainly. "No, sir, Hi never 'ave."

"Well, begin to think about it," cheerfully ordered his young master; "because that's where we're going. Regard this photograph. When you do so, you are gazing upon your future home, and mine. My father, I have just been informed, has bought this ranch for me. A gentleman by the name of Mr. Jefferson Todd, in Montana, where the estate is located, has sold it to him. You and I are ordered to go there and take possession immediately. But we are compelled to admit that the mansion which the picture shows is a noble dwelling place, are we not? View its vast size, with its tall turrets and ivy-grown walls—it is quite like one of our old English castles, by Jove! I didn't know they had such fine places in the States. And the scenery in the background! On any of the trips you have made with me, Simpson, to the Rhine, Switzerland, or elsewhere, have you ever seen such wooded mountain grandeur ——"

"But, sir," put in Simpson anxiously, "'ave you thought of the dangers that lurk in those forests? Hindians, sir! And all manner of wild beasts. Hit's a fearfully hunsettled country, sir—Hamerica. Hif you'll pardon my boldness in saying so, sir, Hi think we'd much better stay right 'ere safely at 'ome in Hengland——"

"My father doesn't think so," said Algy shortly, "so that settles it. Start packing at once, for we leave by the next steamer."

Three weeks later, when he alighted from the train behind his master on a depot platform of plain, unpainted boards that stood alone in the heart of the Montana wilderness, Simpson found his worst apprehension of the country's untamed aspect amply fulfilled.

And, the next moment, his fears as to the dangerous type of its inhabitants were disconcertingly realized, as well.

A big Indian, in a blanket, and with a feather stuck in the top of his unkempt black hair, which made him seem to Simpson even taller than he was, approached the valet on the station.

Before the flesh-and-blood figure that had been the specter of his nightmares throughout his and Lord Algy's journey from England, Simpson gave ground, his fat face paling, and his hands shaking so that the bags and hatboxes with which they were burdened rattled together.

The Indian held an earthen bowl, painted with alternate red and blue stripes, in his hands. In silence, he thrust it out toward the frightened manservant.

Simpson backed farther away, his eyes rolling in wild incomprehension from the bowl to the Indian's impassive face. The latter, still without a word, followed him up and again held out the bowl. Simpson thought he understood at last what the "rum johnny," as he mentally characterized the blanketed redskin, was after. The Indian was a beggar, he jumped to the conclusion, and this large bowl was the sort of a receptacle in which mendicants in the United States, that fabled land of plenty, collected their contributions from the charitably inclined. Simpson put down half the luggage he was carrying and fished a twenty-five-cent piece out of his pocket.

"There you are, my good fellow!" he said, with nervous haste, and dropped the coin in the bowl. "There's something for you!"

The Indian looked down at the silver piece in the bowl.

He shook his head, and held the thing out again. "Not enough," he grunted.

"But, you know," the valet blurted out, "Hi can't be expected to fill it all myself. Hi've done the best Hi could for you. Can't you try somebody else, now ——"

One of the depot loungers grinningly explained:

"The buck don't want you to give him nothin', mister. He's tryin' to sell the bowl, and what he means is that he asks more'n a quarter for it."

Lord Algy stepped to the Indian's side and took the bowl from his hands to inspect it with interest.

"It would make a good curio," he remarked to Simpson, "to send back to the mater. How much *do* you want for it?" he turned back to the redskin to inquire.

The Indian looked the handsome young Englishman over, as though to size him up.

"Dollar," he briefly replied, holding out a greedy brown hand for the money.

Lord Algy produced his pocketbook and from it the bill specified.

"Done!" he agreed, handing the greenback to the aborigine, and then turning to present the bowl to Simpson. "Carry this with the rest of the luggage," he ordered the valet, "and be careful not to drop it."

Simpson very nearly did just that two or three times, before he finally succeeded in getting it and the bags and boxes adjusted in his arms so that he could carry them all. When he did so, he looked up to find that the Indian was gone, and to see his master shaking hands with a tall, rawboned man, who stood beside a buckboard as though he had just alighted from it at the edge of the depot platform.

"Todd is my name," the valet heard the man telling Lord Algy—"Jefferson Todd. Your father wrote me that you were comin', so here I am, all ready to drive you out to your property, if you're ready to see it."

The real-estate dealer cracked his knuckles and guffawed, as though at some joke he had just made.

Lord Algy got into the seat of the buckboard beside him. Simpson, perforce, had to clamber up onto the tailpiece of the conveyance; a feat in itself, due to his stoutness, and the baggage with which he was encumbered, that he accomplished only after the expenditure of several false starts and much breath and perspiration. There were springs under the seat occupied by Todd and his master, but none under the rear slats on which the valet sat.



Lord Algy's father informed him that he had bought an American ranch for him, and that he was to take his valet, Simpson, and go to it at once.

Bouncing over the ruts and small bowlders of the mountain road, how he managed to keep from losing the luggage in his arms, or his own perch on the end of that buckboard, during the five-mile ride out into the country, ever afterward remained a mystery to Simpson.

His suspicion of America as a barbarous land had crystallized into a conviction, by the time he slid down, stiff and lame, from the back of the wagon which had come to a stop with Todd's cheerful:

"Here you are!"

A rude one-room shack, and a high board fence which stood a couple of dozen yards to the left of it—for what purpose, save of cutting off a view of that much of the surrounding landscape, it was impossible to tell—was all that met Lord Algy's inquiring gaze.

"Where's the castle?" he asked of Todd, following him from the buckboard to the ground which the lanky real-estate man had intimated was that his father had bought for him.

"You can't have mislaid it," Lord Algy went on, still puzzledly looking around him; "for, my word, it loomed up in the photograph like a cathedral!"

Todd laughed, cracking his knuckles again—it seemed to be a habit he had whenever anything moved him to mirth.

"Oh, that's here, all right!" he answered.

He led the young Englishman toward the fence, and around to the other side of it. There Lord Algy looked on a neat specimen of the sign painter's art in the form of a massive castle with lofty turrets and ivy-covered walls, painted against a background of shade trees which merged in with the real landscape behind it.

It was from this that the photograph had been taken which had led Lord Hickey, of Hickey-on-Hickey, in faraway England, to believe that the estate was one admirably suited to a nobleman's son.

"When I lead anybody to think they're goin' to find a castle on the property I sell 'em," Todd was saying, cracking his knuckles rapidly to the accompaniment of a series of chuckles over his own cleverness, "I see to it that they *find* a castle there! That's my motto: Always live up to what's advertised."

He looked at Lord Algy, out of the corner of his eye, to see how he was taking it.

A grin of enjoyment for the way his "governor" had been taken in had lighted the young man's face, when he first looked at the sign. But now that had faded, as he turned to Todd.

Though Lord Algy's expression was unclouded by any semblance of frowning displeasure, there was an alertness in his eyes that might have hinted to the land shark that the last card in the game had not been played yet—had he been able to read it.

"Well, to tell you the truth," he now addressed Todd blandly, "I'm rather glad to find there isn't a real castle here. I've

grown a bit tired of them back home, you know."

Before Todd could reply, another buckboard drove up from the opposite direction in which they had come, and out of it stepped a middle-aged man and a young and beautiful girl.

The tall real-estate dealer—somewhat reluctantly, it appeared to Lord Algy—introduced the arrivals to him as the Dunns, who lived on the next ranch, a mile or so distant.

She and her father had come, Sally Dunn herself explained to Algy, to pay him a neighborly call on his arrival at his newly acquired property.

She blushed prettily under the eager gaze of the young Englishman, who seemed unable to take his eyes from her.

She was a different girl from any Lord Algy had ever seen before. Her rosy cheeks and sparkling eyes were due to a healthy life spent in the open, not to the rouge pot and belladonna bottle with which such charms were simulated by the women of London society he had known. The attraction by which Lord Algy felt himself drawn toward this refreshingly wholesome girl, came dangerously near to being love at first sight.

And that Sally likewise admired the good-looking Englishman, with the clothes and manners of an ultracivilized world which she had never known, was a fact she was unable to conceal—and Todd's forehead bore a worried frown, as he saw the undoubted "hit" the young nobleman was making with the girl he himself had long been in love with.

But just then all eyes were turned on Simpson.

The valet, depositing on the ground the luggage with which he was weighted down like a pack horse, as he stood in front of Mr. Dunn, had begun to execute a fantastic imitation of a jig. In amazement, Sally's father stared at the wildly hopping manservant.

"Is your friend," he turned to inquire of Lord Algy, whose valet he did not know Simpson was, never having heard of the existence of such a menial position, "subject to St. Vitus' dance?"

Lord Algy looked as puzzled as the rest.

"If he is, I never suspected it before," he replied. Then, approaching Simpson, he demanded: "What are you doing this idiotic tango for?"

Simpson, stopping his dance, with a doubtful look at Mr. Dunn as he did so, pointed to the two guns at that gentleman's belt, and explained:

"Hi've read, sir, of 'ow Westerners love to 'ave sport with 'tenderfeet,' has they calls them, by making 'em do a bit of jigging. They fires at their feet with their revolvers, sir, to make them step it. And I honly thought Hi'd save this gentleman the trouble of wasting hany of 'is bullets, and myself the danger hof losing a toe or so, by executing a little clog dance for 'is benefit without waiting to be hasked. That's h'all, sir."

There was an interruption, in the form of a hail from the road, at that moment. A sharp-faced young man, who had driven up in a covered buggy, called Todd over to him.

"What's up, Sprout?" the land shark questioned the young man, who was his assistant.

"I drove out here after you," explained the other, "to tell you you'd better get right back to town. Miller's there, and he wants your final answer on whether you're going to buy his ranch or not, to-day."

Todd returned to the party he had left in front of the shack on Lord Algy's land, to explain that a business matter called him away, and then he took his departure in his buckboard.

"Won't you and your servant come over to our house for breakfast to-morrow morning?" Sally invited Lord Algy, as she and her father started to take their leave, also. "You won't be fixed up to start housekeeping for a day or two, and you'd be as welcome as could be to eat with us."

Lord Algy accepted with alacrity. But when the Dunns had gone, he turned at a deprecating cough from Simpson, to find that long-suffering individual standing before him with an anxious crease puckering his brow.



"Give him until to-morrow morning to bring back the bowl, oh, Eagle Heart," the Indian maiden interceded on the thieving redskin's behalf. "So be it," said the chief, "or he dies."

"Hi beg pardon, sir," said Simpson, "but do Hi hunderstand that there's nobody 'ere to do the cooking for hus?"

His young master clapped his shoulder, in high good spirits.

"By no means," said he. "*You're* here, and you're going to be our cook."

Simpson set his lips firmly together.

"No, sir," he declared emphatically: "Hi must refuse to do that, sir. My family, sir, 'as been in the service of yours for hupward of a century. Hit would be quite himpossible for me, a Simpson, to so far forget my loyalty to you has to hendanger your life. Believe me, sir, when Hi tell you that cook-

ing his not my forte. You could never stand hit, sir. Hand neither could I—besides, we've brought nothing 'ere to cook."

Lord Algy looked grave, for the bracing mountain air had given him an appetite. But an exploration of the shack revealed the presence there of several cans of meat and a half-filled tin of crackers, which probably had been left behind by the last occupant of the dilapidated hut. Telling Simpson that the extent of his labors as a chef for that evening at least would be nothing more than to open the cans, five minutes later he and the valet were discussing the simple repast together.

Simpson, as he ate, had been viewing the two bunks, one above the other, that were built into the wall of the hut. When the meal was over, and their bedtime thus at hand, the manservant nodded toward the bunks, with the announcement:

"Hi'll sleep in the hupper, sir."

Lord Algy promptly shook his head.

"No, you won't," he said.

"But, sir," protested his valet, "that's my proper place, sir. Don't you remember hall the way hout 'ere on the train Hi always took the hupper berth, has hinferior to the lower? My position, being below yours—hif you'll pardon the little joke, sir—Hi must lie habove you——"

"You'll not occupy either of these bunks," interrupted Lord Algy, in a positive tone. "I'll take the lower, but I don't expect to have your two hundred and fifty pounds lying on an inch-thick board over my head. You'd fall through on top of me. No, Simpson, you are going to spend the night on the ground outside."

Simpson, his fat cheeks turning ashen once more, and his knees knocking together, as he thought of the perils with which the black night outside the shack might be filled, argued and pleaded against his master's ruling, but in vain. Getting into his nightgown finally, with a blanket wrapped around him, he went forth to stretch himself on the ground as he had been bidden.

Meanwhile, the big Indian who had sold Lord Algy the earthen bowl at the depot, had turned up in the camp of his tribe. Having invested the dollar in fire water, he was, to express his condition with inelegant terseness, "pickled."

As he drew near the camp fire the chief sprang up to face him.

"Thou hast driven me to the end of my patience," the sachem berated him in his native tongue. "Thou whisky-soaked loafer! Thou thief! But this day thou hast gone too far—the sacred food bowl of our ancestors thou hast stolen to buy strong drink! Thy life shall pay. I have spoken."

He folded his arms, and was turning away, when a tender-hearted Indian maiden stepped out of the group around the fire to intercede for the thief of the bowl.

"Give him one more chance, oh, noble Eagle Heart," she begged. "Relent thus far from thy sentence of death: if he brings back the bowl he may live. What sayest thou?"

Slowly the chief turned to face the scapegrace once more.

"I say that he has till daybreak to do so," he agreed, "no longer. Go!" he grimly ordered the intoxicated Indian.

Simpson, lying wakefully in his blanket, had already felt the fangs of all the wild beasts whose names he could remember fastening on his flesh out of the darkness; and now his imagination had begun to picture what would happen if the feathered head of one of those "Hindians" of which he was in such fear should suddenly appear.

His blood turned to ice water in his veins. That *was* an Indian's head thrust around the side of a tree a dozen yards ahead of him!

He lay perfectly still, without daring to betray by so much as the quiver of an eyelid that he was awake, while he watched the entire blanketed form of the savage step out into view from around that tree.

It was the Indian from the station platform!

Simpson watched him steal forward to the shack and then disappear inside it.

The valet knew that it was his duty to rise and go into the cabin to protect his master's valuables from the marauder, or to save Lord Algy's life, which might even be the thing the redskin had come to take. He knew what he ought to do, all right, but still he lay there on the ground, bathed in a cold sweat, without moving a muscle, paralyzed by fright.

And then he saw the Indian come out and walk rapidly away with the spoil of his nocturnal visit to the hut—nothing but that earthen bowl.

Well, Simpson told himself, with a heartfelt sigh of relief, he was welcome to that, as far as he was concerned. The thing was a nuisance to lug around, and he was glad to be relieved of the responsibility of taking care of it any longer. But suddenly a coyote howled out on the prairie. Simpson bounded up, and ran, trailing the blanket behind him, into the cabin.

Suppose—the thought had struck him—the Indian had taken that bowl off to the camp fire of his fellow tribesmen, who might be waiting for him near at hand, to heat it, and then come back for Simpson to drop him into the vessel? That howl he had just heard might have been the bloodthirsty hail with which the redskin's companions had greeted his arrival with the bowl. Simpson determined to brave his master's displeasure by getting into the upper bunk, which was the only place in the immediate neighborhood where he could hope to conceal himself.

As he lowered his weight into the bunk the bottom gave way, and, as Lord Algy had feared, down the fat manservant tumbled upon him.

"Stay in the lower bunk, now you're there!" Lord Algy directed him, a little testily for having his sleep thus literally broken. "I'll go and take your place on the ground."

And he suited the action to the words.

The next morning they walked over to the Dunns' for breakfast.

It was only the first of a half dozen visits that Lord Algy paid to the ranch of Sally's father during the same number of days that followed. For, after breakfast on that first morning, Mr. Dunn drew the young Englishman aside to inquire:

"Are you going to stay on your property now that you've found out it's worthless?"

"Yes, sir, I am." Lord Algy replied firmly.

"I admire your grit," the older man informed him approvingly, "in sticking by a bad bargain. You like Montana as a place to live, then? It's God's own country, *I* think; but I only wish I'd known you were looking for a ranch out here before you got mixed up with Todd. There's one a couple of miles from here that I believe you could

buy for half what you paid Jeff; and it would be a first-class investment. However, while you're getting straightened around on your place I want you to come over here to ours for a square meal, or anything else you want, as often as you like."

Lord Algy promised, with enthusiasm, to do so. And he lived up to his word. In this way his love affair with Sally—for so it had become—was given opportunity to progress in the week that ensued.

It was one day at the end of that time when Todd drove up to the Dunn ranch with his assistant, Sprout, in his buckboard.

"What's the matter, Jeff?" asked Sally's father of the lanky real-estate dealer. "You're looking kind of glum this afternoon."

"I feel that way," replied Todd, "and so would you, if you were in my boots. I had a chance, last week, to buy Miller's place. I turned it down. And now what's happened? Oh, nothing, but that they've struck oil on his property. It's worth about twenty times what I could have bought it for. I've missed a chance to clean up a fortune."

Lord Algy and Simpson took their departure from Sally and her father soon after.

Back at his own ranch, Lord Algy told his valet that he was going for a walk. He insisted on doing so unaccompanied, despite Simpson's protestations that he might be waylaid by redskins in so doing. At the end of a half hour the young Englishman returned to the shack. He was whistling a sprightly tune, and he seemed to be in the best of spirits.

"Simpson, take the pail down to the spring beside the road and get some water," he ordered his servant.

The valet obediently set off on the errand. Three minutes later he came running back to the shack with the empty pail still in his hand and his eyes bulging with fear.

"'Asten with me, sir!" he panted grasping Lord Algy by the hand and starting back toward the spring. "'Asten with me! We hare lost, sir—the Hindians 'ave done for us now!"

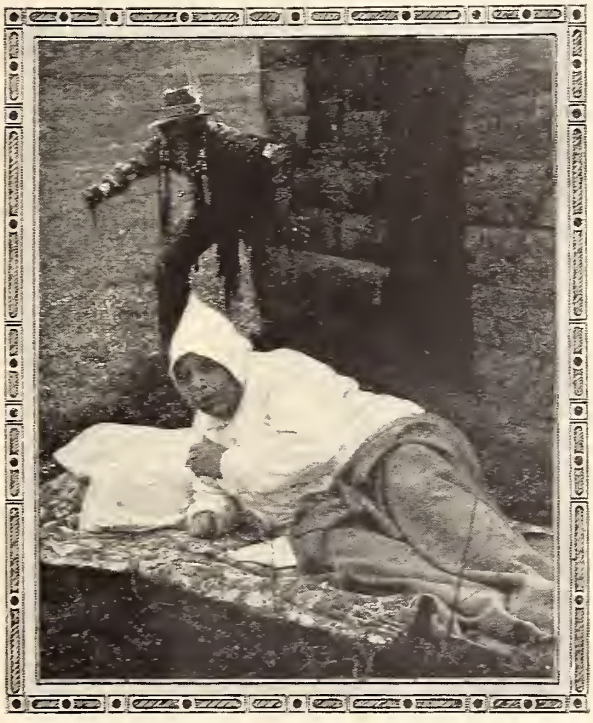
At the spring, Simpson pointed dramatically to a black substance that overspread the surface of the water.

"The Hindians 'ave poisoned the spring, sir!" he declared to his master. "Hoh, my lord, Hi beg of you, let hus leave this wretched country hat once, sir——"

Todd and Sprout, who were driving along the road in the buckboard from the Dunns', pulled up beside them.

"What's the matter?" demanded the tall land shark, as he viewed Simpson's excited gesticulations beside the spring.

He climbed down as the valet explained his fears, and, with Sprout, examined the black substance on top of the water. Rising, he exchanged a wink with his assistant.



Poor Simpson! His heart was in his mouth, as he heard the "Hindian" creeping toward the door of the shack where the fat valet's master lay sleeping.

"Mister," Todd addressed Lord Algy, with ill-concealed haste, "what your hired man here says about the Indians having poisoned this spring I guess is the truth. The pesky varmints are after you. You're endangerin' your life by stayin' here—and I'm goin' to give you the chance to get away. I've come to like you; durned if I ain't! I'm sorry I put up this swindle on you, and I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll buy this place back from you at exactly the price you paid for it. How does that strike you? Is it a go?"

Lord Algy seemed to hesitate for a moment.

"All right," he agreed at last. "I'll sell you back the land."

Todd laid eager hands on him and helped him into the buckboard, getting in himself.

"We'll drive to town right away and sign the papers," he announced. Then looking down at Sprout, he jerked his head to his assistant back over the way they had come. "You walk back to the Dunns and tell Miss Sally I won't be able to keep my engagement to take her to the grove," he ordered that young man.

And, picking up the reins, off he drove with Lord Algy, while Sprout turned to carry out his errand.

Fifteen minutes later Sally appeared with the real-estate dealer's assistant beside her in the Dunns' buckboard.

"Is it true," she demanded of Simpson, "that your master has driven to town with Jeff Todd to sell him back this land?"

"Yes, miss," the valet told her.

Sprout had got down out of the buckboard.

"If I thought I could get there in time to stop him," began the girl, her brows knit anxiously as she peered up the road.

"It's no use, Miss Sally," the land shark's assistant laughed up at her. "Todd's got there and signed the papers by this time. He's put over a mighty cute deal, you've got to admit. He'll be on the way back here even now, I expect."

Even as he spoke a cloud of dust appeared along the road from town.

In another minute Todd and Lord Algy stepped down from the lanky real-estate dealer's buckboard.

"Have you sold him your land?" Sally cried, running up to the young Englishman.

Todd turned to Sprout. He cracked his knuckles and laughed, producing a paper which he showed in triumph to his assistant.

"Yes," said Lord Algy, "he's been



The land shark exchanged a wink with his assistant. They knew, what it seemed that Lord Algy did not, that the black substance on the surface of the spring was *oil!*

kind enough to return the money my father paid him. You see, Simpson told him our spring was poisoned by the Indians, and when he thought of the danger we would run by staying here if the savages had it in for us——"

Sally threw up her hands in helpless dismay.

"He was kind enough!" she repeated scornfully. "Didn't you know what that black substance was on the surface of the water?"

Lord Algy smiled around over his shoulder at the listening land shark.

"Why shouldn't I know," he replied, "since I poured the oil there myself?"

Todd's face fell. He had been beaten by his would-be victim at his own game. He started to stride up to Lord Algy, with his fists clenched, but then he stopped.

The young Englishman seemed to be engaged with Sally in a most important conversation.

It *was* important, for Lord Algy was saying:

"I love you, dear. You've been the only girl for me from the first day I ever saw you. Your father's told me of a ranch that I'm going to buy with half of this money, and I want you to share it as my wife. Will you?"

As Todd saw Sally throw her arms around Lord Algy's neck he knew that it meant he had been beaten at the game of love, as well.

But Simpson?

Well, as he viewed the same thing, the fat valet groaned despairingly, for what it meant to *him* was that now he was doomed to stay in the West.

Ince's Auto Aviates.

THOMAS H. INCE, the famous moving-picture director, whose productions are shown in the Mutual program, does not like fast driving, but he recently overcame his diffidence long enough to save his life. His chauffeur, who has strict instructions to go no faster than twenty-five miles an hour, was bringing Mr. Ince in his car along the road to Inceville at that moderate and pleasant pace.

Suddenly they rounded a corner, and the front tires began rattling the boards of the bridge the farther end of which had caved in and fallen to the river bed sixty feet below.

"You can't stop in time. Faster, faster!" Ince yelled excitedly. "Go like the devil! Ninety! A hundred!"

The great director stamped his foot on the gasoline release so hard that he nearly drove it and his chauffeur's foot through the floor; but the car, meanwhile, with a shivering leap, cleared the hole in the bridge and landed on the safe ground beyond.

Billiards and Films.

THE National Billiard Protective League has sent letters to eighty thousand proprietors of billiard halls in the United States, commending the athletic and physical-culture films released every Monday by the Selig Polyscope Company, since April 5th. Among the films are scenes showing the scientific shots in billiards, exemplified by Schaefer, Hoppe, and others. These films will do much to popularize and further elevate the science of billiards.

News of the Photo-playwrights.

HETTIE GRAY BAKER, who was one of the most successful free-lance writers in the country when she was a librarian in Connecticut, and who until recently was scenario editor for Bosworth, Incorporated, has joined the West coast scenario staff of the Mutual Film Corporation. She is also first vice president of the Photo Play Authors' League.

Arthur Leeds, well known to all writers of the silent drama, is now scenario editor for Edison. He is the first man to hold this position with Edison, as the scripts were formerly passed upon by a committee.

Archer McMackin, who for a long time was scenario editor for the Essanay Company at their Chicago studio, and who of late has been directing comedies, as well as writing them, for several West coast firms, has joined the forces of the American Film Manufacturing Company at Santa Barbara, California.

Captain Leslie T. Peacocke is busy turning out big multiple-reel novel and play adaptations for the World Film Corporation, but is finding time to do a number of large-size original scripts on the side. The captain has been a hustler all his life, and he certainly "puts them over." Remember his "Neptune's Daughter"?

On the Night Stage

(NEW YORK FILM)

By Robert Keene

In this story, taken from the five-reel production of the New York Motion-picture Corporation, you may read how one man paid his debt of gratitude to another, in the setting of the "good old, glorious days of '49," in the West. Written with the realism that makes reading these reviews almost the same thing as seeing the films themselves, the story is sure to grip you. The cast:

Austin, the "sky pilot".....Robert Edeson
Belle Shields.....Rhea Mitchell
"Texas" Smith.....Wm. S. Hart
"Handsome Jack" Malone.....Hershal Mayall

SWING your pardners!"

"All sashay!"

The dance hall was gayly noisy with the stamping of feet, the scrape of fiddles, and the shouting of the master of ceremonies of the moment, who called the numbers from his place on the musicians' platform.

The owner of the clarion voice that admonished the dancers on the floor below him to "bow to your lady!" and to "swing 'em to the right!" was Texas Smith.

He was a tall, wiry, weather-bronzed man in his early thirties. His high-crowned stovepipe hat was of white beaver—the last word in fashionable headgear for men in that year of 1853. It could have cost him not less than thirty-five dollars.

Texas' long-tailed coat of dark blue, cut in tightly at the waist, with wide, rolling lapels, and trimmed with jet buttons the size of silver dollars, was of the very finest broadcloth that money could buy. His trousers were of doeskin, strapped under the insteps of a pair of eighteen-dollar Russian leather boots. All in all, he was dressed up to the minute. If a little gaudy, his attire made up in costliness what it lacked in good taste. The inhabitants of Red Gulch, Arizona, at least, saw nothing to criticize in his apparel. Texas was known as the best-dressed man in town.

And where did he get the money to clothe himself thus grandly?

That was a question which nobody in Red Gulch was able to answer. That Texas' pockets were always jingling with gold was a fact which not alone his prosperous appearance, but his ready generosity at the bar, or to an acquaintance in need of a loan of anything from twenty-five cents up to a hundred dollars, amply attested.

Texas was not a miner. Neither was he a professional gambler. Nor a saloon keeper. He did not own a hotel or an eating house. These were the only means by which a man could make a living in Red Gulch. Then where did he get his income?

Texas, addressing his shouts to the dancers while he clapped his hands, seemed to be giving his undivided attention to the swaying couples on the floor beneath him. But all the time, out of the corner of his eye, he was watching a pair who were not joining in the dance.

Standing in the doorway of the room, one of that couple on whom Texas' gaze rested was a man who had lately come to town. Dressed all in sedate black, he was what his square-shouldered, athletic frame and his firm-jawed, fearless-eyed, handsome face would not have led one to suppose him to be—a minister of the gospel.

The "sky pilot," as the men of Red Gulch called him, was named Austin.

He was talking to a girl, dressed in the short skirt and gayly colored waist of the typical denizens of the dance halls in those early days of the West.

She was Belle Shields, whose red cheeks and sparkling black eyes, all the dark prettiness of her, had long ago stolen Texas' heart away.

Now, as he continued to conduct the dance as though his whole soul was in that work and none other, Texas' thoughts were tormenting him. What was the parson talking to her about? And how was Belle taking what he was saying? Texas would have had to be blind not to see that Austin had fallen in love with her. And Belle——

The answer to that unspoken question in Texas' mind was not long forthcoming.

The fiddlers ceased. The dance was over. He jumped down from the platform, and hurried toward the pair in the doorway of the room. Texas had Belle's promise for the next dance. By custom, he was entitled to take her away from her present escort now, and lead her to the bar for refreshments before the music summoned them to the floor.

Texas was only three yards away, when Belle, slipping her arm through Austin's, turned and walked out of the place with him.

Slowly Texas followed, to lean gloomily against a pillar of the dance hall's porch outside. *That* was how much chance he stood against Austin, it seemed! Belle cared more for the parson than him.

Texas, his brow clouding with jealous hatred of his fortunate rival, started to reach grimly for his gun under the wide tails of his magnificent coat—but then he remembered that he had been forced to check the weapon at the bar, by the dance hall's rules, as had all the rest of the men who gained admission to the floor.

Texas heard a rough laugh behind him. He turned to confront Sam Davis, the "bad man" of the town, who stood watching him from the doorway between two of his equally notorious cronies.

"Feelin' bad, Texas?" inquired the

gun fighter, in a tone of mocking sympathy.

Texas sharply turned his back on the trio, his face red with mortification.

Belle's walking away from him on the parson's arm as he was hurrying forward to claim their dance, had evidently been noticed by those inside the dance hall, and these tough characters had come out after him to make sport of him.

"Pore Texas!" chimed in one of Sam Davis' two pals, in the same sarcastic tone of commiseration. "Set his heart on winnin' Belle. Him, the best-dressed man in town! Thought he had a walk-away, I'll bet. And then along comes a mis'able, meek-as-milk parson, and cuts him out!"

Texas spoke through his set teeth, without looking around.

"I don't know as there's been any cuttin' out done yet!"

Sam Davis laughed again.

"You don't stand a chance, Texas!" he jeered. "You saw the cold deal you got just now, the same as we did. But maybe there's somethin' else you haven't seen, that *I* have. Belle and the parson was down in the beech grove, yesterday forenoon. I seen 'em. Sittin' side by side on a log, they was. He was holdin' her hands. Want me to tell you what else I seen, Texas? Do you think you can stand for to hear it, without its breakin' your heart? Well, as they sat there on that tree trunk, I seen her fling her arms around his neck and *kiss* him! That's what——"

Texas wheeled, his eyes blazing with anger.

"It's a lie!" he flashed out.

Sam Davis and his two companions guffawed. They had accomplished the purpose for which they had followed Texas out on the porch. Their taunts had stung him into providing amusement for them by his anger.

"You don't want to take it too hard, old sport!" the bad man went on. "There's somethin' about there bein' 'other good fish in the sea,' wrote somewhere——"

"You shut up!" Texas ordered, taking a menacing step toward him. "Or I'll close your mouth for you!"

Davis' answer was another jeering laugh.

"I know how you feel, Texas!" he soothed. "It's tough to see the gal you love took from you by any man. I've had it happen to me before now. But I will say, I'd never let no psalm-spoutin' sky pilot get the better o' *me* thataway. No, sir! It must be, Texas, you ain't got no natural attractions for a woman, when a parson can take her away from you——"

Deliberately, Texas called the bully of the town a fighting name.

At once the grin left Davis' face. His jaw shot out, while his brows lowered menacingly.

"Correct that there statement!" he snapped, advancing from the doorway upon Texas. "Quick, or you'll be a dead man!"

Now, with a gun at his hip, Davis might have been able to make good the boast, Texas knew. There was nobody in town who was so "quick on the draw" as he was. But Texas also knew that the ruffian had been compelled to leave his weapon at the bar, as Texas had himself. In an honest, stand-up fight with bare fists, he had no doubt of his ability to protect himself against the tough.

"So far as takin' it back is concerned," replied Texas calmly, "I repeat it—that's what you are!"

The events which immediately followed happened with a rapidity that was confusing to Texas. He saw the gun fighter's hand dart to the breast of his coat, plainly enough. And with equal plainness, the explanation of the move swept across Texas' mind. Davis had checked the gun from the empty holster at his belt at the bar. But he had another one concealed under his coat, probably from a strap that ran over his shoulder.

In another twinkling, Texas saw the glinting weapon leveled squarely on his unprotected breast over the region of his heart. There was a flash, and a barking report. A touch of flame seared Texas' cheek in passing; from the shock of the bullet's glancing impact, he spun around and toppled off the edge of the porch to smite the ground on all fours.

But he wasn't killed. And *why* wasn't he? Davis' aim was notoriously as near perfection as years of training could make it. And from the distance at which he had fired, Texas should have been drilled through the heart with ease.

Hastily, Texas scrambled up. He heard shouting, and the sounds of a scuffle going on from the porch in front of him. Four men were swirling against one another there in the light of the open doorway. Three of the men were Davis and his pals. The fourth was—Austin, the parson.



It was from such a place as this that the "sky pilot" had taken his wife.

The young minister, appearing on the scene the instant Davis had whipped out his gun, must have grappled with the bad man and so deflected his aim.

He had saved Texas' life.

Up the steps of the porch Texas bounded, to go to his rescuer's assistance in the ensuing scrimmage that was taking place between the toughs, who were evidently bent on paying back the parson at the odds of three to one, for his interference in their affairs.

Even as he sprang into the thick of the fight, Texas saw Austin wrest the gun away from Davis' hand, and then strike out with his right for the rascal's jaw. It was a clean punch, with plenty of "steam" behind it. Evidently the young man in his somber black attire had learned something besides theology at school. The "uppercut" met its mark squarely, and Davis dropped to the floor of the porch, all the fight taken out of him.

His two cronies, seeing the effect of the blow, and Texas coming to join in the conflict, turned and fled back through the bar toward the rear door of the dance hall.

Davis had picked himself up.

"The rule"—Austin addressed him quietly—"is that all guns are to be left at the bar, when you enter this place. I'll save you the bother, by turning it in there for you myself. Good night."

The bad man, thoroughly cowed, took the hint implied by the parson's last words, and slunk out of sight through the doorway, leaving Austin and Texas facing each other alone on the porch.

"Mr. Smith," said the young minister frankly, "I have been given to understand that you are in love with Miss Belle Shields. Is this so? Then I am sincerely sorry. For I have just asked her to marry me, and she has accepted. I feel that it is your right to know this. But I trust that you will not look on it in any other way than as a piece of luck for me which I could not help. If I had known sooner that you had hopes of winning her, I would have gone to you at once and declared my intentions to enter as your rival for her affections, fairly. I should have tried my best to win her then, as I did without speaking to you of it. For I could not have helped loving her, and wanting her for my wife, from the first time I set eyes on her. If you could come to me, and tell me that you don't harbor any ill feeling, but that we are going to be friends, I should be glad—for I like you, Smith."

Texas stood scowling darkly for a moment or two after the young minister who had turned and gone through the doorway.

His jealousy surged up in a black tide in his heart once more. So it was true. He had lost Belle, who was the first and only girl he had ever loved. Texas' fists clenched at his sides. And then slowly his hands relaxed, and the frown cleared away on his brow.

For, in spite of all, he liked the parson, too! The latter had spoken to him like a man, just now. Texas squared his shoulders. He would show Austin that he could be a friend worth having, he determined.

And there was the fact of the minister's having saved his life.

Texas was not one to readily forget a thing like that. Some day he hoped he might have a chance to pay Austin back what he owed him.

Belle and the parson were married three weeks later.

The finest wedding present they received when the announcement of the forthcoming nuptials was made came from Texas Smith. It was a set of silver that must have cost at least five hundred dollars, and it set his fellow townsmen's tongues to wagging again on a subject they had often discussed. The mystery of where Texas Smith's income came from.

One day, later, Texas and the young parson were walking through the nearby hills; their friendship had been firmly sealed long before this. It was two or three months after the minister's marriage to Belle, and now a topic that Texas had often wanted to talk over with Austin, but hitherto refrained from mentioning, was trembling on his lips.



"I seen her sittin' on a log with the parson, and she flung her arms around his neck and kissed him." "That's a lie!" said Texas. And the fight started.

"Is there really such a thing as hell, old man?" Texas forced himself to bring out.

At the hesitating manner in which his companion put the question, Austin looked around at him curiously.

"Why do you ask me that?" he countered.

"Oh, I s'posed you'd know if there was," was Texas' reply. "I—I never took much stock in Bible lore before—before you got to talkin' to me, the way you have since we've been pards. But now I'm kinder worried on that point."

Austin's face and his tone became grave.

"Is there a hell?" he repeated slowly. "Yes, I believe that, Texas. Eternal torment for those whose sins have damned them, must await us in the future. God himself gives us the warning of it in the mental anguish we suffer here on earth for our evildoing. It is a foretaste of what is in store after death, unless we mend our ways in life."

Texas nodded with grim conviction.

"That's it," said he. "I've been warned, I guess, of what's comin' to me. For I've certainly been goin' through a little hell on earth, up here in my mind for the past year and more."

Austin said nothing. He was too much surprised at the other's confession, that he was suffering remorse for some guilty deed he had committed, to do more than wait in silence to see whether Texas would choose to go on and make a clean breast of what his sin was.

"You told me, the other day," Texas continued slowly, with his eyes fixed on the ground before him as they walked along, "that the Good Book says, 'Confess, and sin no more,' and a sinner's saved from hell right off. It seems a big thing for the Lord to do, for so little—to wipe the slate clean, just for a person's admittin' what they've done. Only that *ain't* a little thing!" he declared with sudden fierceness. "It's hard! I've been tryin' to screw up my courage all these weeks to tell you what I've been. I'm goin' to do it now. But, I tell you, it ain't easy."

Austin spoke sympathetically:

"You can trust me, Texas, you know. Whatever your secret is, I'll promise to keep it so. But you are doing right—get it off your conscience. Tell me everything."

The words came from Texas in a rush.

"I ain't fit to be your friend!" he blurted. "I ain't fit to shake the hand of *no* man that's honest in this town. You've all of you wondered where my money comes from. Well, I'll tell you—I'm a road agent. I've been holding up the stages around this locality right along, for the past five years. I hate the business. I want to cut it out and go straight. Do you s'pose there's a chance that I can win forgiveness from God, so He won't send me to hell, if I *do* live on the square from now on?"

Austin halted and took him by the shoulders, searching his face with the shocked expression on his own countenance giving way before a look of earnest reassurance for Texas' benefit.

"I am sure of it," he answered. "You are already half forgiven. Now, take the vow to sin no more, and you have wholly made your peace with Him in heaven."

Texas gripped the parson's hand.

"I give you my promise," he said fervently, "that I'll never hold up another stage as long as I live."



The parson had saved Texas Smith's life, even if he had won the girl he loved—and Texas accepted his hand and with it his proffered friendship.

The months passed. Six had gone by, when one day Texas set out for Austin's house in the late afternoon. Texas had not seen the parson for two days. The latter had been away to look after a sick miner who lived in the far-off mountains. But he ought to have got back by this time, Texas thought.

Opening the door of the parsonage, Texas stepped into the living room to find Belle sitting there alone.

Her head was bowed in her arms on top of the table, and she was weeping.

"What's the matter?" Texas demanded anxiously, striding quickly to her side to lay a hand on her heaving shoulders. "Has anything happened to him——"

Belle shook her head, and cried the harder.

Looking down at her, Texas stroked his chin thoughtfully. He looked toward the hatrack on the wall, to see

hat the parson's hat was not hanging on s accustomed peg. Then he hadn't got ome yet, apparently.

"What's the matter?" Texas repeated o the girl, lowering his tone to suggest o her that if her answer to his question as anything she might want him to old in confidence, she could depend on is doing so.

"Oh, Texas!" Dabbing at her streaming eyes, Belle sat up and gave him a vide, horror-stricken stare. "What am going to do? I never meant to do nything bad—honestly, Texas. I lidn't!"

Texas stiffened, as a man who awaits blow.

"What is it?" he asked her. "What ave you done?"

She was overtaken by another burst of weeping.

"Oh, I deserve to be punished this way for it, I know!" she cried at last. 'Listen, Texas. I'll tell you. Maybe you can help me. I'd grown tired of the way I was living. Never having any fun. Just cooking and washing and ironing and dusting and sweeping the house. I missed the dance hall. Day before yesterday, when he—when he went away to be gone for these last two days, an idea came to me. Why not go over to Hillsvale, and spend an evening with the lights and the laughter and the music going on all around me? He'd know it, if I went to the dance hall here in town. But he couldn't find out if I went over there. I—I didn't mean anything wrong, Texas," she repeated, with tremulous earnestness. "It was just to have a dance or two, and come back home again."

Texas' jaw had hardened as he stared down at her.

"Belle, you hadn't ought to have done it," he reproved her. "If he should find out, you know it would hurt him."

"But he's going to find out!" she hurried on. "That's just the trouble. I met a man over there in the Hillsvale dance hall. They call him 'Handsome Jack' Malone. I danced with him once, and then he asked me to come to the bar and have something. I was waiting there with him for the glass of sarsaparilla I'd asked for, when he tried to kiss me. Then it dawned on me what I'd done. I started to run away. He grabbed me in his arms, laughing, and still trying to kiss me, and I slapped him in the face, and then tore myself away from him. I heard him call something after me, something that sounded like a gay promise——"

She broke into tears again for a moment, and then opened her hand and showed Texas a crumpled letter there.

"It *was* a promise," she finished, "for I've just got this letter from him. From 'Handsome Jack.' He says he's coming over here by the night stage to Red Gulch to see me this evening. He wants me to meet him at the crossroads. Oh, Texas, what shall I do?"

Texas jerked his head over his shoulder to look toward where the sun was sinking even then over the crest of the mountains—from whence the parson might be returning at any hour now.

He turned back to the girl.

"Don't you go to the crossroads!" he ordered shortly.

"But," she hopelessly explained, "I haven't told you the worst. Here in this letter, he says if I'm not there he'll come here to the house after me. My husband will know then——"

Texas, his brow furrowed, strode up and down the room.



"I won't never hold up another stage as long as I live," Texas vowed solemnly. "You have my word for it—and I ain't never gone back on that to no man yet."

"I've never broken my word to a man yet," the wondering Belle heard him muttering to himself. "But I reckon this is where I've got to do it—it's the only way!"

Texas swung around on her.

"Don't you go to the crossroads," he repeated. "I'll take care of the rest."

Turning to the door, he strode from the house without a single glance at her.

The night stage came rolling along the road that lay between Hillsvale and Red Gulch. Suddenly, the driver half rose in his seat, throwing himself back on the reins. The horses reared, whinnying in alarm. In the middle of the road before them that lay like a white ribbon in the moonlight, stood the tall, black figure of a man with a handkerchief bound over the lower half of his face, and a pair of guns in his hands.

The driver, anticipating the highwayman's order, flung down the leather mail bag that lay in front of his seat to the road at the masked man's feet.

"Never mind that, this trip," the road agent spoke sharply. "Climb down and open up the door. I want to look over your passengers."

Obeying, the driver explained:

"I'm only carrying one." He opened the door of the coach, and a short, square-shouldered man stepped down into the road with his hands above his head. "This is him."

Texas Smith—for so the masked stranger who had held up the coach was—stepped forward and scrutinized the solitary passenger in silence. He took in the man's sensuous lips under his waxed mustache, his pasty skin and dissipated eyes. Then, with a satisfied nod, Texas stepped back.

"You're right," he told the driver. "It *is* him."

He pointed with one of his guns to the mail bag in the road.

"Pick that up and put it back where it came from," he said shortly. "And then you drive on, without lookin' behind you."

The driver, keeping whatever surprise he may have felt discreetly shut up inside him, followed the directions to the letter.

As the stage wheeled out of sight around a bend in the road two hundred yards ahead, Texas Smith turned to his captive.

"Mr. 'Handsome Jack' Malone," he coldly addressed him, "take a piece of advice from me. It's a nice night, and the walkin's good back to the place you come from. Pack your freight!"

Texas pointed in the direction of Hillsvale.

"But I've got business here in Red Gulch!" protested the other.

"No, you haven't," denied Texas. He put his two guns back in his belt, and turned away. "Do like I tell you, and hike. You——"

Texas wheeled, one of the guns back in his hand. He had seen, out of the corner of his eye, Malone start to take advantage of his turning away by whipping out his own weapon. Texas fired from his hip. Malone pitched forward to the ground, and lay still.

"And serves you right, you rat!" Texas muttered through his clenched jaws, as he looked down at him.

Then, removing the handkerchief from his face, Texas turned to look toward the lights of the town of Red Gulch, where his friend, the parson, must have got home by this time.

"I guess we're even now," said Texas Smith, in an undertone. "He saved my life, and now I've wiped out the debt—by saving him his trust in his wife!"

Plays and Players

Ruth Stonehouse.

RUTH STONEHOUSE is a wonderfully interesting little actress. Though not yet twenty years old, she



plays leads and does it so well that you are anxious to see her again. "The Colorado Girl," Miss Stonehouse is called, because she lived in Victor, Colorado, where her father is an expert in mining operations. The remarkable grace of Miss Stonehouse is due to her being a dancer—a professional at that. Her ability in this art makes her adept in many rôles for which otherwise she would not be eligible. It is a pleasure to see Miss Stonehouse in films and a pleasure equally great to meet her out of them. She is vivacious, interesting, and pretty, and is considered one of the best leading women in photo plays to-day.

She came to the Essanay Company three years ago, without having had any previous stage experience. Miss Stonehouse was a schoolmate of Mr. G. K. Spoor's daughter, and it was Miss Gertrude Spoor who coaxed her father to give Ruth a chance. She was put in as an extra girl, and played just bits for the first six months. Since that time she has been made the leading lady, and enjoys a popularity that extends from coast to coast.

A Great Film Promised.

THE Selig Polyscope Company has obtained the motion-picture rights to "The Garden of Allah," the spectacular play made by Mary Anderson and Robert Hichens from Mr. Hichen's novel. The royalties paid by Mr. Selig are said to be the highest ever paid for a motion-picture play, and a production befitting the spectacular nature of the story is planned.

Antidote—Spring Fever.

WHEN the dread spring fever gets you,
And you don't know what to do;
All that happens seems to fret you,
And the whole world's painted blue;

When the days seem long and dreary—
Time is lying on your hands—
When your work has made you weary,
And the clock's hour hand just stands;

When the dime you've left will end it
By a dose of poison—oh,
Just think again and spend it
For a Charlie Chaplin show.

Hearts in Exile

By Robert Keene

This story is based on the very appealing picture play of five reels produced by the World Film Corporation. A beautiful Russian girl is placed in the tragic position of having married two men who are deeply in love with her. Read how the problem was solved for her—by fate. Ably directed by James Young, and featuring Clara Kimball Young as *Hope Ivanovna,* the rest of the cast was as follows:

Count Nicolai.....Montague Love
Serge Palma.....Claude Fleming
Paul Pavloff.....Vernon Steele
Ivan Mikhail.....Paul McAllister

IT is the only way they know to gain their liberty!"

Hope Ivanovna shook her head pityingly. She stood in a cramped and low-ceiled basement room in the slums of Petrograd, the capital city of Russia. A half score men, with unkempt beards and brows knit in scowling earnestness were conversing in whispers at the long table that stood near her in the center of the room; and it was on their bowed backs her eyes rested, and for the topic by which they were absorbed that she shook her head with that sorrowful mental reflection.

Just then Ivan Mikhail, the tenant of the humble abode, with a muttered word of warning to his fellow conspirators at the table, threw an end of the cloth over the black object resembling a bowling ball with an unlighted fuse attached, that lay in front of him, as the door of the adjoining room opened and a tall young man with the face of a poet appeared.

"How is she, doctor?" inquired the girl, taking a quick step toward him.

He approached her, with a grave expression on his countenance.

"The woman is resting quietly now. I have just given her a sedative." Drawing her aside with him, Doctor Paul Pavloff asked in a low voice: "What place is this to which you have brought me?"

Hope turned away, with a tired gesture.

"You know, then," she stated the fact, rather than asked the question. "They are nihilists. They have trusted me with their secret, knowing that I sympathize with their unfortunate lot—as my work among them to relieve their poverty so far as I can, has proved. But, since you have already found out, I am not betraying their confidence by telling you. Yes, they meet here to plot anarchy——"

"And do you believe with them?" quickly asked the young doctor, stepping nearer to scan her face earnestly.

"I?" The girl shrugged. "I am a woman, and opposed to violence and bloodshed, of course. But—Doctor Pavloff, I will tell you why I have dedicated my life to the people. Why I established that settlement house around the corner, to which you were generous enough to offer your medical services free of charge whenever I chose to call upon you. My father was one of these" —she waved her hand toward the plotters at the table behind them. "A nihilist. He was found out, and sent to Siberia, where he died for the cause of his poor and downtrodden fellow countrymen. In his memory, I have vowed to devote all my days to doing as much for them as lies in my power. I am not an active worker with them in their plan to remove their oppressors by force. Yet—it seems the only way. And I sympathize with them from the bottom of my heart."

She drew her cheap fur neck piece closer about her throat, preparing to depart; hesitated for an instant, and then turned to hold out her hand.

"You will not want to come to see me at the settlement house any more," she said, "after this. You will be afraid that the sick calls I might ask you to make with me, in future, may lead to your arrest by Count Nicolai, the chief of police, on suspicion of being one of the nihilists in whose house you are found. I can't blame you for refusing to run such a risk. You have been quite safe in coming here to-day, though. Mikhail has been extremely cautious, and he is not suspected. Thank you for all you have done for me and my miserable friends, doctor. And now, good-by——"

The young man caught her hand, holding it in both of his to stay her. All the love for this brave, beautiful girl, which had been growing in his heart during the past six months that he had known her, shone forth from his eyes. Its avowal trembled on his lips; but then he seemed to remember that this was not the place to make such a declaration, and his lips closed over the unspoken words.

"Where you go, there let me be at your side," was all he said, with simple sincerity. "You may call on me to accompany you to any case of sickness, wherever it may be, and I will go with you, as before. This only means that we understand each other better—and I am glad. Now, if you are ready to leave, won't you let me escort you back to the settlement?"

She nodded her assent, passing on to the door.

"Your wife is better, Mikhail," said the young doctor, laying his hand on the shoulder of the bearded man at the head of the table as he went by in her wake. "I will come back again to see her to-morrow."

But as the girl and Paul left the basement room, they did not see the lurking figure in the dark hallway outside, who had removed his ear from the keyhole of the door as he heard the knob turn, to flatten himself against the wall and allow the young couple to pass.

It was Rasloff, the spy of Count Nic-

olai—and Hope had been wrong, when she said that Mikhail and all who crept down to his basement hovel were not under surveillance by the police.

The promise she had given Paul to permit him to take her back to the settlement house, Hope was forced to retract when they reached the street, by the remembrance which the sight of a well-built, handsome young man in a sealskin overcoat of fashionable cut, who was waiting on the sidewalk, brought to her mind, of a previous promise she had made to accord that privilege to him.

This was Serge Palma, a rich aristocrat, who had made Hope's acquaintance at about the same time as Paul. For all his wealth and high social position, he



Hope, having dedicated her life to the Russian poor, was willing to make the sacrifice of marrying for money, in order to broaden the scope of her charities.

was a young man who took life seriously. Stories of the unrest among the poor of the city under oppression had reached his ears. He had made an excursion all alone one day, into the slums, to see "how the other half lives." And there he had met Hope, and fallen in love with her at sight.

Her admiration for her was as honest as Paul's; if he could win her love in return, he wanted to make her his wife. So far, as was the case with the poor young doctor, he had not spoken his heart. But he was only awaiting a favorable opportunity to do so.

Now, explaining the situation to Paul, Hope took her leave of him at the side of Palma.

Looking after them, Paul's heart sank. In her departure just now with his wealthy rival for her affections, thus postponing the proposal he had decided to make to her during their walk, he seemed to read an omen—that his love was likewise always to have its fulfillment deferred.

It was late in the afternoon of the next day when Ivan Mikhail's small daughter ran breathlessly in upon Hope at the settlement house.

"The police!" wildly sobbed the little girl. "They have entered the house of my father, and taken all prisoner! They will never be seen again—it means Siberia!"

Hope drew the child to her, trying to soothe her panic-stricken cries, and so draw a more coherent account of what had happened from her.

"Tell me," she asked breathlessly, "and tell me slowly, in order that I may understand—who was taken? Your father; yes, I know that. And all his friends. Who else was in the house when the police came?"

"The young doctor," wept the child; "he had come to see my sick mother—and they took him, too!"

Hope rose from her knees at the child's side, her eyes turning heavenward. Her hand went to her heart, where, in secret, her love for Paul had grown as had his for her during the short months of their acquaintance.

"I must save him!" she murmured. "The police, I know, will make a farce of his trial; the mere fact that he was in the house where a nihilists' meeting was going on, will be enough for them. If only there was some way—I have it! Serge Palma is a friend of Count Nicolai, and I will ask him to use his influence in his behalf!"

Snatching up her hat, Hope ran from the room.

Fifteen minutes later, she was shown into the library of Serge Palma's home, on the Nevski Prospekt, the city's most fashionable thoroughfare. Serge, when he had heard the story, and listened to her appeal that he intercede for the young doctor whom he had learned to respect and like, rang for a servant, and ordered his droshky brought around to the door.

"Of course, I'll help him!" he exclaimed heartily. "We'll go to Count Nicolai at once. He and I are old friends, though we have not seen much of each other of late years, and when I have assured him of what I know to be the truth, that Doctor Pavloff is no more a nihilist than I am, he will release him without a moment's hesitation."

A half hour later, they were shown into the presence of the chief of police.

Count Nicolai, called "the cruelest man in Russia," greeted Serge warmly. But when he caught sight of his fair companion, his manner became almost fawning in his anxiety to appear well in Hope's eyes.

He gave a curt command to an orderly.

A moment or two later, Paul was led in. Count Nicolai informed him that he was at liberty to go, and added a handsome apology for the slightest inconvenience he may have been caused by his detention.

"She is divine!" the count whispered to himself, when the three had gone. "Serge is in love with her, I perceive. Well, he can't stand in my way! I must have her! Perhaps she would accept an invitation to join me in a little supper this evening. I will go after her, and ask her."

He saw Hope walking away alone up the street. In another moment he was at her side, and had taken her arm with easy familiarity.

"Michael!" At the sound of his name, Count Nicolai wheeled upon the in-



"Only tell me where my husband is!" Hope pleaded of the smiling villain. "Tell me—that is all I ask, so that I may go to him!"

truder. She was a fashionably dressed woman, with a dark, tigerish beauty; and just now her black eyes were snapping with anger, as she stepped between Hope and the man who had bought and paid for the costly silks and furs in which she was clad. "Who is this girl I have seen you running after on the public street—like a schoolboy?"

The chief of police, dropping Hope's arm, advanced, with clenched teeth, upon the woman.

"You!" he grated at her.

But Hope, glad to be free of the count's touch, for she had recognized at her first sight of him the danger that looked out of his cold, shrewd eyes for all good women who came in contact with him, turned and walked rapidly on without hearing what passed between the head of the city's police system and the woman who wanted to keep his attentions centered upon herself alone.

The following forenoon, Paul and Serge Palma met in front of the settlement house.

"I can guess your errand. I will wager," said the young aristocrat, linking his arm with the doctor's and drawing him into the doorway of the building. "Let us be frank with each other, my friend. You love Hope Ivanovna. So do I. You have come to ask her to marry you. Well, that is why I, too, am here this morning. Now, I suggest that we toss a coin to see who shall propose to her first. Do you agree?"

Paul did, and said so.

As the ruble which his wealthy rival drew from his pocket spun in the air, Paul called "head," and so it fell on Serge's palm. He had won the right to be the first of the two to ask Hope to become his wife.

Leaving Serge to wait there in the doorway for him to return and tell him of his luck, or lack of it, the doctor ran upstairs to lay his heart and his empty pockets at the girl's feet.

"It breaks my heart to say 'No,' Paul," she told him. "For I love you—I will not conceal it from you. But you are poor, and I must have money! Money for my people, who need help so badly in their struggle to exist. If only you were rich! But you aren't. So that's all there is to it. I cannot marry you."

Paul departed, to tell Serge that he had been rejected.

Perhaps the latter realized what had partly been the cause of it. Or perhaps it was only the fine generosity of his nature, which prompted him to say, in making his plea to Hope for her hand five minutes later:

"Marry me, my darling, and all my wealth is at your disposal to spend as you think best in relieving the sufferings of the poor that are so dear to your heart!"

Hope hesitated for an instant or two. And then she said: "Yes."

Having won her consent, Serge begged for an early marriage. The sooner she became the wife of the owner of a fortune, Hope reflected, the sooner she could begin to do more for the dwellers in the slums; and so she assented to his urgings on that point, too.

Paul came to the wedding. But as soon as the impressive Greek Church ceremony was over, he took his departure. Hope felt a sharp constriction of her heart, as she watched him while he bowed over her hand in leave-taking, two minutes after she had become the wife of Serge Palma. As their eyes met, she read the fact in his that his love for her burned as strongly as ever—it could never die. And then he was gone.

Another took his place at her side. It was Count Nicolai, Serge's old friend. A shiver ran through Hope, as she saw

the smile in which the lips of the chief of police were curved. The look in his eyes as they met hers seemed to say: "All this makes no difference—you are going to be mine some day!" She acknowledged his suave congratulations nervously, and then turned to run her arm, as if for protection, through her husband's.

It was a few months later, when Paul was announced to her and Serge one afternoon in Palma's mansion, on the Prospekt, which was now half hers. Both she and her husband had urged the young doctor to call there often, but of late they had seen nothing of him. Now Hope rose to greet him as he came into the room, and with difficulty stifled a pitying exclamation as she saw how drawn and thin his face looked.

"I have come to say good-by," he told her, summoning a wan smile. "This is my last day in Petrograd. I am leaving to-morrow, to take a post as a professor in the University of Moscow."

Unannounced, Count Nicolai stood in the doorway behind them. Serge—to whom Hope had said nothing of her distrust of the chief of police, out of respect for her husband's long friendship with the man—had invited the count, too, to be a frequent caller at his home; an invitation of which the official had taken advantage until the servants, looking upon him almost as a member of the household, had come to treat his comings and goings there as such, which was why his arrival had not been heralded that afternoon.

He had heard Paul's words, and, at the same time perceived their effect upon Hope. She could not keep her features from betraying the fact of how great a blow the news that Paul was going away was to her.

The count, coming forward into the room, made short work of his call, explaining that he had only dropped in for a moment to see if his "good friend Serge and his charming wife" were enjoying their usual good health; and then he departed for his office.

There he sat scowling into space for a while.

"She loves him!" he muttered, clenching his fist on the desk before him. "Well, that means that I will have to put two out of my road, instead of one. But that will be easy, with the power I wield. Rasloff!" he called to his spy in the next room.

Instantly the man stood before him.

"You will send a wire to the chief of police of Moscow," the count directed, "advising him of the intended arrival in his city of a nihilist, named Paul Pavloff. He will arrest him at once, and see that he is sentenced and transported to some prison with the least possible delay. That is all. On your way out, have the orderly bring in Ivan Mikhail here to me."

A few moments later, the bearded anarchist who had been drawn from his basement hovel in the police dragnet more than six months before, was led in.

"I am going to send you back to your sick wife and your child," the chief of police announced, leaning toward him across the desk. "On one condition."

He held out a paper to the prisoner.

"This is a statement that Serge Palma, the rich young aristocrat, whom I learn has frequently been in your house with the girl Hope Ivanovna, a settlement worker, is a nihilist. Sign the affidavit, and you go free."

The light of incredulous joy which had overspread Mikhail's features was suddenly snuffed out. His expression became hunted.

"No, no!" he croaked. "I can't swear to that. It's not true——"

"Do you want to see your wife and daughter again?" threatened the count. "Sign, and you may return to them, unharmed. Refuse, and I will send you to Siberia for life!"

The temptation was too much. Staggering forward, Mikhail took the paper, caught up a pen, and scrawled his name at the end of the statement.

The count scanned the signature, and an evil smile slowly parted his lips.

"Take him away," he waved indifferently to the orderly. "And send me General Verlaski." His eyes dropped to the statement again, and he read it over with satisfaction. "That will take care of you, my friend Serge," he murmured to himself; "and where you can't interfere with my plans——"

"You sent for me, sir?" inquired the gray-bearded officer who stood before him.

"Yes." Count Nicolai, looking up from the paper, grimly folded it and held it out to General Verlaski. "You will take three men and go to the house of the man named in this. Arrest him. He will tell you that he is a personal friend of mine, no doubt, and insist on being brought straight here to me before he is locked up. Well, you may carry out his wishes. I think I shall know what to say to him. Be off!"

Sure enough, less than an hour later Serge burst into the count's private office, in the grip of two policemen.

"Michael, what does this mean?"

"Do not give yourself the least uneasiness," said Nicolai, rising, with a hand soothingly uplifted. "This means that a mistake has been made. That is all. Trust the matter in my hands. You will only have to remain locked up for a few hours, until certain formalities are gone through with. I will have you released at the end of that time—you can trust me, your friend."

Weeks passed. Hope had heard nothing from her husband since the evening when she had seen him torn from her side by the police. She had gone to every prison in the city; but as to whether Serge was or was not an inmate of any one of them, their wardens had all refused to tell her.

At last she went to the chief of police.

"I believe it was you who trumped up this charge against my husband," she denounced him. "All this time I have been quieting my suspicions that you had sent him into exile, by telling myself that you could not be guilty of such an act of treachery toward a boyhood friend. But now I believe it is what you have done. Tell me where Serge is, that is all I ask—so that I may go to him!"

Neither she nor the count was aware that the door of his private office had silently opened, and that Madame Romonoff, the dark-haired woman who had once before manifested her jealous displeasure over Nicolai's interest in the girl, stood watching them under black brows from the threshold.

"Never mind going to your husband," said the count softly, starting to take Hope in his arms. "Stay here in Petrograd, and let me be your—protector."

The former queen of his heart, who saw and heard herself about to be dethroned, ran forward from the doorway and tore Hope from his grasp.

"Michael!" raged Madame Romonoff, "if you don't give up this mad infatuation, which is driving all your old love away from me, I swear I'll kill you——"

Hope ran out of the room, without hearing the rest of the jealous woman's

rade, and rode back to her home on ne Prospekt, to fling herself, weeping, at ull length upon a sofa. Serge was lost o her, and by Nicolai's villainy. The ount himself had confessed as much to er, by the proposal he had made.

And where was Serge Palma all this ime?

Two files of prisoners were being led, n foot, over the snow ground of the Russian open country. One contingent vas bound for Siberia. The other's des- ination was the provinces.

Paul Pavloff walked with the last- named lot of men and women convicts. He had been sentenced, in Moscow, to serve five years in a provincial prison. The double line of doubly bound prison- ers halted at a crossroad, where their ways, from then on, were to lie apart. The more fortunate of the condemned were to take the turn to the left, while the rest continued along the main road that led toward their living grave far to the north.

"Serge Palma!"

The young doctor gasped the name of the man who stood a head taller than the prisoners around him in the caravan that was moving past his halted line of fel- low convicts in the direction of Siberia.

"Doctor—Paul—Pavloff!" echoed Serge, in the same tone of amazement, stopping before him. "But what are you doing here? I thought you were teach- ing in the university at——"

Paul checked him, with a hand laid on both his shoulders.

"Hope?" he questioned anxiously. "Where is she?"

"I don't know," the other answered. "I have heard not a word from her since my arrest, almost two months ago. The letters I wrote were never answered— or never delivered, perhaps. She may be dead, for all I can tell."

"She needs our protection," said Paul, with conviction. "You, as her husband, are the one to go to her, if that can be made possible. I believe it can. Listen to me: I am being sent to the prov- inces. The guards are not so strict in their watch over us, as are those who have your party in charge. You might be able to make a dash for liberty some- where along the road—you *must* take the risk of being brought down with a rifle ball, to reach Hope's side. Quick! Change places with me, while the guards are looking the other way. I will take your name and your sentence to Siberia. It is for her whom we both love. Quick, I tell you! Step out of your place and let me take it."

Before Serge could protest against the other's tremendous sacrifice, he was thrust aside by Paul. The latter pushed him back into his former place in the waiting line of convicts. And then, with a wave of his hand in farewell, he marched on with the others along the main road.

Meanwhile, back in Petrograd, Ma- dame Romonoff had stolen into the pri- vate office of the chief of police at a moment when she knew he was not in it, on the day following Hope's visit there.

Serge, before the order to march had been given to the train of convicts, among whom he stood at the crossroad in Paul's place, had discovered that the man beside him in the line was Ivan Mikhail, the anarchist who had falsely sworn away his liberty—and been in turn betrayed by Count Nicolai, who had only commuted his sentence, instead of giv- ing him the freedom he had promised.

Serge did not rail at the poor crea- ture for his misdeed, however; realizing that he had been led to commit it under pressure from a higher source.

Mikhail, when he had tearfully begged forgiveness at the hands of the young aristocrat for the wrong he had done



"We tried to escape," gasped Mikhail to Paul and Hope, "the cossacks pursued us, and your husband," he finished with his dying breath, "was shot and left dead upon the road!"

She ran through the index of con- victed prisoners on his desk, until she found the card she wanted. It told her that Serge Palma had been sentenced to Siberia for fifteen years.

She went straight to Serge's residence, and asked to see his wife.

"If I tell you where your husband is," she demanded of Hope, "will you promise to leave this city within twenty- four hours?"

Hope eagerly promised. And the woman told her.

It took Hope only one hour to pack a bag with a few necessary articles, and to dress herself warmly for the jour- ney. And then, by droshky, she set out to go to her husband, as she felt it her duty to do.

him, and received his full pardon, whis- pered:

"I heard what the young doctor said, sir. I mean about your making an at- tempt to escape. If you will trust to my knowledge of this part of the country, and make your dash when you see me do so—for I, too, mean to try to get away —perhaps we may both succeed."

Serge had time to give no more than a nod of agreement to the other's sug- gestion; for just then the order came from the guards for silence, followed by the one that bade the convicts resume their weary tramp. Several miles were slowly covered. And then Serge felt a slight tug at his sleeve. At the same in- stant, he saw Mikhail break from the line and start running toward a wood

that lay beside the road a hundred yards distant.

Instantly he dashed after him. With a chorus of startled shouts, the guards came in pursuit, firing their carbines as they ran. Mikhail staggered; a shot had overtaken him. Three feet farther he fell.

And then poor Serge dropped, also.

The guards dragged Mikhail up off the snow, to find that, though wounded, he still could stand dizzily on his feet. But Serge Palma they could not rouse, for all their kicking of his sprawled-out form.

They left him lying there, a still, black heap upon the ground's white covering, and cuffed Mikhail back into the line of convicts, which was once more ordered to move on.

Paul, when he arrived at Siberia, met with a piece of unexpected good fortune. Instead of being sent down into the mines, the fact that he was familiar with medicine being learned by the governor of the prison, he was given the post of prison doctor, which had been left vacant by the recent death of the regular physician there. He was likewise given a two-room cabin all to himself.

Working out Serge's sentence, which he had voluntarily transferred to his own shoulders under these circumstances did not promise to be so hard, after all.

Hope arrived at Siberia one week after Paul's coming. She announced herself as the wife of Serge Palma, come to stay at his side until his term of exile was ended, and requested that she be taken to him at once. She was brought to Paul's cabin, and there left to make the discovery which the prison authorities themselves were equally unaware awaited her—that her husband was not within three hundred miles of Siberia at that moment.

"Paul!" she cried out, beholding the man she loved, instead of her husband, as a ghost in the cabin whose door she swung open. "What are you doing ——"

"Sh-h!" he cautioned, for the guard who had escorted her to his dwelling had not yet passed out of carshot. In a flash, the young doctor understood why she had come there, and that thus Serge could not have succeeded in escaping to go to her. "The authorities mustn't guess there is anything wrong. Listen!"

And he told her of the exchange of sentences he and Serge had made.

"There is only one thing for us to do now," he ended. "If Serge was found out in the deception he has practiced to escape coming here, he would lose his life. You must live here with me as though you *were* my wife. You must trust me, Hope—that is his only salvation."

At length Hope saw the reason of his words. And so their queer life together under the same roof began. It grew harder for both to bear, as the weeks passed into months. Loving each other as they did, the situation seemed the cruelest mockery of fate. And then one day, when he went to the main building of the prison to subject a fresh consignment of prisoners to a medical examination, Paul found Mikhail among their number.

The nihilist had been punished for his attempt at escape by receiving a life sentence to Siberia. Paul quickly saw that the man was not likely to serve out much of that sentence; his wound was fatal. Sending the anarchist to the prison hospital, there Paul followed as soon as he could and questioned him eagerly as to Serge's fate.

Mikhail told him that the latter was dead.

And, but a few hours later, he himself breathed his last.

Paul took the news to Hope. Since there was no longer any barrier to it, he begged her to become his wife in fact as well as name. She consented. And, kneeling there alone in the cabin before the candles which he lighted before an ikon of the Savior, they took the solemn marriage vow.

Never was prisoner happier from that day forth than Paul. His dream was realized; the love which he had borne for Hope so long had, at last, attained its fulfillment. His cup of joy was running over—as was hers.

Another six months passed in this way.

And then Serge Palma arrived in Siberia.

Left for dead on the snow by the guards who had shot him down, he had recovered consciousness long after the convict train had passed on. By a miracle, his escape was accomplished.

He had hastened to Petrograd to find Hope—only to find her gone, instead, no one knew where. His first thought, then, had been to hunt up Count Nicola and kill him, as the wrecker of his home and happiness. But that work, he learned, had already been taken out of his hands.

According to the story he was told, the chief of police, finding out that Madame Romonoff had supplied Hope with some sort of a clew to her husband's whereabouts on which she had left the city, had gone to inform the woman that he intended to punish her by sending her to the Siberian mines for the rest of her days. And she, to save herself from that fate, had stabbed the count through the heart with a dagger—thus ending his career of villainy for all time.

Unable to get any trace of his wife, and balked of wreaking his vengeance on the man who had lost her to him, Serge had still one mission left in life. That was to secure the release from imprisonment of Paul Pavloff. Disguised as an inspector of prisons, it was to accomplish that purpose that he had turned up in Siberia now.

The governor of the prison led him to "Serge Palma's" cabin.

"I will go in alone," said the visitor.

"But," protested the governor, "it is never customary to allow——"

"As one of the royal inspectors," cut in Serge boldly, "I *order* you to wait for me outside."

Then he entered the cabin. He gave back a step, at the sight which met his eyes—his wife in the arms of Paul Pavloff. But his astonishment was as nothing to theirs, as they dumbly stared at him. Here was one risen from the dead! Hope ran toward him, and caught the fur collar of his overcoat in both her hands appealingly.

"Oh, Serge!" she cried. "What have I done? Paul and I are married——"

Serge gave back a step.

"Married!"

"Yes. We believed you dead. Mikhail was brought here, and he told Paul so. I—I have always loved him, Serge. But I would not have married him, like this, if I had known—if I had not been sure. Oh, say that you believe me? You must, *must* believe me!"

Long Serge Palma looked into her eyes. Then, with a sigh, he stepped back.

"Yes," he said, in the tone of a man surrendering what means more to him than life itself. "I believe you. Neither you nor Paul—my friend—have meant to wrong me. It is all the fault of a mistake. One that we must right later. But at present the thing to be done is to get you out of here. I have a pardon in my pocket for Serge Palma. It is one that I forged; but it will pass the governor of the prison——"

That official himself burst into the room, a drawn revolver in his hands.

"I have been listening outside, Mr. 'Royal Inspector'!" he grimly informed Serge. "And neither you nor your friends are going to leave here now."

Paul sprang, catching the man off guard, and wrested the gun from his hand before he could fire it.

"Quick!" the doctor called to Serge. "Bring forward that chair, and the coil of rope from the wall, there on the hook. We'll escape yet, with the aid of your pardon, by making him a prisoner before he can give the alarm."

In only a moment or two the governor was bound fast to the chair, hand and foot. Then Hope, Paul, and Serge went from the cabin, to walk rapidly to the droshky in which Palma had arrived at the prison, and that stood drawn up before its main gates. Serge showed the pardon, with the truthful statement that the governor knew about it, and the guards allowed Paul and Hope to step into the conveyance beside Serge.

"Drive on!" said the latter sharply to the man on the box.

With a jingle of bells, the droshky sped away. It had not gone two hundred yards, however, before there sounded three shots—as a signal that all was not well, from one of the prison keepers, probably, who had found the governor imprisoned in the cabin—and out of the gates behind them galloped three mounted guards, unslinging their carbines as they came.

They began to fire on the fleeing fugitives.

Serge drew a revolver, and returned the shots over the back of the sleigh. Paul did likewise with the governor's pistol, which he had borne away with him under his jacket for use in some such emergency. The driver lashed his horses. The droshky raced over the snow; but the horsemen came racing faster in its rear. The prison was left a mile behind, then two. A bullet from one of the pursuing trio's carbines tore a splinter from the side of the sleigh.

"Pull up," Serge ordered the driver, "around that out-jutting rock on the hillside straight ahead. They're getting too close for comfort with those rifles," he went on to the others. "We'll have to stop and try to turn them back."

They sprang out of the droshky as it stopped, to run behind the cover of the rock. From its shelter Paul and Serge fired at the onrushing horsemen. Paul heard a muttered exclamation from Serge behind him. His own revolver spoke again. One of the riders rolled out of the saddle. He took steady aim, and dropped a second. The third, throwing his horse back on its haunches, turned and galloped back over the way he had come—giving up the fight.

"We are free!" exulted Paul, whirling around on Hope.

Then the light of elation on his face faded.

She was pointing to Serge Palma, who lay dead at her feet—the sole victim of their pursuers' carbines.

Dropping to her knees beside him, in silence Hope touched her lips to his cold, white forehead. Then she rose and held out both hands to Paul, who took them and drew her into his embrace.

"Yes, free!" she murmured.



And this was the realization of their dream—to be always together. But with what sadness to them both had it come true? If they could have been sure that Hope's husband was dead—but they could not know.

Edison Director Charles Brabin has received word that his cousin, Rifleman A. E. Brabin, of the Fifth Liverpools, has been killed at Givenchy when the English went into action. This is the second cousin that Director Brabin has lost at the front.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

CHANGING THINGS AROUND.

THE other night while waiting for a car on a corner, a police patrol suddenly drove up, and out of the corner cigar store a plain-clothes detective emerged with his prisoner. It was a surprise to every one around the corner, because no one knew that one of the men in the cigar store was under arrest.

After the two men entered the patrol and it disappeared down the street, the incident seemed fitted to a photo play. No doubt the average photo playwright would have also seen some possibilities in it, but most probably the plot he would evolve would deal with criminal life.

Here is what it suggested: A country girl has always lived a quiet life, her only enjoyment being keeping two lovers "on the string." Suddenly some great, unexpected change comes into her life which makes her a completely different type of person, and, after her adventures border on tragedy, the worthy one of her two lovers brings her back to happiness.

Many of you will doubtless fail to get the connection between the plot thus roughly outlined and the man being taken away in a patrol. It was merely the mental impression the incident left, because of its unexpectedness. By wondering what effect it would have had it been closer to home life, was born the country girl and the sudden tragedy in her life.

This is, of course, far from a photo play now, and before it is entitled to technical scenario treatment it may be entirely changed around again. We mention it merely to show how amateurs may get away from the conventional. Many plots may be derived from everyday incidents.

STOP IT.

The more nonselling free lances we talk to the less we wonder why there are so few exceptional photo plays. It is this class of writers, who should be working hard and earnestly to try to master the craft, that are largely responsible for the slow rise of the screen dramatists. Day after day you see them "beefing" about present conditions, individual failures, et cetera, when they should be writing and thinking.

We do not condemn photo playwrights as a whole, you must understand —or even this particular class, for they can reform when they so desire—but in justice to the many hard-working silent writers it seems to us that it is time this other class stepped "off stage." There is nothing to be gained by telling every one you talk to how the photo playwright is made a "goat" by the film industry. If you wish to do something for the cause in general, dig in and turn out such good plays that the manufacturers will be forced to recognize you.

If every writer in the country has this incentive to work for and is honest with himself in judging the quality of his work, we think that within a short time we will see larger prices paid for original work and more credit given to the author thereof. At any rate, we wish each of our readers would do his share toward accomplishing something and at the same time try to convert the "beefers."

REALIZATION.

Recently we visited a studio and were surprised when we were introduced to a writer whose name has been attached to two or three stage productions which have met with Broadway approval, and who has lately become a staff writer in the studio.

"Do you know," said the writer, whose name we are not at liberty to mention, "until six months ago I always considered scenarios just what the name implies—rough sketches of plots? When I settled down to study all the ins and outs of photo playwriting, though, I sure was amazed at how much there was to be learned."

We didn't comment on the subject, but possibly we smiled. This writer has realized just what the screen drama is, and he is but one of many fictionists and dramatists who have done the same thing or who will do it in the near future. Ever since motion pictures left the "fad" class, writers of fiction and drama have considered entering them, but in practically every case in a light way. Thy don't know what they are tackling when they attempt to write a picture play, and they have the false idea that if they do write a good one they will not be well paid for it.

We look forward with anticipation to the time when the really big writers from other fields will invade the ranks of the silent dramatists, equipped thoroughly with knowledge of the subject. Amateurs undoubtedly fear such an invasion, as it will hurt their chances for a time, but in our opinion it will be a godsend to the beginner, as it will mean the realization by the film world that the photo playwright is an important element. When the amateur masters his art, then, he will be ready to reap real rewards, whereas now the highest prices go to the man with a literary reputation.

Looking back over the past year, it is easy to see that the field is being entered slowly but surely by men who have mastered the technique of other lines of literary endeavor and who possess real creative ability. During 1915

many more will doubtless realize scenario writing is worthy of serious consideration, and will do as the writer who suggested this article did, study all its "ins and outs" thoroughly.

DON'T WRITE A SERIAL!

Just because you have an idea that you think would make a fine serial, don't sit down and waste gray matter plotting out fifteen or twenty two-reel episodes. An outside writer hasn't one chance in a hundred of having a serial produced, even if he should write a good one, which is not probable unless the outsider is a thoroughly experienced writer.

We think that until a writer is sure of himself and has several sales to his credit, the two-reel script should be his limit. Three reels or more require a plot which few beginners can create, and we think that these longer films should be left to the older writers.

If an amateur spends four or five months working out the scene action for a serial scenario which he feels is a winner, and then finds no market for it, it is liable to have a serious effect on his whole photo-playwriting career. Aside from this danger, there is also the handicap of working on one subject for such a long period, when various plots might have been handled, and something new learned from each.

A NEW EFFECT.

D. W. Griffith, the Mutual director, who is responsible for so many of the effects which make motion pictures so interesting, recently introduced a new one. In tense, dramatic scenes he photographed a large close-up of the actor's or actress' face only, using a mask over part of the lens of the camera.

With capable players this is a splendid means of securing a grip on an audience that could never be obtained otherwise, but in writing a scenario we think we would hesitate about putting it in, as not all players are equal to such a trying portrayal of emotions.

While the writer may not use a new effect of this kind very often, it is well to remember it, and if an opportunity offers itself later, to take advantage of it. In cases of this kind, an author should use his own judgment. If he feels a player of ordinary ability can be convincing in the effect called for, he should use it, but if it is particularly exacting it is well to try to do without it, as the players he knows can do it may not be with the company to whom he will eventually sell his script. A free lance has many markets, and his material must be versatile enough to supply the general demand of all so that if he does not sell in the first place he may try the second or third.

STORY AND TECHNIQUE.

Most amateurs seem to realize that before they can expect to write a finished scenario they must learn the technique of the screen, but few seem to consider it necessary to learn how to create new stories before they can expect to sell.

Of the many stories received daily at all studios, over three-fourths are in passable technical form, but the stories they contain are nothing more than a rehash of what has appeared on the screen countless times. It is this that causes the editor to sigh wearily, after reading a carefully written, neat, and technically correct script, and then assign it to the "return" basket.

It is one of the most difficult things an amateur has to learn, and one which he seems unable to comprehend. We know that when we woke up to the fact that our stuff was conventional, we couldn't for the life of us tell how we could fix it. Technique is comparatively easy to master, because it really exists, but plotting is something that each writer must learn in his own individual way. An experienced writer can teach a beginner technique, just as a schoolmarm can teach a child spelling, but he can no more teach the same beginner plotting than the schoolmarm can teach the child how to digest its food. In both cases suggestions can be made, but they will really amount to very little.

The sooner a beginner sets out to master the story end of the picture-play scenario, the sooner he will see his efforts on the screen. In the meantime, he must remember that the more perfect he can make himself in technique, without sacrificing his story, the more popular he will be with the editors and directors when he begins to sell.

COÖPERATION AT LUBINVILLE.

Just before the first scenes of Lubin's serial series, "The Road o' Strife," were filmed, Emmet Campbell Hall, the author, was called to Philadelphia from his home in Maryland, for a conference, and all those who helped make the pictures discussed it in detail.



In the accompanying picture, Mr. Hall is seen at the left, talking to Miss Mary Charleson, the leading lady, and Director John Ince. He personally went over every rôle of importance with the player who was to play it, and explained his conception of the part. When the picture appeared on the screen, therefore, every character was an individual, and Mr. Ince was saved the worry of keeping in mind just what each character had done in each episode, so that the players would not spoil the realistic effect of the film.

In "The Road o' Strife," Mr. Hall introduced a novelty, inasmuch as only one "straight" leader appears, all the others being in the form of dialogue. They also convey the inflection of the speak-

er's voice by either flashing abruptly on the screen, as in the case of "No!" or fading in and out slowly for a sentence containing a gentle statement.

It was Mr. Hall who originated the idea of the serial series in his "Beloved Adventure" pictures. Each installment was distinct, but all placed together in fiction form by him made an interesting novel without a break in the continuity of the general plot. He has been writing for the Lubin Company for several years, and previous to his present connection wrote for Selig and Kalem.

VISUALIZING YOUR SCENARIOS.

It is not enough to have every action that appears in your scenario placed on paper to your own satisfaction. You must go over your finished scenario and visualize. Imagine you are in a picture-play theater, and that your subject is on the screen—scene for scene as you have written it.

As a spectator, is everything clear to you, and has the scenario been arranged so that it holds your interest from start to finish without faltering? Also, does everything lend itself to the scope of the camera, or have you called for something in some of the scenes which cannot be secured without a few additional scenes?

All this means brain work, and, in some cases, means the rewriting of a script to make the necessary changes, but a beginner should always keep before him the five words that are so true and mean so much in every line of endeavor: "Through failure is success achieved." Incidentally, it is more profitable to judge your own failures than to have others judge them for you.

THE ALL-IMPORTANT SYNOPSIS.

We often wonder just how many really worth-while scripts have been rejected because their authors could not write an intelligent synopsis. The busy editor, reading his way through a stack of manuscripts on his desk, has no time to tell the writer that he thinks his weakness lies there. Mr. Editor is paid to get good stories for his company—and he has a very limited time in which to do it at that.

We believe that the synopsis of a scenario is of enough importance to warrant rewriting or revising it four or five times, until it fairly sparkles with clearness. Every vital point in the story should stand out so that a hasty reading will reveal it without difficulty. The way to gain this effect is to suppress useless details.

A bare, but complete outline of an incident in a plot would read: John tries to rob the bank and is caught. A more detailed and unnecessary description would read: John arrives at the bank that night and breaks in. A policeman sees and follows him. The policeman traps John in the bank and places him under arrest.

We are willing to admit that there are cases where a more detailed synopsis than is indicated by the first example is required, but even in such cases it is well to aim at compression. Bear in mind that the synopsis is your advance agent, and unless it is a good salesman your script proper will not receive a hearing. Incidentally, we don't believe in setting a word limit on a synopsis, but if you merely describe your plot, and do that in the most concise manner possible, we think you will find yourself well inside the two-hundred-and-fifty or three-hundred-word so-called limit.

DRAMATIC ACTION AND OTHER STUFF.

We presume many will not like the word "stuff" in the head, but we use it every day when we refer to the parts of photo plays where death struggles, cruelty, wild shooting affairs, et cetera, appear. We do not think these are any longer dramatic to the public, as they have seen them so often that they know just what is going to happen.

We will give two examples, and let you judge for yourself which you think would have the most effect on an audience. First comes "stuff." A poor man and his wife have quarreled. He returns home, and, when she speaks to him about drinking, he seizes her and treats her roughly, finally throwing her to the floor. Very dramatic? Second example: Same man and wife have quarreled. He returns home under influence of liquor, as in previous case. She pleads with him. He sneers at her. She portrays intense suffering by means of facial expressions. She continues to plead. He speaks roughly to her, then goes out. Close-up view to get all that is dramatic in her suffering; maybe real tears if the actress is clever.

Take your choice. We know there are many who will not agree with us that the latter is the most popular with the public at the present time, but we intend to stick to our choice. The fickle audiences grow tired of everything in time, therefore we agree that they want a change from "stuff" to dramatic action. We know of many editors who agree with us, and if the scenarioist can write this kind of script we do not think he will search for a market very long, providing, of course, the script is otherwise O. K.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Scenario Editor Phil Walsh, of the Santa Barbara Motion Picture Company, Santa Barbara, California, advises us that he is now reading all the scripts for the Kriterion Program companies, who produce exclusively in the California city He desires two-reel dramas and Western melodramas and one-reel comedy dramas and slapstick comedies. The Kriterion Program is made up of ten or twelve different brands. Six two-reel dramas and a like number of comedies in one reel are released each week. No statement of the prices paid has been received.

Short Shots.

Even the best writers have to fight to keep from getting into the rut, so the amateur must realize this is one of his greatest dangers.

The great trouble with many scripts is that their action is too melodramatic and improbable.

When the typewriter begins to "kick," finish your script on scrap paper, via the pencil route, and recopy it on the machine the next day. Don't wait until you can fix your machine, or the spirit of your work will be broken!

A writer must learn to take, to add, and to combine, in order to get fresh incidents for his plot.

We see lots of plots that start for no particular place and reach their destination very quickly.

The more condensed the time of your action is, the better the dramatic effect is sure to be.

Directors, as a class, are friends of the writers, but the latter do not seem to appreciate this fact.

What was the most interesting moment in your life? There is a photo play somewhere near it, but don't take it just as it happened.

Not many picture plays are self-starters.

Do your Christmas photo plays early

WHAT YOU WANT

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

There are stories written from the films that are chosen from the best of all the important producers, besides a feature article by a popular player, and special articles and departments on subjects that interest.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

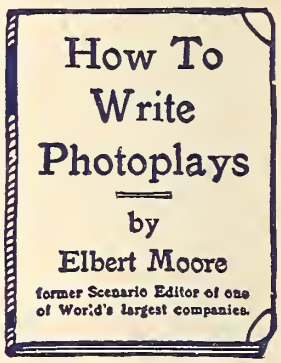
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1

No. 8



MARY FULLER
UNIVERSAL STAR
HAS WRITTEN AN ARTICLE ON MOTION PICTURES FOR THIS ISSUE

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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The views of one of the most popular actresses on the screen, regarding motion pictures. This special article contains many things most people want to know about the films and their production.

CAPTAIN MACKLIN. . . . . . **Earl S. Fairbanks** . . . **3**
A West Pointer goes to South America to prove his valor with his grandfather's sword in a company of adventurers recruited by a grizzled soldier-of-fortune—and a girl is part of the reward he wins.

THE GENTLEMAN BURGLAR. . . **Richard D. Taylor** . . . **8**
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 8 MAY 29, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

The Movies by One in Them

By Mary Fuller
(UNIVERSAL STAR)

Every one has his own opinion of motion pictures but there are few who do not wish to know them from the standpoint of a player—especially one of the stars. Miss Mary Fuller, who has received much commendation for her work with the Universal company, has written this article giving her views of the motion-picture industry. It contains many facts which will prove of interest to all followers of pictures.

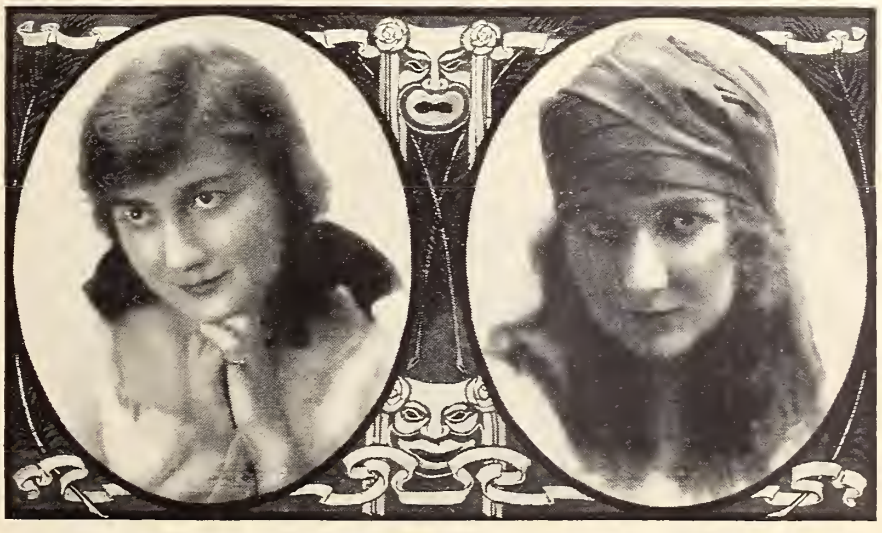
WHAT were the movies invented for? (Ungrammatical but modern.)

The grouch will probably answer: "So that a few men could make a lot of money out of nickels and dimes, and so that the actor would be deprived of his coffee in bed o' mornings."

The optimist would answer: "That a new and powerful factor in world advancement and universal education would be set in motion." The optimist is right. The optimist always gets the best of it, for, besides being right, he is a progressive, and his liver is in good working order.

Speaking on the subject of films recently, I said: "The photo play is the textbook of the masses. The laboring people, who have neither time nor inclination to open a book, absorb a great deal that is beneficial from films." And this is so in a marked degree. What other medium can compare with the movies for bringing into the homes of the middle class an idea of the higher things in life, an appreciation of the better usages of society, and a more pleasant and effective form of education? The little niceties of social intercourse, the refining influence of wholesome personalities, are held up in vivid form on the screen, and serve to start into life that germ of cultivation which has been so long stifled by the sordidness of commercial life.

Girls of lowly homes take inspiration from the heroines of the shadow screen, and boys unconsciously absorb the lessons of manliness and right thinking, particularly when sugar-coated with the charm of romance. The movies are very human, and to their softening influence may be attributed a more charitable outlook on the failings and trials of mortals. In the semidarkness, the moral from the screen story comes to us like the still small voice of our own conscience, and the tears we shed there, and the smiles, help to rainbow our outside vision of life in our own little sphere.



Mary Fuller on the left as she appears in real life and on the right as she is seen in "reel" life. Miss Fuller's ability to portray versatile roles has aided her greatly in gaining her fame.

To cheer mil-

lions of hearts, to open up new vistas of thought and self-cultivation to those struggling in the twilight of poverty and ignorance, to inspire the flagging ones with new faith—isn't that a wonderful message intrusted to the film and to those who help to make them?

Every one has imagination and love of drama—it is what makes the world go round—and the movies help to supply this zest to life. The lesson of the films is always toward a constructive good. The hero and heroine are depicted as engaging and triumphantly virtuous; the villain is thoroughly debased, and persistent in his unfortunate policy of inevitable failure. This is what the public wants, and thereby shows that its heart is in the right place.

All of which proves that the movies, at their outlet, are very beneficial. They are equally so at their source. Those who work in the films are fortunate in several ways. Outside of the philanthropic issue of doing so much good in the world through their shadowed image on the screen, the movie actor personally derives much benefit from the fact that his work is laid in more natural, healthy, and moral environs than his brother of the stage. The nine-to-five hours, the outdoor exercise, the good-fellowship of the studio, are conducive to regularity and happiness. It is the sort of employment which allows one to create the artistic element, yet does away with the vagabondage of the stage, allows one to have a real home and dress for dinner like a human being.

Acting for the camera may or may not be more difficult than the stage, but it does require a more intimate and sincere rendition of a rôle. The searching eye of the camera and the concentrated limits of screen drama demand the actor to be instinct with feeling and concise in thought. Since the voice is lacking, the mind must radiate the imagination.

But even though it may be hard work, there are compensations, among which is fame. What better advertisement of a personality could there be than the films which reach millions daily? Some one said to me recently: "You know, Miss Fuller, you are really more famous than Napoleon, statistically." And I believe this is true. I receive thousands of letters from all over the world, and I am sure in some homes they may not have heard of the great Frenchman, but do know me. This is not stated in egotism, but to show the far-reaching influence of the films.

What other medium could transmit to and perpetuate for future generations a moving, living personality, long after the actor himself was dust and ashes? What other canvas—save our faulty memory—could show us our children romping in their youth, our sweetheart in the prime of life, ourselves in our bridal finery, our life that is here to-day and so far behind us to-morrow? What but the screen could show us the sweet intimacies of bird life, of the electrical splendors of the plant world, the wonders of the sea deeps, or bring to us around the corner the palpitating and picturesque foreign lands, without making us leave our own city or town?

To this great educator of to-day—the motion picture—all hail!

Letters of Love and Business.

WHEN a motion-picture actress makes her début one of the things she looks forward to is the receipt of letters from the public about her work. When these letters—and others—do arrive, they are the source of no end of amusement to the actress—mostly the others. Some are really enlightening and interesting, but many of them, from motion-picture "bugs" are funny, to say the least.

Miss Kathlyn Williams, for example, receives an average of three thousand missives a month. They include sincere compliments on her work, requests that she use her influence to secure positions for ambitious young men and women desiring to become actors and actresses, proposals of marriage, gifts which include almost everything under the sun, and "crank" notes. These include letters from people who ask for locks of hair, autographed photographs, ask for money loans, and the like.

"I like to receive and read the letters from the children. I receive many from juvenile admirers, and I know they are sincere when they inform me that they like the motion pictures. The letters from the others who tell me they enjoy my acting are also naturally pleasing. I try to answer these when I have the time. As I receive thousands of letters monthly, it can readily be seen that it would be impossible to read them all. I do the best I can with the services of a private secretary and a stenographer.

"Stage-struck boys and girls seem very numerous. They all wish me to give them advice, and when I tell them to stay at home, and that the motion-picture acting field is already woefully crowded, they get mad and sometimes write me cruel letters. I do wish that I could tell them to go into the business, but my honest advice is for their own good.

"If I retained all the gifts that come to me I would conduct a zoo and an old curiosity shop. So far this year I have received five canary birds, two donkeys, two parrots, fourteen dogs ranging from Scotch collies to rat terriers, one dancing bear, three kittens, an Angora cat, and a ferret. And there are tablecloths, sofa cushions, pieces of embroidery work, paintings, cut glass, and other knickknacks of all kinds. I appreciate the gifts from my admirers; I know they are sincere, and I accept them in the spirit proffered, but whenever possible I return them, for I have no place to keep them.

"And poetry? Goodness gracious me! I didn't know there were so many poets in this world of ours.

"And then some romantic young man in Oshkosk, Peru, Indiana, or Birmingham, Alabama, writes me marriage proposals. Here is an exhibit received recently from Winnepeg, Canada:

"'DEAR MISS WILLIAMS: I have seen you in the fillums. You need a pretector from the animals and the villians. I will pretect you. I own three hundred acres of good land, a house, and have a lot of valuable stock and draft horses. Say the word and i will come on a get you.'

"As yet I have refrained from 'saying the word.' And there are notes from others, too, who are not so unsophisticated as the Winnepeg swain. They should know better!"

Among other Selig stars who receive presents and missives of all kinds and designs can be mentioned Thomas Santschi (who rarely replies), Edith Johnson, Tom Mix, Eugenie Besserer, Bessie Eyton, and Stella Razeto. Mr. Harry Mestayer, the well-known star, joined the Selig Polyscope Company, as a leading man, just a month ago, and up to date he has received eight hundred epistles.

Captain Macklin

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

Royal Macklin was the grandson of General Macklin, of Mexican and Civil War fame—which means that he had a fighter's blood in his veins. But this did not prevent the young man from being dismissed in disgrace from West Point. It stood him in good stead, however, when he went to South America to join the soldier of fortune, General Laguerre, and his company of adventurers. How he fought for, and won, the girl of his heart, against a villain who was behind a revolution, you may read in this story, based on the thrilling Mutual masterpicture of the same title, one of which is printed in this magazine every week. The cast:

Royal Macklin.....Jack Conway
Graham.....Jack Dillon
Beatrice Hardgrave.....Lillian Gish

ROYAL MACKLIN was fighting.

This despite the fact that it was against the rules of West Point, where he was enrolled, and that he had promised Beatrice Hardgrave—to whom he had become engaged only that day—that he would mend his harum-scarum ways and settle down to the serious task of making something of himself thenceforth.

But Royal came of a fighting strain. His grandfather, General Macklin, a fierce old fighter himself, as his record in the Mexican and Civil Wars proved, presenting the young man with the sword he had valiantly wielded through those campaigns, had said on his deathbed:

"You are the last of our name—never fear to fight for its honor!"

And it was because Royal believed that a slur had been cast upon that name, by the jeering of one of his classmates who had seen him reprimanded by a superior officer on the academy steps, that he was fighting now.

"Another infraction of the rules, eh, Macklin?"

Both Royal and his opponent lowered their fists, and stood stiffly at attention, as did the handful of their fellow students who had been interestedly looking on at the "scrap," before the officer who had interrupted the battle under the elms in a corner of the parade ground.

"Go to your room!" he ordered Royal, "You were warned that one more slip from grace would mean your summary dismissal. If you thought that was an empty threat, you may have cause to change your mind before you are an hour older. I'll report this to the board at once."

Royal saluted, and obeyed. But by the time he had reached his room in the dormitory his hot blood had cooled His heart quaked within him. Not for the consequences of his quick temper that had led him into the fist fight, to himself. If he were dismissed in disgrace, after the promise he had given her to cease his folly—what would Beatrice think?

The girl, in the garden of her father's estate, a couple of miles away, was turning just then to greet a man who had come out of the house.

He was John Graham, an adventurer and a scoundrel—though his real nature had not yet been disclosed to Joseph Hardgrave and his daughter—who had twice before called to see the millionaire railroad owner within the past week on a business matter.

"Your father," the man addressed Beatrice, with an ingratiating smile, "has asked me to wait, as he is busy in his library. Won't you entertain me in the meanwhile?"

Beatrice, with a graceful inclination of her head in assent, turned to point out to him the beauties of the garden where they stood.

"Aren't these roses lovely?" she said, pulling forward a laden branch.

A chill of apprehension ran through her as she felt Graham take her hand.

"They are not as lovely as you," he breathed in her ear, throwing a furtive glance over his shoulder toward the house. "You wonderful girl!"

"Mr. Graham!" she exclaimed indignantly, pulling her hand away. As she stepped back, she held it up—it was her left—for him to see Royal's diamond solitaire that gleamed upon the third finger. "You will notice that I am engaged, please."

The man's eyebrows lifted, though the easy smile still rested on his thin, clean-shaven lips.

"To whom, may I ask?" he inquired.

"Mr. Royal Macklin, of the Point."

"Oh, that's nothing but a boy-and-girl affair!" he scoffed, and as he did so he advanced to try to take her hand again. "You girls in these military school and college towns are always getting engaged to first one student and then another. That ring needn't make any difference to you—it doesn't to me. Come! I'll give you one that'll make twice as much show, for just one kiss ——"

Beatrice slapped his face.

What might have happened next, there is no telling. For, at the tingling contact of her hand on his cheek, Graham, his still-smiling face reddening, and an eager light glowing in his eyes, had taken another step toward her with his arms outstretched to seize her in them —when a manservant spoke his name on the graveled walk behind him.

"Mr. Hardgrave will see you now, sir," said the butler.

"I like a girl of spirit," the man told her in an undertone, as he turned to follow the servant to the house. "I'll see you again."

But it was to be months later, and in a different clime, before he made good that threat.

"Your proposition is dishonorable!" Mr. Hardgrave informed him in the li-

brary, when he had listened through to the end of the adventurer's explanation of the business on which he had called. "I refuse to be a party to your plan to further a South American revolution, for our own profit. I might gain further concessions for the Isthmian line, of which I am president, from the man you would place in power, than I now hold from President Garcia, but he has always treated me fairly, and I will do nothing to depose him. I repeat—your proposal is unscrupulous. And I must ask you to leave my house, and never to enter it again."



"You were told that another infringement of the rules would mean your dismissal from West Point," the officer, who interrupted the fight under the elms on the parade ground, told Royal Macklin. "Go to your room—I'm going to report this to the board at once."

With the jaunty assertion that he meant to go through with the scheme alone, to cover his chagrin at the other's indignant refusal of his offer to share in it, Graham took his departure.

Meanwhile, the blow had fallen for Royal Macklin. He had been tried, back at West Point, by court-martial, with the result that he had been given his dishonorable discharge and twelve hours to leave the academy.

What might have amounted to a brilliant military career lay in ruins at his feet. He had thrown it there himself. He had nothing but his own foolishness to blame, he admitted, for the fact that he was a failure at the very outset of his life. And now what was he going to do?

Royal asked himself that question on the morning following his dismissal from the Point, as he sat in the hotel room he had engaged in the near-by town. His eyes dropped to the newspaper in his hand, and he read again a certain item in it.

It stated that General Laguerre, an adventurer with a company of soldiers of fortune recruited from a half dozen nations at his back, was then in Anduras, on the coast of South America, seeking action of the red-blooded sort in that revolution-infested territory.

There was a knock at the door of Royal's room just then.

The Hardgrave butler entered, and presented him with a note. It was from Beatrice's father, who had read of the young man's discharge from the school, and written to inform him that he must consider his engagement to the girl at an end. Inside the folded sheet of note paper was his ring.

Royal did not believe that Beatrice had sent it back to him of her own volition, but that it was only in obedience to her father's orders that she had ever removed it from her finger.

He penned her a line, asking her to meet him at the tree where they had plighted their troth on the day before, to say good-by, and intrusted the missive to the waiting manservant. And then, clipping the item from the newspaper and placing it carefully in his cardcase, he rose, with his shoulders determinedly squared, to call up a steamship line on the phone and engage a passage for South America.

At the hour he had named for the tryst, Royal found Beatrice waiting for him beside the tree trunk that bore their initials within the heart he had cut in the bark.

"I am going away to try to amount to something, after all," he told her. "I'm not entitled to it, with the way I've gone back on my promise to you to behave like a man, instead of a headstrong, silly schoolboy, I know. But, Beatrice, can you tell me that I'll find you waiting, when I've made good?"

She came into his arms, and lifted her face to his.

"You'll *always* find me waiting, Royal," she said, her simple trust in him shining in her eyes.

He bent his head to kiss her lips, then checked himself, and straightened.

"No," he said through his shut teeth. "I'll wait until I've won the right."

And so he left her.

Finding General Laguerre, after he had been in South America for a week, Royal discovered to be no easy task.

President Garcia, of the republic of Anduras, had been deposed. He had taken flight from the capital city of Tegucigalpa with a few hundred of his soldiers who had remained loyal to him, leaving the field in possession of the usurper, Alvarez, his soldiers, and those who had deserted from Garcia's army to go under the revolutionist's banner.

"Get a horse and ride inland, toward the east, for a hundred miles," was the tip Royal finally received from an American sewing-machine agent named Aiken, with whom he had scraped up an acquaintance at the end of his first six days in Anduras. "A little bird whispered to me that Laguerre is planning to join forces with Garcia, who is in hiding at that point. Don't say I told

you, though. Alvarez has wind of what Laguerre means to do, and his soldiers are out scouring the country to try to find his camp and break up his company. Any one who speaks the name 'Laguerre' is under suspicion, and liable to be shot as a traitor to the government of Alvarez. Use your eyes and your ears, when you get into the country, as much as you can—and your tongue as little as possible. That's my advice to you."

Royal thought he was following it, when, at the end of the next day, he dismounted at a small 'dobe road house, to inquire of the proprietor—an Indian, who couldn't be a member of Alvarez's army—if he knew whether Laguerre could be found anywhere in the vicinity.

Replying that he was unable to supply Royal with the information, a moment later the wineshop keeper had gathered three of Alvarez's soldiers around him in the back room, where they had been drinking, to tell them of the inquiry the young man had made.

The soldiers burst in upon Royal, and attempted to seize him.

Realizing too late the mistake he had made by thinking he could trust the Indian with the query, Royal whipped out his revolver and covered the three soldiers with it.

Then, still holding them at bay with the weapon, he backed out of the place, to spring upon his horse and ride off like the wind.

The soldiers, piling out and onto their mounts, were after him a minute later, unslinging their carbines and firing at Royal as they rode.

He half turned in the saddle, and gave back shot for shot with his revolver.

A bullet clipped a piece out of the brim of his pith helmet. Simultaneously he saw one of the soldiers in the galloping trio behind him fling up his hands and pitch sidewise off his horse. One of his revolver shots had taken effect.

He got another one of his pursuers before the next quarter of a mile was covered.

The third man, reining his horse back on its haunches, shook his carbine after him in baffled rage—giving up the chase.

Royal, with a laugh of elation for the way he had got out of what had looked for a minute like a tight corner, turned to see where he was riding. He had just entered a forest of mahogany trees.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

A sentry rose from the shrubbery fairly under his horse's nose.

As he pulled up, before the picket's leveled rifle, again Royal laughed in triumph. The man wore a tricolored bit of ribbon on the pinned-back front of his straw-hat brim, and Royal saw they were neither the colors of Garcia's nor Alvarez's army. Besides, the order that had stopped him had come in good United States English—and Royal knew where he was.

He had stumbled upon the hiding place of Laguerre's company of adventurers—or, rather, he had been unwittingly chased to it by the soldiers of Alvarez, who had wanted to keep him from finding it!



Royal crumpled the letter from Beatrice's father in his hands. Their engagement had been broken off, due to his discharge from the academy.

"A friend goes here!" Royal answered, as he swung down to the ground and advanced with his hand outstretched. "That is, if this is the outpost of General Laguerre's encampment, as I think."

The sentry did not take his proffered hand, but stood regarding him with suspicion for a minute or two.

"If you've got a gun, hand it over," he briefly ordered at length. "Then march ahead of me, and you can state your name and business to the officer in temporary command."

Surrendering his pistol to the sentinel, Royal preceded him into the forest for a matter of two or three hundred yards. Here, before a camp fire in the center of a glade, at the left of which stood a solitary tent, he halted before a tall, powerfully built man of a German cast of countenance, whom he heard his guide address as Captain Heinz when he told him the circumstances under which he had escorted the young American thence from the edge of the forest.

"What do you want here?" rudely demanded the officer, before the three or four hundred men, in khaki or soiled and ragged white duck, who were looking on.

"I am looking for General Laguerre," answered Royal sharply, nettled by the man's crude manner of addressing him. "Since you are not he, will you kindly summon him, or lead me to him?"

"Are you armed?" snapped back the German.

"No; your sentinel told me to surrender my pistol to him, and I did so."

"Maybe you carry another weapon," sneered the other, stepping up to him and laying a hand on his shirt—"in here."

"Take your hand off me!" flared Royal, jerking away from the man's touch. "I've told you I'm unarmed. Isn't my word enough to satisfy you?"

"I'll be satisfied when I've seen for myself!" was the reply of Captain Heinz, and he made another grab for the front of his shirt.

Royal knocked him down.

The officer, his little eyes blazing with wrath, regained his feet in a twinkling.

Snatching the revolver from his own belt, he covered Royal with it, and advanced upon him.

"If you are unarmed, as you say," he snarled, "then I have you at my mercy, now! I will settle with you for that blow, my friend, by killing you where you stand——"

A steellike voice interrupted:

"Captain Heinz, put down that gun!"

Royal turned, to see a man of medium height, but with the level, slate-gray eyes of a born leader looking out of his thin-lipped, hard-bitten face, who stood at his side. Without being told, Royal knew that he was in the presence of General Laguerre himself.

"I have been watching the scene between you and this gentleman, through the flap of my tent, yonder," the adventurers' commander informed the German. "You have exceeded your authority in laying your hand on him. I

saw him knock you down for it. And I admire his spirit in having done so. Who are you, sir?" he turned to inquire crisply of Royal.

When he had stated his name and descent from the Macklin fighting line, with the hope which had brought him from the United States that he might find a place in Laguerre's company, Royal felt both his shoulders gripped by the veteran soldier of fortune.

"You came all the way down here to join my troop—you, the grandson of General Macklin!" repeated the adventurer warmly. "Well, it'll be an honor for me to have any one with his blood in his veins fighting under me! I knew your grandfather, sir. He was a *man!* You're not only a member of my company, from now on, but I herewith appoint you my lieutenant in chief. Boys!" he turned to address the men under his leadership. "Captain Macklin—three cheers!"

They were given with a will.

Captain Heinz, thus deposed from his rank as subcommander by Royal, was the only one who did not join in them. He stood looking after General Laguerre and Royal as they walked off, arm in arm, toward the tent. And then he spun around on his heel and moved away in the opposite direction, with his black brows drawn together in a scowl that boded no good to Royal—or to Laguerre, either, who had openly rebuked him before the whole company.

The grizzled adventurer explained to Royal that he was planning to bring up his company to Garcia's encampment, join forces with him, and then attack Alvarez in the city of Tegucigalpa at once.

"A man named Graham," said Laguerre, "backed Alvarez in the revolution that gave him Garcia's presidency. He's running things, back at the capital, with a high hand, I hear. That's why we've got to strike soon, Garcia and I, or there won't be anything left of the government for him to reclaim. Graham will have picked it as clean as the bones of a turkey a week after Thanksgiving Day."

Graham had, indeed, conducted the government for Alvarez, who was nothing but his tool, and from whom he had demanded for himself the office of secretary of state, in a high-handed fashion.

So much so, that he had gone to the length of seizing the warehouses of the Isthmian line, owned by Joseph Hardgrave.

When the news was cabled to him, the latter had decided to come down to Anduras himself. He had taken Beatrice along with him, thinking the sea voyage might do her good, as she had lost much of her former color and gayety since Royal went away. She had indifferently accepted her father's invitation—not knowing that it was to Anduras that Royal had gone to make good.



Beatrice was waiting for him at the tree that bore their initials within the heart. He had cut them in the bark on the day before, as they told each other of their love.

Arrived in the capital city, Hardgrave and the girl went to the palazzo to see Alvarez, from whom the American millionaire demanded an explanation of his right to seize his warehouses.

"It was done at my order," announced Graham, confronting the president of the Isthmian line, with cool insolence. "What are you going to do about it?"

By way of reply, Hardgrave's fist shot out toward the rogue's sneering face.

Graham parried the blow, and grappled with him. He shouted for the soldiers in the corridor without. They ran in and made Hardgrave a prisoner.

"Take the girl, too," the scoundrel ordered them. "But lock her up separately—there, in that adjoining room. I'll deal with her later, myself. There's an old score I've got to settle with her. Throw her father into a cell, and keep him there."

Both Beatrice and her father appealed to Alvarez, but he only laughed uneasily, spreading out his hands in a gesture which suggested that he was helpless to interfere in any plans Graham might have; and they were led away in opposite directions.

Even as this was taking place, General Laguerre, having reached Garcia's encampment, was making ready to attack the city with their combined forces.

"May I make a suggestion, sir?" said Royal.

The older man, regarding him in silence, nodded.

"It is this," said Royal. "That we divide our number, and attack the city, front and rear, instead of making a concerted assault upon one point. Our force is much smaller than Alvarez's; the odds are at least two to one against our success, as matters now stand. Why not split up into two parties, so that if one should fail to break into the city, the other, perhaps with more luck, could come through from rear gates or front, as the case might be, and let them in?"

General Laguerre slapped his thigh approvingly.

"There spoke the grandson of General Macklin!" he declared. "Your idea is a good one, and we'll carry it out. I'll lead one force at the front gates and you, Royal, take the other and assault the rear."

Royal's strategy was to have a far more important result in deciding the fate of the expedition than either he or Laguerre could have foreseen at the time.

For, having slipped stealthily away from the consultation in Garcia's tent before Royal had made his suggestion that the original plan, to attack the city in a body at the front gate, be changed, Heinz, mounting his horse, had ridden to warn Alvarez of the coming assault—thinking, by the traitorous act, to pay back Laguerre the grudge he bore him for having elevated Royal to his rank.

Meanwhile, back at the palazzo, Gra

ham and Alvarez sat drinking together in the room from which Beatrice and her father had been led away as prisoners from their audience with the dark-skinned president of the republic.

"What do you intend to do with the wealthy old gringo?" Alvarez inquired of his mentor.

"Make him cough up?" replied Graham, helping himself to another drink. "If he wants to get back to the States, let him write out a check for fifty thousand dollars and hand it over to us. And we'll give him only a week to do it in, too. If he refuses to pay the ransom, we'll send him out to a blank wall with a firing squad, and write to his friends afterward that he died down here of fever, or something."

With a laugh, the villain clapped his vassal on the back, and rose.

"But the girl—ah, that's another story!" turning toward the door of the room in which he had ordered her locked. "I'm going in to have a little chat with her now!"

But he was interrupted in his unsteady progress toward the door by the breathless appearance of Heinz.

"Quick!" the traitor cried out to Alvarez. "Garcia and General Laguerre are on their way to attack the city!"

Bracing himself with one hand on the back of a chair, Graham barked a series of orders to Alvarez. With Heinz, the latter hurried out to put them into action—they were to marshal the army before the front gates of the city to repel the assault there, which would frustrate its unexpected effect, thanks to Heinz's despicable betrayal.

Then, sweeping the empty audience chamber with a satisfied glance, Graham turned, laughing cruelly to himself, to unlock the door behind which Beatrice was a prisoner.

With her father a captive elsewhere in the palazzo, he thought he had her alone, at his mercy.

But he did not know that Hardgrave, overpowering his guard when the latter entered his cell with a jug of water and a loaf, had escaped. Seizing the horse that a soldier had left outside the palazzo, the railroad president had galloped off on the road that Royal, at the head of half the attacking force, was taking to reach the rear gates of the city.

When they met, Royal drew his grandfather's sword from its scabbard, after Hardgrave had told him that Beatrice was still a prisoner in the palazzo, and stood up in his stirrups.

"Come on, men!" he shouted to the troops behind him. "We're going in through those city gates, if all of the fiends of hell try to stop us!"

And so they did.

The force under Royal was still less than half the number of Alvarez's soldiers. Those odds, however, were set at naught by the fury with which he led charge after charge against the opposition, until, at last, it gave way, and he and his company surged in.

Sending the others on to make a rear attack upon the troops of Alvarez, who were fighting at the front gates to keep Laguerre and his men out, and so put



But the villain, Graham, did not know that Hardgrave was even then escaping from the palazzo in Tegucigalpa, the capital city of the South American republic of Anduras.

the usurper's forces entirely to rout—which was afterward done—Royal sprang up the palazzo steps.

Graham held Beatrice, despite her struggles, in his arms.

"A kiss for a blow!" the drunken ruffian was laughingly exclaiming. "You struck me once, months ago, and I swore then I'd kiss you for it. Now each time you strike me with your pretty fists you're adding another kiss to the debt you owe me, and that I'm going to make you—pay," he darted his lips toward her face, but she evaded them. "Pay, yes, you will!" as she still struggled in his clasp. "Pay!"

Royal, bursting into the room with his red sword in his hand, made his presence known by a growl of fury.

"Oh, Royal, Royal—save me!" the girl cried to him.

Releasing her, Graham had whirled to face him.

"Ah, the cadet, eh?" he sneered in recognition of him from the girl's mention of his name, which he had previously heard her make. "Well, little tin soldier, if it's fight you're looking for—you'll get it!"

As he spoke, he brought his hand from behind him. In it was a revolver, and with the gesture which revealed the weapon, he fired.

The bullet missed Royal, but the shot had served to disconcert him for an instant. And in that fraction of a moment, Graham was upon him, grappling his arms before he could swing aloft his sword.

Royal dropped the saber, and with one hand caught the man's throat, while with the other he strove to wrest the pistol from him. Body pressed to body, they wrestled in tense silence, broken only by their fierce breathing.

"Damn you!" panted the adventurer, breaking away.

He ran back, leveling the revolver at Royal, and pulled the trigger three times in succession. Its hammer clicked harmlessly—the gun was empty. With a muttered imprecation for his forgetfulness in not having looked to see if it was loaded before he put it in his pocket, Graham hurled the thing at Royal's head. Flinging up his hands, Royal caught it. And, as the man rushed in upon him again, grasping the weapon by the muzzle, he brought the butt down with all his force on his head.

Without a sound, Graham dropped to the floor like a felled ox. His worthless career was ended.

"My darling!"

Royal sprang forward and caught the girl in his arms.

She lifted her face to his.

"Oh, Royal!" She was crying. "Put your arms around me—I want to feel that I'm safe, *safe*—and kiss me, dear!"

Royal Macklin hesitated. Then, as he heard the shouts of the troops of Garcia and the soldier of fortune, General Laguerre, ringing out in the street below them in token that the city was taken, and by his efforts, a triumphant smile lighted his face.

"I believe," he said, as he brought his lips down toward hers, "that I've won the right now!"

The Gentleman Burglar

(SELIG)

By Richard D. Taylor

Very unusual and just as interesting is this story taken from the Selig film of the same name. It has the detective element, a touch of mystery, just enough love to carry it along without any "mush" and a strong plot. That should be plenty recommendation, but there is still a surprise for those who read it. The principals in the cast of the picture were as follows:

James Draper / *Broadway Jim* ..... William Stowell

Irma Horn ..... Lillian Marshall

WELL, so long, Jim! I'll be up to see you to-night."

The tall, handsome-appearing young man to whom the remark was addressed, bade his friend farewell, and left the club entrance, heading for an automobile which stood waiting at the curb.

Little did he know or suspect that his every action was being absorbed by the sharp eyes of Irma Horn, detective from headquarters. She had been assigned the capture of one "Broadway Jim," who had received his name from the fact that his occupation consisted in visiting the high-class cabaret houses and ballrooms along the Great White Way, and separating the jovial society folk from their most valuable jewelry.

His work had continued so long, and been so bold, and he had thus far met with such success in evading the law, that the police had, as a last resort, put the case in the hands of Irma Horn, at her urgent request, to see if a woman could do more than the other members of the secret service, who had been so completely foiled by this notorious "gentleman burglar."

When she had heard the man in the doorway address his friend as "Jim," her hopes had brightened. The previous night, in a society gathering, Irma had picked the man out of the crowd. She had compared him scrutinizingly with the photograph she was carrying, and was satisfied that at last she had found her man. He was the exact image of Broadway Jim. The only thing to alter her suspicions, that had happened, or, rather, that had *not* happened, was that there was no report of a theft at the ball that night. Perhaps, she theorized, he was only acquainting himself with the ground, in anticipation of a grand haul in the future.

She had shadowed him the next day, having learned which was his club by listening to the conversation the previous night, and hoped to find out where he lived. This had been impossible the evening before, as he had remained with a friend overnight, which she had also gathered from the talk.

Now, here he was, evidently bound for home. And the friend had called him Jim! Everything seemed in her favor, and certainly he must be the man for whom she was looking. And the other had said he would "be up to-night." It did not take Irma long to decide that she must also be present, and, not only did she wish to learn the location of the home of the thief, but she suddenly made up her mind that she must *get in it*.

Therefore, acting on the incentive of a plan that sprang into her head, Irma advanced toward the automobile as though she were just an ordinary passer-by. But when she arrived within a few feet of the man she had been watching, the young detective uttered a short cry and fell to the sidewalk. In a moment the man was bending over her.

"What is the matter?" he inquired. "Did you hurt yourself badly?"

"Oh, no!" she replied. "Just sprained my ankle, I guess. I'm all right now, thank you."

He attempted to help her to her feet, but the woman fell again. Her ankle evidently refused to bear the weight of her body.

It was then that the man made the offer for which she had been waiting.

"Get into the auto here with me," he invited, "and I'll take you home with me. I can call a doctor and have the foot attended to. Or would you rather go to your home? If you would, I shall be glad to take you there."

"I should," began the girl, "if I had one. But I live by myself, and would hardly be able to care for myself. I am awfully sorry to trouble you so much, but if you don't mind I should be very grateful to go with you."

The man seemed pleased at her answer. In truth, he had been hoping that it would be what it had. She appeared to be an attractive person, and he did not see any objection to forming an acquaintance with her.

He helped her into the automobile, and then entered himself. Irma watched closely out the window to find out where they were going, and when she saw that the car was on its way up Fifth Avenue she wondered where he lived. Certainly not on that thoroughfare; they would turn down one of the cross streets soon, she thought. But, to her surprise, the auto kept its course straight ahead until, in the most elegant section of the city, it came to a stop. The chauffeur opened the door.

"Here we are," said her companion. "Allow me to help you into the house."

Could it be possible, she asked herself, that Broadway Jim was a denizen of this most refined part of the most distinguished avenue in New York? She was still puzzling the question over in her brain when they entered the beautiful mansion.

"If you will just lie down on that lounge for a few minutes," her host was saying, "I'll go upstairs and get some liniment and telephone the doctor."

"Never mind the doctor for a while, thank you," she replied hurriedly, fearing that if one were summoned, her stay would be cut altogether too short, "but just let me have that liniment, if you will, and it may be all right with that. It seems much better already."

Assenting to this, the man left the room. Irma took advantage of his absence to do a little investigating. She went into several of the adjoining rooms and noted their contents closely. There was nothing to confirm her suspicions that he was the man for whom she was searching. In fact, she was almost convinced that it was all a great mistake, and that she was as far from Broadway Jim's trail as when she began looking for him. And for some reason she found that she sincerely hoped she was, despite what his capture meant to her. She asked herself the cause of feeling thus, and discovered that she liked this person very much.

Try as she would, she could not overcome her admiration for the man; his fine physique, wholesome appearance, and his polite and kind manner all appealed strongly to her. He had not boasted of the beautiful Fifth Avenue home, nor of his wealth. The more she thought, the more she hoped that she had made a mistake.

Suddenly, as she was glancing over a shelf of books, one caught her attention. Here was something that would raise the cover from the mystery—a family history, such as is kept by many people. Some one in the early days had started it, and to keep up the custom is added to from generation to generation. Irma picked the book out and began to turn the pages quickly. It belonged to the family of Draper. She turned to the last page, and there, among three other pictures, was one, undoubtedly that of her host. Under it was the name "James Draper," and it was followed by a brief note stating that the four pictures were those of the sons and daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Robert Draper, of New England, wealthy property holders.

That was plenty for Irma. This could not be Broadway Jim, for why would a man with such finances steal for a living? It was a case of mistaken identity, and in her heart she was glad—very glad. But certainly the picture in the book seemed a duplicate of the one given her at headquarters. At this point, the door opened, and Mr. James Draper returned, carrying in his hand a small bottle.

"This is a fine liniment," he recommended, "and ought to do the ankle good. What is that you found to interest you? Oh, our family history; I guess it has not much in it to entertain you. If you want a good book, there is——"

"Thank you, Mr. Draper," Irma broke in; "but there is a great deal of interest to me in this family history. More, just now, than in any other book ever written."

Draper laughed. "I don't know what can be in there to make you think so. Are you an old friend of the family?"

"No," replied Irma, wondering whether or not it would be safe to tell him the real reason for her being so interested in such a dry book as a family history. Finally she decided that there could be no mistake of this man's identity, and it could do no harm to acquaint him with the fact that he strongly resembled one of the most notorious crooks who ever picked New York as his field of harvest. "No, I'm not a friend of the family," she continued, after the pause. "In fact, I came very near being an enemy to the family, or, at least, to one



Could it be possible, she asked herself, that Broadway Jim was a resident of this most refined part of New York?

of its members, namely yourself." And then she imparted the whole story to him.

Draper listened attentively to everything that Irma said, and when she had finished he laughed heartily.

"So, after all, you haven't a sore ankle at all. Well, I certainly am glad to hear that!" Apparently the injured ankle was what had been bothering Draper more than the fact that he had nearly landed in the prison, taken for a gentleman burglar.

"Well, I hope you'll stay for supper, anyway," he told her, by way of invitation.

At first Irma refused, but it was merely for reasons of conventionality. She liked the man more as time passed, and as it turned out that he lived by himself and was a bachelor, she at last accepted, "to keep him from being lonely," as she expressed it.

That evening, up to the time when Draper's friend from the club arrived, Irma thought was the most pleasant time she had ever spent. Her host was a very interesting person, and consequently their friendship grew for each other. Draper by no means overlooked the qualities of the girl who had been thrown into his acquaintance in such a strange way, and he, too, was glad that chance had cast them together. Both being so clear-minded and conscious of the limit set by society for the first meeting of two persons of opposite sex, neither fell in love with the other—at least they thought.

When Draper's friend arrived, Irma left in an automobile ordered for her by the man she had come to arrest. It had been decided that they should tell no one of the discovery that James Draper, the rich resident of Fifth Avenue, was an almost exact double to Broadway Jim, probably the most renowned man of all the underworld.

But one other person found it out, and planned to make very good use of his knowledge. He thanked fortune for having cast them in the same mold. This person was none other than Broadway Jim. The next few weeks, though hardly allowing a single night to pass without adding some treasure to his stolen riches, he spent busily thinking of some way he might take advantage of his likeness to the young millionaire.

Meanwhile, Irma and Draper were made more intimate by frequent visits from the latter and many theater parties. It did not take long for them to learn the real form of their friendship—both agreed that it was love.

During the day, however, Irma spent all her time vainly working on the assignment given her at headquarters. She had gone to the scene of every robbery committed by the man who so baffled the police, but had not been able to find a single clew to follow up, so well did he plan and carry out the thefts. But she did not give up; on the contrary, she only resolved all the more firmly that if any one could clear up the mystery of Broadway Jim's identity it was a woman—and she was the woman, she decided.



A second later and the limp form of Draper was being lifted into an auto waiting at the curb.

On an evening some time after the meeting of Irma and Draper, both had been invited to attend the Trevaine reception. They had arranged to meet there, as Irma had been placed in charge of the Armadi heirlooms, a very valuable set of jewels, which were to be exhibited at the reception, and was for that reason compelled to arrive early.

The reception was to be held not a great distance from Draper's home, and, as the night was a refreshing one, he decided to walk there. At about eight o'clock he emerged from the beautiful Fifth Avenue mansion and proceeded along the avenue a few blocks, and thence down a side street. Hardly had he rounded the corner, when a heavy hand rested on his shoulder, and, turning to see to whom it belonged, received a blow squarely above the forehead. He reeled backward and fell heavily to the pavement.

A second later and the limp form of Draper was being lifted into an auto standing at the curb, and Broadway Jim—for he it was who had wielded the sandbag—jumped into the chauffeur's seat. He trusted no one as an accomplice, which was one of the reasons for his success in his line.

The auto drove at an average speed, for the driver was careful not to arouse suspicion by haste, despite the hurry he was in, to the lower part of the city. When at last it came to a halt before an ordinary building with a brownstone front, the gentleman burglar carried the prostrate form of James Draper into the house, came out, and drove the taxi around the corner, and returned. He seemed to be taking extra precautions on this occasion, probably realizing the hazard he was risking for his best haul of the season.

Fifteen minutes later a man emerged from the building. It was James Draper in appearance, but Broadway Jim in person. He walked briskly two blocks up to one of the city's main avenues, chartered a taxi, and rode up to the corner one block from the home of the man he was impersonating. Was he going to be bold enough to rob the millionaire's own home? No—Broadway Jim had a still better scheme in view. He was out for even greater game—the Armadi heirlooms had attracted his desire, and he did not even halt at the dangers of getting them. Why should he? Broadway Jim could accomplish anything, so he thought himself, and for a long time he had been waiting for an opportunity to present itself, wherefrom he could make the best of his resemblance to James Draper. At last it had come.

With this aim in view, he alighted from the taxi near the home of the man whose part he was playing, that he might walk to the reception without causing any suspicion. There was no doubt of it that he certainly knew his business.

Mounting the steps, and going into the hotel, the thief presented an invitation—Draper's invitation—and advanced leisurely into the reception room. His manner was suave, and the impersonation was almost perfect, for it was the result of careful study made under disguise.

The notorious gentleman burglar walked indifferently over to the stand on which the coveted jewels were being displayed. He did not even hesitate at playing the part with his double's sweetheart. There was only one thing for him to fear, that was his voice. But this was easily explained to Irma by a statement that he had a very bad cold, a few vigorous coughs helped matters, and she accepted him as her lover.

"Aren't they beautiful?" the girl exclaimed, referring to the Armadi treasures, after a greeting enthusiastic on the part of both parties. "And they must be worth thousands of dollars," she continued.

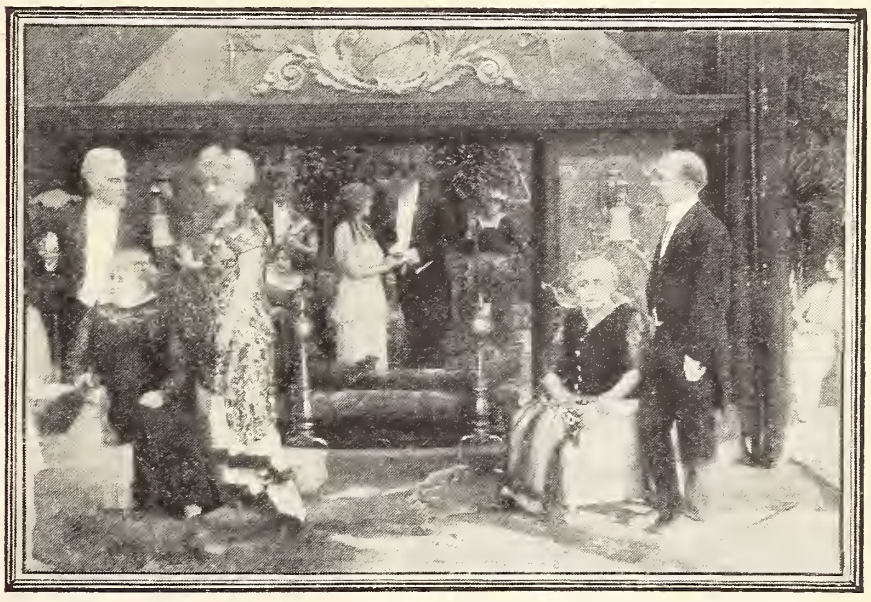
"They certainly are fine!" Broadway Jim replied, finishing with another cough. Then he added, boldly enough, too, for a person in his position: "Are you able to dance, Irma, or must you stay by these all the while? I hope you can, for I want to forget this beastly cold."

"A little later," she answered, "when the crowd has stopped looking at them to some extent. Just now it isn't quite safe, with so many people around, to leave them entirely unguarded." Her supposed lover agreed, though smiled to himself as he wondered how she would feel when she discovered that they were gone, later in the evening, when he had accomplished his purpose.

Broadway Jim excused James Draper from Irma, for a time, and proceeded to make himself sociable, as would have done the young man he was representing. Dancing was one of the tools of his business, and he had often made good use of it. To-night he danced much, for he knew Draper would have, and spent the time between dances, when he was not with Irma, in talking to those who took him unwittingly for their friend. This was one of the hardest propositions with which he had to deal, for many quick, evading answers and statements had to be invented in the course of conversation.

Consequently, the impostor stayed quite close to Irma, for her talk, though at times making the position intricate, was more concerning the jewels. They being in her care, were foremost in her mind, as were they in his. He had learned the history connected with them, and passed much of the time by relating it.

"I'm going to take another look at them," he said once, and took them in his hand, examining them closely. He was comparing them mentally with some paste ones he had provided himself with, and which he then carried in his pocket. They were enough like them, he thought, to give him a good headstart before they were discovered to be missing.



Broadway Jim did not even hesitate at playing the part with his double's sweetheart.

In the meantime, the true James Draper was faring badly. About an hour after being struck on the head, his consciousness returned, but thirty minutes more elapsed before he was able to rise from the floor, where he had been thrown, and investigate the surroundings. When at last he did get up and feel his way in the black darkness to a door, it was only to find it locked. The windows gave the same result, and appeared against him.

Returning to the door, he found it to be paneled with thin boards, and though at first he feared to break it lest it would attract some accomplices who might be listening, he finally turned to it as a last resort. In another fifteen minutes he was standing on the sidewalk in front of the building. He did not know where he was, but directed his steps to the nearest corner, where a street sign would give him the information.

The first light he reached revealed to Draper that he did not have on his own clothes. He had been too excited to think of them before, and, as it had been dark, he did not notice that he was clad in the livery of a chauffeur.

Feeling in the pockets of the uniform, he found nothing. Then he stopped walking and turned himself to thought. What would a person want with his clothes? Why should any one lock him in a room far from the district of his home? These and many other questions he pondered in his mind, and suddenly thought of his resemblance to Broadway Jim. He had almost forgotten it. Then theories formed quickly. His invitation was gone, as was his own apparel. Perhaps if he went to the reception it would help clear matters. This he decided to do.

With a bound, he started a dash for the corner, where he discovered where he was. To this he paid little attention, for he called an idle taxi and gave the

chauffeur directions to drive with all the speed he could get from the machine.

The man on the seat eyed him for a minute, then asked sarcastically:

"What's a matta? Tryin' t' beat it from a fare y'u short-changed?"

It took considerable persuasion, and finally a promise of five dollars to decide the shrewd man at the wheel to take a chance. In a half minute after he had been at last induced to change his mind, the car was dashing through the streets, disregarding shouts from sleepy policemen on their beats. It was fairly late, and Draper stood with his mouth close to the little round hole in the glass behind the chauffeur, urging him to go still faster.

When the ride terminated, the millionaire in chauffeur's dress paused only to tell the driver to wait outside, and rushed into the hotel. Here he was promptly stopped by an attendant, but a well-directed shove as promptly removed the obstacle, and Draper ran to the reception room.

The place was in a commotion. Three policemen stood around a man in evening clothes, and on whose hands they had just snapped a pair of handcuffs. Irma stood off in a corner with a handkerchief at her eyes. The guests were passing excited remarks, and the name of Draper was uttered frequently.

He summed the situation up quickly. Broadway Jim had taken his place at the reception, and stolen the jewels. James Draper himself had been accused, naturally enough, of the theft, and Irma had been forced to think that her fiancé was, after all, the notorious gentleman burglar.

Draper rushed up to the policemen. They nearly fainted. Every one was in a quandary to understand how there could be two James Drapers, and it took a vast amount of explanation on his part and that of Irma to bring to light the truth.

At the end, however, the story was confirmed by the prisoner himself, who confessed to his identity, seeing that there was no use in denying it.

"And now," whispered the young millionaire to Irma, drawing her aside, "you've made as big a capture as you could in all the rest of your life, if you spent it as a detective. So it's time for you to retire. You got Broadway Jim, that isn't half as important as what he got for me. If it wasn't for him, you wouldn't be going to marry me tomorrow, would you? But can you lend me five dollars until I get home? I owe it to a chauffeur."

Vivian Rich—Personally.

THE other day two stonemasons on a business street in Los Angeles paused in their work to follow with admiring gaze the figure of a slight, dark-haired girl who came out of a building and crossed the square.

"Do you know who she is?" asked one of the men. And then, without waiting for a reply, he said: "That's Vivian Rich. There isn't a week I don't go to see her at the movies."

"I can beat you at that," grinned the other happily. "We've a baby girl, a week old, named for her."

Among the many beautiful leading women in pictures there is none, perhaps, who is more widely loved by persons of all ages and degrees of social attainment, than Miss Rich, whose name is synonymous with the success of the Flying "A." Winsome, refined, and sympathetic, she puts her charming personality into every character she plays. Her repertoire is immense—and never has she failed to please.

Miss Rich was born at sea. Possibly this is why she is gifted with the imaginative, romantic temperament, which even years of schooling in Boston could not educate out of her. She gave up the opportunity to go to college for the stage, making her début in New York in "The Country Girl"—and never has she regretted her choice. Though only in her early twenties, she "has found herself," and is happy.

One of her old teachers at the Boston Latin High School, on seeing her former pupil for the first time on the screen, entirely forgot her pedagogic dignity in her enthusiasm at the sight.

"Why, it is Vivian!" she exclaimed. "I had not even heard she was acting in pictures. But I would know her anywhere—the same sweet, unspoiled child. And she was clever, too—always at the head of her class."

Every day brings Miss Rich many letters from old friends in the East and from countless new admirers. They are from all kinds of people in all possible walks of life. But the misspelled, illiterate letter receives the young actress' personal attention equally with the most charming, fluent epistles. For she delights in the friendship of everybody, and regards her popularity both as a great honor and as a responsibility. Sunday afternoon is her favorite time for answering personally many of these letters.

Miss Rich lives with her mother in a little bungalow in Santa Barbara. They are famous for the delightful weekends they give their friends, who run down from Los Angeles and San Francisco. Their home also is a Mecca for many old friends from the East, especially young people whom Vivian knew at school. Not long ago she entertained a house party of her former classmates, and there were picnics and riding, and drives in relays in their charming hostess' runabout.

Swimming, fishing, and tramping, all these fascinate Miss Rich, who is a real out-of-doors girl. Her favorite part of picture work is that which takes her far afield on "locations." The wildwood type especially is suited to her dark beauty, and as a girl of the mountains she has starred in innumerable romances taken among some of the most picturesque settings ever photographed for the screen. The more simply the American leading woman is costumed the more apparent is her girlish loveliness. More petite than tall, her features are delicate, and her manner natural and unstudied. She is charming in the smock of sackcloth which she wears in the rustic subjects, and in a cowgirl get-up her brunet coloring is rendered especially striking. A filmy evening gown transforms her into a society beauty, or, when occasion requires, she can play the unsophisticated home-loving daughter or wife with equal grace.

Indeed, Miss Rich herself has a serene, contented nature, and most of her affection centers round her home. She and her mother are the best of comrades. The young actress cares little for notoriety, she is not aggressively interested in the feminist movement, but is just a delightful, unaffected girl, earnest in her work, and devoted to her friends and her home. When her collie, "Guess," strayed away a while ago, she was inconsolable. Happily, somebody presented Miss Rich with another dog.

Mavis of the Glen

(UNIVERSAL)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

Mavis is a sweet, unaffected girl who married a society man. In the wild beauty of her seashore home she is a very picturesque figure. But when her husband takes her from it, into the society life of a large city, complications arise. You may read what they are in this story based on the Universal Film Company's picture play, featuring Ella Hall as *Mavis*, and Robert Leonard as her husband. The rest of the cast was:

Henry Marsh..... .....Harry Carter
Old Peter.....Robert Chandler

BY Jove, that's where I'm going!" Robert Graham, one of a yachting party that was returning to New York after a two weeks' cruise, stood at the rail of the beautiful white craft, his eyes fixed on a glen that the yacht was just then passing along the shore.

Graham was fond of fishing; he had tried to interest the men and women who were his companions on the yachting trip in the sport, but in vain. They cared more for bridge playing, dancing, and suchlike amusements of society; and by one and all his frequent suggestions that they spend a day in angling had been laughed to scorn. As a result, Bob Graham had been forced to content himself with dropping a line overboard in such harbors as the yacht cast anchor in; and, of course, his luck had amounted to nothing. The right spot for fishing was a regular bank—some place that was known to a seasoned old fisherman.

And from the upturned boat and the nets drying on the poles outside a small, white-painted cottage on the beach, it was evident that such a fisherman lived here in this glen.

"Stop the yacht for me," the young man requested of Cataret, the owner of the craft, "and put me ashore in the tender. I'm going to get in one good day's fishing, before this trip's over. I'll hire the man who lives in that cottage to take me out in his boat. By-by! See you in New York to-morrow night. I'll come on by train from here, and get into town almost as soon as you do."

As he alighted, suit case in hand, from the yacht's trim launch at the entrance of the glen, Graham whipped off his hat in surprise.

Facing him was a girl in a sunbonnet and a simple calico frock. A pretty girl she was, Graham thought at first. But he quickly changed his mind about that. She was genuinely beautiful. He mentally reviewed the women of his own set whom he had just left on board that yacht. They were all charming, for Cataret was a man who had an eye for feminine beauty, and no one could ever accuse the women who made up his parties of being plain. But this simply gowned girl of the open surpassed them as the sun a candle's ray—and Graham's pulses were wildly beating, from an emotion he had never felt before in all the thirty-one years of his life, as he spoke:

"Could you tell me, please, who lives in this cottage?"

"I live in it," the girl made answer, returning his gaze frankly out of her wide, blue eyes, "with my foster father, whom people call Old Peter. If you wish to see him, I will call him."

But she was saved the trouble of doing so. A man with a seamed and weather-bronzed, but kindly, face, who was garbed in a pair of fisherman's overalls and a sou'wester, emerged from the door of the cottage and walked toward them.

"I have just come from that yacht," explained Graham to him, with a nod of his head toward the private vessel that was steaming away. "I want some fishing, and I thought you might be able to take me out with you. Of course, I would expect to pay you for your trouble."

Old Peter replied that he was agreeable to the proposal. He spoke, Graham noticed, with the vocabulary of an educated man; and this made the young New Yorker wonder. But, in the days that followed, he learned the explanation. Graham had changed his mind about rejoining his friends in the city on the morrow, the day he had first set eyes on the girl of the glen. He had engaged a room at the inn in the nearby village, and set himself to the task of winning Mavis, as he found out her name was. For he had made up his mind that he would not leave there until he could take her with him as his wife.

Old Peter told him how he himself came to be living in that glen, and the story of his adoption of Mavis as his foster daughter.

The fisherman had once been a member of society, as was Graham. But, years before, he had sickened of the artificiality around him. He had given up the life of glitter and show, to come here to this glen to spend the rest of his days close to nature, in peace and quiet.

Mavis, at that time, had been a little girl of nine or ten. She had formed the habit of running down from the village to visit the lonely man in his small house on the shore. In time they had become fast friends. Mavis' father was the village drunkard. Her mother was dead. When, one day, her father was killed in a drunken brawl in the village tavern, and Mavis was thrown all alone upon the world, Old Peter had gone before the selectmen of the town and asked to be allowed to adopt her. The request had been granted. And she and the fisherman had lived contentedly together in the cottage in the glen ever since.

At the end of a fortnight, Graham returned, hand in hand with Mavis, to the cottage from a walk they had taken together.

The girl's eyes were shining—for she had come to love with her whole heart

this handsome young stranger who had entered her life like a prince out of a fairy tale—as they stood before Old Peter.

"I have just asked Mavis to be my wife," Graham told him, "and she has promised her consent, if you will give yours, to our marriage to-morrow, in the church in the village."

Old Peter looked long and searchingly into Graham's face. And then he turned to repeat the same thing with Mavis. He lifted his hands and let them fall in a gesture of resignation to his knees, and rose. He held her off from him by both shoulders.

"You love him?" he questioned simply.

"Oh, yes!" breathed Mavis ardently.

Old Peter laid her hand in Graham's.

"Your happiness," he told her, "is all that matters to me. I am losing you; but that means less to me than the thought that I might make you lose what you desire to make you happy. She is yours," he turned to tell Graham. "But be good to her, won't you?" he begged earnestly.

The ceremony was quietly celebrated the next day. An hour later, Graham was boarding a train for Niagara with his bride. Mavis, who had never seen anything of the world outside the village and the glen, had expressed a wish to see the falls, of which she had read, when Graham had asked her where she wanted to go for their honeymoon trip; and so he took her there first. Afterward, he showed her, at her request, the cities of Boston, Philadelphia, and Washington. Such plebian sight-seeing was a bore to Graham, who had seen all these places a dozen times before. And Mavis' enthusiastic comments on the points of interest in them, to tell the truth, had begun to get on his nerves by the end of two weeks. Her unsophistication had been appealing at first. Now it was beginning to pall on him. He wished she knew more of the world with which he was familiar, so that they could have had something in common to talk about.



John's sister openly showed her disdain of Mavis. "Why my brother ever married such a person," she sneered, "I confess, is more than I can understand!"

It was in this growingly dissatisfied frame of mind toward his wife, that Graham brought home to the mansion overlooking Central Park which was shared by his sister, Mrs. Naimby, and her husband.

Mrs. Naimby openly sneered at Mavis to Graham.

"So this is the wonderful wife you have won, is it?" she insolently inquired, looking at Mavis through a gold lorgnette. "Well, I must say, Bob, your taste has changed from what it used to be. I thought you admired style in a woman? Do you call your wife's appearance fashionable? As a milkmaid—or whatever she was—back in her native haunts, I suppose she would have done very well. But as a young matron in society—well, really!"

She threw into the unfinished sentence quite enough meaning to suggest that she did not think Mavis was at all the proper sort of a wife for her brother.

And he accepted her judgment in the matter. During the days that followed, poor little Mavis found herself, in the great house to which she had been brought, as lonely as she had been back in the glen with Old Peter. Her husband put a liberal sum of money to her credit in the bank—and then left her severely alone.

She tried, in every way she knew, to win back his attentions to herself from his friends in society, with whom he spent all his time, but in vain.

And then, about six weeks after Mavis had been eking out this lonely existence, Graham went away on a fishing trip.

He had told Mavis that he intended to be gone for a month. As soon as he had left the house, she set about putting a plan that had occurred to her into practice. First, she hired a French maid, and then, drawing on the bank account her husband had placed at her disposal, she ordered dresses and millinery galore. For a solid week thereafter she closeted herself with her mentor which the employment agency had sent her.

When Graham returned to the city, at the end of five weeks, instead of the month he had mentioned, he was so thoroughly indifferent to his wife by that time that he went straight to his club instead of to his home.

Here he found all his chums talking of the new beauty who had taken society by storm.

"Come along with us to Mrs. van Vandever's reception this afternoon," one of the men suggested, "and you'll meet her. She'll bowl you over, old top, at sight. I'll wager that!"

Graham *did* accompany them, and when the new beauty was pointed out to him, what was his surprise to see—his shy little wife, Mavis!

Graham had a hard struggle to get near her; for she was surrounded by men, all striving for her smiles. When at last he did gain her side, she greeted him with all the self-possession of a *grande dame*.

She was surprised to see him back so soon, she said. He had been gone for two weeks, had he not? She was so indifferent to *him*, he thought, that she did not know it had been five! Was he well? And so on, with the sort of questions that she might have addressed to a casual acquaintance, instead of a husband.

Then a man came to claim the privilege of escorting her to the refreshment room, and she left him with only a bland nod.

"You're a lucky dog, old man!" said Henry Marsh, an admirer of his sister, Mrs. Naimby, at his elbow. "By Jove, you are, to have a wife like that!"

But Graham didn't know whether he was so lucky, after all, as he rode home in the limousine with Mavis. As soon as the machine rolled away with them from the Van Vandevers' door, she took an engagement book out of a gold case, and busied herself with it during the entire ride—granting only the most monosyllabic of preoccupied replies to all his remarks.

"Are you dining at home with me tonight?" he asked eagerly, when they reached the house.

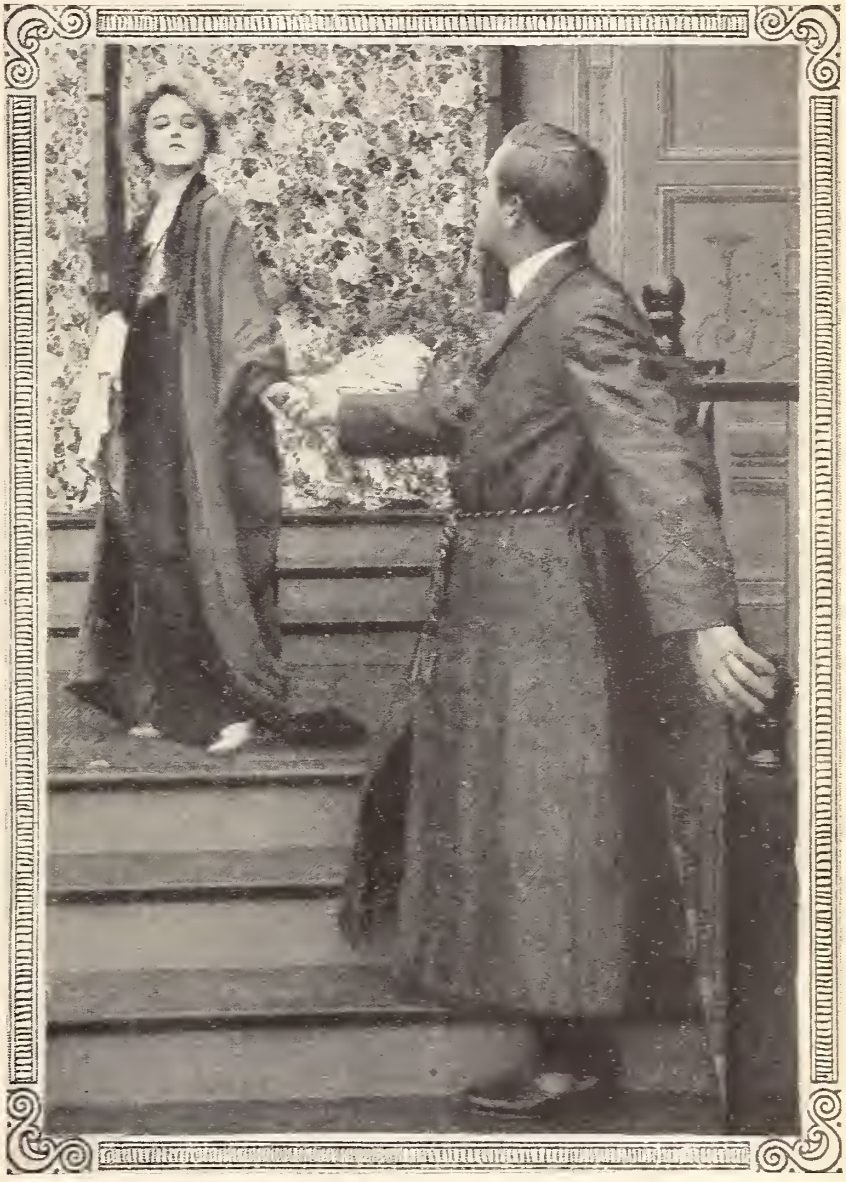
"No; I have a dinner engagement at the Pooles'," Mavis answered. "And I must hurry to dress for it right away."

That was all Graham saw of her for the remainder of that night. The next morning he rose especially early—hoping to have her to himself before any more of the pressing engagements could intervene.

But the butler informed him that she had gone out horseback riding in the park, and with Mr. Marsh, her sister's former admirer, too.

When Mavis returned, an hour later, Graham's suggestion that they motor together out to a road house in the country for luncheon was met by her announcement that she had already made an engagement to lunch with friends.

She was dining home that evening, she informed him. His face lighted, and then fell—when she added that she was giving a dinner party to two dozen of their friends. That night, Graham waited impatiently until the last guest had finally gone. Then he begged her



"We society women," said Mavis coldly, refusing to yield to her husband's request that she sit up and chat with him before the library fire after the guests had gone, "must be careful to get enough sleep. We have only a limited time, you know, in which to do an unlimited number of things."

She had a bridge on afterward, and then a half dozen teas to drop in at. Her whole day was taken up—there was no room in it anywhere for her husband to snatch a moment of her society alone.

to sit before the fireplace in the library with him for a good long chat.

"Goodness, no!" Mavis protested, as she started upstairs. "I have to get to bed and to sleep. We society women, you know, have to conserve our ener-

gies, for we have only a limited amount of time in which to do an unlimited number of things!"

In the days that followed, Graham had only a glimpse of her now and then. Twice he met her in the hall of their home, as she was either going out or coming in. And once he saw her in a restaurant, at a table with a number of their friends—among them Henry Marsh—gayly enjoying an after-theater supper.

Was he her husband, or not?



Mavis was done with the game she had been playing. "It's no use," she whispered to the glowing coals of the fireplace. "If he could believe me capable of writing such a letter to a man who was not my husband—then society has spoiled him beyond redemption!"

This was the question Robert Graham began to ask himself. It appeared that she was his wife in name only; for everybody seemed to have more of her society than he did.

The situation was not one that pleased him in the least—for all his old love for Mavis had come back in redoubled measure, now that he found her so changed and so inaccesible, to boot. He cursed himself a dozen times a day for having been such a fool as ever to let her get away from him. But she *should* not drift away from him, he determined! He would go to her and throw himself on her mercy. Beg her to relent from her coldness, and take him back again as her worshiping adorer, which he was once more.

It was for this purpose that Graham went home early one afternoon from his club. He hoped, by doing so, to be able to see Mavis when she came in, and ask for a half hour's interview before she could go out again on her interminable social rounds.

He heard voices in the library.

One he made out, as he came along the hall toward that room after giving his hat and coat to the butler, belonged to his brother-in-law, Arthur Naimby.

The other was the voice of Mavis herself.

"I have suspected that Marsh was in love with her for a long while," he heard Naimby saying in an angry tone of voice. "And now I have the proof of it in the form of this note. I found it in Agnes' writing desk not a half hour ago. This is what the cur has written to her: 'You are the dearest woman in the world, and I can't go on living without you another day!' That, mind you, was written to my wife by a man who pretends to be my friend! And here's another part, in which he says: 'When may I hope to kiss your lips, as I did your hand when I parted from you last night at the Stuyvesant dance?' She has allowed him to kiss her hand, you see. That means she's equally guilty with him in betraying my trust, and I'm through with her ——"

Mavis' voice cut in.

"Was the letter in an envelope?" she asked. "No? Then did it mention her name at the beginning?"

"No; it started," replied Naimby, "'My heart's queen.'"

Graham heard Mavis' laugh ring out lightly.

"That letter," she told his brother-in-law, "was not written to your wife. It was sent to *me* by Henry Marsh. I let her read it, and forgot to take it back from her. That's how you came to find it in her writing desk."

"Are you telling me the truth?" Graham heard Naimby exclaim eagerly. "Then my suspicions of Agnes have been all unfounded? It's not her he loves? But you, instead?"

"That's it," Mavis answered, with another light laugh.

Graham stiffened, his lips pressed grimly together. He waited a moment or two longer, until he heard Naimby go from the library by the other door. And then, grasping the knob before him, he strode into the room to confront his wife.

"I have heard what you said," he announced. "So Henry Marsh loves you, does he?"

Mavis, for the first time in days, ran to him with her old manner.

"Why, Robert!" she exclaimed. "You —you don't believe, do you, that I meant what I said to him just now?"

He stood looking fixedly at her.

"I heard the parts of that note he read aloud to you," he said finally, through his set teeth. "They were the protestations of a man in love with the person to whom the letter was written, plainly enough. And you just stated that the note was sent to you. So why should I not take your own word for

it—which I heard you give a moment ago?"

Mavis caught at his hands.

"Oh, listen to me!" she begged earnestly. "Listen, and believe me. You *must* believe that I'm telling you the truth. That note was written to your sister, as her husband suspected. I said that it was mine to save her. That's all. Robert—*don't* you believe me?"

He turned away from her and sank down into a deep leather armchair before the fire, his head dropping forward into his hands.

Was she telling him the truth, or not? Or—what seemed more likely—had society taught her to lie, and was that what she was doing to get herself out of a scrape in which he had accidentally caught her red-handed?

"Don't you believe me?" she repeated anxiously.

He answered, without altering his position.

"Do you take me for a fool?" he growled angrily, his mind made up on the question. "I'd have to be one, I guess, to swallow this yarn. No—I think you're lying now to me, by casting the blame for that note on Agnes' shoulders, to save yourself."

Mavis' eyes went wide in a face that had lost its color. She stood staring at him for a minute. And then, with a half-articulate cry, she ran from the room.

She was sick of the scheme she had been working to make her husband see the folly of society life. He had turned against her because she hadn't its manners, and she had sought to show him how successfully she could ape them. But now he had supposed that she could allow a man to write her a note like that, when she was married to another.

If that was the opinion society had led him to form of womankind in general, his case was hopeless. She could never hope to bring about his reformation. And she was done with the whole game, once and for all.

Fifteen minutes later, Mrs. Naimby came into the library, to find Graham still sitting in the same dejected attitude.

"Why, what's the matter, Bob?" she asked him in surprise.

He told her the whole story of what he had heard pass between her husband and Mavis.

"Bob, if I ever led you to believe that I didn't think your wife was the right sort of a one for you," said his sister earnestly, when he had finished, "I take it all back. Oh, she's a dear, sweet girl! I'll never forget what she's done for me—never! She told you the truth. That letter *was* written to me, by Henry Marsh. I got it months ago. I had been foolish enough to like his admiration, and perhaps, as the saying is, I 'led him on.' But when I received that note, I saw that he took seriously what to me had only been a joke. So I broke with him right away. If Arthur hadn't believed her when she told him it was meant for her—I hate to think what he might have done!"

Robert Graham was on his feet, his face alight.

"And I doubted her!" he whispered to himself. "Fool that I am, and worse—but I will go to her and beg her forgiveness on my bended knees! She'll find out in future that I will never doubt her again."

But when he ran upstairs to Mavis' room, expecting to find its door locked and herself crying behind it, he found, instead, that she was gone.

The butler, when he rushed frantically down to him, informed him that Mrs. Graham had left the house, ten minutes before, and bade him "Good-by!" as she did so.

Graham determined to find her, wherever she had gone, if it took the remainder of his life and the last dollar he owned to do so.

He hesitated to enlist the services of



Old Peter reluctantly gave his consent to the marriage of Mavis, the apple of his eye, to Robert Graham in the village church the next day.

a private-detective agency, in the first flush of his impatience to recover her. Such an organization would not move quickly enough to suit him, because they would not have his vital interest in the case. And then he thought of somebody who would be as anxious about her safety as himself—Old Peter.

As fast as a train could carry him, he rode to the glen.

Old Peter met him at the cottage door. He checked the outburst of his troubles that was on the young man's lips, and led him inside the dwelling place.

There he heard him to the end.

"Yes," Old Peter said, when he had finished, "I think I can help you to find her. But before I do so, I want you to answer a question: Are you convinced, from the experience you have gone through, that society is nothing but a hollow sham—that real happiness doesn't exist in it for man or woman?"

"I would be glad," answered Graham, his voice shaking with feeling, "if I had Mavis back again, to forswear all part in that life from now on until the end of time!"

Old Peter rose and held out his hand for his.

"Promise me that!" he insisted.

Graham gripped his hand.

"I promise," he said.

Old Peter walked across the room and opened a door that faced the young man.

"I will help you to find her thus far," he said, with a twinkle in his eyes, "as I promised I would. The door is open. Now go into the next room, and tell her what you have just told me—and your troubles and hers, I believe, will be over. She came back to me last night."

Robert Graham waited for no second urging to run through the open door into the next room—toward his happiness.

Picture Plays in Europe

No. 4—OTHER NATIONS

By Ernest A. Dench

IN the three previous articles, dealing with England, France, and Italy respectively, most of the important film-producing nations in Europe have been covered. Next following these three in rank is Germany, and although there are a few companies there which manufacture motion pictures, the output seldom reaches a foreign country.

This is due for the most part, by the fact that the tastes of the German differ widely from those of most other nations. All the films have a local color which, while answering the demands of the Germans, does not appeal to the world at large.

One of the noticeable peculiarities of German photo plays is the great amount of sentiment they contain. When a "touchy" scene is reached, the directors prolong it to a length usually tiresome to the average American, but which is most pleasing to a German audience. This abundance of sentiment is probably one of the chief reasons for which the value of German pictures is confined almost solely to that nation.

Such things as stock companies and separate studios are practically unknown. About the only exceptions are the Vitascope Company and the Pathé Frères. Nor is the output produced with the regularity that characterizes the American producer. When a company decide to produce a photo play, a studio is hired, while the director engages the players he needs.

The principal German brands are Messter, Deutsche Bioscope, Continental, and Literia. Henry Porten—the one German player to be known all over Europe—plays for the first mentioned.

Its next-door neighbor, Austria, can only boast of one film concern. That is the Sascha Film Company, of Vienna. Holland and Spain likewise support but one producer each. The Hollandia Company produce dramas of Dutch life with stage players. From Spain there formerly originated Hispano Films, but the brand name has been changed to "Magda." Occasionally several men will club together to produce a film. Bull-fights have an especial charm for them, but little is seen of these films in countries other than their own.

Small European producing countries, such as Belgium and Switzerland, play no active part in film producing, though the Edison Company traveled to Belgium once for a drama, and Pathé Frères produced there until recently. The British and Colonial Company have also produced pictures in the Alps.

Passing to Denmark, are found the world-famous "Great Northern Films"—otherwise "Nordisk," as they are known in Europe—are produced. Picture taking here is in a prosperous state, The Great Northern's plant is the largest in the land of the Danes, five studios in all being utilized. They have a large and talented stock company, the principals of which are drawn from the best available players attached to the Royal Theater in Copenhagen and other important legitimate shows.

Betty Nansen, Rita Saxhetto, and Madame Orloff are their best-known actresses. Among other concerns operating in Denmark may be mentioned Copenhagen, Dansk-Kinograph, and Danmark. The latter recently produced a series of pictures based on the paintings of Bocklin, the famous German artist. One of these, "The Island of Death," cost twenty-five thousand dollars to produce, besides necessitating six months of strenuous work.

The most popular Danish photo player is Ida Neilson, who "jobs" among the various companies.

Some of the film manufacturing firms run their own theaters.

From Sweden we get the Swedish-Biograph films. It is only necessary to mention "Sealed Orders" to tell what good pictures they turn out. This is undoubtedly one of the best modern photo plays yet coming from a European studio. The producers do not turn out pictures with very great regularity, but instead do it at a leisurely pace, which accounts for their excellent accomplishments.

Courage

(BIG U)

By Roy Halstead

When a girl begins to look for bravery in a man, above everything else, she is sometimes deceived by big muscles into thinking she has found it. That was the case with the girl in this story, based on the Big U Film feature drama of the same title. That there are more kinds of bravery than one, and that it isn't always the young man of powerful physique who possesses the greatest courage, she learned in the end.

WHAT'S the matter, Ruth, dear? You've been treating me coldly all evening. Have I done anything to offend you?"

Walter Clyde smiled fondly at the girl whose hand he held, thus detaining her on the steps of a house midway of a block of brownstone private residences in the city.

It was half past eleven o'clock at night. The young couple were in evening dress, having just come from the theater. Though he spoke lightly, Walter was sincerely worried over the change that had taken place in Ruth Angove's attitude toward him during the past fortnight.

They had been engaged ever since he had taken his diploma at medical college. Though at first her manner toward him had been all a young man could ask of a fiancée, recently she had acted as though she was beginning to repent of her promise to marry him when he should have succeeded in establishing a practice.

This was the first time Walter had spoken to her of it, but he had not been blind to the fact that an intangible something had come between them, what, he could not even surmise, and it had hurt him more than he had let her see—for he loved Ruth, and always should, with all the deep passion of his reserved nature.

"What's the matter?" he repeated now. "What have I done to displease you?"

The girl looked down at him from the steps. A frown puckered her dark brows, as she took in his straight but slender build, and his finely formed features. He wasn't of the rugged type of which heroes are made. Did he possess physical bravery, or——

Biting her lip, she mounted another step and tried to pull her hand away.

"Nothing is the matter!" she said impatiently. "Stop holding my hand—somebody might come along."

At that moment a man of a physique stalwart enough to suit the fancy of the most romantically inclined girl, was sitting in a brightly lighted room of a house not three doors away—a house whose tightly shuttered windows gave to the world outside no hint of the brilliance of its interior.

The residents of that quiet side street would have been shocked to learn the fact of which they were in total ignorance, that the house was the private gambling establishment of "Red" McHugh.

Broderick Flynn, tall, broad-shouldered, and with the ruddy complexion of a dweller in the out-of-doors, had arrived in New York from Texas only two days before. He had struck it rich out West, where all his life had been spent, and come to have a fling at the white lights of Broadway, of which he had read for years.

Just now he was piling all the chips in front of him on the marked-off spaces of a faro layout. His eyes were sparkling, for gambling was his obsession. To-night he had been playing in rare luck. If it held, throughout this forthcoming deal on which he had staked his entire winnings, he would have "broken the bank."

"Let her flicker!" he blithely admonished the dealer, his bets all placed.

Red McHugh himself was in charge of the box. There was little of the hue that had earned him his nickname remaining in his hair, which had prematurely turned almost white. His cheeks were gaunt to the point of emaciation; across one of them was a scar that lifted up that side of his mouth in a permanent smile. He swept the board with his expressionless, quick eyes, and then began to deal.

Five minutes later, the young Westerner rose, with a triumphant laugh.

His luck had continued, and he had won the house's "bank roll."

As he stuffed his winnings in his wallet, and turned to take his departure, he did not see the furtive look that McHugh exchanged with one of his underlings.

"Come on!" said the proprietor of the establishment in a grim undertone, when Flynn had passed out of the room. "I'm not going to let him get away with all that money!"

Coming down the stoop of the gambling house, the Texan heard the clatter of feet descending the steps behind him, and turned to look around as he reached the sidewalk.

It was fortunate that he did so. For he saw the blow that was aimed at his head by a blackjack in the hand of McHugh's assistant, and was able to throw up his arm in time to ward it off. But the next moment the man had closed with him. And McHugh himself, running around in his rear, sprang on his back.

"Oh!" gasped Ruth, scurrying farther up the steps with her hands pressed to her cheeks, as she witnessed the assault. "The man will be killed!"

Walter went up the steps after her. It was for the purpose of protecting her that he made the move—but she misinterpreted it.

He *was* a coward! She addressed him angrily:

"Can't you go and help him? They are two against one, and I saw that shorter man try to hit him with that thing in his hand—I *know* they mean to kill him!"

Walter ran down the steps, and toward the struggling trio.

At the sound of his approach, the man with the blackjack sprang away from Flynn and sent an uppercut straight to Walter's jaw. The young doctor fell senseless to the sidewalk.

Left with only one assailant to handle for the moment, the big Westerner swung McHugh around from his back with a shrug of his massive shoulders, and lifted him off his feet in his powerful arms. He threw the gambler from him, and against his henchman, as the latter was returning to the fray.

As the two collided, Flynn leaped forward, his fists shooting out like piston rods. A blow from one grazed the ear of McHugh. The other smashed into the pasty-skinned face of the wielder of the blackjack.

All the fight taken out of him, the thug took to his heels.

McHugh set off after him. But as he did so, with a baffled curse, the gambler whipped out a gun and fired at the Texan. Broderick Flynn, clutching at his shoulder, swayed, and then toppled over on the pavement.

Walter, still dazed from the effect of the knock-out he had received, had staggered to his feet meanwhile. Ruth came running toward him, her eyes still shining with admiration for the plucky fight she had seen the Westerner put up.

Disregarding the young doctor entirely, it was at the other's side she knelt.

"Help him to get to his feet!" she looked up to order Walter. "He's not unconscious, and if he leans on us both I think we can get him into the house—my father's house, where his wound can be looked after."

Obediently Walter came to Flynn's side and bent down, running his arms under the other's shoulders, and letting him put his own arms around his neck. Then he slowly straightened up, half lifting, half supporting the Westerner's weight to his feet.

"I'm all right!" Flynn protested, as the young doctor and Ruth led him toward her father's house. "He—winged me, but—I'm all right!"

He repeated that assertion all the way up the stoop, and again when he was brought into the house.

But, even as he did so, he slipped forward out of the supporting clasp of both the girl's and Walter's arms, and sank in a dead faint on the floor.

Doctor Angove pronounced the man's wound dangerous, but not necessarily fatal, providing he was kept perfectly quiet for a few days, and then given careful nursing.

Flynn was borne to a room upstairs, and there put to bed.

Ruth elected herself as his nurse. Neither she nor her father knew who the man was, save that from the expensive quality of his clothes and the large amount of ready money that had been found upon him he seemed to be a gentleman of means.

But later, when she heard his story from his own lips, Ruth thought nothing less of Flynn for turning out to be the uncultured product of the Western plains that he was.

She had thought of nothing else but him since the night she had seen him give such valiant battle to the two rogues who had tried to overcome and rob him. The easy way Walter had been handled by the thug, in comparison to Flynn's standing off of both of them together, had wholly turned her against the young doctor.

When he called again to see her, she was "not at home," or "indisposed"—these excuses covering her almost constant attendance at Flynn's bedside.

The Texan, thanks to his strong constitution, had borne out the prediction of Ruth's father, that his wound would not prove fatal. He had rallied rapidly from the three-day fever, to which he had succumbed after his shooting. At the end of three weeks, he was physically as good as ever.

Before half of that time had passed, he had come to love Ruth as she, to confess the truth, loved him. Theirs was the old story of brave manhood and romantic girlishness thrown together. As the poet has phrased it: "She loved him for the dangers he had passed, and he loved her that she did pity him."

Three days after Doctor Angove had declared the Westerner to be able to take up his old life, as before he received the wound, he and Ruth eloped.

The news came in the form of a letter from the girl to Walter, written from the West, to which she had gone with her husband.

It broke his heart. For, false as she had proved herself to her pledge to him, he loved her still. It took him a fortnight to steady from the effect of the blow. But steady he did. He did not follow the course of weaker disappointed lovers, and attempt to drown



The young Westerner swept his entire winnings into the center of the table. If his luck held for this last wager, he would break the bank. "Let her flicker," he cheerfully ordered the dealer.

his sorrow in dissipation. Answering her letter with another, to tell her that he wished her all the happiness in the world, he plunged into his work as a panacea for his pain.

Had Ruth but known it, she had left behind a far more heroic man than the one she had taken; there is more courage required to fight the disappointments of life than in the exchange of blows with a human adversary.

The willingness to do one is called bravery.

While the ability to do the other is known as character.

But Ruth was not always to remain in ignorance of the mistake she had made, though years were to pass before her eyes were opened to the truth.

Four had gone by. And Ruth was living in California with her big, easy-going husband, and the little boy who had come to bless their union.

The trouble with Broderick Flynn was that he was *too* easy-going. As has been previously mentioned, gambling was his passion. As a result of his addiction to the vice, most of the fortune he had cleaned up before his trip to New York at the time of his meeting with Ruth, had gone over the gaming tables in this town or that where they had briefly settled from time to time.

While the family was not wholly reduced to poverty, they were living on the ragged edge of things.

A cabin in the more-or-less squalid outskirts of the town of Fairhills, was the best Flynn had been able to do for them in the way of an abode. He worked, by fits and starts, at such odd jobs of day laboring as his vast strength made it easy for him to get through with in half the time an ordinary man would have required. The leisure this gave him he spent, as he did most of the money he earned, in trying to better his fortune by luck.

Added to the burden of Ruth's worry over the low state of their finances, and her husband's unbreakable habit of card-playing, was that the child's health caused her. The little boy had never been strong from his infancy. And now he was noticeably becoming more frail, week by week.

Flynn had picked up ten dollars one day by building a smokehouse for a well-to-do farmer in the community.

He had gone straight to one of the cheaper gambling houses in the town and sat in a game of poker. His luck at first had continued in the same wretched course it had been following for the past months. And then, when he was down to his last dollar of the ten, the fickle vane of fortune had veered around, and he had begun to win.



Broderick Flynn turned just in time to catch the gambler's arm in a grip of steel. "So that's your game, is it?" he panted. "Well, you two rats are going to find that you've got your hands full with me."

At the end of an hour, he was two hundred dollars ahead.

Wisdom whispered in his ear that now was the time to quit—to go home to Ruth and the child when he had money enough to take care of them decently until he could find steady employment.

But one of the men at the table, a man with prematurely white hair, and a white beard concealing the lower half of his face, had as much money as that still in front of him on the table—it was "table stakes" they were playing.

And Flynn picked up his hand and saw that he had four kings in it.

He came into the pot, which had been opened by one of the other two players. The man with the white hair and beard—it was his deal—raised the ante with all the bills he had neatly stacked in front of him.

Flynn hesitated, but only for a moment or two.

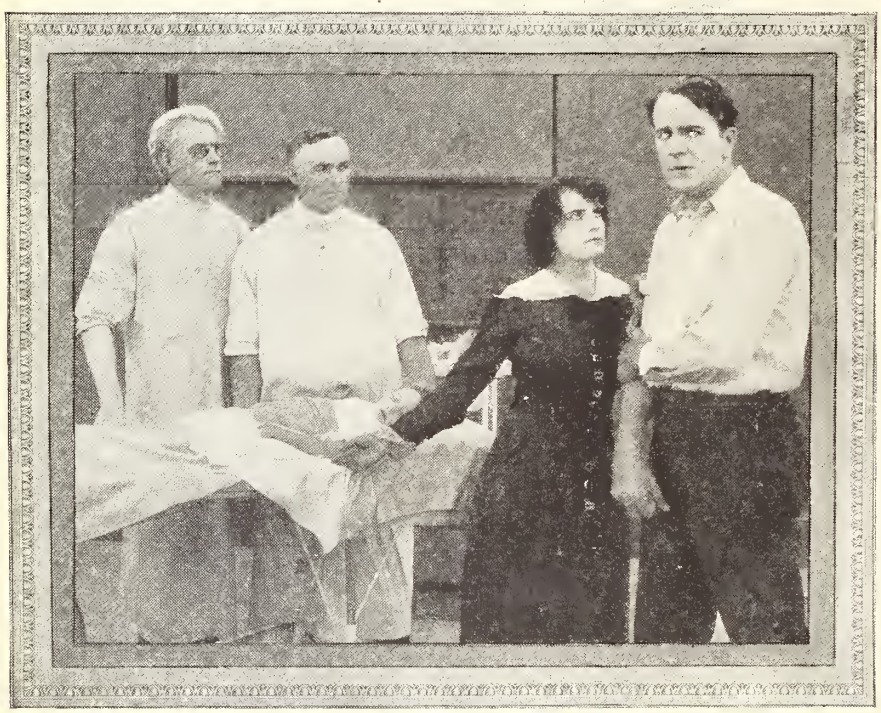
With "fours," he felt sure that he had the pot as good as won. He "saw" the raise, which took his last dollar. The other two players dropped out. The stakes were now to be fought for by him and the dealer alone. Flynn stood pat. And so did his opponent.

"That's all the money I've got," said Flynn, "there in the pot. How about you?"

"Same here," snapped the white-haired man, regarding him warily.

"Then it's a show-down?"

"A show-down."



"It's for our child's sake—yours and mine!" pleaded Ruth. But her husband drew back from the operating table with a shudder, as he thought of the surgeon's knife opening his veins. "I can't do it!" he blurted—"I'm afraid!"

Flynn spread out his cards, face up, disclosing his four kings.

"Not good," said the other laconically, and laid down a straight flush.

He reached for his money, and Flynn's. And, as he did so, the latter saw the corner of a card peeping out of the end of the man's sleeve. Quick as a flash, Flynn's hand had darted forward to extract the pasteboard, thus convicting the man of cheating.

"You crook!" raged Flynn, sweeping up the money from the table and stuffing it in his pocket with one hand, while with the other he caught the trickster by the throat. "The pot belongs to me. I had the highest hand honestly. Your crookedness is only going to get you one thing—and that's a beating!"

As he shook the man, the latter's white beard fell off!

It was only a false one, and it had hitherto hidden a scar which ran across one gaunt cheek, pulling up the corner of his mouth in a perpetual smile.

"Red McHugh!" cried Flynn, recognizing him. "So we've met at last? I owe you something for the bullet you put into me in New York—and that's a debt I'll see is wiped out, along with the thrashing you've got coming to you for trying to cheat me, here and now!"

He dragged the slighter-built McHugh—for it was, indeed, the same gambling-house proprietor, who had wandered West, after the breaking up of his business in New York by police interference a few years before—over the top of the table toward him.

And then, with vindictive satisfaction in the act, Flynn proceeded to administer an artistic licking to him. As a climax to it, he swung McHugh off his feet, as he had once done before, and again flung him from him.

This time it was through the open window of the gambling house.

Dusting off his hands, as though to cleanse them from the contaminating touch of the gambler's body, Flynn walked indifferently out of the place and back to his cabin.

As he came in the door, he saw his little son in bed, with Ruth on one side of it and a man with a black leather case on the floor beside his chair, on the other.

The doctor, rising at Flynn's entrance of the home, led him to one side.

"Your child is in a dangerous condition," the physician gravely informed him. "As a matter of fact, I don't believe there is more than one chance left for his life."

Flynn swallowed over a dry lump in his throat.

"What's the chance?" he asked shortly.

"Transfusion of blood," was the doctor's answer. "He ought to be taken to a hospital at Sacramento, and the operation performed at once. It would cost you quite a bit of money."

"More than four hundred dollars?" questioned Flynn anxiously.

"Just about that sum."

The Texan sighed in relief.

"I've got it," he announced. "We'll do as you say, my wife and I, and fetch him to the hospital right away. I'm good and strong, doctor"—clutching the physician's arm in eager appeal—"wouldn't my blood do to run into his veins?"

"Yes; I should say you'd be an admirable one to make the sacrifice," the doctor replied, looking his splendid physique over with a practiced eye. "But, of course, you would have to understand the danger you would run. Frequently the one from whom the blood is taken in these transfusion operations has died from the shock."

"I'm not afraid," said Flynn proudly.

But three days later, in the hospital in Sacramento, he began to flinch before the mental picture of the surgeon's knife opening his veins.

Under the lash of the thought that it was for his child's sake he was about to undergo the operation, he forced himself to walk into the operating room where already the little boy was lying.

He was shaking from head to foot with fright, as he lay down on the table beside the one on which the child had already been placed. He set his teeth

together with all his might, and sternly ordered himself to go through with it.

But as the surgeon pushed up his sleeve and poised the scalpel above it, with a moan of fear Flynn sprang up from the table.

"Don't!" he begged the surgeon, pushing him off. "I can't do it!"

When Ruth heard that he had backed out at the last moment, she tearfully pleaded to be allowed to make the sacrifice in his stead. The doctors told her, however, that her blood was not virile enough.

She left the hospital with Flynn, with the knowledge that unless a miracle intervened her darling boy would die.

Ruth went back to the cheap hotel at which they had been stopping, to wait for the end which must come in two or three days, while Flynn—too conscience-stricken over what he had done to protest against the fact that she would neither speak nor look at him—returned to the town of Fairhills.

It was not two hours after the Flynns had left the hospital, when Walter Clyde, now a doctor of a country-wide reputation, arrived there on a visit of inspection he was making to all the hospitals in the West.

He was shown the boy, as an interesting case. But when he learned the name of his parents, he recognized that it was Ruth's child who lay in such danger.

Without a second's hesitancy, he offered himself for the operation. The only stipulation he made was that his identity was never to be disclosed to either of the parents.

When Ruth called at the hospital the next morning, she was almost rendered insane with joy to learn that her child's life had been saved by an "unknown man," who had given his blood to him, but, for the purpose of avoiding publicity, had insisted upon remaining unknown.

"But I must see him!" Ruth protested. "I've got to thank him on my knees!"

"He doesn't wish it," the surgeon told her, shaking his head. "What he has asked must be given him—the complete hiding of his identity."

Meanwhile, back at his lonely cabin, Broderick Flynn sat far into the night.

His head was bowed in his hands, and he only lifted it at regular intervals to drink from a black bottle on the table beside him. He was trying to drown remembrance of his cowardice, which weighed on his conscience as such a sin as he had committed must—the sin of a father's failure to save his own child's life, when the chance had presented itself.

"God, show me the way out!" the man prayed, in an agony of remorse.

There was no way out of the hell on earth whose fires he himself had started in his breast—save one. Perhaps God heard his prayer, and answered it with the single solution.

For, outside in the black night that closed the cabin in, a form rose at the open window behind Flynn's back. An arm came in at the window, as silently as a shadow. At the end of it was a leveled gun.

Red McHugh, grinding his teeth in hatred of the man who had twice bested him in a hand-to-hand tussle, drew a careful bead on the seated figure's head.

His finger pressed the trigger. There was a report that shook the walls of the cabin. And Broderick Flynn, slumping forward on the table, was sent to ask pardon in person of his Maker for the sin he had done.

In two weeks Ruth was allowed to take the boy away from the hospital with her.

She went back to the cabin, which she had visited in the meantime only once since she had left it for Sacramento to attend her husband's funeral.

Flynn had kept up the premiums on his insurance all through the past four lean years, thanks to Ruth's pinching and saving to get the money together to do so, and so she had something for herself and her child to live on.

It was not much, but it was more than she had had when Flynn was alive.

One day, a month later, she and the little boy were rambling through the woods in the open country outside of the town. They came to the bank of a turbulent little stream, and Ruth sat down on the bank to rest.

Lost in reverie, she did not notice that the child had wandered down to the water's brink, and there, slipping out of his shoes and stockings, gone wading.

A cry roused her at the end of ten minutes more.

She looked up, to see a thin young man, whose figure was vaguely familiar, running toward the stream at a point where it broke into rapids over a bottom of scattered rocks that led to the dangerous falls below.

And she echoed the young man's cry as she saw swirling about in that foaming water her child, who had got out beyond his depth, and been snatched from his footing by the rapidity of the current.

Walter Clyde—for so the young man was—dashed into the stream and caught up the boy, bringing him back to the bank unharmed, save for a ducking and the loss of a good deal of breath and more frightened tears.

And then Ruth saw a strange thing.

The boy, with a glad cry of recognition, flung his arms around the young man's neck. As they had laid side by side in cots in the hospital, during their convalescence after the operation, Walter and the child had become good friends.

"Mamma, mamma!" The boy turned to call her forward to them.

As Ruth came toward them her face went white as a sheet.

She recognized her former fiancé, whom she had wronged so grievously.

"This is the man who did it, mamma!" the child crowed to her delightedly. "The one you cried about because you said you couldn't thank him for having saved my life! Here he is!"

Ruth started forward and caught Walter's hands, staring eagerly into his face.

"Walter," she asked, "is it true?"

He looked down at the ground embarrassedly.

"Yes," he said. "I hoped you would never know. But Ruth—now you shall know all. I have heard that your husband is dead. May I not feel free to speak? I love you, dear, as I always have, and as I always will, no matter what your answer is to the question I am going to ask. The question of whether you can't forget the past as my wife? Could you, dear—in time?"

The child tugged at his mother's hand, not understanding anything of what his elders had said.

"Kiss the mans, mamma!" he begged.

And Ruth, running into Walter's outstretched arms, with a little sob, did so.

Anna Luther, the well-known motion-picture star, left New York City recently for the Pacific coast, where she will join the Selig Polyscope Company. Miss Luther has won an enviable reputation in the silent drama.

The Lily of Poverty Flat

(WORLD FILM)

By Kenneth Rand

A romance of the days of '49, with stagecoach hold-ups, Indian fights, and brushes with treacherous Mexicans as a background against which is played out the love story of two strong men for one woman, based on the World Film Corporation's production of the same title. Featuring Beatriz Michelena as *Lily* and Frederick Lewis as the young miner, *Joe*, the rest of the cast that portrayed the story on the screen was as follows:

Sanchez.....D. Mitsoras
Truthful.....Frank Hollins
Ma Folinsbee.....Nina Herbert

"HEARD the news? My darter's comin' home!"

So, to every customer who entered the doorway with the sign "General Store" above it, Pa Folinsbee broke the tidings over his counter all that day.

The day was one in the month of June, in the year 1850, and it had opened happily that morning for Pa Folinsbee and his wife, with the arrival of a letter from their only daughter, Lily, to announce that she had started back from boarding school in the East on the day that the letter was written.

"We'll have to celebrate the occasion," declared Gentleman Jack, the gambler of Poverty Flat. "We'll give a dance, and show her a royal welcome on her home-coming."

That was the community's sentiment, neatly expressed. It was a way Gentleman Jack had of presenting the town's ideas in words as flowery as were his own waistcoats, which contributed in no small measure to his popularity in the settlement.

A dance, it was felt by the inhabitants of Poverty Flat, was the way to show Pa Folinsbee's daughter that she was welcome to the best the place had to offer, and Henderson's barn was immediately taken over by a committee on decoration for the purpose of giving its interior a gala aspect.

Meanwhile, Lily Folinsbee herself, sweet sixteen, in gingham and poke bonnet, was settling herself on the high rear seat of the stagecoach by which she was to make the remaining seventy miles of her journey to her parents' home.

Sharing the seat with her was a young man who was very rude, indeed. He stared at her as though she had been a being from another planet.

To Joe, a young miner on the North Fork River, this golden-haired girl, with her apple-blossom complexion and big blue eyes, was just that. When, after the ride had continued tediously from early morning until past mid-afternoon, she alighted to make a cut across the wooded country and rejoin the stage, as the driver's assistant had told her she might, when it reached a certain curve on the road, he got down after her.

Three times, as they went through the forest, Joe offered her the bouquet of wild flowers he had picked, and three times she refused to accept both them and the recognition of his presence, though she had to bite her lip to keep back her laughter as she did so, until they reached a stream that ran broiling over a rock-strewn, sandy gully.

It was too hazardous for her to cross, but not so for Joe.

He sprang ahead of her onto the nearest rock, and then smilingly held out his hand for her to let him guide her safely across. She resisted his persistent efforts to make her acquaintance unintroduced a minute longer, and then, her laugh rippling out, she took his hand and allowed him to lead her across the stream.

On the opposite bank, he offered her the bouquet of wild flowers again, and she took that, too.

Ahead of the young couple, at Madroña Curve, for which they and the stage were both bound, by different routes, a tired miner roused himself in the bushes at the roadside where he had dropped down to snatch an hour's sleep.

He had heard voices—the voices of Indians.

"When stagecoach comes here, we attack from both sides of road," the leader of the redskins was saying. "Take scalps, and mebbeso heap gold."

The miner, wriggling back from the bushes without a sound, ran toward his horse, which was tethered in a glade, to throw himself into the saddle and ride for the vigilantes in the nearest town.

It was a fortunate thing for Joe and Lily that they had elected to leave the coach when they had, and that their loitering through the woods delayed them from reaching the curve simultaneously with the vehicle.

For, when they did arrive at the spot, there stood the stagecoach, the boxes from its top tumbled down on the road, and the six horses cut from the traces by the Indians, who had made their attack and got away on the steeds, bearing the driver and his assistant off with them for subsequent torture at the camp fire of the tribe.

These things Joe understood from the mute evidence of the abandoned, horseless stage, but Lily did not.

The young man hesitated to tell her what had happened, lest the knowledge that the country was infested with Indians should frighten her; but there was no other way he could explain the deserted coach, except by telling her the truth that it had been held up by savages.

Lily took the information coolly, which but increased Joe's awed love for her, that had sprung up when first his eyes rested on her loveliness, to find that she was as brave as she was beautiful.

Making her comfortable on his folded coat on top of one of the boxes, on the road, beside the stage, he went to fetch her a drink of water in his canteen from a near-by spring that he had noticed on their way through the woods.

Lily was tired from the long stage ride and the walk she had just taken, and she closed her eyes as she leaned back against the wheel of the coach to wait for Joe's return, and fell asleep.

Thus she was ignorant of the fact that an Indian was creeping toward her on all fours, with a knife in his hand.

Joe, coming back from the spring, saw the redskin, and stole up behind him on tiptoe. Gripping the savage from behind, with a hand clamped over his mouth, he bore him back into the cover of the forest without a sound having come to the sleeping girl's ears to alarm her with the knowledge of the danger from which she had narrowly been saved.

Having the advantage of the unexpectedness of his attack on his side, Joe might easily have dispatched the murderous redskin; but, wishing to do so silently, he was handicapped by having to keep one hand over the Indian's mouth.

At last, with a heave that made his joints crack, he dashed the struggling savage to the ground, and the next moment he was upon him, whipping his own knife out and driving it home.

Just as Lily waked, Joe stepped unconcernedly from the woods with the canteen in his hand.

"Weren't you gone a long time?" she asked.

"I stopped to pick this bit of arbutus for you," he told her, what was partly the truth of what had detained him, offering her the pink spray. "And now—when you have quenched your thirst—I think you'd better go inside the stage, as night is coming on."

She did as he directed, and then the young miner mounted guard outside the coach. So half the night passed.

At midnight the vigilantes rode up. Explaining that the girl was sleeping inside the coach, Joe borrowed one of the posse's horses and set off to ride for the rest of the night to Poverty Flat, to reassure her parents that, although the stage had been delayed, their daughter was safe.

When, the next morning, Lily wanted to know where the young man was, the vigilantes told her of the thoughtful errand on which he had departed, hours before, and also of the dead Indian they had found in the forest near by, on the way Joe had taken to the spring on the previous evening.

Lily understood that he had saved her life, and she admired even more than his bravery the way in which he had kept all boastful mention of the deed from her so her fears would not be aroused.

Escorted by the vigilantes, Lily reached Poverty Flat seven or eight hours later.

The first person she met, after she had greeted her mother and father, was Gentleman Jack, the gambler.

He could not disguise the fact, as his eyes rested on her fair face and girlish form, that he, as Joe had been, was smitten by love of her at first sight. He begged to be favored with the honor of taking her to the dance that night, and Lily, looking questioningly at her father and mother, to receive a beaming nod from them—for Gentleman Jack was rich—assented.

Meanwhile, Joe was on his way afoot to the claim he shared with his partner, Truthful, on the banks of the North Fork.

A Mexican girl came out of a cabin on the hillside overlooking the settlement of Poverty Flat and smilingly addressed him as he passed.

She was Dolores, with whom Joe had had more than a friendly acquaintance during the preceding months. As a matter of fact, he had thought he loved the darkly beautiful girl, and there was no mistaking her feelings toward him—she loved Joe with all the passion of her hot-blooded nature.

But now, after seeing Lily, he knew there was only one girl in the world for him—and it was not Dolores.

He stopped and told her so, as kindly as he could.

"Forget the past," he counseled. "My heart has changed. No, you have done nothing to displease me. It is I who am to blame, myself. We shall be friends in future, but no more."

He cast her away, as she clung to him, sobbing, and went on toward his claim.

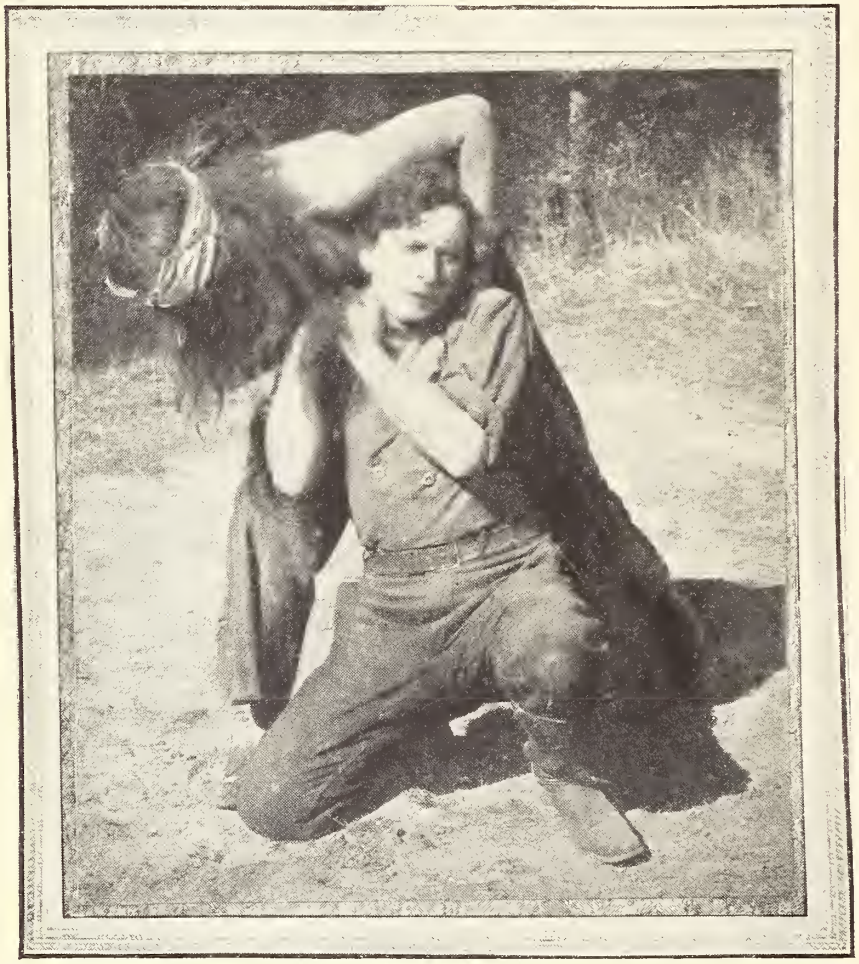


"To celebrate the occasion of your daughter's homecoming," said Gentleman Jack, the gambler, to Ma and Pa Folinsbee, "suppose we give a dance in her honor?"

"Forget!" she hissed through her set teeth, looking after him with red-hot rage drying the tears in her eyes. "Forget that once you vowed to love me alone! No, I shall not forget, and you will remember, and repeat that vow to me yet!"

She wheeled. A man stood at her elbow.

"The gringo no longer loves you, eh?"



And then, with a wrench that made his joints snap, Joe flung the Indian over his shoulder to the ground. The next moment he was upon him and had driven his knife through the redskin's heart.

smilingly said Sanchez, a Mexican, who kept a small store in the town, with a wave of the cigarette in his lean, brown hand toward the retreating back of Joe. "But do not be downcast, *carissima*—you still have me!"

With an exclamation of disdain for his oft-proffered love, she swept by him into the cabin.

Late that same afternoon, having found out the location of Joe's cabin, Lily appeared in Sanchez's store to purchase a sheet of paper and an envelope from him. When she had written and sealed the note, adding something to it from its place of concealment in the bosom of her dress, she offered the Mexican a silver dollar to deliver it.

Dolores came out of her cabin and stopped him as he was on the way to Joe's claim with the missive.

"Give me the note," she pleaded of the greaser, with an alluring smile, when he had told her from whom he had got it. "I will give you a kiss for it—eh?"

Sanchez hesitated.

"At least, come inside and have a glass of wine before you make your long journey," she suggested, quick to note his indecision, and stepping invitingly into the open doorway. "*Manana*—there is no hurry."

The dusk of evening had fallen when Sanchez somewhat unsteadily emerged from the cabin.

Bearing no love for Joe, as his rival for Dolores, he would have been willing to keep the note from him, had it come from any one but another girl.

He had yielded to Dolores' persuasions so far as to steam open the epistle and read it; but when he had scanned its contents, and seen that its delivery would further the young miner's courtship of another than the Mexican maiden whose love he sought for himself, he had laughed at Dolores for all her efforts to get him to surrender the note to her, and assured her that he meant to see that it was placed safely in Joe's hands.

The young miner eagerly tore open the envelope when Sanchez gave it to him with the information of who it was from, to read:

"Henderson's barn to-night at eight."

There was no signature, but folded in with the sheet of paper was the spray of arbutus he had given Lily the day before, to let him know who had sent the message, if he had not forgotten.

"I can't get there on time by the road," Joe stated to his partner what was a fact, due to Sanchez's delay at the Mexican girl's cabin. "But there's a way I can make it—by swimming the North Fork."

"Great grief!" cried Truthful, grasping him by the elbows to restrain him, in honest anxiety. "Don't try that, pard—you know how dangerous the current is! It's better to turn up late than dead!"

Joe shook him off, his eyes sparkling.

"I'm going to do it!" he declared.

Eight o'clock had struck and passed, first by fifteen minutes, and now by half an hour, when Lily for the third time came out of the barn, that was noisy with the scrape of fiddles and the tread of the dancers' roughshod feet, to look anxiously up the road, in hopes of seeing Joe.

Gentleman Jack, coming out behind her unheard, lifted a curl of her golden hair in his hands and touched it with his lips.

"Am I late?" asked a breathless voice out of the darkness.

Joe, barefooted, with his trousers rolled up to his knees, and dripping

from head to heel from his successful swim of the perilous river, caught Lily's hands in his.

"But you're all wet!" she exclaimed, drawing back to regard him in surprise. "How on earth——"

"I swam the North Fork to get here," explained Joe, with a boyish laugh.

Gentleman Jack stepped forward.

"You can't turn up on the floor with the other dancers in that rig," he told the younger man. "I think you could wear my clothes. Come over to my cabin, and I'll fit you out."

It was while Joe was changing to a complete outfit of the gambler's garments from the latter's well-stocked wardrobe that Gentleman Jack picked up the water-soaked note from Lily, which the miner had carried in his shirt during his swim, and read it.

His face lengthened as he saw that Joe was a rival for the affections of the girl on whom he had set his heart.

Later, Joe stood hand in hand with Lily beside an oak with a hollow trunk, a few hundred yards distant from the barn. She chided him for his rashness in risking his life in the raging torrent to reach her side.

"Then let's make this tree our post office," he suggested, "and so be sure that I always get your notes on time. Shall we?"

Lily agreed, and so the arrangement for future correspondence between them was made.

It was long past midnight when she and Joe appeared at her parents' home. By rights Gentleman Jack should have escorted her there after the dance was over, having taken her to it; but the gambler, when the party broke up, had been unable to find her.

Her mother led her angrily away, leaving Pa Folinsbee to face Joe.

"You keep away from my darter," her father told the young miner, whom he had good cause to know was penniless. "You can't come a-courtin' no gal of mine until you can pay your bills. Now remember."

It was a fortunate thing, thus, in view of her parents' opposition, that Lily and Joe had agreed upon the hollow tree as a means of keeping in touch with each other before the edict went forth which forbade him her father's house.

And by notes deposited and withdrawn from the oak they met frequently during the weeks that followed.

One day a grizzled miner burst into old man Folinsbee's store. He was a prospector whom Lily's father had grubstaked months before, and now the miner bore the information that he had located a mine that was to make himself and Pa Folinsbee rich beyond the expectation of their dreams.

"Hurray! We're goin' to enjoy life now!" Pa Folinsbee gayly informed his



"You'd better go inside the coach," the young miner told Lily, after the attack upon the stage by the Indians. "I'll keep guard outside for the rest of the night."

family. "We'll pull our freight and take a trip to Europe."

Lily announced flatly that she wasn't going.

In vain her father and mother stormed and pleaded. She refused to leave Joe. She put a note in the hollow tree which brought him to that trysting place early the next morning, and explained her parents' plans.

"But I'm not going," she repeated her intention. "I'll wait for you to strike it rich, Joe—and then we'll go together."

Joe's eyes shone with resolve.

"And I'll work harder than ever," he promised. "The claim's *got* to pan out for Truthful and me! I'd go some place else and dig for the gold, only we've put in such a lot of work where we are that it seems too bad to throw it all away; and we may hit 'color' any day."

But, as the days passed into weeks, while Lily's family continued the preparations for their departure, still Joe had no luck to report at his meetings with Lily.

It was the day before the Folinsbees were to leave for Europe that the girl left him, after such a meeting at the hollow tree, with the same disappointing information that fortune had not smiled on his or Truthful's efforts yet.

As she passed out of view around a bend in the hill road, on her way back to the settlement of Poverty Flat, an Indian girl stepped out of the bushes to confront Joe.

"Me hear you talk with paleface maiden," she told him. "You love her, but you no can be happy with her because you have no gold—yes? Me fix that. Once you save me by giving me food when me starving—'member? Me no forget, either. Me show you heap gold. Come! Me take you to lost mine, two, three mile from here."

As Joe set off with the Indian girl he was watched by Dolores.

She, too, had overheard what had passed between him and Lily, from the other side of the hollow tree, where she had been hiding. It was not the first time she had spied on his meetings with her rival; and, having seen that his heart was hopelessly lost to Lily, all her love for the young miner had long since turned to hate—that implacable fury of a woman scorned, with which, it is said, hell holds no fire to compare.

A smile of evil purpose lighting up her dark face, the Mexican girl hurried after Lily.

"This Joe, who pretends to love you," she told her, "he is a squaw man. No sooner was your back turned on him just now, than he went off with his Indian ladylove. You do not believe? Well, come and see for yourself. I can show you them together at this moment."

After a minute's hesitancy, Lily retraced her steps with Dolores, more for the purpose of proving the latter wrong in her charge than for any other.

But there before her eyes, crossing a stream an eighth of a mile beyond the hollow tree where she had just left him, she saw Joe and the Indian maiden walking away together.

Returning to the town, Lily informed her mother and father that she had changed her mind and would accompany them to Europe.

She broke into tears, without vouchsafing any explanation for her sudden decision to yield to their wishes, and ran up to her own room. There she wrote a note to Joe, telling him that she meant to leave Poverty Flat on the morrow, and that she never wanted to see him again.

Gentleman Jack, suspecting that something must have come between her and Joe when he heard that Lily had withdrawn her refusal to join her parents on the trip, and hoping that in a foreign clime he might be able to press his suit to better advantage, asked permission of Ma and Pa Folinsbee to come along with the party, which they willingly gave.

Meanwhile, the Indian girl had led Joe to the mouth of a cave. Following her inside, he obeyed her command to scoop up the gravel at his feet, and, bringing the result in his cupped hands out into the daylight, looked at—gold!

With a whoop, he caught the Indian maiden and swung her off her feet in a hug of gratitude; and then he ran, first, to break the news to his faithful partner at their worthless claim that they were both rich at last. The next minute he had set off, at a lope, for Poverty Flat to carry the tidings to Lily.

As he was passing the hollow tree, Dolores stepped out from behind it and halted him.

"Hadn't you better look in your post office before you go on to the town?" she suggested, with a smile of bitter mockery. "You'll find a message there, I think, that will interest you."

She had seen Lily come to the tree and put her note in it, five minutes after she had reached her father's cabin, following the revelation of Joe's supposed duplicity which the Mexican girl had made to her.

When Joe had read the two curt lines which the missive contained, all his joy over his good fortune was ended in a twinkling. He had won riches, but that meant nothing to him now. He had lost Lily.

Gentleman Jack, during the next three months which he spent with the Folinsbees in Europe, tried his best to make that a fact. If attentions could have won her, Lily would have been his, for never did a girl have a more lavish suitor than the well-to-do gambler. He showered flowers, entertainments, and curios from all the lands through which they passed, upon her at every step of the way; but the tour ended with the Folinsbees' return to America without his having succeeded in getting on a closer footing with her than that of a trusted friend.

Ma Folinsbee, tiring of the long ride by stage over the last part of the journey back to Poverty Flat, decided to break the trip at the cabin of Lily's aunt along the way, and her father stopped off there with her.

Lily and Gentleman Jack rode on toward the settlement alone on horseback.

The girl's heart was beginning to beat quicker at the thought of seeing Joe once more. He had not been out of her thoughts for a single hour all the while that she had been gone. Now, as she rode, she wondered what he was doing at that moment.

Ahead, at Poverty Flat, two hours earlier on the day set for the Folinsbees' home-coming, Dolores had held an earnest talk with Sanchez.

"I have succeeded in robbing him of the girl he preferred to me," she grated through her teeth. "But I am not satisfied. He has money. I want to see that taken from him, too. I know that he and his partner keep their gold locked up in a chest in their cabin. Why don't you go there, Sanchez, and steal it—now, while the coast is clear? Joe is in town, waiting to see the girl he still

loves arrive; and I saw Truthful leave the cabin only ten minutes ago. This is your chance to make yourself rich. You may never have a better. Why don't you take it?"

The greaser had decided to act on her "tip."

A half hour later, while he was in the deserted cabin, working away with a knife to pry open the lock of the miners' chest, Truthful came back and caught him in his thieving act.

The Mexican wore a handkerchief over the lower half of his face. Truthful did not know who he was, but he took a shot at him with his forty-four just the same. The bullet missed the greaser by a hair, startling him into dropping his knife. The next moment he had leaped through the window and escaped.

Truthful had borne the tale of the attempted robbery to Joe, and shown him the knife.

"If we knew whose it was," Joe's partner had said, as he turned the knife over and over in his hand, inspecting it from under a baffled frown, "we'd have the would-be thief dead to rights."

"Perhaps I can find out who owns it," was Joe's reply. He took the knife and his departure from Truthful toward a saloon. "At any rate, I mean to try."

As he entered the place, he saw Dolores standing near the crowd of miners and Mexicans who were lined up at the bar. Coming forward unperceived, Joe stooped and laid the knife quietly on the floor beside the girl. Then he touched her arm.

"Somebody's dropped his knife," he said, pointing down at it.

She bent and picked it up.

"Here, Sanchez," she impatiently addressed the greaser, who stood near by, holding out the knife to him. "Why don't you be more careful of your property?"

Joe's ruse had worked, and, unwittingly, she had singled the Mexican out as the guilty man the young miner was looking for. With a triumphant oath, he sprang at Sanchez to take him prisoner.

But the latter, wriggling out of his clutch like an eel, whipped out his gun and held Joe and the other inmates of the bar at bay, backing toward the door.

In another moment he had gone from view. Slashing the reins of a horse that was tethered at the hitching rack outside the saloon, he was off in a whirlwind of dust the second after.

With Joe at their head, the white men in the place poured forth to mount their horses and start in pursuit. The greaser was riding in the direction along which Lily and Gentleman Jack were taking to reach the town, and the posse swept after him.

Joe's horse was the fleetest. He far outdistanced the others, keeping the Mexican always in sight. He saw the greaser swing down from the saddle and disappear into the forest to the left, along a narrow footpath. Joe, when he reached the spot, dismounted likewise and ran on after his quarry into the woods.

There Sanchez had joined two Mexicans of his own dishonest stripe, and drawn into the cover of the bushes to wait for his pursuer, whose running footsteps could be heard pounding nearer and nearer.

As Joe came abreast of it, the trio leaped out of their place of concealment. There was a sharp struggle, but the odds against him were too great, and Joe was taken prisoner. He was borne by his captors toward a deserted shack a few hundred feet distant, and so thoroughly hidden by the surrounding foliage of the wood that it seemed nobody would ever know that he had been flung in it.



"Let us make this tree," said Joe to Lily, "our post office, and then I will always be sure of getting your letters on time." Thus the matter was arranged, and, as it turned out, it was well that they took the precaution.

But the Indian girl who had shown Joe the mine saw him being carried toward the dilapidated cabin, and, without a sound, she ran back to the main road to summon help.

"Go, Sanchez!" ordered his two companions, when Joe, bound hand and foot and gagged, had been flung into the shack's one bunk. "Go, and bring Dolores here. I wish to prove how great is my love for her by letting her kill with her own hand this gringo whom

she hates. I will keep guard outside until you return."

The Indian girl reached the road just as Lily and Gentleman Jack were coming along.

"Oh, save him!" Lily turned to plead of the gambler when she had heard the native girl's story. "Save him—for my sake! He is the man I love!"

Gentleman Jack hesitated. His brows lowered in a frown. Unless he interfered, his rival would die. It was a chance to remove Joe from his path to the girl's heart forever. He picked up his reins, his jaw hardening with grim purpose—the purpose of riding on to Poverty Flat and leaving the young miner to his doom.

"For my sake!" begged Lily. "Save him!"

Another instant Jack hesitated, and then he dropped the reins and swung down to the ground. It was her own happiness she was asking him for, and his love was too great to deny her that, at whatever cost to himself.

Drawing his gun, with a word of reassurance to her that he would do his best to get Joe out of the cabin in safety, he ran into the forest after the Indian girl, who led the way.

Lily could not stay behind, with her mind tortured by uncertainties. She ran on after the gambler and his guide, and it was well that she did so, for when she came in sight of the cabin she saw that Gentleman Jack and Sanchez had already come to grips. Even as she looked, the greaser, with a twist of the gambler's wrist which sent the gun in his hand spinning from it, flashed out his knife and aimed a blow with it for his adversary's heart.

Gentleman Jack caught his arm as it was descending, stopping the blade on its errand of death. Sanchez, forcing him to his knees, wrenched loose his hand and struck again. This time the knife struck home. He lifted his arm to strike again——

And at that moment, with Gentleman Jack's gun, which she had picked up from the ground, Lily fired, and the Mexican fell dead.

She rushed into the cabin and freed Joe of his bonds. There was no need for him to ask if all misunderstanding between them was at an end. He read that in her shining eyes and took her in his arms to crush his lips to hers.

Then they went out, hand in hand, to Gentleman Jack.

He was lying on the ground, scarcely breathing. They knelt on either side of him, and Joe tried to stanch the bleeding of the knife wound in his breast; but he was fast passing beyond mortal help. His lids opened and he looked up into Lily's face with glazed eyes.

"Won't you—kiss me—once?" he asked of her huskily.

She stooped, and touched his brow with her lips. Sighing, with his last remaining strength he lifted Joe's hand and placed it in hers, then laid them both, clasped so, above his heart. His eyelids flickered, then closed.

And so died Jack, the gambler—a gentleman to the end.

Plays and Players

Helen Dunbar.

MISS HELEN DUNBAR, who plays in the Essanay society rôles, received her motion-picture training in the best school in the world—the legitimate



stage. She was born in New York City, and went on the stage when but fifteen years of age. She was with Pauline Hall, Heinrich Conreid, and J. C. Duff, and sang the principal contralto rôles with all of these people. She played dramatic parts for Weber and Fields for seven years, and later played with Fay Templeton and Pete Dailey. Miss Dunbar came to Essanay four years ago, and has been with that company ever since. She loves pictures, and predicts a wonderful future in the motion-picture industry. This celluloid society queen is a true woman, and loves everything that a woman does—needlework, housekeeping, and even cooking.

Charlotte Burton has been substituted for Louise Lester in the cast of the American production, "The Touch of Love." Miss Lester is away from work on account of a bad attack of grippe. Miss Lester had already appeared in several scenes, and these had to be retaken in order to make the entire drama uniform.

Fred Gamble, of the Beauty Company, says he could blow out most small-town fires with the breath he wasted galloping to alarms in the Mutual one-reel farce, "When the Fire Bell Rang." He weighs two hundred and sixty-eight pounds, and the scenes had to be reënforced to withstand the wind squalls resulting from his hundred-yard dashes.

Connoisseurs will enjoy the three beautiful pieces of rare Gobelin tapestry which are used in the home of "the millionaire," as wall hangings, in "Out of the Ruins," an Edison three-reel version of Rupert Hughes' story, "Miss 318 and Mr. 37." They are valued at ten thousand dollars, conservatively, and are representative of the richest effects in the darker colorings, almost somber in tone.

Miss Martha Boucher has joined the Selig Company, directed by Colin Campbell. Miss Boucher played the lead in "Ben Hur" on the spoken stage, and is a talented actress.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

BREAKING IN.

IT seems safe to say that all those who are now writing scenarios as free lances are desirous of breaking into the professional end of the game. We know many who say it is merely a pastime with them, but to write good scenarios is hard work, and the "pastime" impression does not last long. When we see a writer stick four or more months, we decide that he is trying to become a professional.

Granting that this is true, it seems too bad that more do not go at the thing in the right way. Some start with the idea that they must work, and work they do, but the work is not always intelligent. Others study technique till they become lost in the maze, and cannot form an original plot to save their necks. Still more believe there is some mystic key to be found which will enable them to sell all they write.

These three classes, we believe, are the most prominent divisions of the amateurs who wish to be professionals. There are many other ideas on "how to break in," but they are held by a comparatively few writers. Therefore, we will pass them up and delve deeper into the ailments of the trio of types we have mentioned.

First, the man who works. This class is probably the most promising, because, if nothing else, those in it are, in time, trained to the grind. The trouble lies in the fact that they believe they must turn out one script per week, or on some similar schedule, and sacrifice plot to accomplish this purpose. As a rule, their technique is not bad, for by constant writing they cannot help but learn the mechanical end of the script preparation. Our advice to those in this class is to quit writing altogether for a few weeks, and, when they return, to go at it in a more businesslike manner, seeing to it that everything that they send out is worthy of production in their own eyes, providing they can consider their own work without favoritism. If they cannot, we would suggest a few weeks' study of this alone, for it will be necessary to learn how to judge your scripts, in time, if the writer expects to remain in the game.

The second class, those who consider technique the most important element, will also profit by a short vacation. This class will worry and work over some split-hair question concerning the technical preparation of a script and entirely ignore the vital element—the plot. We would suggest that they spend their vacation studying plots of all classes and kinds, never once considering the technical end of the silent drama. When they return to their own work we do not doubt but what they will see their mistake and get the proper proportion of the two elements which are so necessary in putting together a silent drama.

Now the third class have the hardest route to travel, because they are farther from either plot or technique than the other two. Their time has been spent asking others how it is done, finding out how So-and-so succeeded, writing personal letters to editors, planning on what they will do to creep into the select circle, and, incidentally, doing a script now and then. They are the class who haven't started. We do not advise a rest for them; rather we believe that the sooner they begin to work the better. They have before them the danger of getting into either of the two classes just mentioned, though if they work along carefully, heeding the advice given to those in the former divisions, we believe they would soon begin to see light. They must forget all that they have done, however, for we doubt if any one working under the conditions described could have learned anything of real importance; they must wake their brain up, master technique in a sensible way, and then begin the great battle with plot; they must see that every script they turn out carries with it all that an editor is interested in; they must concentrate on what is before them and not dream of the future, and they must realize the fact that it is up to them to work out their own salvation, regardless of how any other writer reached his present position.

WHAT MAKES A MULTIPLE-REEL SCRIPT.

Amateur after amateur has asked us what it is that makes a two or three-reel scenario different from a one-reel script, and to all we have simply said: "Because it is larger."

This answer seldom satisfies them, but it undoubtedly gives them something to think over. We don't see any other way of describing it. A single-reel script has to tell a story in a limited space. If written by an experienced author, who has the one-thousand-foot limit in mind, it generally contains just about enough action to cover the reel. This is something we believe has to be sensed by the writer, and the way to acquire the ability to sense it is to study the pictures on the screen.

When you desire to write a two or three-reel scenario, or a longer one, if you are more experienced, there must be just so much more plot added to the idea, which must be larger than the single-reel idea, and the action must be given more careful development.

We recall a three-reel scenario a friend of ours sold, which was very popular when produced, because it contained no "padding." When written

the first time it was in one reel, but had a big idea, and our friend rewrote it when he saw an opportunity to sell a larger script. He looked for possibilities within what he had already written, and found plenty of them. These he played up strongly, and, after adding a little action here and there to give the story a nice "balance," he wrote it into proper form, keeping in mind the fact that it was to be a three-reeler, and not cramping himself in any place.

We believe that even an amateur can write an *acceptable* two-reel script from a *passable* one-reeler—if the proper thought is given to the treatment it receives. The trouble is that until the writer becomes familiar with the screen, he is liable to consider one reel of plot action sufficient for a three-reel scenario, and, therefore, draw a rejection slip.

FADES AND VISIONS.

Every now and then some one gets mixed up in the technical screen-play vocabulary, and mistakes a vision for a fade, or vice versa; and sometimes an amateur draws the wrath of the director who is producing his first accepted script, because he writes one in the scenario when obviously another is appropriate.

Of late, visions have been used less frequently than in the past, fades being the most versatile of the two. We believe that there is a place for the vision, and that its work should be different from that of the fade. However, that is another story, for our object is to point out just how the two may be written correctly in a script.

The vision appears within the scene, without the scene itself disappearing from the screen. For instance: If John were alone in his North-woods cabin, and his thoughts drifted to Mary, whom he had left in the East, it would be written thus:

Scene 56.—Cabin interior, typical of North woods.—John seated in foreground, takes picture from pocket, looks at it, then looks off to side—Vision (in upper corner of picture)—Mary appears in vision, and smiles toward John, then fades out. John sighs, et cetera.

In case we wished to put the same idea over with a fade, it would be written thus:

Scene 56.—Cabin interior, typical of North woods.—John seated in foreground, takes picture from pocket and looks at it longingly. Scene slowly fades into——

Scene 57.—Garden of Mary's home in East.—Mary seen in hammock. She smiles cheerily, and waves to some one off screen. Slowly fade back to:

Scene 58.—Back to 56.—Scene slowly fades in as John registers his longing for Mary, et cetera.

You see, one is essentially a scene by itself, while the other is not, though both have to be taken separate from the scene of which they are a part. We know several staff writers who do not use a separate number for a vision scene, but we think it is the best thing for an amateur to do. It leaves no doubt in a director's mind as to the effect the writer wished to secure; whereas, if it were all written within a scene, it might be worded in such a manner that it would puzzle him.

With the advent of the more finished picture, visions and fades are coming into their own, but an amateur should remember it is not necessary to overdo them just because he knows how to "git 'em over."

A LASTING IMPRESSION.

When you see an exceptionally poor picture on the screen you are subconsciously prejudiced against the company which made it. If you see three or four poor ones by the same company you will probably stay away from your favorite theater whenever a film by that concern is advertised. On the other hand, if you see a picture which is so good that you remember it a long time after it has faded from the screen, you will probably watch eagerly for the next release by the company which produced it. If they repeat the good work, you become an ardent supporter of their brand, and will request your theater manager to get as many of their releases as possible. Isn't that a fact?

Not wishing to change the subject, we would like to state right here that, though editors are judges of each particular script sent them, and that script alone while it is in front of them, they, too, have a subconscious mind, and when a writer sends in one poor script after another, said subconscious mind does not particularly favor the writer. On the other hand, the author who turns out one good script after another creates the opposite impression.

The moral of this is the same as the one we touch upon directly, or indirectly, almost every week. We wonder how many of our readers know what it is, and how many of them are applying it—and being benefited?

WRITING TO FIT A STAR.

We think it is a wise thing to pick a certain star out occasionally, and, after studying his or her work on the screen in three or four productions, write a play in which said star may shine.

We don't for a moment mean that because you admire a player you should write for him or her alone, but in time to come you may be called upon to write a scenario around some certain player—not necessarily the same one—and you will then know how to go about it. This suggestion also applies to other things, such as writing around a given event or a spectacular accident, et cetera. The latter scripts should be done only for practice, as the same accident or event would not be available for filming, but the "star script" might find a resting place with another company who thought it fitted their lead perfectly. At any rate, you've added something to your store of knowledge, and when you are called upon for a script of this style you will not be walking on untrodden ground.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Three and four-reel pictures seem to be coming into vogue, and the experienced writers capable of turning out real scenarios of these lengths can find a market with practically all the Mutual and General companies, except those who are buying nothing at all from the outside. The amateur, however, will do well not to attempt an entrance into this larger field until he has mastered the one and two-reel scripts.

Short Shots.

A great deal of thought before you begin to write your scene action is better than a great deal of work rewriting it after you discover you had a weak plot.

It is well for those beginning to write for the first time to remember that the plays which last longest in the minds of those who visit the picture theaters are not those which carry a literal "punch." There is another kind of "punch" which can be placed in pictures, and which will bring home the checks. Master it.

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Photoplay Stories and Pictures

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1

No. 9



EDNA MAYO

ESSANAY STAR

AUTHORESS OF THIS WEEK'S FEATURE ARTICLE

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY
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Making Up for the Movies

By Edna Mayo

Here is a subject of real interest to all followers of motion pictures. Everyone wants to know how the players make up for the films—every one knows that it is much different from making up for the stage, but just how is something they are not acquainted with.

Miss Edna Mayo, the Essanay star, has written the following on the art of making up for the screen and tells all the details of preparing for the camera.

WHEN the impressionists descended on the established art of the world, the artists laughed, stopped laughing, became interested, and—became impressionists. When the camera invaded the world of the drama, the stage laughed, stopped laughing, became interested, and—started to conform to the new art of making up for the camera.

The make-up of an actor or an actress playing before the clicking audience of a wholly disinterested and merciless camera has a whole lot to do with the truthfulness of his or her characterization. I remember that one time I couldn't quite see the importance of the make-up in playing before a camera. Of course, this was before I took up the silent drama. It seemed to me that a little streak of cosmetic, a penciling here and there, was enough for any player to put on to act in front of the camera. That was a long time ago, and I had quite a lot of reason for my belief. In the beginning, when the moving-picture art was so young it couldn't toddle, the make-up was a minor detail. The big thing at that time was to get a picture that ran smoothly without any jerks or stoppings. It didn't make much difference what the picture was, a man chasing his hat, a freight train switching, a horse running away or a woman kissing a baby. As long as the picture was focused right and connected enough, the action and appearance of the subjects had little to do with the success of the picture.

But times have changed. With the coming of the drama into pictures, the public has been educated up to a distinct knowledge of what ought and ought not to be. No player can foist a poor piece of work on a public that is unsuspecting, and no actress can take the part of the queen dressed as a Sixth Avenue shopgirl. The picture-seers demand truth, in action, in the logic of the story, in originality in the plot, in the player, and in the make-up. And from the standpoint of the player who knows his business the greatest of these is make-up.

The art of the motion picture is the art of the chiaroscurist, a thing of lights and shadows. Colors are wasted. The camera eye sees white and black and contour. It is color blind. And the player must bear this in mind when he works through in his characterization.

The matter of make-up is a matter of personal taste and individual experience as to what suits the player best. It all depends on the shape of the face. Some faces have to be altered, to be built up or to be toned down. To know which of these things should be done to the face constitutes the art of make-up.

I myself use very little make-up. Players of leads have very little making up to do. It is merely a case with them of making themselves as attractive as possible. My method is very simple. I first cover the face with cold cream, rubbing it into the pores of the skin to protect it from the ravages of the grease paint. That is the next ingredient. A coat of grease paint goes over the other coat of cold cream, and I am ready for the more delicate part of the process. Some lip rouge, put on rather lightly, intensifies my mouth, and a cosmetic pencil, heated in a candle flame and applied to the eyelashes, "beads" them and makes them more prominent. Some more cosmetic goes over the eyebrows, and I am all through with my face.

But, as I said before, my make-up is comparatively simple. My face, I am told, is the type that "takes" well in the picture. The camera, you know, performs some weird stunts, and one of them is to disregard some people, even beautiful people, sometimes, because the lines of their faces do not reflect the lights and shadows very well. The other type it is very good to. And mine happens to be one of that type.

In entering the moving pictures, I at once encountered the difference between

stage make-up and camera make-up. I had to learn all over again. It was distinctly a new art, and even now I am learning something new every day, even though I have the foundations of camera make-up firmly fixed in my mind.

On the stage, rouge, lots and lots of rouge, is necessary. Color is demanded, warm color, to excite the seeing sense of the audience and to blend that seeing sense with the other senses which are all used in completing the stage picture. Rouge is almost tabooed in the moving pictures. It is used not to intensify the face but to make shadows, to alter the contour of the face, to remove such defects as a double chin or a too-high cheek bone. As a beautifier, it has gone to the limbo of departed useful things.

Every line of a face can be altered by the correct application of rouge. In the moving pictures, it is used in the make-up of the woman of the streets, the dissipated man, the starving girl mother, the drug fiend, every one who must show the ravages of dissipation or hardships. You see, like a lot of other things, it has changed its character from that of a beautifier to that of an alterer. And the altering generally is for the worst.

The eyes are a very wonderful part of a player, and they must be handled very carefully in the dressing room. A player who has deep-set eyes must bring them out before the camera or he will appear as blind or eyeless. Maybe not quite as bad as that, but bad enough to hurt his appearance very much. The bringing out of the eyes into the field of the camera is accomplished by the use of the pencil. The deep-set eye is unshadowed, the lashes and the brows are very little penciled, and the eyes stand out from under the shadows.

The chin is largely a matter of temperament, taste, and physical construction. This is handled by the intelligent use of rouge or the nonuse of it. The hair is a big factor in the make-up of a player, especially in that of the actress. I dress my hair to fit my conception of the character I'm playing. Sometimes I wear it low, at other times high. I always take into consideration my hair, and build it to fit my conception. The result is generally satisfactory to me.

Dress is another important detail. I buy my dresses with an eye to contour. And I superintend their altering to fit my taste. Color makes very little difference. I generally wear positive colors, blues or blacks, sometimes a brown or a green. But the contour is the thing to watch, and I watch it.

It is strange the way the make-up and the art of make-up changes in the two mediums of the stage and the movies. But anybody who tries to apply the one art to the other will find himself or herself up against an immovable obstacle over which will rush an irresistible force that probably will remove the person of one idea from either the stage or the camera field.

Two Real Thrillers.

MISSING death by a hair in a desperate race with a thundering express train and capping this most remarkable of photo-play feats with a drop of nearly one hundred feet in a racing automobile from a cliff edge into a raging torrent, are two of the many thrillers in "The Diamond From the Sky," the ten-thousand-dollar-prize picturized novel produced by the Flying "A" studio, in which Irving Cummings is portraying Arthur Stanley, the handsome and youthful gypsy hero.

Of the two thrillers—the race with the express and the leap from the cliff—the latter is by far the more hazardous, for experts agree that it is not only one of the most remarkable feats of its kind ever accomplished, but marvel at the "luck" of the driver, as they expressed it, in escaping without a scratch.

Many are the thrilling stunts accomplished by movie actor and actress, but nothing up to this time has even approached this daring piece of work.

In this particular scene, the driver, believing himself guilty of murder, is fleeing from the sheriff, pursuing in another car. He is driving his auto for every ounce of engine power it possesses along a narrow road, skirting the stream one hundred or more feet below. As he takes a sharp curve, his machine gets beyond control.

A moment later the giant machine reaches the cliff edge, halts for a moment, and then drops into space. The driver, still clutching the wheel, succeeds in extricating himself, and leaps, just as the car makes the first of a series of somersaults on its downward flight. By a piece of acrobatic work that would bring envy to a circus performer, the driver jumps clear of the machine and strikes the water, some twenty feet away from where the wrecked machine had hit.

The force of the impact, as the machine struck the water, was so great as to tear it almost apart. After swimming for some distance upstream, the dare-devil was brought ashore, none the worse for his experience.

From Comedy to Melodrama.

AL RAY, the young character comedian who made such a hit when with the Keystone Company, is considering an offer to play in melodrama. He has been offered a leading part in "York State Folks," which Harry Jackson is to produce for the Royal Film Company. Although Ray has been in films for many years, this will be but the second time that he has appeared in a picture, other than comic. His only other experience was in the Universal feature, "Traffic In Souls," in which he played one of the foremost gunmen. With the exception of the time he played in this picture, Ray was with the Keystone Company since its inception. He started with them as a comedy cop, then played bits, and for the last year has been playing many of the character leads. Ray has the distinction of having played nine separate and distinct parts in Mack Sennett's comedy, "Tillie's Punctured Romance." The terrific strain of these slapstick films has undermined his health, and by his doctor's orders he has returned East, and is now writing a book of his experiences in filmdom.

Nearly no More Beery.

WALLACE BEERY says he knows just how it feels to be drowned and to be buried alive. In the Essanay comedy, "Done in Wax," he is nailed into a box and hurled into the lake. A rope was attached to the box for the purpose of pulling Beery out after the scene had been taken. But the rope slipped off, and Beery sank to the bottom, nailed tight in his box. The box was finally fished out before he had gone to the happy hunting grounds, but he declares he experienced a combination of feelings of being buried alive and drowned.

A Child of God

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

Sam Baxter, a rancher, falls in love with a girl from the East; but is refused and turns to drink for consolation. One day, brought face to face with life's stern realities, he buys a Bible, and for so doing is nicknamed "A Child of God" by the boys. In this story, based on the Mutual masterpicture of the same title (one of which appears as a feature in this magazine each week), read how he comes out on the top of the heap. The cast follows:

Sam Baxter.....Sam de Grasse
Frances Harper.....Francelia Billington
The Minister.....Richard Cummings

"DO you mean it—that you're goin' away?"

Sam Baxter, who was sole owner of the Bar Y Ranch at thirty-three, turned sidewise in his saddle to look anxiously at the girl beside whom he rode.

She was Frances Harper, who had come to Wyoming from the East eight months before to teach school in the town of Green Ridge. To be exact, she had not made the journey out West with that purpose in view. Indeed, it had been the farthest from her thoughts when she set out from New York. Her intention then had been simply to pay a visit to her elder sister, who had married and gone to Wyoming to live.

But Frances had found that things weren't going well in her sister's home. The man she had married, seemingly through no fault of his own, was a failure. Every business venture he tackled went wrong.

From her letters home, the family had been led to believe that she and her husband were doing very nicely. Frances had been shocked, on her arrival in her sister's home, to discover the hand-to-mouth existence they were living. She saw that they could not afford to have her as a guest. And immediately she had been confronted by a difficult problem.

It was what she was going to do, now that she was out there in Wyoming.

Her father, she knew, was pinched for ready money just at that time. He had supplied her with enough to defray the expenses of the trip, one way. The understanding was that she was to stay with her sister for three or four months. At the end of that time, her father would be in a position to send her the money to come back with. But it would be impossible for him to do so before the expiration of that time.

It was out of the question that she could burden her sister with another mouth to feed for ten or twelve weeks, when she and her husband were having such a struggle to make both ends meet.

And then a way out of the situation had presented itself to her.

She had heard her brother-in-law say one night that the town of Green Ridge, a hundred miles away, was looking for a school-teacher. Eagerly questioning him about the degree of learning one would have to possess in order to qualify for the post, she had been confident that she could fill it when she found out that the pupils to be taught were all young, and a rudimentary knowledge of spelling, writing, and arithmetic was all the teacher the town board was seeking would be required to instill in them.

She had been confident that she could hold the position, and, moreover, she had determined to try for it. Her sister's husband, at her request, had bought her a ticket out of her own small store of money; and in fear and trembling she had presented herself before the town board.

But her fears lest she be rejected by them, on the score of her lack of experience, were swept away with ridiculous ease. As soon as she made known that she was an applicant for the vacant position of school-teacher, so anxious were the town's selectmen to have it filled, that without the formality of even the most cursory examination they hired her on the spot.

Eight months had gone by since that time. The novelty to Frances of being self-supporting for the first time in all her twenty-two years had not yet worn off. She enjoyed her work immensely.

But now a letter had come from her father, inclosing the money for her fare home, and urging her to return to New York without delay.

He didn't say why. In the letters which she had been receiving of late from her mother, there had been a hint that her father's business was not prospering. This note from him had frightened the girl with the possibility that the financial difficulty he was in might have something to do with his request that she come home immediately.

But how could that help any? Here, she was earning her own living. There, she would be a burden for her father to support, as before. It seemed silly to suppose, then, that her return could have anything to do with his money troubles. And yet, silly though it was, that apprehension remained in the back of her mind.

"Yes," she answered the question of the man who rode at her side. "I bought my ticket this morning. And I'm leaving for the East by the first train tomorrow."

Sam Baxter, for all that his ownership of one of the largest and best-paying ranches in the State gave him the required standing in the community, was not a member of the town board that had engaged Frances' services as the school-teacher of Green Ridge

He was too wild—or, rather, he had been. He preferred drinking and card

playing in the company of the boys in the saloon, to the consideration of the town's welfare in the staid society of Green Ridge's graver citizens.

Since he had met and fallen in love with Frances, however, Sam had turned over a new leaf. But that had not helped him much with her. She liked him as a friend. Each time he had tried to make love to her, though, she had promptly sidetracked him. She knew his reputation as a sower of wild oats—if it hadn't been for that, she confessed to herself, she might have been willing to listen to his avowal of love.



"As the feller says in the book, I love the ground you walk on—and it's true, doggone it, I do!" Sam proposed to her.

But Sam meant to make her listen now.

"Look here," he said, seizing her bridle and drawing her horse to a halt beside his own. "Won't you come over here and let me say a few things to you?" he asked. When they had dismounted, for she consented, he continued: "You're goin' away—but not without hearin' what I've got to say first. I don't know as there's much use in my tellin' you how I feel about you. You'd be blind not to have seen it. As the feller says in the book, I love the ground you walk on—and it's true, dog-gone it, I do! Listen to me: What d'ye want to go back East for, at all? At least, to go off and leave me behind? I've got more money'n I know what to do with, and we can go together in style, if you want to see your folks. Marry me, before train-time to-morrow——"

"No, Mr. Baxter," she said, half laughing as she shook her head.

"Do you love me?" demanded Sam.

Frances' head shook more slowly.

"Do you love anybody else?" the ranchman persisted.

"No," she replied frankly.

"All right," said Sam. "Marry me, and you'll learn to love me. I'm willin' to take a chance on it. And I'm rich enough to make a good catch for you."

"No," Frances refused him. "I'm sorry, but you'd better forget about me, Mr. Baxter. I never expect to marry any man for his money."

That precise statement, Frances, to her amazement, was forced to repeat to her mother when she reached New York, five days later.

This was what her father had written her to come home for—to receive the proposal of a wealthy man who, as his son-in-law, could help him out of the financial difficulty in which he had been sinking deeper and deeper ever since her departure for the West.

"Mr. Catlin saw your photograph," her mother explained, "and he fell in love with you at sight. He's been talking of nothing but you for weeks. So finally your father and I decided to send for you. We thought—we hoped—that you might love him——"

"I don't!" announced Frances emphatically, with a shudder at the recollection of the sleek-haired, sallow-complexioned man to whom she had been introduced an hour before. "Mamma, how could you and papa ever think of trying to make such a match for me."

"If you knew the trouble your father was in!" protested her mother tearfully. "We have been living for more than a year—although you weren't allowed to know anything about it—on money which Mr. Catlin has advanced to us on notes."

"Do you mean," questioned Frances anxiously, "that we *owe* the money to him?"

"Yes. And the notes are all overdue. Of course, they would be cancelled if you became his wife and brought him into the family."

"But I won't!" cut in Frances, with a stamp of her foot. And then, bursting into tears, she ran upstairs to her room and flung herself across her bed.

She wished she had somebody to tell her troubles to—and, strangely enough, whom she wished that somebody was, was Sam Baxter, in far-away Wyoming.

Sam himself, following her departure for the East, had "cut loose," in his own language. He had gone back to his old ways of card playing and drinking. Frances, the only girl he had ever truly cared for, had refused him. It made no difference what became of him thenceforth.

His nights were spent in all manner

of reckless carousing, and his days in sleeping off the effects of such debauches.

If he had been called "wild" by the more staid inhabitants of Green Ridge before, that term did not nearly describe what he had become. And all efforts on the part of his friends to turn him from the folly of his ways were in vain.

For one month, and then two, Frances resisted all her parents' pleadings and persuasions that she accept the suitor she abhorred, in order that the family might be lifted from debt, and made independently well-off.

And then one day there came a letter from her sister in Wyoming.

The news it contained fell like a bolt from the blue upon her mother and father, to whom Frances had said nothing of the financial straits in which she had found her sister upon her arrival in the West.

Disheartened over her persistent failure to "make good," her husband had taken his life—and she was thrown penniless upon the world.

Nor was that all. She was left with a six weeks' old baby. The letter ended by saying that she was coming home with the child, kind-hearted neighbors having loaned her the necessary sum to pay her fare.

"Frances," begged her mother, turning to her with tears streaming from her eyes, "can't you do as your father and I want you to now? We must have more money, if we are to take care of Bessie and her baby. There is nowhere else we can raise it, except by borrowing from Mr. Catlin. And he has already told your father that he cannot take another note from him, unless—you can guess the condition on which he is willing to help us still further. *Won't* you marry him, and save us all?"

There was no longer any use, it seemed to her, in holding out, and so Frances finally promised to accept the man.

Meanwhile, Sam Baxter, having been away from Green Ridge for two or three days on a business matter, was galloping through the hills on his way back to the town and the godless crew with whom he consorted at its one saloon.

He had been without a drink during his enforced absence—and he was bent on "bu'stin' things open," as he styled it.

Rounding a bend in the road, ahead of him he made out the stooping figure of an old man with long, white hair falling to his shoulders from under a broad-brimmed hat of rusty black.

With a bundle of tracts under one arm, and a paint can swinging from the other, the wandering religious enthusiast—for so he was—went hobbling toward a pile of scattered bowlders beside the road. He began to letter on the surface of the stones various passages from the Scriptures.

As Sam drew rein behind him, he read the sign which the old fellow had just painted on one rock. It read:

BE
THOU A CHILD
OF GOD.

"What does that mean, old-timer?" Sam demanded of the aged fellow, pointing to the words on the rock.

Limping over to him, the other gave him a tract from the bundle under his arm.

"Read the Word, my friend," he adjured, "and you will see the light."

With a scoffing laugh, Sam flung the tract back at him and rode on.

"I don't want none o' your game, pard!" he flung back over his shoulder. "Religion—not for mine! A deck o' cards and a bottle of red-eye's got that beat a mile for entertainment!"

Bent on getting to the bar in the saloon that was his goal with the least possible delay, Sam dug the spurs into his horse and swept around the next bend in the winding road at a break-neck pace.

And then, once more, he reined in.

Below him, he saw a train rushing along the railroad tracks toward a curve, while another train was sweeping toward it on those same tracks!

From his elevation, Sam could see what neither of the two engineers were aware of, and that was that a wreck was due to take place in another minute. He swung his horse's head around, and, at the risk of his neck, rode down the steep side of the hill toward the tracks, yelling as he ran.

Too late—there was a rending crash that split the adjacent air as from the simultaneous firing of a dozen siege guns. The two trains had met, head-on. And the wreck was no longer a probability, but an accomplished fact.

Among the injured who were swiftly carried from the burning cars by the more fortunate passengers who had escaped without harm, was Frances' sister, Bessie Harper, and her baby.



After the wreck, those who were themselves unhurt helped to get the injured out of the burning coaches—and Frances' sister, with her baby, were among those carried from the twisted cars.

"Get me a minister—quick!" she panted, as they laid her down beside the roadbed, with the child in her arms. "A minister—oh, hurry!"

A preacher was just then passing—he was one of the occupants of the train on which she had been riding—and he knelt at her side. One look at her face told him that her injury was fatal; she had only a few more minutes to live.

"How can I be of service to you?" he asked gently.

"Before—before I die," she gasped, clutching his arm, "I want you to christen my baby!"

"Here, sir," the minister looked up to hail Sam Baxter, who was just then passing on foot among the victims of the wreck. "Run and fill your hat with water from that brook, yonder, and bring it back here!"

Sam, making the mistake of thinking that the minister wanted him to do so in order to revive the woman beside whom he knelt, quickly carried out the order. But the minister's next words to him, when he presented him with his dripping hat, were a surprise:

"What is your name?"

"Baxter," Sam replied.

"I mean your first name—quick!"

"Samuel," the ranchman wonderingly made answer.

"Here, then"—the minister placed the baby in his arms. "I want you to stand godfather to this child." Producing his prayer book, he read the christening service from it. Then, sprinkling a few drops of the water from Sam's hat on the infant's head, "I christen thee Samuel," he concluded.

The dying woman gave the parson her name, and the address of her father's house in New York, for which she had been bound. Sam heard the minister repeat them as he wrote them down in his memorandum book. And then she passed away.

"Thank you, sir," the minister said to Sam, taking the baby out of his arms. "I am going to New York myself, and I will see that the child is delivered safely to its grandparents."

Sam rode on to the town of Green Ridge. But he did not go straight to the saloon when he reached there. Instead, he sat down on the platform of the railroad station after he had put up his horse at the livery stable, to think things over. A change had come over him in the past hour.

Had the fact of his holding that innocent child in his arms, and of giving it his name, anything to do with the strange disinclination that had suddenly seized him to embark on the carouse he had had in mind before the sight of the wreck had checked his gallop toward the town?

He frowned musingly. All the rest of his life that boy would carry his name. Wasn't it up to him to keep him from being ashamed of it? By cutting out his wild ways, and settling down to live the sort of life that would make him proud, when he grew up to be a man, of having had him for a godfather?

Sam Baxter slapped his knee, and rose, his chin set with determination.

"By gollies, I'm goin' to be a credit to him!" he vowed, turning to walk toward the telegraph operator's window. "And the Good Book's goin' to show me how!"

He wrote out a telegram and handed it in to the dispatcher, with a ten-dollar gold piece. The wire was directed to the Bible Society in the nearest big city. And it requested that a copy of the Gospel be sent to him without delay in care of the telegrapher, with whom the money was deposited to cover its cost.

When, a week later, the Bible arrived, Sam set to work to read it through from cover to cover.

He was converted, when he had made its perusal. His unregenerate former cronies did not know what to make of what they termed his "backsliding" from the path of unrighteousness. Three of them, coming upon him one day when he was deep in his fifth or sixth reading through of the christen-



"Looka here," said Sam Baxter, drawing back his fist at his tormentors, "you gimme back that Bible, or there'll be a couple o' badly mauled-up practical jokers around here in another minute. If I've got religion, it's nobody's business but my own."

ing service, and, tiptoeing up to look over his shoulder and see what he was reading, attempted to have some fun with him.

"Get a bottle o' booze," their leader informed one of the trio, while he held the ranchman, with his other companion. "We'll baptize Sam accordin' to the rules as laid down in this here book of his!"

Sam fought himself out of their hold.

"You'll do nothin' of the kind!" he informed them, red with anger. "Or there'll be three dead practical jokers around here. It's nobody's business but my own whether I've got religion or not. Understand? And I'll let you know, too, that the most sacred part in these Scriptures to me has got to do with the christenin' of babies—and no man can make fun of that without gettin' into trouble with me!"

There was one passage in particular in that portion of the church's ritual which impressed Sam. It ran: "He who fails to support his own, has denied Me." That worried him.

"By gee, I guess I've got the hang of what that means!" he made up his mind at last. "That kid belongs to me, as long as he totes my name around with him. And how do I know whether the folks that parson took him to are able to look after him right? They may be poor. I'd oughter 'support my own.' I'm goin' to New York and see whether he's gettin' a square deal or not!"

Two days later, Sam was as good as his word, and departed on a train for the Eastern metropolis.

In the meantime, Frances had been viewing with dread the approach of the date set for her marriage with Catlin. It was only three days away, when, late in the afternoon, she answered a ring at the doorbell.

"Sam—Mr. Baxter!" she gasped, astonishment widening her eyes as she viewed the equally surprised ranchman who stood before her. "What are you doing here?"

"I'll bet you," said Sam slowly, the explanation of the true state of affairs dawning on him, "that you're the sister of the mother of that baby—the baby that was brought here by the minister who christened him with my name at the train wreck. The baby that the Lord sent me all the way here from Wyoming to see. Well, the miracles the Bible talks about must all of 'em have happened—for here's another one to prove it!"

Frances led him inside the house.

"But what do you know about the Bible?" she questioned, regarding his clear skin and eyes, and the erect, buoyant carriage which had resulted from his abandoning of his former unholy mode of living. "You used to scoff at religion——"

"Listen!" Sam cut in.

And then he told her of his conversion. Frances' eyes, as they rested on him, were glowing with a light he had never seen in them before, now that the only barrier which had prevented her from admitting her love for him was swept away.

"Was that it?" Sam asked her eagerly. "Did you turn me down when I asked you to marry me, because you knew what a reckless life I'd led before I met you?"

Frances nodded, with a shy smile.

Sam took her hand. And then, for the first time, he noticed Catlin's engagement ring on her finger. The girl told him, in turn, of the marriage into which she was being forced. Sam asked to see her father, and when he was alone with him he requested to be allowed to take up the notes which Frances' wealthy suitor held. Mr. Harper at first demurred at allowing him to confer such a favor on the family.

"Let me do it in the name of your grandchild and my godson," Sam urged. "Will you? Then that's settled! And you needn't feel that I'm a stranger who's helping out the family—for I'm comin' into it, as I guess your daughter Frances will tell you. No, there ain't nothin' sudden about it. It was all settled, long ago, that she and I was to marry each other, but we had to wait to be brought into our happiness the way the Good Book says—'and a little child shall lead them.'"

A New Invention?

BILL EHFE'S stories of early rising and break-of-dawn constitutionals, which were received by his fellow players at the American studios, with some uncertainty, are now being accepted as the truth.

Bill has applied for a patent which he claims is the result of his "early-to-bed, healthy, wealthy, and wise" business. While planning what he was going to do with his "millions" to come, he found time to briefly explain the lesser details of his invention.

"I have always believed the saying, 'an early bird catches the worm,'" said Mr. Ehfe, "and by early rising discovered that garden seed is a good understudy to a worm, if there are no worms about. That's why nothing I ever planted stuck its head above the ground. Why? No worms."

Here Mr. Ehfe laughed, as if all the world was lacking in genius; and continued: "No, by using my invention, no bird will ever visit your garden more than once, and it's all.

"I have invented a rubber worm, sir" —this very dramatically—"which I attach to the ground along a planting of seeds by a fairly strong piece of basting thread. Birds like worms better than anything else, don't they? Well, Mr. Bird tackles the rubber worm, and backs off. The rubber expands just so far. Bang! The early bird returns to its nest with a bad bruise on its face.

"You can bet it won't come down in your garden again," he said in closing, as the postman handed him a government report on the "Exports and Imports of Crude Rubber."

Life or Death.

LOTTIE PICKFORD, accompanied by Director Jacques Jaccard, who is producing the American-Mutual picturized novel, "The Diamond From the Sky," and others in the cast, recently escaped death by the narrowest margin. What saved them, Miss Pickford says, was her own and their training in moving pictures.

The party was in a large touring car, climbing a mountain road back of Santa Barbara, on the lookout for locations. Suddenly the rear wheels skidded. Half the car's length hung suspended in mid-air. A quarter of a mile below was the bed of the canon.

"Considerable drop, what?" said Miss Pickford later.

The car was kept from going over the cliff by the perfect balance those in it were able to preserve until Director Jacques Jaccard and Eugenie Forde were able to climb carefully down from the front seat and brace the forward wheels with rocks. That balance came naturally from acting thrillers and keeping unconcerned in the face of danger for the "sake of the picture."

Blindfolded

(ESSANAY)

By Waldemar H. Sympson

Here is a story with complications aplenty. A valuable jewel, being sought by a band of European political blacklegs, is stolen. When a man is arrested for the theft he is found to be in jail and out of it at one and the same time. These are only a few of the tangles that have to be explained before the end of the story, which, taken from the Essanay film drama of the same name, is reached. The principals in the cast were:

Milburn Warren.....Richard C. Travers
Arnold Blaine.....Ernest Maupain
Andrew Meredith.....John Cossar
Bernice Meredith.....Nell Craig

ONE hundred thousand dollars might buy the Crystal Butterfly, daughter," said Andrew Meredith, "if one were hard put for the money, but a better estimate would be twice that sum."

With eyes that struggled bravely against tears, Bernice Meredith watched her father pace, in anguish, up and down the library floor. She wrung her hands now and then, and leaned forward in the chair as though to say some word of hope or of encouragement to him.

"But, father——" she had even begun once or twice.

He seemed not to hear her, but kept ever nervously walking, and gripping his hands as if in sheer rage at the turn of fortune that had served him so foully.

"And it's gone—gone!" he moaned again and again. "They won't get it back, because no thief would dare try to sell it, unless he first broke up the wonderful Crystal Butterfly as he would a moth."

Her father stopped suddenly, his hands pressed against his temples as if he felt they must burst.

"Father!" she screamed, and leaped from her chair.

He was actually tottering on his feet there before her.

"You're ill—you're ill!" she told him gently and caressingly, as she put her arms about him and led him to his habitual armchair before the fireplace.

The sound of terror in her scream had come to him as a physical blow.

"Dear Bernice," he told her, as he stroked the arm laid about his shoulder, "bear with me a few moments. I see I have frightened you, but you need have no fear. I shall pull myself together."

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Meredith raised her arms from his shoulder and stood up slowly, but with the firmness that was his chief characteristic.

"In the years I have lived, as you know, daughter," he told her then, "I've done some good fighting and faced difficult situations. From the diamond mines of Africa across the larger part of the world, I've met the day's work without flinching. Poverty and hard luck are stiff enemies for the honestest man to face. I've faced 'em and won. All the money I've made, and the rich and easy days we enjoy now, were for you and your dear mother who is gone from us."

His voice was husky for an instant, as it always was when he spoke of his dead wife, who had stuck bravely by him through the years of hardship only to be called to another world when success after success fell into his hands with staggering rapidity.

"But she knows you have me, father," said Bernice, making a quick turn to cheer him up; "and lonely as we are without her—you will recall you've often said you would be brave, as you always have been, so that I were spared for your last years."

"You mean to intimate, dear, that, having you, and all that we need, and more, for our comfort, I should not lament the theft of the Crystal Butterfly, which you told me when I first let you have a glimpse of it, was too big and ugly for any but a royal personage to wear."

"And I am the same stanch American to-day, though I was only fifteen when I said that, and now I'm twenty."

"Bless you always," he returned fondly, as he drew her close to him. "I know you are always there, tried and true, like our good old flag itself."

"Well, then," she argued, "let's put the matter in the hands of the police, and put the thought of the ugly jewel, priceless as it seems to be, out of our heads for to-night, at least."

"The police will do their best, Bernice, and that's a good deal, considering the fact that the reward is enormous, and that we have kept the story dark about the theft. And yet—and yet——"

He turned away from her and began again to walk up and down in the nervous manner that so alarmed her. She had never seen her father under so visible a strain. She was mystified as well as fearful, and suddenly suspicious.

"You'll forgive me, father," she said, suddenly standing before him, "but will you tell me if there's anything more than the money value attached to this Crystal Butterfly?"

"Do you think there may be?" he asked. "If so—why?"

"I've never thought so until to-night—and your own terrible anxiety is the reason why. Tell me the truth, father."

They faced each other in silence for a few seconds. Then he answered abruptly:

"The Crystal Butterfly does not belong to me, Bernice," he told her solemnly.

Her lips parted and her blue eyes shone with a strange light as she gazed upon his set features.

"It does not belong to you?" she echoed, her voice fallen to a whisper.

"Neither to you nor to me, child."

"Then what in the world made you ever tell me about the hateful thing, father?"

Bernice sank into a chair and covered her face with her hands.

A thousand mad fancies ran riot in her already tired mind. Of course, her father could never have anything to do with what might even seem to be dishonorable. Yet why this mystery about a jewel of such uncounted price? Surely, the person to whom it belonged should have it in possession. Even though it was of no use, nor ever had been, to her father or herself, it was merely so much useless baggage in the library safe.

But the revelation of her father threw a new and disagreeable light on the glowing wings of the Crystal Butterfly.

"Of course I can see now why you are so distraught," she said to her father, as he took her hands down from her face.

"You must not look away from me, Bernice," he said solemnly. "You must love and trust me as ever before."

"How can you doubt it, father?" she answered quickly; and, rising, threw her arms around him, as a child might. "I'm only your little girl, after all—and all I can trust and love is you."

"You trust Milburn Warren, don't you?" he inquired.

"Why, of course, father! What I meant was that you, as my father——"

"And Milburn as a successful young lawyer, who spends all his spare cash on flowers and candies, has your trust, too."

"Well, you yourself trust Milburn, don't you, father? You've always said so——"

"Always shall trust him, too, daughter; but I don't want him to know what I am going to tell you about the Crystal Butterfly."

"Oh, father!" she cried softly, and the roses flushed suddenly in her cheeks.

"Which means—what you say and what you look—that you tell him everything?"

Despite herself, the faintest trace of a smile showed about the corners of her pretty mouth as she replied:

"Well, perhaps not everything."

"Then Bernice, this must be one of the things you do not tell him—at least until later—either when we recover the Crystal Butterfly—or when——"

The strange expression of anguish and dread again showed on her father's face. Again he pressed a hand against his head, as if some terrible dread obsessed his brain.

"You must not think for an instant, father, that I will not obey any wish you may have about the confidence you are going to give me. I will say at once, though, that unless you feel I ought to know the facts, I shall be quite happy to continue in ignorance of them."

"I have waited, day by day for the last year, Bernice, to see this hateful jewel out of my hands and restored to the rightful owner."

"But why did you not send it, or take it, to that person, when it was such a weight on your mind?"

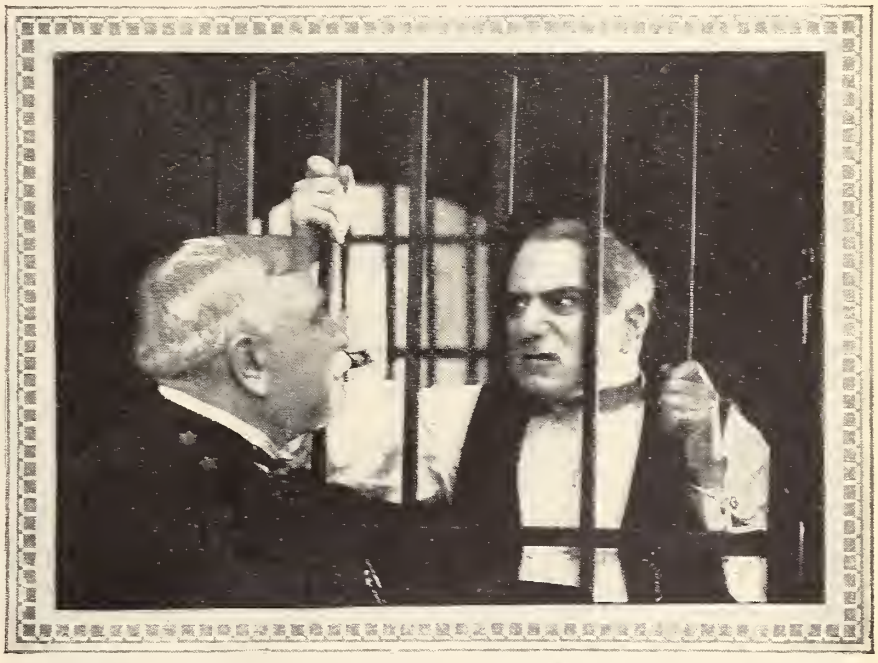
"That was not for me to do—I had taken it as a trust to help one to whom I owed as much as man can owe—my life!"

"And this person never sought to have it back all this time?"

"I was helping to save his life by keeping it until I should receive a certain word that would take the Crystal Butterfly out of my hands forever and off my mind."

"But if it has not been asked for all these years, why should it be asked for just now, father? We have done everything to recover it, and are doing everything. Surely, after having it so long, we shall have time to trace it."

Her father's face went suddenly ashen, and he stumbled rather than sat in his chair.



"The man who stole the Crystal Butterfly," Milburn told Bernice, "is working for a band of European political blacklegs. In a few days he will be working for the State in prison for he is now being held in jail awaiting a hearing."

"We have not time," he gasped. "I have only this afternoon received the code message that calls back from my care the Crystal Butterfly!"

Before the dire facts really took hold of Bernice's brain she was horrified to see her father crumple up limp in his chair.

She rang for assistance, and meanwhile bathed his head and face with ice water from the pitcher on the table.

Almost instantly, Parsons, the butler, appeared in the doorway of the library.

Behind him stood Milburn Warren, handsome, cool, but concerned.

"Great Heaven, Bernice!" he cried, as

he took in the situation. "What has happened?"

It was late that night before Milburn Warren left the palatial home of Andrew Meredith. Two physicians had worked with might and main over the aged capitalist. Though they were able to do much to help him, their strict orders were that no word should be uttered to him, in his present condition, about the Crystal Butterfly.

In her anxiety, Bernice gave the whole matter into the hands of Milburn. She kept one confidence only from him. She did not tell him the story of how the hateful jewel had come into her father's possession.

"Surely," she pleaded, "you, with your knowledge of criminal law, Milburn, will be able to do a great deal!"

"You know, my dear Bernice," he answered, "that for you I will do all that's humanly possible."

"I know you have already used all your influence with the police, and I thank you from my heart."

"You mean you want me to work on the case myself?"

"Will you, please? You see what the loss of the Butterfly has done to father, don't you?"

"I'm clean crazy to work on it myself," he answered. "In fact, to tell you a secret, I've been doing just that, already. But I kept quiet about it for two reasons. Your father has seemed reticent about the history of the jewel. This hampers the police. But he did let drop a few remarks to me last evening when I saw him alone. He gave me a hint that I've been working on, and which he does not know he gave me."



As the men sat around the table, their eyes were glued on something on the board before them.

"How do you mean?"

"Why, he was so wrought up I don't think he realized just how much he said. I found out the police knew nothing of my information."

"So you can use it all by yourself?"

"I have used it, Bernice. The man who stole the Crystal Butterfly from the library safe that night we were all at dinner is working for a band of European political blacklegs. In a few days he will be working for the State in prison, for he is now being held in jail awaiting a hearing."

Bernice was amazed beyond expression. She could only gasp the words:

"You don't mean that——"

For answer, Milburn drew the small leather case of the Crystal Butterfly from his pocket, and said:

"Open, and see for yourself."

"If only you could have got here before father was taken ill! Yet I'm grateful to Heaven and to you to have it at all. Now we must put it away so it can never be taken again."

"Let me tell you, Bernice, they will try again to get it; but we shall be prepared for them this time."

"Will you take the nasty thing away and hide it in some vault under the river?" she asked, half hysterically, laughing.

"No. I'm going to put it right back in the safe it was taken from."

"But that seems foolish!"

"The Butterfly, trust me, is safer in your father's house than in any place."

"You mean these European blacklegs, as you call them——"

"Are political as well as criminal. If any of them—and they are in more places of high position in New York than you'd think—got hands on it outside this house, we should have less chance of getting the man and the thing itself."

"Why do you say that?"

"I'll not tell you, Bernice, but show you."

Milburn had his traveling bag brought up to the library by Parsons. He opened it quickly and showed Bernice the contents.

"You're going to photograph the Butterfly, you mean?"

"Put the thing in the safe. I'm going to flashlight the man that dares again touch the inside of this safe or the diamond."

"But you told me the man is under arrest, and is going to prison!" Bernice said questioningly.

"That is true. Arnold Blaine, the crook, is in prison. Yet there are other crooks who would undertake the same job for the almighty big price that it pays."

"Oh, if father were only well, so that he could return the thing at once!" thought Bernice, bewailing the fact that she might not tell this confidence to Milburn.

If Milburn knew that the jewel was being demanded back, he would help,

she felt sure. Now all that she could do was to nurse her father quickly back to sufficient health of mind so that the question could be brought up to him and settled forever.

Day by day, and through the long nights, she was ever beside him, waiting for her chance to tell him the good news of the recovery of the Butterfly. Nurses and doctors remonstrated with her in vain. She would not be denied, and slept in a room not far from his, so the nurse, at night, might summon her easily.

She was convinced that her father's first thought, on coming out of the state of semicoma in which he lay, would be of the stolen jewel.

The happy secret she held for him kept her courage and her strength up. At times, even toward dawn, she would take relief from sleeplessness by walking in the library, merely to gaze at the shut door of the safe.

Milburn's orders were that no one should attempt to open it except her father.

On one of these ghostly morning visitations of hers, Bernice saw the safe door wide open. The case of the Crystal Butterfly was gone!

In panic, she tried to laugh, to assure herself that she was dreaming.

But her laugh broke into a terrible shriek, that tore through the stillness of the house. Servants and nurses came running, to find her in a dead faint before the safe.

The dower of perfect health and youth did as much to help recovery as did medical skill. The nurses said, however, that it was the girl's sheer devotion to her father that gave her superhuman pluck and endurance at the climax to the ordeal she had been through.

Whatever the reason, the fact was that Milburn Warren was notified before he got out of bed, the same morning, that the Crystal Butterfly had been taken from the library safe for the second time.

With the message, came from Bernice this one line, written feebly, as she lay propped up against the pillows:

"Please see at once if your flashlight invention worked, and tell me the result."

When, later, he appeared at the Meredith mansion, bearing the photograph, he questioned whether Bernice was sufficiently strong to see it.

"Anything is better for her than suspense," said the nurse. "She's been living in suspense all these days."

Bernice greeted Milburn with an effort at cheerfulness, and said faintly:

"The picture—the picture! Did you get it?"

Milburn held it forth, showing a large, sharp face, with glittering, startled eyes, as of a very beast of prey caught in the act of seizing its quarry.

"It's somehow horrible!" she remarked, turning away.

"It's more than that," returned Milburn. "It's devilish—and most mysteriously devilish. It is the living image of Arnold Blaine, who is now in jail for the original theft of the Crystal Butterfly. How could he have been here, when he did not leave the jail?"

Bernice gasped.

"But there's no use in your trying to think about it now. Get better, dear, and leave the rest to me."

"I can't think or do anything more about the whole sickening affair," she answered. "It's as though some wicked power had got us in its spell, all because of the Butterfly, which we have through no fault of our own."

One point that identified Arnold Blaine with the robbery of the safe while he sat behind prison bars, Milburn did not wait to tell Bernice.

He had found thumb prints on the inside of the safe door, and they were the thumb prints of Arnold Blaine.



On being thus trapped the leader of the thieves cleared the mystery of his identity.

For two solid days, and half their nights, Milburn traced the career of Blaine.

"Track Blaine," he told himself continually. "He's all I have to go by."

Blaine, he found, professed to be a traveling salesman, who handled a line of cheap jewelry and toilet articles. His route lay through a district of lonely suburbs at the northern outskirts of the city.

At last he came upon a run-down country hotel, the Crow's Nest, which he

had learned that Blaine used as occasional headquarters for making sales in the neighborhood.

The proprietor was plainly suspicious, and said, in answer to Milburn's inquiry:

"I ain't seen Blaine around here of late. He don't always stop here, you know. Sometimes he stops with folks farther up the road."

"How far?"

"About three miles. A white house that stands back from the crossroads quite a piece."

"Can I get a vehicle from a livery stable here to take me?" asked Milburn.

"Why, if you're good for two dollars——"

'Hitch up," said Milburn, and lighted a cigar while he walked up and down, waiting.

"Seems to me you take an awful while to hitch up in this country," he said, when the stableman appeared after half an hour.

"We'll make up for it on the road," the man replied.

With that, he lashed the horse into a gallop. It seemed to Milburn as if the rickety buggy would be torn apart.

Hardly had the thought crossed his mind when the right hind wheel shot off the axle to the side of the road.

With a grin the driver jumped to safety.

"I guess I fixed everything safe," said the driver to himself as he studied Milburn's half-conscious form stretched in the dust.

Four or five men appeared at once from the thicket and bound and gagged Milburn.

They carried him to a deserted house, hidden from view of any passer-by on the road. But as they went toward the shack, a boy tramp, startled from his sleep in the woods, sat up and watched them cautiously and in stupefaction.

He remained in hiding until the men and their victim were safely away. Then the boy set out on a run for the town near by, out of which he had been chased the night before as a vagrant.

"Didn't I tell you to stay away from this township?" asked the constable. "Now you get locked up."

But when he heard the boy's story he took an entirely different stand.

Meanwhile, Milburn had regained consciousness, as he lay in the corner of an uncarpeted room in the deserted house. The men believed him still unconscious. A more timid member of the party began to fear he might have been killed.

Milburn let them enjoy their fears. Yet he dared not try to work free from his gag or bonds; and this very thing he wanted to do more than anything in the world.

As the men sat around the table, their eyes were glued on something on the board before them. In their leader, Milburn recognized the exact image of Arnold Blaine! But he argued with himself, for how could it be he when that crook was still behind jail bars?

A stout rapping sounded on the door of the house. It could only have been made by a club.

The next instant the door was burst open, and the men dived like rats through a trapdoor into the cellar.

Only the man who was the image of Blaine remained to confront the constable and the boy who stood behind him in the doorway.

But first the leader threw an old horse blanket over Milburn. No finer chance in the world ever offered the lawyer detective. He tore the bonds from his hands and the gag from his mouth while the leader of the crooks was making indignant denials to the police officer.

But all his bravado vanished when Milburn sprang up from under the blanket, and, pistol in hand, covered the thief.

"Officer, handcuff this man!" said Milburn, "and I'll take out of his pockets, or get from him, somehow, the Crystal Butterfly. It's a jewel that has been the cause of revolution and murder in the small European principality of Amadino. I claim it for a man who held it honestly in trust for its rightful owner."

As he spoke, Milburn rapidly "frisked" the leader of the band of crooks. He found the Crystal Butterfly safe in its case. It was concealed in the man's shoe top, under his stocking.

On being thus trapped, the leader cleared the mystery of his identity. His explanation was so simple that Milburn felt foolish at having failed to suspect it. This man was the twin brother of Arnold Blaine, the first thief of the Butterfly, and both had been working together to secure the precious jewel.

It was to an astonished but happy man that Milburn returned the Butterfly that evening. Mr. Meredith had recovered sufficiently for the young lawyer to tell him that the jewel had been secured and the thieves captured.

"And now that we have it back again, Milburn, I am going to tell you how this trouble-making bauble came to my hands, and all about it," the old gentleman told him.

But Milburn broke in at this point.

"Perhaps I know some of its history already," he said, with a wise smile, "and I'll tell you what I know. If I am wrong in any part, just tell me. Listen!

"To begin at the beginning, many years ago, when you had not yet attained your money, and were working in a mine, a man since grown prominent in Amadino politics saved your life in a cave-in. Years after, when the Crystal Butterfly was in this same man's possession, and was wanted so badly by a gang of anarchists, that assassination, even, would not have been considered an obstacle by them, he called upon you to help him, remembering what you owed to him. He gave the Butterfly to you, for, with it out of his care, he was safe from the anarchists. Then, when he sent for it the other day, the trouble having transferred to you, for they had learned where the jewel was, and you discovered it to be missing, matters were very disagreeably complicated.

"But here you have it back, and the best thing to do now is to return it immediately to its owner, for he will have no more difficulties, the leaders of the anarchists, who stole it from you twice, are safely in jail, and will remain there for a long sentence."

"Now," Bernice told her father when Milburn stopped speaking, "I guess we don't have to tell him everything, do we?"

Milburn cast a glance at her, and nodded toward the door. When they had both gone out of the room, leaving the old gentleman to admire the returned jewel, Bernice walked slowly up to him. Milburn looked into her pretty eyes, and said in an undertone: "I've found out all this by myself, but there is still one thing I wish to know. Tell me everything—about ourselves."

"I will," she answered shyly, "and it's just 'yes,' dear."

As she finished, her voice was muffled by the tender embrace in which Milburn held her.

The Two Natures Within Him

(SELIG)

By Robert Keene

It is a fact founded upon sound, scientific premises, that in many cases a criminal is only a good man gone wrong. A minister, a doctor, and the doctor's daughter, who is the minister's fiancee, live near a penitentiary, and they have a chance to prove the soundness of this theory—in a way that is told in this story, based on the Selig Diamond Special photo drama. Thomas Santschi, who played the role of the *Rev. William Morris*, also directed the picture. The rest of the cast:

Dr. Bishop.....Lafayette McKee
Muggsy Blake.....Franklyn Hall
Mary Bishop.....Bessie Eyton

THE Reverend William Morris turned the light low.

It was the light on the library table in the study of his rectory. Rain or shine, every night from the fall of dark until the hour of midnight, that light had been shining out through the rectory window during the four years since the Reverend Morris had come to take the church of St. Albans.

It had never failed. Released convicts from the State penitentiary near by, starting out into the world to begin life afresh after settling the debt to society which their wrongdoing had incurred by serving out a tenth or a quarter of their lifetime in that great, gray-granite pile, might see the steady, white glow of that lamp beckoning to them like a finger of Hope in the night.

Those who accepted the beacon's invitation to turn their steps toward the rectory first, before going on into the world with its temptations to return to the old ways of crime, were talked to—not preached at—by the young minister, as man to man.

That was what he kept the light burning for, in hopes of bringing these unfortunate mortals to him for brotherly counsel—for his theory was that they were all good at heart.

His opinion was shared by his friend and neighbor Doctor Bishop. And by his daughter Mary, too. The belief that criminals could be turned into respectable members of the community, by performing a slight operation upon them to remove the pressure on their brain of a portion of the skull which had been either bruised or broken by a fall or a blow at some time in their lives, and which was the sole cause of their criminality, had for years been one of the surgeon's pet hobbies.

It was but natural, then, that he should have felt himself drawn to the young minister by a strong liking, when he heard him express the same views, and this had since ripened into a warm friendship between them.

More than once, in his talks with released convicts, who, despite all his reasonings and persuasions, had expressed the determination to return to their old career of crime, the minister had sent his servant to the surgeon's house to bring him, post-haste, to the rectory. The criminal's obstinate intention of going back to his evil ways, suggested that his case was one for the doctor's attention. And should the latter, passing his fingers expertly over the black sheep's cranium, locate a depression in the skull which revealed the fact of a pressure on the brain, that had resulted in a malversion of his character, there and then he performed the operation upon the victim's head.

The hastily cleared-off top of the library desk was the operating table, the Reverend Morris the surgeon's assistant, and Mary the nurse in attendance—the girl always accompanied her father on these nocturnal visits to the rectory.

She believed, as did Doctor Bishop and the young minister, that all criminals were only good men gone wrong. As beautiful as she was tender-hearted, the Reverend Morris loved her. He had met no discouragement in his suit from her father, nor from Mary herself, either. They had been engaged for the past year.

The Reverend Morris' salary, as the rector of St. Albans, was small—too small to permit him to support a wife in anything but the most pinched circumstances. That was the reason why his marriage to Mary had been deferred. He was waiting until he could obtain a more lucrative position. The post of chaplain at the penitentiary had been vacant for some time, and if he could secure that, as he had hopes of doing, he could continue his work in the service of God by redeeming his fellow men on a broader scope, and at a salary that was more than three times as large as he received at St. Albans.

The prison authorities, so far, had scoffed at him and Doctor Bishop for their theory that a criminal was so due to the after effects of a fall or a blow on the head, which had changed his character by affecting his brain. But still the young minister had faith, which his friend the doctor shared, that if their theorizing could be put to the actual proof in some way before the prison board, it would result in both he and the surgeon being given a free hand to work the reformation of all the convicts who were turned back upon the world at the expiration of their sentence.

Now, as has been said, the Reverend Morris turned down the light on his library desk.

He had heard a sound in the adjoining room on the ground floor. The sound was one that would be produced by a knife blade being stealthily inserted between the top and bottom sashes of a window to reach and pry open its fastening.

A visitor—a criminal one, obviously—

was about to enter the house, having been attracted thence by the light in the study window, most probably, which had advised him that the house was occupied, and suggested to him that by burglarizing it he might have something on which to return to the world from the prison that had just released him.

The Reverend Morris smiled as he stood there in the dimmed study. He had turned the lamp down so as not to alarm the lawless intruder with the fact of his presence, which might scare him away.

That was just what the young minister did not want to do. He wanted the would-be thief to come into the house, into the study, where he was waiting for him. There he meant to make him welcome. And to talk with him, and try to instill into him the strength to go straight thenceforth.

From the next room there came a sharp "click," which told that the window's fastening had parted under the pressure of the marauder's knife blade. Then silence for several moments. After that the sash of the window could be heard opening cautiously, and the light descent of a pair of feet on the carpeted floor of the adjoining room followed it. The Reverend Morris, the same kindly smile on his face, stood waiting patiently.

It was impossible for him to see anything in the darkened study. But he felt a light breeze sweep suddenly against his cheek, which apprised him of the fact that the criminal had come into the study from the next room. The young minister reached out his hand and took hold of the cord of the lamp on the table.

"Good evening!" he said cordially, and as he spoke he turned on the light.

There was no one in front of him. But he could have sworn that the midnight caller he had heard open the window of the adjacent room had come into the study. He turned to look behind him. And there he saw a short, thickset man, with a cap pulled down over his closely clipped head, and an undershot jaw, who held an object that looked like a short, black club upraised in his hand.

That was all he had time to see. For he went down in his tracks like a felled ox, from the blow of a blackjack which the burglar brought down with all his might on his head.

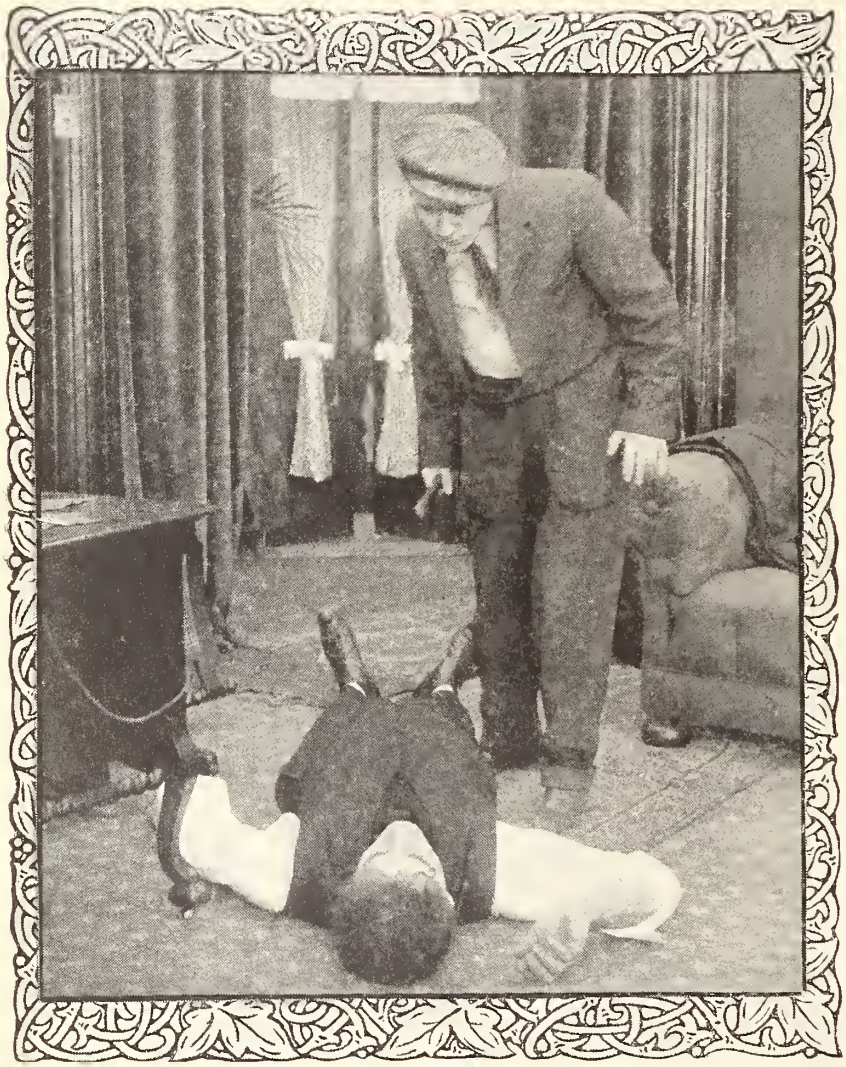
Over his prostrate form on the floor, his assailant stood with the murderous weapon poised in his hand, breathing hard, and ready for instant flight should the sound of the minister's fall have aroused any other possible inmates of the house.

"Gee!" panted "Muggsy" Blake, looking down to discover the nature of his victim's calling from the cut of his clothes. "Gee, it's—he's a parson! They'll send me to the chair for croakin' him! I better beat it!"

He stepped over the minister's motionless body on the study rug, and ran with frightened haste toward the door of the room through whose window he had come into the house. And in another moment he had left it by the same way.

But he had not killed the man he had left behind him on the rug. The Reverend William Morris rolled over from his back to his side, and, with one hand holding his aching head, propped himself up to a sitting posture with the other, a moment after the burglar had gone.

His eyes swept his surroundings bewilderedly. He touched his head here and there, and took away his hand to look at it. But there was no blood on it. He had been struck—he had a vague recollection of the blow, but none of the circumstances leading up to it—on the head with something heavy. The injury, however, seemed to have left him



"Gee, it's a parson!" gasped Muggsy Blake. "I'd better beat it. If they catch me, they'll send me to the chair fer croakin' him!"

with nothing more serious than that dull, throbbing pain at the base of his brain.

He got to his feet, leaning unsteadily against the edge of the library desk. And then, slowly, as though in obedience to some instinct, his eyes turned toward the door through which the criminal who had struck him down had gone.

Instantly the minister's eyes narrowed, and he swung around to glance furtively about the room. On the table under the lamp lay a few bills, weighted down by a little heap of coins, which he had finished counting out a half hour before to turn over to his aged housekeeper and general servant on the morrow to pay the grocer and the butcher with. Sweeping the money up and stuffing it into his pocket, he turned and started toward his bedroom on the floor above.

In the hall outside the study he came face to face with the old woman.

"I was comin' to look after you, sir," she anxiously explained her presence in wrapper and slippers downstairs at that hour. "I heard a noise, like somebody fallin'——"

She got no further. Her words were cut off by the minister's hands, which wrapped themselves around her throat.

The force with which he had sprung at her sent her back against the wall. And there he held her, silently, his eyes blazing, and his teeth showing clenched through his curled-back lips, until her weight sagged limply against him. Then, letting her fall senseless to the floor, without a backward glance he sped up the stairs, unbuttoning his long, ministerial coat as he went.

In his room, he hastily divested himself of that garment, and his white shirt and collar, as well. Then, from his closet, he pulled down an outing shirt of gray flannel, with an old sack coat and a cap. Putting these on, he looked what he was—anything but a minister.

Two minutes later, he had left the house. A block away from it he stopped and flung up his head, like a dog seeking the scent. Slowly, as before, his eyes turned in a certain direction. It was the direction of the railroad tracks —where Muggsy Blake had gone ahead of him from the house—and toward them William Morris turned his steps.

A freight train was passing when he got there, the wheels clicking slowly over the rails as the engineer guided it cautiously toward a sharp curve that lay just ahead. In one of the empty box cars rode Muggsy Blake, bound, after his three years' sojourn behind the bars, for the near-by city and "de gang." The man he had left for dead at the rectory, swung aboard the freight and crawled into the car behind him.

When the housekeeper recovered her senses, she ran to Doctor Bishop's house.

The news she broke to him and Mary was that the Reverend William Morris had suddenly gone mad. She told of how he had seized and choked her, and



Muggsy drew back. Before him stood the man he had left for dead back at the rectory; but a man who now looked exactly what he was—anything but a minister.

the way his face had been contorted like a demon's while he held her pinned to the wall. With his daughter, the surgeon accompanied the woman back to the rectory on the run. But there they found what the frightened servant had not known when she fled from the house to give them the alarm—that the minister had left it before her. His cast-off garments, scattered on the floor of his bedroom, were all that remained of him.

"Oh, where has he gone?" the girl appealed in anguish to her father. "Do you think——"

She paused, in the hopes of prompting him to offer some solution of the mystery of her lover's disappearance. Doctor Bishop's brows were drawn together in a baffled frown.

"I don't know what to think." He told her what was the truth.

Two hours later, the freight train had reached New York City. Muggsy, rolling open the door of his box car, dropped down on the cinders of the roadbed, just as William Morris alighted likewise from the next car.

With a yell, as he caught sight of the man he thought he had killed—and whom, at first glance, he took for a ghost—Muggsy turned and ran.

When he had put a dozen city blocks between himself and the other and stopped to recover his breath, the burglar realized, however, that it must have been the flesh-and-blood minister himself, who, after all, had not died from the blow he had dealt him, that he had just seen. But that did not lessen his fears.

"He's follered me, to git even fer that wallop I handed him on the bean!" Muggsy muttered to himself. "He's going to try to git me pinched fer it. I don't know what they c'n do to yer fer committin' assault an' battery on a preacher—I guess it's the chair, just the same as fer croakin' an ord'nary guy. But I gotta look out I don't bump inter him again."

He was starting on, when the sound of footsteps coming along the deserted street in which he had halted caused him to wheel.

The next moment, with his back against the wall of the nearest house, and the blackjack once more in his hand, he confronted William Morris.

"What did you run away from me for, down there at the freight yards?" the latter asked sociably. "And put that thing back in your pocket—we're not going to quarrel, you and I. I want to be your pal. That's why I followed you here. To see if you'd be willing to team up with me in burglary. I'm new at the game, but I've got an idea you can teach me the ropes—how about it?"

Muggsy regarded him suspiciously.

"Gwan!" said he. "What kind of a game is this ye're up to?"

"It's no game at all," replied William Morris seriously. "I tell you, I want to be a thief like you. If you think I don't mean it—try me."

The burglar continued to watch him narrowly.

"Yes," he sneered, "and if I did you'd tip the cops off an' have 'em nab me dead to rights. I'm on!"

"Why should I want to do that?" inquired the other, his eyebrows lifting in genuine surprise. "I haven't got anything against you."

Muggsy stared at him, a look of awe stealing into his face.

The result of the blow he had given this man had rendered his memory of it a blank!

"And you say you want to do a job o' burglin' with me?" asked Muggsy unhis companion to see what they were up to.

"This store," said Muggsy, stopping finally before the closed door of a small shop on a lower East Side street that was temporarily empty, "is run by an old guy who's a reg'lar miser. He sells candy and cigars and writin' paper, as you c'n see fer yerself; but he's been savin' up his money fer years. He's rich. An' he keeps his coin in an old safe inside, here. I had my eye on the place, an' was goin' to crack it—before the cops got me this last time. Here!" pulling a short iron "jimmy" from some place of concealment under his coat, and



After the operation, the Rev. William Morris looked up as Mary Bishop entered the room. "Don't cry, dear," he said gently. "We've proved our case—and it's the best thing that could have happened!"

certainly, remembering that, though the man looked nothing like it now, he had been a minister when he had knocked him out. "Do you mean that?"

"Try me!" William Morris repeated simply.

Muggsy replaced his blackjack in his pocket. His lips were grimly set, as he turned to make the test he had decided upon. He nodded over his shoulder to the other.

"Come on!" he said. "I'll do just that —try yer."

As the two moved off together, they did not see the pair of detectives, who, having recognized Muggsy Blake as an "old offender," were following him and handing it to the man at his side. "Take this and bu'st the lock of the door with it. Then go inside an' make our haul, while I stay here to tip you off if I see anybody comin'."

Without a moment's hesitancy, William Morris took the instrument and turned to attack the door with it. Forcing it open, he went inside. In five minutes he was back, with his pockets bulging.

"Come ahead!" he said out of the side of his mouth to Muggsy as he walked by him. "I've got the money —and left the safe as clean as a bone!"

The burglar's eyes opened wide and his jaw fell, as he looked from the bundles of greenbacks William Morris stopped to show him, around the nearest corner, to the man himself.

"It ain't the same one!" he told himself incredulously. "I thought I got a good-enough look at his face to know him again, when I saw him layin' there on the floor o' that study o' his—but I been makin' a mistake about this feller. He ain't the minister. He *can't* be! But—— Gee, I got to find out, that's all! I'm goin' to go back an' see if that preacher ain't right there still in the town with the peniteniary!"

Making an excuse to William Morris, the crook went back around the corner —"jest fer a second," he told him.

But, once out of his sight, Muggsy walked rapidly off in the direction of the railroad station. Here he bought a ticket for the town he had left by way of the freight car only a few hours before. "It's worth it," he muttered to himself, as he took up the change from one of the stolen bills that William Morris had given him as his share of the store's robbery. "I got to find out! If that guy *is* the parson—then I'm goin' batty!"

Two minutes after he had boarded the train, William Morris did so likewise.

The two detectives caught it just as it was pulling out of the station.

Forty-five minutes afterward, Muggsy Blake stood in the shadows of the shrubbery surrounding the rectory of St. Albans. He was stealing toward the lighted study window—behind which, unknown to him, Doctor Bishop and his daughter were sitting—when he whirled around at a step behind him.

"You ran away from me again," charged William Morris in a reproachful whisper. "Why didn't you tell me you were going to crack this house? But I'll do it for you. I seem to remember—a window—around on the other side, and a knife's the way to open it—no, what am I talking about?" he broke off impatiently. "I don't remember that. I just thought of that way to break in. That's what I mean. Lend me your knife."

He opened its blade, stealing away from Muggsy toward the house.

In the study, Doctor Bishop rose, with a warning sign to Mary, and turned the light low, as he heard the scratching of the knife blade at the window of the adjoining room. A moment later, turning the light up again, he gave back

with a cry of amazement which was echoed by the girl:

"William!"

The minister looked from one to the other of them, with no sign of recognition upon his face.

"Well, you've caught me." He shrugged. "You can summon the police, and send me to prison. But when I get out, I'll go right on stealing. I'm an enemy of society—and I don't ever expect to be anything else."

"William!" his sweetheart repeated in a gasp, staring from him to her father in wild dismay. Doctor Bishop looked as utterly mystified by the young minister's words as did she.

There was an interruption.

"Here's a fellow we found hanging around the house outside," said one of the two detectives, as he and his companion led Muggsy Blake into the room between them.

"We met Warden Coleman, from the penitentiary, just as we captured him, and we asked him to come in here where it was light, to see if he could recognize a star boarder of his," chimed in the other sleuth, stepping aside to disclose the presence in their rear of that official of the prison near by.

"That's the man that robbed the store in New York with him!" exclaimed the first detective, making a dive across the room toward the minister and seizing him.

"Stop!"

Doctor Bishop pointed to his daughter's fiancé.

"That," said he, "is the Reverend William Morris. He is not a thief, as you charge, but the rector of this church. Ask Warden Coleman if that isn't so. Am I not right, sir?"

"That is the Reverend Morris," replied the warden slowly. "But I don't understand——"

And then Muggsy Blake spoke up.

"I'll tell yer what it is," he declared. "I got it, at last. I come in here tonight to rob this house. The parson, there, caught me, and I hit him on the head. It's drove him out of his mind—don't yer see? He ain't a crook, but he *thinks* he is——"

At the words "blow" and "head," a light of sudden comprehension had crossed Doctor Bishop's face. Ordering the others out of the room—all but his daughter, and the warden, whom he requested to remain and be a witness to the operation he was about to perform—he first administered an anæsthetic to the young minister by a hypodermic injection in his arm, and then laid him out on the cleared-off top of the library table. Feeling the Reverend Morris' head, he quickly discovered the spot where the blow of the blackjack had left a depression in the skull. Pointing the place out to the warden, he took his instruments from the bag he had brought to the rectory with him when he came there after hearing the housekeeper's story of her master's sudden madness, and proceeded skillfully to relieve the pressure of that portion of the skull on his brain.

An hour later, the Reverend William Morris was sitting up in the easy-chair by the table, a little weak, but his old self again.

Everything he had done that night had been told him—he, himself, could remember nothing of it, and he listened to the recital as to a dream. The detectives and Muggsy Blake had departed, taking with them the money that the minister had stolen to return it to the storekeeper. The warden had also gone—but not before he had expressed himself as convinced at last that the views of the minister and Doctor Bishop as to the way to treat criminals was more than an empty theory. The surgeon himself had stepped out of the room for a moment to sterilize his instruments. And the Reverend Morris and Mary were alone.

"Don't cry!" he soothed her, stroking her hair. "Don't you see it's been the best thing that could have happened? We've proved to the warden that we've been right all along in our opinion. He's promised to see that I get the position of chaplain at the penitentiary the first of next month. And that means we've won our happiness, for which we've been waiting so long."

She buried her face on his hands, sobbing still from the reaction.

"But at what a price!" said she, with a shudder as she thought of the perilous brink from which he had been snatched back—"oh, at what a price!"

Jean Fraser, a Los Angeles lassie, aged two years, appeared in a scene with a large leopard at the Selig Jungle-Zoo recently, and performed her dangerous task with a fearlessness that astonished even the animal trainers.

"Liquor" in Films.

WITH the widespread interest now being taken in prohibition, the following letter concerning "liquor" in films has more than passing interest perhaps to the public, but to those who are intimately associated with picture-making, the query is amusing. The letter comes from L. R. Horton, district superintendent of the Anti-saloon League of the State of Washington. It reads: "With millions of other Americans, I attend the 'movies.' Let me ask you a question which will seem silly and unimportant to you, but which I know to be of great importance to the multitude of young men and women who hourly view your pictures, and who have their characters formed by them. In your many drinking scenes, do the actors drink intoxicating liquor, or do they use a nonalcoholic substitute? Why?"

Manager Horace G. Plimpton answered: "Perhaps in writing us you have sent us what is in the nature of a circular letter addressed to other film producers, judging from the statement in your letter referring to 'your many drinking scenes.' It is not the policy of the Edison Company to make drinking scenes at all unless they are called for by the action of the picture, and we always try particularly to keep them from being offensive. You will, however, I am sure, realize that in the telling of a dramatic story it is sometimes necessary to show the effects of drink, or to show the associations in saloons, or matters of that sort. In no case do we ever use alcoholic liquor in the studio. Its use in any form is strictly forbidden, and the violation of this rule would lead to dismissal. In the scenes themselves we usually use ginger ale, or sometimes sarsaparilla, but we never even go to the extent of using actual beer. Naturally, to permit any use of liquor would not only be against our policy, but it would obviously have a very bad effect upon the actors themselves."

The Selig Movie Special, which will carry newspaper men, exhibitors of motion pictures, and others to the California expositions on Thursday, July 8th, for a seventeen days' sojourn, has instituted a scenario contest for ideas to be utilized in a motion-picture play to be filmed of the journey.

Greater Than Art

(EDISON)

Edna Sylvester Kerr

Art was the one absorbing passion of Lavinia Santell's life; until a fellow art student, full of promise, whose eyesight was failing, fell in love with her. By following this story based on the Edison photo play you will appreciate the wonderful sacrificial love she bore this man, and how it won her a reward that was greater than any she could have gained in the career that had once meant everything to her. The cast follows:

Lavinia Santell.....Gertrude McCoy
Count Paul La Fleur.....Duncan McRae
Guy Crosby.....Edward Earle
Cora Franklyn.....Marjorie Ellison
Pierre Panchanteau.....Henry Leoni

BUT she is superb, that girl—who is she?"

Count Paul la Fleur, a director of the Art Academy, in Paris, asked the question of "Papa" Pierre, as the students all called the instructor in chief, Pierre Panchanteau.

The count was making one of his frequent tours of so-called "inspection" through the school. He did come there to inspect, but it was the pupils—those of the fair sex—and not their work, that he inspected.

The French nobleman, with his little, black, waxed mustache, and his handsome but dissipated face, called himself a connoisseur of feminine beauty. He had more than once found his ideal among the art students who had come from America to be taught by the great master, Panchanteau, to lure them by the glitter of his wealth into exchanging a career in art for a life of luxury, only to discard each one, a poor little broken butterfly, at the end of a few months, when some fairer face had claimed his fancy.

But never had he seen a more beautiful girl than this newcomer on whom his roving glance had fallen in the easel-filled classroom, he told himself now; and he determined to secure her, as he had all the rest.

"That," old Panchanteau replied, with enthusiasm, "is Miss Lavinia Santell, a young lady whose father is a professor in a small college in the United States. I believe she will make a wonderful success at painting. She has talent——"

"Yes, yes," the count waved aside a discussion of her ability as an artist, keeping his gaze fixed ardently upon Lavinia. "Introduce me to her, will you?"

"Papa" Pierre hesitated, his eyes going from the fashionably attired, dissolute man beside him to the fresh young American girl across the classroom. Rumors of the ruin the count had brought to various of his pupils had come to him, and he did not feel disposed to place another in his dangerous path.

"Introduce me!" repeated the count, this time in a tone of sharp command.

Figuratively, Papa Pierre flung up his hands. The count was a director of the Art Academy, and could dismiss him from the position he held there at a word—his bread and butter depended on carrying out his orders.

He led the way to the easel before which Lavinia sat, putting away her brushes and paint tubes at the end of the lesson.

"If you are leaving," said the count eagerly, when the girl had acknowledged his introduction to her, "won't you let me escort you to your *pension?*"

She made an excuse for refusing his offer—some instinct set her on her guard against the man—and she left the Art Academy alone. The count did not press the matter. He was content to play a waiting game for the time being, hoping that something might yet turn up that would place her in his power.

And, as events turned out, he had not long to wait before something did.

It was only two days later, when Lavinia, walking with her sketchbook through the woods of St. Cloud, a suburb six or seven miles outside of Paris, halted on the path down which she was wandering, and flung up her head in a listening attitude.

She had heard—or thought she had—some one weeping near by.

During the moment or so while she halted, Lavinia had not heard the sound again, and, thinking that she had been mistaken about it in the first place, she was staring along the path once more, when again the sound of muffled sobs, coming from around the bend in the path that lay just ahead, caused her to quicken her footsteps in that direction.

She rounded the turn, and stood, with her presence unperceived, looking at a girl of about her own age who knelt on the grass, with her head resting against the trunk of a tree that grew beside the path.

Wondering if the girl's shabby clothes, which suggested her poverty, could point to the reason for her grief, Lavinia was questioning the advisability of intruding upon her sorrow for the purpose of offering her some word of cheer.

And then, with a gasp, she dropped her sketchbook and ran forward.

Raising one hand from the turf, the fact that she held a revolver in it was revealed to Lavinia for the first time. The girl's weeping over, her lips pressed together in a firm line of determination, she had lifted the weapon toward her head.

"Oh, you mustn't!" cried Lavinia, flinging herself upon her.

There was a sharp struggle, in which

the poorly clad girl tried to retain possession of the pistol; but Lavinia at last succeeded in wresting it away from her.

"Why did you want to do—that?" asked Lavinia, crying now herself, as she supported the other girl, who had broken into a torrent of weeping again, while she knelt beside her on the turf. "Tell me all about it—it may help you to make a clean breast of your trouble to some one who is sympathetic, as I assure you I am!"

Lavinia had spoken in French, which her father, Professor Santell, had taught her.

But the girl whom she had saved from suicide, lowering her hands from her face to flash a quick look at her, replied in English:

"You are from America, aren't you? I thought I recognized it, by your accent. I am an American, too. And that's why I was going to do—what you stopped me from doing just now."

"But I don't understand——"

"You will when I have told you my whole wretched story. My name is Cora Franklyn. A year ago I came over to Paris from New York. I was a model there. Artists for whom I posed told me that I could make more money here, and finally, like a fool, I took what I had been able to save up and came. I had good luck for the first eight or nine months. And then I fell ill. I went into a hospital, and stayed there seven weeks. The doctors' bills took all but a little of what I had laid by out of the money I'd earned since I reached Paris. But if the money had been all I lost during those seven weeks! My illness had made me too thin to pose any more. All the artists to whose studios I have tramped, day after day, ever since, have rejected me on that ground.

"If I could have two or three weeks of rest and of good food I could get back my figure, and my means of livelihood as well. I could go back home to America and take up my old work in the studios of New York—but all hope of that is gone. I am penniless. And I have no way of earning a sou. Today—the second since I have had a mouthful to eat—suicide seemed the only thing left for me." She paused, and her face grew hard. "You've stopped me this time. But I'll do it yet. I don't want to die slowly, of starvation—I'd rather shoot myself, or jump into the Seine, and get it over with."

Lavinia had been doing some quick thinking while the other talked. She had received her quarterly allowance from her father only the week before, to defray the expenses of her studies at the art school in Paris. If she turned the sum over to the girl, it would be enough to pay her passage home and give her the fortnight's rest and nourishing food she needed—but how was Lavinia to get along in Paris, in the meantime?

On one side was her artistic career, on the other a human life—and Lavinia made up her mind to risk one to save the other. She opened her pocketbook and drew out the roll of bills.

"Take this," she said kindly to the model, "and go home. It will cover your steamer fare, and leave you enough over to recuperate on for a fortnight or so, when you reach America."

The girl protested at first against accepting the money. But Lavinia finally prevailed upon her to take it—as a loan, if she wished to look on it that way.



Lavinia had slashed her picture, in order that the painting of the man she loved might win the prize instead.

True, her board was paid at the *pension* where she was staying for the next three months. But her tuition fee was due at the art academy one week hence. There was one way, and only one, that she could stay there without paying it. It was useless to think of cabling her father for more money to replace the amount he had just sent her, if she gave it to the girl. He could not afford to do it, on his small professor's salary.

And yet, she couldn't allow the girl to carry out her threat to kill herself as soon as she was out of Lavinia's sight.

"This is my name, and the address of my *pension*," she said, handing Cora her card, "and if you are in a position to repay me, you may do so. And now, good-by, and good luck, dear!"

The girl, with tears of gratitude in her eyes, kissed the hem of her skirt.

"God bless you!" she said fervently.

Lavinia left her kneeling on the turf, with the money clasped to her heart.

The one way by which Lavinia hoped that she could remain at the art academy without paying her tuition lay in her ability to win a free scholarship. She had talent—Papa Pierre had said

so. Pupils of marked ability, she knew, were allowed to attend the academy without charge, when they were unable to pay for doing so.

She put the matter before Panchanteau on the next day, and he promised to go to the directors and plead her case in person.

When the count heard the instructor's request, a smile lighted his face. It was such a smile as a gambler wears when he picks up his cards, to find that he holds the winning hand he has long been hoping to see.

He requested Papa Pierre to withdraw for a few moments from the directors' room, to allow them to deliberate upon the question privately.



The count, with an evil smile, sent anonymously to Guy the letter which Lavinia had written him months before. "I fancy," he sneered, "this will put an end to their engagement."

"My friends," the suave villain addressed his fellow directors when they were alone, "as I understand the subject of free scholarships, one is to be given each quarterly term to the pupil who shows the most ability, *providing* —and this is an essential point—that the pupil is unable to pay his or her tuition. Miss Santell's father is a college professor in America. He was able to pay her tuition during the quarter just ended. Why should he not do so again, thus leaving the free scholarship open to a less fortunate pupil? In my opinion, we should vote against Miss Santell. I, myself, intend to do so. Are you not all of the same mind with me?"

The point he had raised was judged to be well taken by the other directors, and when Panchanteau was called back into the room it was to be told that the board was very sorry, but it had decided to confer the scholarship upon some other pupil.

When the old instructor carried the news to Lavinia, she saw all her hopes of making a name for herself as an artist lying in ruins at her feet. Unconsciously she had been counting on receiving the scholarship, from all that Papa Pierre had said in praise of her work, more than she realized. And now——

Well, her dream of winning fame in her chosen career was a thing of the past. She might as well pack up and go home; for how, without the money, was she to continue at the academy?

The answer to that question was not long in forthcoming.

That same evening, as she sat alone with her despondent thoughts in her room at the pension, the awed landlady brought her the card of Count Paul la Fleur, with the information that that gentleman himself was waiting to see her in the parlor downstairs.

"Ah, mademoiselle!" protested the roué, when she appeared, springing up to make a low bow over her hand. "You have doubtless already heard the distressing news of the directors' decision in your case to-day? I am desolated, on your account. Myself, I cast my vote in favor of giving you the scholarship," he lied. "I also tried to argue my colleagues over to your side. But they were stern. What could I do? They outnumbered me five to one. And so the decision was made against you. But I mean to help you still. I can arrange it all so that you may remain at the academy—if you will let me."

Lavinia returned his gaze eagerly, renewed hope shining in her eyes.

"If I will 'let' you?" she repeated. "I would do anything—*anything*—to continue my studies, for my art means everything to me! The help you say you can give me is——"

"Money," answered the count, with a reassuring smile which masked the move in the game he was making to get her into his toils. "I will advance you the amount of your next quarterly tuition." He laid the bank notes on the table between them as he spoke. "I understand what your art means to you, and I wish to see you continue to study at the academy until you have become the great artist for which I am sure you were intended."

A still, small voice in Lavinia's heart was whispering a warning to her against this man again. She looked from him to the money on the table, and slowly shook her head.

"I—I couldn't accept such a favor from you," she began stammeringly.

The count had the wisdom which comes of long experience in such matters. He knew when to go. Picking up his hat, he left the money on the table and crossed to the door.

"Take to-night to think it over, mademoiselle," he counseled. "Au revoir."

As he had figured, left alone with the money which meant so much to her, Lavinia was unable to resist the temptation to take it. What right had she to suspect the count of having any designs upon her that were unworthy? He was interested in her, merely as a promising pupil at the art academy, of which he was one of the directors. It would re-

found to his credit, and that of his confrères, to turn a great artist out of the school—that was the only motive he could have in giving her the money, surely. Thus she silenced the suspicious whispering of that little, inner voice.

Before she went to bed, she had written and posted a letter to the count, telling him that she had decided to accept his help, and thanking him warmly, again and again, for what he had done for her.

If the letter might have been judged by a disinterested peruser to be a trifle too warm for a young girl, alone in the city of Paris, to have written to a man with Count Paul la Fleur's reputation, that was wholly due to the elation she felt at finding her career snatched back from what had seemed its utter loss.

One of the first artists who engaged Cora Franklyn, on her return to New York, was a young man named Guy Crosby. For several months he had been viewing his work with growing dissatisfaction. The trouble, although he did not know it, was not with his painting, but with his eyes—they were going back on him.

"Pshaw, I can't paint!" he declared one afternoon, flinging his brushes down in despair. "But I know what's the matter—I need a good teacher. Paris is full of 'em, and I'm going there."

Cora, when she heard that, left the model's stand and came to him.

"I wish you'd do a favor for me, when you get over there," said she. "Look up this girl"—giving him Lavinia's card—"and tell her Cora Franklyn sends her love, and the message that she hasn't forgotten what she did for her. She'll understand."

Guy promised, and he was as good as his word, and hunted Lavinia up within a week of his arrival in Paris. When he saw her, he blessed Cora in his heart for having intrusted him with the errand that had led him into the presence of his ideal girl, for whom he had been seeking for years—for so he recognized Lavinia to be, the moment his eyes rested on her.

They became good friends as time went on, Guy joining the art school at which Lavinia was studying. The count, who had been able to make no headway with the girl since he had advanced her the money, viewed their growing intimacy with alarm, as something that might develop into a stumblingblock to his plan to make her his.

At the end of a month, had he but known it, his fears on that score were realized. For, at the expiration of the first four weeks of her acquaintance with Guy, Lavinia confessed to herself that she loved the young artist with her whole heart—and she was only waiting for him to ask her, to tell him so.

Guy's eyesight was rapidly growing worse. If he had been wise, he would have gone to an eye specialist in Paris, instead of to an art instructor, to find out what was the matter with his painting—but he was totally ignorant of the fact that his sight was impaired.

But, as his eyes became more affected, his work itself began to fall off. Lavinia, although she, too, was ignorant of the cause of it, could see that he was not painting as well as when he had first arrived in Paris. She was too kind, however, to agree with him when he railed at the poor quality of his efforts.

Guy was working on a painting that he meant to enter for the prize that had been offered at the academy. Lavinia had a canvas under way for the same purpose, also.

When she saw Guy's and compared it with her own, she could see that hers was the better of the two, and stood a greater chance of winning the prize. Returning to her own studio, long she stood before her completed picture, while a battle went on in her heart. It was a battle between love and ambition. At last love won. She snatched up a knife, and slashed her painting to ribbons, thus leaving the way open for Guy to win the prize.

When he found out, as he did, what she had done, he came to her and poured out the tale of his love. And so La-



"I have gotten back what is more than my sight to me," said the blind artist, "and that is my senses. Oh, Lavinia, can you ever forgive me for doubting you, dear?"

vinia learned, through her sacrifice, that there was something greater than art in the world.

The count, hearing that Lavinia was engaged to marry the young man from her native land, determined to put the latter out of his way.

He waited, one evening, until he saw Guy seated at a table with a party of art students of his own sex in front of one of the cafés in the Latin Quarter. Then, approaching, as though by accident he bumped into Guy. Instead of apologizing for the collision, he blamed Guy for it and launched a string of epithets at his head. The young man lost his temper, which was just what the nobleman wanted him to do, and aimed a blow at the count, which the latter easily parried.

"You have struck me, m'sieu," said the Frenchman, drawing himself up stiffly. "That blow must be wiped out. If you will favor me with your card, I shall see that two of my friends will call upon you. Unless, that is—you are afraid to fight me a duel?"

Guy replied that he was by no means afraid, and he told the count's two friends, when they called upon him, that he would fight the nobleman anywhere, and with whatever weapons he chose to name.

The count had instructed them to request, in case the question of the weapons should be left open, that the dispute be settled by pistols—he was a sure shot.

Just at daybreak of the following day they met on the bank of the Seine.

At the referee's word, both fired simultaneously. Guy's shot missed. The count's struck, and Guy fell senseless to the turf.

Taken back to his studio, his injury was found by a doctor, who was hastily summoned, to be no more serious than a scalp wound. But it had the unfortunate consequence of leaving him with his eyesight weaker than ever.

Meanwhile, the count had been forced to flee Paris. The police had heard of the duel, and hastened to the spot to arrest both participants. Warned in the nick of time, the nobleman had succeeded in making his escape. But he was bitterly disappointed at the way all his schemes for getting Lavinia had fallen through—now that he was forced to leave her behind in the city from which he was exiled until the affair of the duel should have blown over.

He remembered that he still had one way left of trying to break her engagement. Rummaging through his few personal effects, which he had brought away with him, he found the letter she had written him in enthusiastic thanks for the money he had given her. With an evil smile, he sent it to Guy, accompanied by an anonymous note advising him to read the letter which had been sent to Count la Fleur only two days before, and see the unfaithfulness of the girl he was engaged to.

When Guy saw the letter, the passion into which he flew at what looked like the conclusive evidence that Lavinia was untrue to him, finished the damage which the wound had done to his eyes.

He went blind.

Lavinia, refused admission to his studio, went there by stealth. Guy had begun work on his masterpiece, before he had lost his sight. Lavinia knew that he had staked all his hopes on the picture. A millionaire had approved the rough sketch of it which Guy had shown him, and agreed to purchase the canvas on its completion. Taking advantage of her sweetheart's inability to see, she painted the picture for him.

Papa Pierre, who had heard the story of what had turned Guy against her from Lavinia's own lips, received a communication from the count just as the girl had only another day or two's work to put in on the painting, before it was finished.

The nobleman had written the old art instructor, requesting him to see his lawyers and get some money from them and bring it to him in London, where he was hiding. This Panchanteau did. But before he turned the funds over to the count he said:

"I will give you this money on one condition: That you write to Mr. Guy Crosby, and tell him that the letter which you sent him anonymously was written to you by Miss Santell long before she met him—in short, exonerate her wholly in the eyes of the man she loves."

The count, having his eye on another beautiful young girl by this time, and being desperately enough in need of the funds which Papa Pierre had for him to do anything to get them, agreed to Panchanteau's stipulation, and he was as good as his word.

Guy received the letter which cleared Lavinia of the suspicion under which he had placed her, and, as the friend who had read it to him finished the note and replaced it in the envelope, Lavinia entered his studio with the millionaire, whom she had brought to inspect the finished painting.

"With this money," said Lavinia from the shelter of Guy's arms, after the millionaire had gone, waving the check which he had left in payment for the picture, "you can hire a specialist and get back your sight!"

"I have it back now," he answered, his embrace fondly tightening around her, "now that I see what a fool I was ever to doubt you. My ministering angel!"

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

Word reaches us from Los Angeles that D. W. Griffith, the demon director, is at work on a new twelve-reel feature to rival the "Birth of a Nation."

Mary Pickford has been ill for a whole week, but is at work again once more, seemingly as well as ever.

William S. Hart, the leading man of the New York Motion Picture Corporation, is a very remarkable man. Few people know that the first moving picture he appeared in was "The Bargain," a five-reel Paramount feature, directed by Tom Ince, in which Mr. Hart plays lead. In "On a Night Stage," his fight with the mob is unusually realistic.

Walker Whiteside, the famous actor, will make his bow to moving-picture fans in "The Melting Pot," a six-reel feature put on by John Cort's company. Jolly Jimmie Vincent directed this picture.

Charlie Chaplin is in the zenith of his popularity at the present time, and his films are in such great demand that Keystone are reissuing all of his old releases.

Mack Sennett writes me that he is going to appear in a four-reel Keystone himself! Probably a Mutual masterpiece. Mack is as funny as they make 'em, and his return to the screen will be a welcome sight.

"The Diamond from the Sky," the American Film Company's new serial, will be the longest of any, so far. It is scheduled to go thirty-five weeks, with two reels each week.

Producing Selig Animal Pictures

FOUR hungry lions, a beautiful young woman, and two men gathered in one corner of the Selig Jungle-Zoo at Los Angeles, California. A steel cage, in the shape of a triangle, had been built. Inside this inclosure a jungle camp had been made.

The stage directors, animal trainers, and camera men worked from a smaller cage placed at the apex of the larger inclosure, and raised to the height of several feet in order to give a focus on the entire space within the cage.

At the rear of the camp shrubbery had been placed against the bars of the cage in order to give the proper jungle effect. In the center a large palm tree stood, and around this the leading characters of the drama did most of their artistic work.

The lens of the camera was trained on everything to within one foot of the sides of the cage. This gave the stage hands ample room to perform their varied tasks without getting into the picture.

At the far end of the camp provision had been made for the quick get-away of the actors in case any of the animals became vicious. Gates were also placed at intervals along the sides of the cage, with attendants ready to open them for the rapid exit of an artist in peril.

A band of twenty-five negroes, dressed in native African costume, their black bodies decorated with all the warlike colors of the Congo, and carrying native spears as they danced around on their shoeless feet, gave a touch of color, and made the scene realistic to the final degree.

"All ready!" called the director. "Take your positions; camera!"

The operator began to turn the crank of the camera, the hunters disappeared one by one into their tents, out the back end and through the side gates of the cage. Slowly the black men went into the jungle at the far end of the camp, and incidentally out of the cage.

Thomas Santschi and Edwin Wallock sat in front of their tent and smoked. The camp fire burned low. They stood up, yawned, and retired into their tent for a night's rest.

A cage containing four lions was hauled up to the side of the jungle cage. A small door was opened for the lions to jump through and into the picture.

One at a time the great beasts jumped out of their cage and came into the camp. It happens that their dinner hour has been postponed by the keepers so they would act as becomes good motion-picture lions. The meat was snatched off the ground and devoured with great satisfaction.

Nearer and nearer to the leading man's tent they came. The two men inside kept quiet, and let the beasts come to their tent door. Of course both men were guarded, but just the same they were assuming more or less risk in order to contribute to a realistic motion-picture scene. After the close call given the men in the tent, the lions followed the meat trail off into the jungle and into their own little cage.

As the dawn was supposed to be approaching, the big-game hunters, the African natives, and the leading characters came out of their tents and prepared the morning meal. While fires were being kindled some of the members of the party cleaned their rifles, and the natives performed like real jungle men in the background.

The most interesting feature of the day's work was the scene in which a great African lion trailed Miss Kathlyn Williams through the swamp. There is a real swamp in the great Selig Jungle-Zoo, making the scenes unusually realistic.

Miss Williams, Tom Santschi, and others of the actors and actresses who undertake rôles in Selig Polyscope Company Jungle-Zoo picture play, do not know what real fear is. If they did, they would not be members of this particular organization. Once permit a wild animal to sense that a human being is in fear, and mastery over that particular beast is a thing of the past. These actors chum with the wild beasts, and every day they endanger their lives by feats of hardihood of which the picture-play public rarely hears.

In a scene of one of the wild-animal pictures recently made by the Selig Company an immense leopard grew restive. He did not relish waiting longer for his reward of raw beef after the day's performance, and sprang at Miss Williams. With presence of mind, she threw a piece of meat, which she was carrying, to the animal, and danger was promptly averted. The leopard gave his undivided attention to the meat which he had coveted.

In some of her acts with wild animals, Miss Williams frightens the keepers with her nerve and daring. "Duke," the great lion, which gives trouble to the keepers and tamers at times, seems to have an affection for this young woman; and "Toddles," a huge elephant, will follow her around the inclosure, anticipating peanuts or a bit of sugar.

What makes Miss Williams', Mr. Santschi's, and other Selig artists' work with wild animals of more than passing interest is the fact that they are in no sense animal trainers. Just how they control the jungle natives they do not themselves know. There seems to be a peculiar magnetism that fascinates and controls wild animals, and even the vicious jaguar assumes an air of complacency after these players enter his presence.

While all the artists named above have had narrow escapes playing with the wild animals, yet not one of them was ever seriously injured. Presence of mind, fearlessness that keeps the beasts in complete subjugation, and proper precautions, have, so far, prevented any serious catastrophe.

It is a fact that wild-animal pictures are among the most popular of productions, and for this reason both players and producers go far—even farther than is advisable, at times—to make them realistic, with no heed to the slogan, "Safety first."

Director to Assembled Players: Now, folk, this is a cold day; everybody wear your overcoats.

Assembled Players to Director: Yes, sir.

One Lone Actor (in an aside): Please, sir, I haven't any overcoat. Will it be all right if I put on my heavy flannels?

They took a collection then and there.

Guy Oliver, the well-known actor, now a director for the Selig Polyscope Company, has completed a picture-play fantasy, "The Angel of Spring."

Out of Bondage

(MAJESTIC)

By Robert Keene

Could a girl, with a thief for a father and another for a husband, be more cruelly handicapped? But she was called upon to bear a heavier burden, when the love of a good man was offered her. Read this story based on the Majestic two-reel picture play, and see how *Mary McRae,* played by Dorothy Gish, found a way out. The cast:

Jim McRae.....Fred Turner
Clancy.....Walter Long
Miles Hubbard.....Wm. Hinckley

IT'S the only favor I've ever asked of you, Mack."

The older of the two men who sat bowed over the table in the kitchen of a squalid tenement in the slums of Los Angeles nodded judicially.

"That's right," said he. "You've been the right kind of a pal. One that ain't always leanin' on a friend—that's a thing I like about you."

"And I wouldn't be askin' you this," growled his companion, "if there was any way I could get it by helpin' myself. The way I get everything I want—by takin' it. But, in this case, I don't stand a ghost of a show unless you'll stick by me. You're her father, and she'll do what you tell her to. Well, tell her she's got to marry me. Will you do it?"

The younger thief—Red Clancy was his name—watched the face of his partner in crime eagerly. Jim McRae and he had been plying their trade of burglary together for more than ten years. During seven of them Clancy had paid no more heed to the other's daughter Mary than to an article of furniture in McRae's home.

Then she had been worthy of no more of his notice, being nothing but a "kid."

But now—well, for the past three years, at first off and on, but during the preceding twelve months with the steadiness of a man working toward some goal he has in mind, he had kept his eye upon her.

The awkward, long-legged girl, with her thick braid of straw-colored hair hanging down her back, had developed into a beautiful young woman. And he wanted her for his wife.

"Well," he questioned McRae, "how about it—will you tell her you want her to marry me? That she's *got* to?"

The older man's eyes had narrowed. They were resting on Clancy's eager face with a crafty light gleaming behind their half-shut lids.

"That was a pretty rich haul we made at the Billings house, two weeks ago last Thursday night," he said slowly. "You and me split up eight hundred, half in half, as we always do. Would it be worth—would you be willin' to give me half of your share, or two hundred dollars, if I fixed it all right for you with her?"

The other straightened up from the table.

"I asked you to do it as a favor!" he said reproachfully.

"I know," McRae quickly pointed out. "I know, but you said that you wasn't one to ask 'em. Not when you could get what you wanted another way. And I thought it'd make it less for your pride to swallow, if I offered to let you pay ——"

Clancy, with a disdainful shrug, unbuttoned his vest and from its inside pocket produced a greasy and well-worn wallet. He counted out the sum in question before McRae on the table.

"Now, go get the girl," he ordered gruffly, "and let's have the thing settled."

Sweeping the bills greedily into his own pocket, the father who had sold his daughter rose and crossed to the door of the next room.

"Mary!" he called, flinging the door open. "Come in here!"

As she appeared on the threshold which separated her bedroom from the kitchen, dining, and living room combined of the small flat, Mary McRae felt her arm seized in a grip of steel by her father, and he jerked her roughly forward.

"Red's asked me to let you marry him," he informed her, with a curt nod of his head in the direction of his fellow thief, who still sat at the table. "And I've told him you will."

Mary brought her free hand up to her cheek, her eyes going wide with dread.

"No, no!" she gasped. "Dad, you—I can't! I don't love him!"

McRae's grip tightened on her arm.

"Shut up!" said he. "Where d'ye think you are—in some one o' them books you been fillin' your head up with? 'You don't love him!' Well, maybe you will in time. And maybe you won't. It's all one to me, an' to him, too, I guess. He wants you, and he gets you! That settles it."

The girl tore herself free of his hold and faced them both, her breath coming fast as from a hard run, while two spots of color flamed on her dead-white cheeks.

"I *won't* marry him!" she panted out vehemently. "It's bad enough to be the daughter of a thief—but I'm not going to be the wife of one! Do you hear, both of you? I won't marry a thief! I won't——"

Her father stopped her with a hand laid with such ungentle force over her mouth as to leave it an open question whether the act was a blow.

"I said," he told her slowly through his set teeth, "to shut up, didn't I? Now, *you* hear *me*. Red may be a crook—like I am—but he's a good one. Don't forget that! He can support you, and that's more'n half the straight guys you'd be likely to meet, here in this tenement section of town, could do—plumbers, grocery-store clerks, and the like. He'll put swell clothes on your back, and di'monds on your fingers—when he

makes the big haul, some o' these days, that we're bound to pull off, him an' me—an' maybe be able to slip you an autermobeel, too—you can't tell. You don't know when you're lucky, when you talk o' not marryin' him. But don't let me hear no more of it out of you. Understand? You'll do like I tell you, or there'll be worse'n this comin' to you!"

As he finished, he took his hand from her mouth and struck her with it, twice, once across each cheek. The blows had sufficient force behind them to send her reeling, dazed, and with her flash of defiant spirit thoroughly broken, against the table, at which her suitor sat, unmoved.

"Take her out and hunt up a parson," McRae indifferently told him; "now—if you want to."

And Red Clancy did so. Mary, dully unprotesting at what she realized was the helplessness of her position, went through the mockery of the marriage service with the man she despised for having forced her to tie herself to him unwillingly. With the same apathetic resignation to her lot, she returned to her father's house with her new-made husband, there to live with Red, whose partnership with McRae in crime made it advisable that they keep in hourly touch with each other under the same roof.

And so she took up her life of a slave sold into bondage—the bondage of the circumstances into which she had been born. The daughter of a thief, as she had known herself to be from her tenth year, still she had had hopes of some day rising out of her surroundings. Reading of a better life than lay within her cramped horizon, she had aspired to it—but that was a hopeless dream, she now knew.

It was a month after her marriage to Red, when she lay in bed in the room off the kitchen as the gray dawn was filtering through its one narrow window, and listened to the voices of her husband and McRae who had just entered the flat.

They had come back from a burglary they had carried out that night.

"Is that the way you're goin' to split it up?" she heard her father say indignantly.

"What more do you want?" demanded Clancy. "There's about a hundred and eighty dollars' worth o' stuff here, and half of it's worth ninety. That's the way we've always split it—fifty-fifty. I've turned your share over to you, so where does your kick come in?"

"Yes," went on her father bitterly, "that's the way we used to split it. Before I let you marry my girl. But I sh'd think you'd figger I was entitled to a little bit more, for that. If you knew what it was to give a pal a square deal, you'd make your share less and mine bigger—for the favor I done you."

"A favor!" gave back Red hotly. "Why, you damned miser, didn't you make me pay you for her? I gave you two hundred, to beat her into marryin' me. And that's all you'll get—hear? We're square, on that deal. You can take your split of half of this stuff or leave it, just as you like. You won't get a jitney more from me."



As her father entered the shack, Red Clancy fired. Mary flung up her arms—the shot had found a target in her.

Mary's very soul sickened, as she understood at last the depths of the degradation into which her father had sunk. She *had* been sold into bondage—literally!

All the rest of that day, while Red was out disposing of his portion of the stolen goods to a "fence," McRae sat sulking by the kitchen window of the flat that looked down upon the street, six stories below.

Toward evening, Mary heard him mutter to himself:

"He'll hold out on me, will he? I'll fix him for that!"

And then he went out.

It was night when he returned. His face was flushed from drinking, and he seemed to be in high spirits over something.

"Red ain't got back yet, has he?" he asked her. When she replied in the negative, he rubbed his hands, with a chuckle. "Well, he'll be along pretty soon—and then we'll watch the fun."

Mary put down the cup and saucer in her hand on the table she was laying for supper. She looked at her father's back, which he had turned on her.

"What do you mean?" she asked.

He faced around, on his way to the window with the chair he was carrying there, and laughed with drunken zest.

"What do I mean?" he repeated. "Well, I don't mind tellin' *you*. I've just come from the police station. I squealed on Red, there. There's three cops downstairs now, waitin' out o' sight for him to come home. They're goin' to nab him the minute he does show up. And that means, on the evidence I've given against him, that he'll be sent to the pen for a good long stretch."

Mary's heart bounded—with relief.

Red was going to prison. She wouldn't have to endure him for five, perhaps for

ten, or even fifteen, years. It meant her temporary release from her serfdom. It might—a plan was beginning to form at the back of her mind—it might be such a thing that she would never have to see him again.

"Hist!" said her father, ducking his head stealthily back out of the window through which he had been leaning and looking down into the street, beckoning her to join him there. "Here comes Red—now watch the fun!"

Mary looked out of the window beside him, with an eagerness that matched his own.

She saw her husband, the thief, advancing along the crooked, dimly lighted street toward the door of the tenement. Her eye caught a glint of brass buttons against a blue uniform from the doorway of a building directly opposite, and another in the shelter of the areaway next door to it. Red was unconscious of the trap into which he was walking, it was apparent from the careless way in which he carried himself. His foot was on the bottom step of the stoop directly under the watching girl and her father—and then they saw him wheel, his hand darting to his hip pocket.

He fired at the policeman, whose step his quick ear had caught as he was creeping up to attempt his capture from the doorway of the tenement across the street. The copper ducked, and the bullet missed him. Before Red could fire at him again, his arm was gripped from behind by a third policeman, who had been lurking in the darkness of the vestibule of the house the crook had been about to enter.

There was a sharp scrimmage, in which Red fought in vain against the three officers who had him in their clutch. And then two of the bluecoats stepped back, revealing to the watching two in the window above the burglar standing beside the remaining policeman, with his wrists securely handcuffed.

The next moment they saw Red Clancy led away to face the charges his equally guilty partner had made against him.

"Well, that's his finish," said her father, turning away from the window with a nervous laugh. "He'll get five years, if it's a day—and serve him right for bein' tight with me, too!"

Mary noticed the uneasiness that underlaid the assumed carelessness of his manner, and it led her to hope that she might be successful in carrying out the plan that had now crystallized in her mind.

"Aren't you afraid, dad," she began, "that Red may find out you squealed on him?"

Her father started, and looked around at her quickly. She had read the very thought that *was* disturbing him just then. But he tried to keep up his pose of indifference to the consequences of his act.

"Let him," he said curtly. "I tell you it'll be a good five years before he gets out o' stir again."

"I know," she reasoned quickly. "But when he *does* come out? What then? He'll look you up, and kill you. You



The girl was dead—or so it seemed, as the young orange grower lifted her up.

know what his nature's like, without my telling you. He's often said that he'd wait all his life to get even with any one who was his enemy—and it's true. He'd do it. Listen, dad! Why not pack up and clear out of here, both of us? Now, before he has time to set any of his other pals to watch us, and find out where we go——"

"But where could we go?" McRae broke in, faltering on the brink of yielding to her suggestion which seemed to be alone for his safety, but was in reality more to succeed in hiding herself from Clancy, where he could never again find her.

"There's plenty of places," she went on, the words tumbling over themselves in the eager haste with which she spoke, running to the table to pick up the newspaper and hurriedly turn over its pages. "Look, here's the very thing. It's an advertisement, that reads, 'small farm, suitable for fruit growing, with four-room cottage; for sale at a bargain price for cash.' It says it's within a hundred miles of here, out in the orange-grove country. Oh, let's go there, dad! You've got the money—your share of the last job you and Red put through. Let's get away and buy this place with it. Won't you do it—and be out of reach of him?"

McRae hesitated only a moment longer.

"All right," said he. "Pack up your duds, and come on!"

Three days later, father and daughter were ensconced in the "four-room cottage" of the advertisement, which had proved to be nothing but a shack in a sad state of dilapidation. But it had only cost half of old man McRae's ready cash; and here he was safe from Red Clancy's vengeance.

And Mary, if she had luck, would be buried out of reach of him when he was released from prison—which was what she wanted above everything else!

"Look here, dad," she told her father, when they were settled in the ramshackle dwelling. "Why can't you follow out this change from the city, straight through? I mean go straight, from now on. These orange groves all around us ought to give you a chance to make a living. Why don't you try to get a job at one of them?"

McRae smiled inscrutably—he had already been out to look over the ground in his new surroundings. "I *am* going to make a livin' out of 'em," he grimly commented. "You leave that to me."

Mary's thoughts were woolgathering at the moment, or she would have been made suspicious by the tone in which her father spoke. But as it was, she took his words at their face value. If he did go straight, and got an honest job at anything at all, however small—there might be hope of her stepping into the respectable life she longed for yet.

She went out one afternoon within a week of their arrival in the country, for a walk through the groves of the nearest orange farm. Brought up in the city, the sight which spread before her of acre after acre of green trees with their weight of golden fruit bearing down the branches was one that filled her with awed wonder.

"Good afternoon," said a man's deep voice behind her.

She turned to look at a tall, stalwart chap of probably thirty-one or thirty-two, in a corduroy norfolk suit, and with a face that was wholesome rather than good-looking.

"Isn't it beautiful?" said Mary McRae simply, waving her hand toward the fragrant grove around them.

His eyes were fixed on her face. He was telling himself that she was more beautiful still. Then, a flush burning the tan on his cheeks as he realized his rudeness in staring at her with such fixity, he replied:

"You're a stranger out here, aren't you? Wouldn't you like to have some of the fruit?"

"Oh, but," protested the girl, innocently aghast at the suggestion, "we couldn't touch it, could we?"

With a laugh, he stepped closer to her and broke off a laden branch over her head.

"I can," he introduced himself. "I own this grove—or, rather my father does. My name is Miles Hubbard. With my compliments," he ended, handing her the branch.

Mary's interest was transferred from the grove to him by the statement of his identity. Her eyes did not meet his long, however. She dropped her silken lashes, feeling the pink stealing over her face from a strange, quickened beat of her heart.

After he had shown her over the plantation, Miles asked to be allowed to escort her back to the so-called "cottage" where she lived. His face fell, against his will, as he viewed the tumble-down aspect of the shack to which she led him. But he asked for and got her permission to call and take her for a walk on the morrow.

Mary found her father in the shack when she entered it.

"What were you doin' with that young guy?" he demanded of her, with ill-concealed uneasiness, as she closed the door behind her. He had been looking through a chink in the side of the house at her leave-taking of Miles. "That's Hubbard, ain't it—the son of the man that owns the nearest orange grove to here?"

"Yes," said Mary, her eyes shining. "He's asked me to go walking with him to-morrow afternoon, and I told him I would."

McRae started to say something, but then, changing his mind, he closed his lips, with a shrug. Furtively watching her out of his little, shifty eyes, he had failed to find anything in her manner to bear out his suspicion that she might have got wind of the scheme he had afoot.

The next day, and the next, Mary saw Miles Hubbard. But after their fourth meeting in as many days she made up her mind to the difficult course she must pursue. It was to tell him that he must not try to see her again. She knew, although he had not spoken to her of it yet, that he loved her. His every action toward her showed it; and she did not



Slowly Mary came to her senses, and Miles Hubbard drew a sigh of relief as he saw the color steal slowly back into her cheeks.

deny to herself that she loved him, too. But for that very reason, though it broke her heart to put from her her life's one happiness, now that it had come within her grasp, she must tell him that their acquaintance would have to end.

"I am married, and my husband is—a thief," she finished her dismissal of Miles, at the door of the shack, to which he had escorted her after their fourth walk together. "So you—you mustn't come to call for me any more. Good-by!"

She watched him as he walked away with bowed head. His start of amazement as she broke the news to him of her marriage to Red Clancy had caused him to drop one of his gloves, which he had been holding in his hand. She stooped and picked it up, pressing it to her heart as she looked after him with tender eyes.

It was one night, three weeks later, when her father left the shack, gruffly informing her that he would be back "after a while."

A quarter of a mile away he met a covered wagon that was drawn up around a turn in the main road. Stealthily he hailed the driver:

"Is that you, Butch?"

A growl of assent came from the tough character whose acquaintance McRae had made in the community within three days of his arrival there. The city thief climbed aboard the wagon beside the country-bred rogue.

"Then we'd better be movin'," McRae counseled him. "I took a look over the 'plant' to-day, and the stuff's all packed and waitin' in the grove to be shipped East. We'll cut into the Hubbards' profits some to-night, eh—if we move lively?"

Five minutes later the wagon turned into the grove which was owned by the father of the young man Mary loved. There, as her father had said, were piled the crates which the orange pickers had filled with the fruit that day and nailed up, ready for shipment on the morrow to the Eastern market. Springing down, McRae and his confederate set to work to load the nearest crates onto their wagon.

They were interrupted by a shot which whistled by their heads.

"The overseer!" hissed the would-be thief named Butch. "He's seen us! Run for it!"

He took to his heels as he spoke. McRae did likewise, in the opposite direction. The grove rang with the shouts of the overseer, who had, as Butch had surmised, discovered them in the act of making off with his employer's crated-up fruit, and taken a shot at them; and who now was spreading the alarm to the senior Hubbard and his son at the farmhouse near by.

But the two were even then running toward the grove, having been alarmed by the sound of the shot.

"I'll go after this one of the pair," said Miles to his father and the overseer, when the latter had explained the cause of the disturbance, and told of seeing the two marauders run away in

opposite directions, "and you and father chase the other."

The young man set off into the night in the way McRae had taken.

Meanwhile, back at the shack, Mary had heard the shot, too. She had a premonition that her father was at the scene of the shooting, and her nerves were on edge, alone there in the cabin, where he had gone off and left her to her own devices.

She turned as she heard the door open behind her—and screamed.

There stood Red Clancy. As he turned after closing the door behind him an evil smile parted his lips.

"Found you, didn't I?" he sneered. "You and that dirty, double-crossin' father of yours thought I wouldn't, eh? He thought he'd slung me behind the bars for a good long stretch; but I escaped—and that's why I'm here. Where is he?" he demanded, sweeping the room with dangerously narrowed eyes. "Out? That's the truth, is it? Well, I can come back for him another time. First, I'm goin' to take you, and put you where you won't run away from me again. Grab any clothes you wanter take along, and come on."

In dumb obedience, Mary went into the next room and brought out her shabby suit case. She disappeared again to gather her scanty wardrobe, and came back into the room where her husband awaited her, with the garments in her arms.

They slipped to the floor the next instant as the door burst open, and McRae, breathing hard, ran into the shack.

"You!" snarled his one-time partner whom he had betrayed.

Red Clancy's hand darted behind him. As it came back into sight with a gun in it, McRae pounced upon him, and flung it up with a quick blow. At that moment Red fired.

Mary, with a gasp, caught both hands to her breast and fell to the floor.

Springing back, her father had whipped out his own gun. As Red fired a second time, McRae's weapon spoke simultaneously. Both shots sped true to their aim, and the two crooks dropped and lay still in death.

Miles Hubbard, who had lost track of McRae in the darkness, heard the shots, and they guided him to the shack.

When he flung its door open and strode in, his gaze alighted first on Mary. With a cry of anguish, wrung from his heart, he ran to her and lifted her limp form in his arms. She was dead—or so it seemed, so still she lay in his embrace as he bore her to a chair beside the table.

But then she opened her eyes. Dropping to his knees at her side, Miles, having spied the hole that the bullet had torn in her waist, set swiftly to work to ascertain the extent of her wound.

It was none at all!

He held in his hand his glove, which she had worn over her heart ever since that afternoon when she had sent him from her side, and he had dropped it before the doorway of the shack. It had stopped the bullet and saved her life.

Mary, brushing at her dazed eyes, rose suddenly, pushing him aside. She looked around her, as though trying to remember something; and then her gaze rested on the still forms upon the floor.

"I'm free!" she burst out, in wild exultancy, staring down at Red Clancy's body. "I'm free—I'm free!"

Miles stepped anxiously to her side.

"What do you mean, dear?" he questioned, in bewilderment.

Mary pointed to the lifeless form.

"That's my husband," she said simply, "and he's dead."

News of the Photo Playwrights.

According to the Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago, a great many writers will be on their "Movie Special" train which will go to the West coast early in July to visit the two fairs and be present at the opening of the Selig Jungle-Zoo. The entire cost of the trip to those who go will be one hundred and twenty-eight dollars, including everything except meals. The photo-playwright colony on the coast are preparing to receive their brother scribblers from the East, and many social affairs have been planned. Among those who will make the trip are Edwin Ray Coffin, William Lord Wright, Neil G. Caward, Luella Parsons, and Gilson Willets. A scenario contest is being conducted by the Selig Company, the winner of which will go free of charge.

Harry Mestayer, the star who made such a hit in Chicago in "On Trial," will go to the coast in the near future. He has accepted a permanent engagement with the Selig Polyscope Company.

Screen Star at Thirteen.

MILDRED HARRIS is—well, let u see. It is fairly difficult to bal ance the accounts of her tender year and her remarkable achievements. Tw simple statements about her are eas —she was born in Cheyenne on Novem ber 29, 1901, and she now is one of th most popular child actresses known t photo-play patrons. That she is beauti ful the photograph attests.

Dainty Miss Harris can swim as i she were born to the sea instead of be ing Wyoming bred. She rides a horse— riding a bucking broncho is a thing which Mildred just does. She can drive a racing auto and play a rattling game



of tennis She is extremely fond of dancing—in fact, she not only is quite up on the modern dances, but she can give a splendid account of herself in some of the more classical lines.

Mildred is a success in film plays because she has ability, and because she takes her work seriously. She puts all her energy into her task, and constantly studies for her self-improvement. She started in pictures only two years ago. After a short time spent with Vitagraph and Oz companies, Miss Harris joined the ranks of Mutual stars by going first to the Inceville studios and then—and this is very recent—to the Reliance-Majestic studios in Los Angeles, where she now works under D. W. Griffith.

Plays and Players

Gertrude McCoy.

GERTRUDE McCOY, a native of the sunny South, entered upon her vocation in life at a very early age. While a theatrical troupe was passing through her home town, Oxford, Tennessee, the little miss—only eight years old—wandered along, and was given a part suited to her years for the matinée performance. Upon her return home she related her experience, to the amazement of all the members of the family. The theatrical seed had now been planted, and a few years later Miss McCoy joined the Lulu Grazer company, with which she remained for two seasons.



Her next engagement was with Eddie Foy, in "The Hammers of Broadway," and later we see her as *Hazel*, the little motherless girl, in the 'Fair Coed."

Miss McCoy's entire motion-picture experience has been with the Edison company, which she joined about four years ago.

She makes an instantaneous appeal through her personal beauty, but her final charm lies in the deep sincerity with which she plays every part. Miss McCoy has taken prominent parts in many multiple-reel features, as in the "Witness to the Will" and "Peg of the Movies," "A Tragedy of the Rails," "In Spite of All," and "On the Stroke of Twelve"; but is unquestionably at her best in such powerful dramas as "The Impersonator" and "The Man in the Street." If Miss McCoy had done nothing else for the art, the sincerity and resourcefulness she displayed in these productions would be sufficient to affix the stamp of approval, and have her classed among the prime favorites of the motion-picture screen. She is a conscientious worker, striving always for the best in everything she attempts, and her ability has put her in the rank of active film players.

Aside from the keen interest she takes in her work before the camera, Miss McCoy is a scenario writer, having written such Edison dramas as "United in Danger" and "Kitty's Hold-up," in both of which she played the leading rôle.

To the pleasing personality, youth, and beauty she possesses, combined with sincerity of action, are attributed her present exalted position among the leading actresses of the photo-play world.

Herbert Standing.

HERBERT STANDING, whose powerful characterization in the Bosworth-Morosco feature pictures are proving a sensation, has a brilliant record in the history of the London stage for the past forty years, where he shared honors with such men as Irving, Wyndham, and Hare, who were subsequently elevated to the peerage.

Mr. Standing came from a family of devout Quakers, with whom any mention of the playhouse was absolutely taboo. But genius is as inexplicable in picking its abiding place as it is in finding ways to assert itself, and of the Standing family one brother gained fame as head of the famous English Opera Company, under the name of "William T. Carleton." A sister became Mme. Normand, one of the foremost grand-opera contraltos of England, and subsequently the soloist at Henry Ward Beecher's church.

Herbert Standing himself never saw a theatrical performance until he was twelve, when he earned half a crown "seeing people home" from the Derby, and purchased with it a ticket to a melodrama given on the village green by strolling players. It was entitled "Long Tom of Texas; or, Seven Shots in the Eye," and reproduced the famous fight between Tom Sayres and Heenan, the Benicia boy. He thus obtained his first taste of drama and boxing, and has retained his devotion to both ever since.

After forty years of work on the theatrical stage, Mr. Standing became interested in the motion-picture industry, and his varied characterizations in such successes as "Hypocrites," "Captain "Courtesy," "Sunshine Molly," "Help Wanted," and other releases from the Bosworth-Morosco studios, readily ac-



cent the wonderful range of versatility of this artist. Mr. Standing is the father of seven sons, every one an actor of note on the American and the English stage, Guy Standing, star in "The Right of Way," being the eldest.

Bad Eyes Made a Star!

HAD Miriam Nesbitt's eyes not given out when she was studying art in New York—for she went there for that purpose—the screen would likely have never seen this talented leading Edison player. She then took up the study of the stage in a dramatic school, and won immediate success.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

THE PHOTO-PLAYWRIGHTS' AUDIENCE.

WE often wonder how many persons who are trying to write salable photo plays ever stop to consider how large their field is. They cannot help but dimly realize how many people attend the picture shows, because they see theaters crowded day after day; but the trouble is that they consider it merely as a part of the business, which holds nothing of interest for them.

According to evidence placed before the House Committee on Education, at Washington, D. C., there are about sixteen million persons who see motion pictures daily in the United States alone. Can you, Mr. Scenario Writer, honestly tell yourself that the play you are working on is of sufficient importance to entertain a large portion of this vast throng of pleasure seekers, and will each of them be better in some small way after seeing your play screened?

The figures given above should not frighten the beginner, but they should serve to make him realize that he is entering a work of importance. Stuff which is "dashed off," the only idea being to get through it, will hardly be worthy of the attention of the portion of the sixteen million to which it will play each day during its life—about five or six months; and we are not considering any country except our own.

When you are tempted to slight some part of your script, in the future, we think you will find it beneficial to recall these figures, and weigh your material carefully before placing it in your script.

TAPE-MEASURE PLOTTING.

The popular belief among amateurs who have not yet registered their first sale, and many who have disposed of a few scripts, seems to be that there are certain rules by which a plot's worth can be judged, and that this certain set of rules apply in their same form to every plot which has been or will be created.

This is not the case. There are many lax rules which govern proper plot building, but the greatest dramatists who have ever lived are those who took pride in making and breaking their own plot laws. A plot has to be an outline of the story, and only the author himself can tell just how it is to be created and how much it is worth in comparison to what he intended to do when he started. An outsider can look at what the author has written, and give his opinion as to whether or not the story compares favorably with others which have been presented to the public, but he cannot tell the author that which is hidden in the latter's subconscious mind, and which is needed to make the plot presentable.

We met an amateur the other day who had four or five questions which he claimed, if applied to a plot, told him just what it was worth. We had just come from a picture show, and told him the plot of one of the plays we had seen on the screen. His questions didn't fit, for the plot was different from the ones to which he had previously applied the test. It convinced him that he couldn't measure plots by a single tape line.

We believe that every writer knows, 'way down in his heart, just what his plot is worth; and as to his judging its value on the surface, we can suggest nothing better than horse sense.

THE SURPRISE FINISH TO COMEDY DRAMAS.

Not so very long ago the American Film Manufacturing Company put out a two-reel picture called "The Castle Ranch," which was a splendid example of a two-reel comedy drama with a surprise twist at the finish.

Through the entire two reels nothin very exciting happened, though the by play held one's interest. About the be ginning of the second reel it became ob vious that something was *going* to hap pen, but no intimation of what it woul be was given. The story carried alon in this way until the last twenty fee when the young Englishman, who ha been "duped" into buying a worthles ranch, and then sold it back to the ma who "duped" him when oil was dis covered on it, calmly announced that h had "planted" the oil himself, in orde to even scores with the crooked lan agent.

There was nothing to suggest tha the young Englishman knew what th oil was, or had any idea of its value at the time of its discovery. Those wh saw the picture will have to admit they felt a little sorry for him when th land agent again apparently swindle him. He showed no feeling one way or the other until he spoke the words of the leader which told of his clever ness, and then the picture almost im mediately faded from the screen, leav ing the audience laughing and whisper ing about the way they had been sur prised.

We mentioned the need of films of this kind some time ago, and are still firmly convinced that they are draw ing cards. We know we will watch future offerings of this company with interest, hoping that we will again be treated to such an agreeable surprise; and we feel that many others will do the same.

Before leaving the subject, it would be well to caution writers that the comedy and drama must be well blended together, and that the surprise must enter naturally, and not be "thrown" or "dragged" in. The true art of such

story is in concealing a plot element nder the very noses of the audience, nd in such a way that they will easily ecognize it when it is disclosed at the nish.

SETS AND LOCATIONS.

Sets are, as the name suggests, inte ior settings in the studio, while loca ions are backgrounds in the open, gainst which scenes are taken. It is mportant that a scenario writer should earn to distinguish between them, and hould be careful never to confuse them n his scripts. Sets are restricted to a imited number per reel, varying ac ording to a company's policy; while ocations are easy to secure, and a limit s seldom placed on them.

In sets, almost anything can be se ured, from the cellar of a tenement o the palatial halls of the Vatican, if he company decides to expend the money. In locations, however, the di ector depends on natural backgrounds, and a tree overhanging a brook, or some such scenery, may not be secur able near the studio.

It is well, therefore, to bear in mind the fact that interior sets must be used judiciously, because of their cost, while locations must be of a general variety, and not call for any special scenery. There are exceptions to both these rules, of course, even for the free lance. If a narrow, winding trail plays an important part in the plot of an author's story, he must gamble his chances of sale on the chance that such a location can be found in the studio to which the script is submitted; while if an expensive set is expected to furnish the "selling punch" for the film, he must also gamble on the chance that the company is willing to spend money enough to "rig up" such an interior.

To the free lance just beginning to fight his way to the top, we think it is best to say, "Be moderate." This applies to both interior sets and exterior locations, for the easier your script is to produce the more chance it has of being accepted, all else being up to the standard of the company.

PRONOUNS.

How would you like to be an editor who, after reading through about two-thirds of a synopsis which promised to give you the best story of the week, became lost in a maze of "he," "she," "they," and "thems," which made the rest hopelessly confusing?

We believe you would do just as the editor has—return the story, and hope that the author will read it over himself and straighten it out.

You say you would write the author, and tell him what was the matter? Oh, no, you wouldn't! Not if the general manager was due to call on you in ten minutes to talk over the adaptation you were working on, and three directors were waiting for scripts you were to put the finishing touches to as soon as you finished reading that last synopsis.

The editor can concentrate on a submitted script only once, unless it is worthy of purchase, and then only while it is before him. After that a hundred other things claim his attention, and just because a script looked promising, as far as its synopsis was intelligently written, is no reason he will remember it and look it up when he is at leisure for a few moments later on.

We digressed from the subject of pronouns merely to illustrate the necessity for making everything clear in your synopsis. Edit this part of your script over and over, and rewrite it several times, if necessary. It is your salesman, and must be given the power to convince the editor that he must buy. The liberal use of pronouns in such a manner that they confuse the reader is one sure way of killing your chances for a sale. They may be used in many places, but the beginner is inclined to overuse them most of the time.

Look at your synopsis with the cold eye of an outsider, and if you then understand what the "he," "she" or "they" stands for, you may be satisfied the editor will also "get" it. If there is the slightest doubt in your mind, however, it is better to substitute the name of the character or characters, even though the sentence does not read quite so smoothly.

A BEGINNER'S MIND.

If you have just fifteen minutes to wait before meeting a friend, and decide you can finish up your script, or do a certain part of it, in that time we feel safe in asserting the result will be unsatisfactory.

Unless your power of concentration is wonderfully developed, your mind—granting it is the mind of a beginner—will be on your engagement, and you will constantly keep thinking: "I can do just so much more, and then I'll have to go."

The work will be all "surface stuff," and will show no real thought, as it would had it been written when your whole heart was in the work. We think it is better not to write under such circumstances, at least not until you have trained your mind so that while you are writing a script it will entertain no other thoughts.

Many professional writers have acquired concentration to such a marvelous degree that they can sit among a boisterous crowd and plot or write a touching and thoroughly human story. You must remember, however, that such writers have had years of training, and that their minds have been molded so that plotting and writing have become almost subconscious. Your mind must be trained, and it is indeed poor training to do one thing and think of another.

COMEDY AND OTHERWISE.

Don't think that because Charlie Chaplin can get a laugh every time he knocks some one down and jumps on him that all forms of physical abuse are essential elements to comedy. On the contrary, there are few actors who could do many of the things Chaplin and a few others do, and make them appear anything but brutal. We think that if you study the current farce-comedy pictures closely, you will find that the execution, not the action, is what gets the laugh.

If you have a talent for writing farces, we advise you to spend your time drawing new types suited to burlesquing, and creating new situations of the comic variety, into which to run these characters, rather than inventing new ways of knocking a man senseless.

A good farce, free from objectionable features, will always be at home on the screen, for it draws real laughs. We think it is up to the photo-playwrights to change the present trend of farces, however, and supply material for a full thousand or two thousand feet of clever comedy, instead of allowing the producers to "fill in" part of a reel with "stuff" of doubtful intent. Just now, the writer of a farce comedy can sell as often as he can deliver the goods, and this is one section of the scenario-writing game on which the concentrated efforts of the free lances could make an impression if they were rightly directed.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The World Film Corporation, 130 West Forty-sixth Street, New York City, is willing to read big, out-of-the-ordinary, five-reel scenarios which can truthfully be said to favorably compare with any of the published novels or produced plays. This is a very difficult market, but one which would be worth while for a photo-playwright capable of supplying them with what they want.

Short Shots.

The broader view of life you have, the better photo plays you will turn out.

Better for an amateur to carefully study one single-reel subject on the screen than to give the "once over" to a dozen features.

There are many things in the world besides love. Let's give the screen some of them.

It is very well to be a dreamer, but be sure you can "cash in" on your dreams.

Knowing actors and actresses of screen fame personally does a scenario writer little good—unless he likes to tell his friends about it.

Remember to keep a carbon copy of all you write. If you don't, there will be woe and sorrow in your bungalow some day.

Missing—screen plays which conceal their dénouement until the last scene.

Can you tell something new when you see it on the screen?



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JUNE 12 1915

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

VOL. 1 No. 10



SEE PAGE ONE

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN'S FUNNIEST STORY IN THIS NUMBER

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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JUN 11 1915

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 10 JUNE 12, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

By the Sea. A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

The always-funny Charlie Chaplin provides side-splitting situations in this story taken from one of his latest comedies produced by the Essanay company. In this tale the world-famous laugh provoker is entirely different from in his former picture plays, for the setting is, as the title indicates, "by the sea."

This magazine is the only publication printing Chaplin comedies in story form. When you see him on the screen and want another laugh you'll find it on these pages.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN came down the board walk, eating a banana.

The direction in which he was heading was north. And one of his feet, in their battered "number thirteens," was pointed to the east while the other was aimed due west, so that as he walked straight ahead he had to propel himself entirely by his heels.

He took a bite of the banana. Then, forgetting that he had just done so, he took another bite. The result was a collision between both mouthfuls. One of them had to go. It did.

Charlie looked down at the yellow skin in his hand, to find that it was empty. His absent-mindedness had caused him to lose at least a third of the banana—the amount of his second mouthful, which he had not been able to manage, and that had rolled through a crack in the board walk at his feet out of sight.

His expression grew sad. He twirled his little bamboo cane, and turned his head to the right and then to the left. Then, dropping the banana skin on the walk, he started forward once more, and slipped on the peel and fell down.

His expression was sadder than ever when he picked himself up.

Advancing another hundred feet along the board walk, Charlie Chaplin stopped beside a man who was absorbed in watching his own feet. They were behaving in a strange way. If it had been ice, instead of a summer-resort board walk on which he stood, a beholder would have said that he was engaged in executing the fancy skater's feat of "cutting the figure eight."

The man had been drinking—something a great deal stronger than lemonade.

On the stiff wind that was blowing, Charlie got a whiff of alcohol from his direction. He clapped his hand to his brow, staggering. Then another gust of wind cleared his reeling senses, and he started to walk rapidly away from the convivial party's dangerous proximity.

As he did so, the wind blew his derby off. It swept the tipsy individual's straw hat from his head, at the same moment. Both headpieces shot out at the end of the "trolleys" fastened in their owners' buttonholes, and the two strings wound around each other.

"Excuse me!" said Charlie Chaplin, flashing his white teeth in an apologetic smile at the unsteady stranger, and pulling his derby out of the air to clap it back on his bushy hair.

"Scush me!" thickly echoed the "souse," recovering his own hat and replacing it on his head likewise.

And then they both started off in opposite directions.

Their trolleys being still tangled, the hat of each was jerked off his head again as they moved apart.

Both swung around to face each other, tethered by the cords at their buttonholes like a pair of spaniels out for an airing on a double leash.

"Excuse me!" repeated Charlie Chaplin. And "Scush—hic—me!" said the pifflicated individual again.

They made a simultaneous grab for their hats once more, and each one got the other's by mistake and put it on his head. They started to walk away again.

Off went their hats a second time, their trolleys now tangled more hopelessly than ever.

"Say, look here——" began Charlie impatiently.

The other walked unsteadily up to him to thrust his face into his.

"Wassaidearhuh?" he said.

Charlie Chaplin regarded him puzzledly.

"Oh—pleased to meet you!" He misunderstood the man's jumbled words. "But, now, Wassie, old top—you don't

mind my calling you Wassie, do you?—if you'll give me back my hat, I'll be moving along."

"Wassa—idear—huh?" repeated the befuddled stranger, spacing the words by pushing his forefinger into Charlie Chaplin's chest after each one. His eyebrows worked menacingly up and down as he continued to hold Charlie's gaze with his own, his nose not an inch away from his face. "Tryin' to get gay with me? Huh? That it? Huh? Punch your head off."

Backing away as the man talked, Charlie had brought him after him—as the magnet draws the steel—by the trolley that was tangled up with his.

Suddenly he fell over backward off the board walk. The pickled party shot through the air after him at the end of the string, to land on top of him on the sand below.

"Shay—hic—this's *stoo* much!" the man declared, scrambling up and starting belligerently toward Charlie, who had also regained his feet. "I'm goin' push your face inter th' middle next week—fresh guy!"

Charlie lifted his foot, as the other came for him, and sent him spinning back off his balance with a shove of its broad, flappy sole.

But he forgot that he was still attached to him—married, as it were, by the circumstance of the twisted trolleys that bound him to him. "Whither thou goest, there will I go," says the poet, referring to the duty of those joined in holy wedlock. The stewed party went backward, head over heels, to land on all fours on the beach once more, and Charlie Chaplin went with him—like a big fish jerked out of the water at the end of the black cord that fastened him to the other.



"And I thought," reflected Charlie Chaplin dolefully, "that the seashore was a nice, quiet, restful place to be!"

As they rose, the overtaxed trolleys snapped, and each was now free to go his own way. Charlie started to take advantage of that fact.

But the man with the "package" was bent on following up his threat to fight him, it seemed.

Charlie tried to calm him by tipping his hat rapidly at him two or three times by the back of the brim, with a smile of appealing good-fellowship.

But still the man came weaving his way deliberately toward him, with his doubled fists revolving slowly around each other, as though he was rolling up an invisible ball of twine.

Charlie Chaplin's face became woebegone

He glanced uneasily out of the corner of his eye at the menacing approach of his would-be antagonist. Twirling his cane, he shifted his weight from foot to foot.

He did not want to fight. It was the truth, to which he could have sworn on a stack of Bibles three feet high—he did *not* want to fight. When a boy, he had made a promise at his mother's knee that he would never engage in anything of that coarsening sort. And you know how one feels about breaking such a vow. But it wasn't that he was afraid.

Charlie's shoulders shrugged nervously up and down, as the man came to a halt before him. The stewed party took his face in both hands, and tilted it to just the angle he desired.

And then Charlie, fastening his eyes at a spot on the sand, began to bend forward, as though to obtain a closer view of some treasure his gaze had lighted on there. The man, turning unsteadily to line up beside him, began to stoop over, too, to see what he was looking at.

When he had bent down far enough to suit him, Charlie straightened at his side and wrapped his arm around his neck in a tight embrace. And then he brought up his other hand and punched him in the nose.

The man made a moaning sound, like a dog who wants to get in the house on a rainy night, and sagged limply down in Charlie's arm.

He hit him again. It was a beautiful day. The yellow beach that shelved down to the white surf which separated the turquoise blue of the ocean beyond, made the view a pleasure to the eye. He uppercut the souse again. Ah, yes, Charlie Chaplin told himself, the seashore on a cloudless day in July like this was the place to be.

And then he let go of the man, who slipped forward, to stand on his head and feet on the sand, like an inverted V, as he caught sight of something else which verified his impression that he had been wise in coming to that summer resort to spend a holiday.

It was a girl, on whom his serenely roving gaze had just rested. She was a peach! And she was coming that way. Charlie straightened his frayed neck-

tie, smoothed back his hair at either side of his forehead, and put on his most winning smile.

"Whither away, little one?" he inquired, as she passed.

The girl stopped to look him slowly up and down with a scornful glance.

"Aw, wither away yerself!" she said out of the side of her mouth, shifting the gum she was chewing to do so.

Charlie started, and his eyebrows lifted in distressed surprise, at the rudeness of her speech. She was either a shopgirl, or she had once been one, who had come down to the beach for a day's outing. But she was pretty. There was no mistake about that. And Charlie smiled at her again.

"Oh, you little checkerboard!" he called roguishly, as she was walking off, referring to the black-and-white-check suit she wore. "It's not your move—away from me, is it?"

The girl stopped.

"Say," she explained grimly, "I'm lookin' for my husband, and if he leans his bunch of fives up against your silly-lookin' face, *you'll* move over into the next county, so fast you could give an aëroplane three miles head start and beat it out by a city block—see?"

Nothing daunted, Charlie took the handkerchief out of the souse's hip pocket, which was conveniently upturned beside him, as the latter continued to occupy the position of the ostrich who hides his head in the sand, and waved it after her.

She burst out laughing—she couldn't help it—and Charlie took it for an encouraging omen, and hastened after her on his heels.

"Charming day, isn't it?" he addressed her conversationally.

Her brows were drawn down once more.

"Beat it!" she said.

Charlie, instead, secured her hand.

"This little pig went to market," he began lightly, picking up her fingers one at a time; "this little pig stayed home; this little pig——"

He was interrupted. The souse, who had "come to" and followed him for the purpose of continuing their dispute, tapped him on the shoulder.

Charlie, looking around to see who the intruder was, turned back to the girl and apologetically raised his hat to her. His foot shot out behind him, catching the tipsy man in his "lunch box," and sending him swishing back through the air, where he had come from.

The souse, bent double from the force and the location of Charlie's reverse-English kick, brought up with such a jarring thump against the wooden stand that held a life preserver suspended by a pair of pegs from its cross arms that the round buoy came down on him.

It fell around that portion of his anatomy which was uppermost as he stood leaning over, and held him in that position with the security that a barrel might if he had sat down in it.

"What were we saying?" Charlie Chaplin was resuming to the girl. "Oh, yes—you were telling me that you had never met a man who exerted my strange fascination over you. That if I should ask you to go up on the board walk with me and sit down on that bench up there, and tell you to put your arms around me and give me a kiss, you would be unable to resist——"

He broke off once more. A dazed look spread over his face, as the life preserver, from which the souse had finally succeeded in extricating himself, struck him on the back of the head.

"Pardon me," he told her, tipping his hat. "There's a troublesome party over there who's my father's private secretary. My father, you know, is a millionaire. We're not on speaking terms. His secretary is trying to get me to come home, and he's desperate enough to be trying to knock me senseless, and then carry me there. Excuse me just a moment."

And, picking up the life preserver, he threw it back at the man.

"You a millionaire!" the girl laughed derisively. "You're a tramp, that's what you are! In them pants, that must have been handed down to you by President Taft when he got through at the White House, and that secondhand derby, and them busted-down canal boats on your feet, d'ye think anybody wouldn't know you for a panhandlin' hobo——"

"Then my disguise is perfect!" broke in Charlie, with unshaken good humor. "You will see why I am dressed this way, when I have told you the story of my life, as I mean to do up there on that bench——"

But at that moment he was unexpectedly called away from her side.

There was no time for him to resist the summons, for it was conveyed in the form of the life buoy with which the souse had lassoed him, jerking him off the sand and through the air like a shot



Charlie Chaplin smiled at the "peach"—entirely ignorant of the fact that others were looking at him, and that they were *not* smiling.

out of a gun, to hale him back to the scene of their argument.

Picking himself up, Charlie threw off the life preserver and walked up to his persistent challenger, his lips pressed together in a thin line, which showed that he had reached the end of his patience.

The souse was teetering forward on his toes and then back on his heels, his arms swaying loosely from his bent-over shoulders.

Charlie planted himself in front of him, and began to swing his arm around in the air.

"One, two, three, four," he counted its revolutions, and when he had got up to "twenty-three" he let the blow go.



The bench had filled up—with trouble. All at once Charlie Chaplin began to find the day too warm.

The inebriated party performed the difficult acrobatic feat of making a complete double somersault in the air, and fell over on his back on the sand for the full count.

But the girl, when Charlie Chaplin returned to the spot where he had left her, was gone.

He shrugged his shoulders, and twirled his little bamboo cane, to try to get over the disappointment. Then, shuffling across the sand, he mounted to the board walk again and started along it. A smile broke over his visage the next moment. Hobbling quickly forward, more on one leg than on the other, he approached the girl he had lost on the beach, and whom he had just spied sitting alone on a bench ahead of him.

"Why, how do you do?" she said cordially.

There should have been something in the change in her manner toward him, as she moved over, with a welcoming smile, to afford him a seat on the bench beside her, to warn Charlie that all was not going to be well with him if he accepted her mute invitation.

But he did not notice it, or the look she threw over her shoulder in the direction of a cigar stand behind them, either.

"You're a terror with the girls, ain't you?" she went on, with a smile of mock reproof, as he seated himself beside her.

"Oh, well," Charlie Chaplin protested, looking down at the tip of one shoe and turning his head from side to side as he smote it with his cane, "I don't like to talk about myself, you know!"

The girl's eyes came back to him from another furtive look toward the cigar stand.

"I've got your number, all right," she assured him. "Old Mr. George W. Lady-killer—that's you!"

Charlie sat up closer to her.

"Like me?" he questioned softly. So intent was he upon following up what seemed to be the "hit" he was making with the girl, that he did not see the tall, broad-shouldered man—her husband—who had returned from the cigar stand and now stood glowering down at him over the back of the bench. "Go on and like me, for I like—I like——"

Charlie stopped. He looked up slowly over his shoulder, and saw the man, who looked ferocious enough to eat him alive as he returned his innocent gaze with an angry glare. Charlie put up his hand and coughed weakly.

He seemed to find his collar too tight all at once, and the day warmer than was comfortable, for he tugged at his necktie with one hand and with the other pulled out his handkerchief and mopped his brow.

In ominous silence, the husband of the girl beside whom he sat came around the end of the bench and sat down on it with them.

His burly weight, descending on that end of the bench, caused the one on which Charlie Chaplin was seated to rise like a springboard. It shot him into the air, and away in the direction he wanted to go—which was as far from that bench as he could get.

Five minutes later, he halted before a soda-water booth.

And, as he did so, he wheeled at the sound of a familiar voice in his rear.

Charlie Chaplin groaned, for, confronting him, was the soused individual. The spirits he carried aboard or a streak of obstinacy in his nature which he possessed normally made the man bent on settling his fight with him. But it seemed he had undergone a change of heart toward Charlie.

"Le's call—hic—bygones, bygones," said he, holding out his hand. "You 'n' me'll be frien's—whatcha say?"

Charlie Chaplin gripped his hand dramatically.

"We are friends," he declaimed.

They turned away from each other. Then the souse spun around.

"Frien's!" he echoed Charlie's heroic tone, again holding out his hand.

Charlie took it, and clapped his other hand down on the wabbling one's shoulder. They looked, standing thus, like a travesty on a group statue labeled "Damon and Pythias."

"We ought to celebrate our friendship in some way," suggested Charlie, turning to the booth beside them. "Have something on me, won't you?"

They lined up at the counter together.

"Scotch high ball," he ordered.

"No, no! You're in the wrong place," Charlie Chaplin hastily corrected him. "Have an ice-cream cone. Go ahead, the novelty of it may make you like it."

The clerk gave them the two cones, filled with ice cream.

"Ten cents," he addressed Charlie.

"Not bad, are they?" Charlie, with his mouth full and ignoring the clerk, asked his companion. "Taken in moderation, and on a hot day, I always say——"

"Say," the clerk broke in sternly, "who's goin' to pay for them? I'm waitin' to get ten cents."

"All right;" Charlie encouraged him. "Keep on waiting. A rich uncle may die and leave it to you some day."

"Don't get funny, young feller!" threatened the clerk. "Which one of youse is comin' across with the dime, now?"

"My friend will pay you," said Charlie.

"No, I won't!" denied the souse.

"Give him ten cents."

"Nossir. You asked me to have this on you——"

"But you're drunk and I'm sober. You don't suppose I'd buy one of these things in my right mind? It's going to be on you."

The intoxicated individual—but lately his sworn friend—scooped the ice cream out of his cone, and, his face red with rage, threw it at Charlie Chaplin's head.

Charlie ducked in time, and the moist gob met the husband of the girl he had lately been flirting with, full in the face, as that burly personage stood at the cigar stand near by, where he had gone to purchase another smoke.

Charlie Chaplin dug the ice cream out of *his* cone and threw it at the souse. His aim was better than the latter's had been. The lump of frozen sweetness plastered his nose and mouth.

"I told you," said Charlie good-naturedly, "that it was going to be on you—and it is!"

The intoxicated stranger's eyes were blinded by the sticky mass. The burly man whose face had received the fistful of ice cream that was meant for Charlie, came running up to them at that moment with a passing policeman, whom he had hailed. And the souse struck out at Charlie. He ducked again, and the cop received the blow in his stead.

"And I thought," said Charlie Chaplin dolefully, as he walked away from the turbulent scene, "that the seashore was a nice, pleasant, restful place to be!"

But again his spirits rose with a bound, as he caught sight of a second girl—and a pretty one, too—who was sitting on another bench on the board walk. Hastening eagerly up to her, Charlie sat down at her side.

Tss! tsst! His winning ways!

In five minutes, he had her first name, his arm around her waist, and her hand in his. *She* didn't care, it seemed, whether he looked like a tramp or not. And she wasn't married—at least, she didn't mention the fact.

Absorbed in his wooing of her, Charlie did not see the man with a prominent jaw and a checked cap pulled down to his eyes who came along and sat down in menacing silence on the end of the bench beside him.

But the girl did, and, with a startled gasp, she rose and fled. He was her husband. Charlie, his rapt gaze fixed straight before him at the moment, was unaware of her departure. Likewise, he did not perceive that the big, thickset husband of the girl he had first tried to flirt with had slipped into the second girl's place beside him.

The bench was rapidly filling up—with trouble.

The souse came up with a brick in his hand, and he, too, sat down quietly on the same bench. And at his heels was the cop, wearing the black eye he had received in the mix-up that had followed Charlie's refusal to pay for the ice-cream cones at the soda-water booth.

"Ah," said Charlie, turning as he did so toward the girl he thought he was addressing, "for a really good time, give me a day by the sea, with——"

He stopped. The burly man who sat in the girl's place was glowering at him. Beside him he saw the souse, with the brick poised and waiting in his hand. And behind *him* the policeman, with one eye swollen and closed and his lips determinedly set. Then he felt a nudge from his rear. Turning, he looked at the owner of the undershot jaw and the checked cap.

"Go ahead!" the husband of the girl with whom he had just been sitting on the bench grimly invited him to continue his remarks.

"No," faltered Charlie Chaplin, "I think I'll go—back!"

And he suited the action to the word, taking the only way out of the tight box in which he was cornered by throwing himself suddenly against the back of the bench, and it went over with all hands, except Charlie—who did a somersault, landing on his feet behind the sprawling others, and ran for it.

Two Gertrudes—One Gertrude.

OF course, Gertrude McCoy, the young star of the Edison Stock Company, is known to practically all who view motion pictures—far and near. The public loves her for her beauty, her personality, and intense earnestness that lie behind her dramatic work. To her associates in the Edison studio she is known as a quiet, modest, and an exceedingly hard worker, ready to take any chance of life or limb that may be called for.

But there is another Gertrude whose name has recently appeared on the screen as an author of scenarios—Gertrude Lyon—and it may not be generally known that the two are one and the same. In venturing into the field of authorship, Miss McCoy assumed that nom de plume. Her first story, "What Could She Do?" was submitted last summer, considered with the hundreds of other plots received at the Edison studio, was accepted, and produced in three reels in November. It made a triumphant success. With her pretty head not a bit turned over the reception given this play, Miss McCoy went to work carefully and slowly on another. This was completed in due course, and, when read by one of the Edison directors, caused him to remark: "That's the best three-reel scenario I ever read. I hope I can produce it." He did, and the result was "On the Stroke of Twelve," released in March. This play made even a bigger success than the first one. Both of the above plots were frankly melodramatic. Miss McCoy, for all her youth, has a lot of good, ordinary common sense, and believes in writing what the intelligent public wants—rather than exploiting any particular notions of her own. There is a lesson here for scenario writers in general. Moreover, her plots are models of workmanship. They are among the very few scenarios that the Edison studio has been able to produce—even to the subtitles—almost exactly as written.

The Carpet From Bagdad

(V. L. S. E., Inc.)

By Roy Halstead

A rug that "none but kings and the sons of kings had ever knelt upon," a dishonest bank thief, and a gang of international crooks—these things are all brought together in this story of action, thrills and love interest, based on the five-part photo drama of the same name, produced by the new combination in the motion-picture world of the Vitagraph, Lubin, Selig and Essanay companies.

NONE but kings, and the sons of kings, have ever knelt upon it!"

The pasha looked from Mohomed, the guardian of the temple's inner chamber, to the magnifieent, peach-eolored rug that hung on the wall. He lifted an impressive forefinger, that shook with age, toward it.

"Should an infidel lay but a finger upon it," he charged, "you will see that he pays the forfeit of his life."

The tall Bedouin bent his proud back in a salaam. And the pasha passed out of the ehamber.

At that moment, thousands of miles away from Bagdad, in the eity of New York, Horace Wadsworth, the paying teller of the Twenty-first National Bank, stood in the private office of his brother, whence the latter had summoned him.

"Your theft is found out," declared Arthur Wadsworth, with a righteous pursing of his thin lips. "It amounts to five hundred dollars. Do you know what I could do with you? I could send you to prison for five, perhaps ten, years. But I am not going to do that. I am going to be merciful. I will eover up your peculation from the directors, on one eondition: That you resign your position with the bank immediately. And that you turn over to me your inheritanee of a million dollars, which is due in another year. That is my price for saving you from the disgrace of being sent to the penitentiary."

In five minutes more, having made the transfer of his legacy as the other requested, the younger of the two brothers passed out of the office—with black hate in his heart against the sanctimonious elder who had forced him to make such a hard bargain to retain his liberty.

Simultaneously, in Cairo, Egypt, Major Callahan, a erook with an international reputation, and his eonfederate, Mrs. Chedsoye, with her unsuspecting daughter Fortune, were seated on the veranda of the principal hotel. At a meaning look from the major, the woman sent her daughter off to her room on a pretext. When they were alone, the white-haired erook, with the distinguished look and manners of an English member of the nobility which would have fooled any one into believing him that, spoke:

"Things are in a bad way, Em. We've got to make a haul soon, or we'll be out of funds. Too bad we eouldn't have that young Wadsworth here, to help us out with his adviee. He impressed me as having a lot of talent as a thief. Tied down to his job in the bank, though, I suppose there'd be no use wiring him to come over here and join us."

"Just where do we stand, now?" asked the woman anxiously.

"We're down to our last eight hundred," answered the major. "As I say, we'll have to turn a job soon, or we'll find ourselves stranded in this sweltering hole, miles from home!"

But, even as he spoke, Horaee Wadsworth was sending a cablegram to *him*. It advised the major and Mrs. Chedsoye, with another member of the gang of crooks, Wallace, to meet him in Bagdad, for which city he was then bound as fast as a steamer could take him.

When he had left his brother, Horaee had made up his mind to get even with him. How much crookedness he would have to deseend to in order to do it, he didn't eare. His brother had cast him adrift, stripping him of his inheritance. He was reekless of his future. To pay baek the other for his meanness—that was all he thought of. And a way to do it had suddenly entered his mind as an inspiration.

He had read an item in the newspaper which announeed that Mr. George Pereival Algernon Jones, of the rug-importing firm of Mortimer & Jones, had that day sailed for Bagdad on his annual buying trip to the Orient.

Mr. Jones' private residenee was No. 019 Fifth Avenue. It adjoined the Twenty-first National Bank, at No. 017. The rug importer's house would be deserted for three or four months, during his absence abroad. And by tunneling through it into the bank next door, the vaults of that institution could be "tapped" and a golden stream withdrawn, after dark some night, with none of the passers-by along the avenue being at all the wiser that a robbery was being committed right under their noses.

Engaging passage on the next vessel after that on which Jones had gone, Wadsworth had seeured from a firm of real-estate agents the architect's plan of Jones' house, and with it he had set forth to enlist the aid of the gang of thieves in robbing his brother's bank.

He signed the name "Ryanne," under whieh he had sailed from New York, and which he had informed Major Callahan, in his eablegram, was the alias he meant to take, to the register of the hotel in Bagdad, and by that name we shall henceforth know him.

"No, Mr. Jones has not yet arrived," the clerk answered his question.

A stranger touehed Ryanne on the shoulder. "I have just eome from Cairo," said he, "and the man you are inquiring for arrived at the hotel at which I was stopping there, two days ago. Don't mention it, I'm sure," he ended, as the young man started to thank him for his eourtesy in giving him the information.

As Ryanne was turning away from the desk, he saw Major Callahan and the

thers of the party of crooks coming toward him.

"Now, what we've got to do," he explained, when he had finished telling them of his plan to rob the bank, as they sat safely out of earshot in his room from which her mother had excluded Fortune; "first, is to arrange for us to get into Jones' house in New York. We can send Wallace, here, on ahead. He must present himself to Jones' real-estate agent with a letter, supposedly from Jones himself, introducing him as the valet of Major Callahan, to whom he has rented the house during his absence, who is to be given the keys so that he may set the place to rights before the major and the party of friends he is bringing with him arrive. We will have to have Jones' signature for the letter, of course. And here's my plan for getting it: He's interested in buying rugs, and I'm going to sell him one. I'll tell him I want him to pay me for it with a check, instead of cash, and that will show us how he signs his name."

"But he's a rug expert, you know," objected the major, "and would he be likely to buy anything of the sort you, an amateur, might pick up?"

Ryanne rose.

"I'll go out," he decided, his brows knit over the point the seasoned crook had brought up, "and see if I can't find out from the natives of some rug that's sacred, and thus valuable enough to make Jones interested in it."

A drunken camelman among those he questioned gave him the tip he sought.

"*Howaji*, have you not heard of the Sacred Yhiordes?" The man laughed in tipsy mockery. "It is known as the Carpet from Bagdad, and it hangs in the innermost recess of the mosque, yonder. And Mohomed is its guardian. He and four underguards. Besides, each night a Bengal tiger is loosed in the corridor outside the chamber door, to see that none comes near the hanging place of the precious rug. Oh, yes, it is valuable enough, and sacred enough, for you—that Yhiordes. You could buy it, perhaps, for ten million of your American dollars."

Ryanne thought to himself: "Perhaps I could get it for nothing—by stealing it." He asked the camelman:

"Where is Mohomed to be found?"

"He is in Cairo, where he has gone to spend the fortnight's vacation which the pasha allows him once in every three years, from his watch over the Carpet from Bagdad—while another keeps his place."

Ryanne made up his mind to go to Cairo and interview Mohomed, in hopes of being able to get into his good graces in some way, and persuade the guardian of the rug only to allow him to see it, which would give him an opportunity to look over the ground and ascertain if its theft was possible.

In Cairo, he found that Mohomed was preparing to return to Bagdad the next day. Ryanne's every effort to get him to agree to show him the rug having failed, he determined to go back with the tall, grave Bedouin across the desert, in order not to lose sight of him—Mohomed, he had long since found out, being his only hope of seeing the rug.

His patience was rewarded, for, on the second night out from Cairo, the sleeping camp was attacked by desert thieves, and Ryanne shot the marauder, who was about to bury his knife in Mohomed's unsuspecting form.

"I owe my life to you," the Bedouin told him simply. "Ask, and I will obey any wish of yours that lies within my power."

"Show me the Carpet from Bagdad," promptly requested the American.

Mohomed had pledged himself, and he could not refuse. When the caravan arrived in Bagdad, he led Ryanne to the mosque. Into the inner chamber he brought him, and there, ringed about by the four suspicious underguards, Ryanne looked upon the beautiful, peach-colored sacred Yhiordes. He walked up to it to feel its glossy surface.



"You have saved my life," said Mohomed. "Ask, and anything in my power, I shall grant you."

"Beware, *effendi!*" cried out Mohomed, pulling him back just in time. "If you, an unbeliever, were to touch it, you would die—it is the law!"

Ryanne laughingly promised to be careful, and soon after he took his departure from the mosque alone, Mohomed remaining behind to resume his vigil over the treasure for whose safety he was responsible with his life.

But Ryanne had used his eyes for all he was worth while he was inside the chamber, and he had decided that with an even break in the luck he would be able to come back and steal the rug.

That night he let himself into the chamber of the mosque through its window. He picked his way cautiously among the sleeping guards, who lay on the floor of the recess, and laid hands on the sacred Yhiordes. The guards awoke, and sprang toward him. Rolling the rug up under one arm, with the butt of the pistol in his free hand, he caught the first of the guards, as they rushed in upon him, a blow on the forehead, which stretched him senseless at his feet, and served the second likewise. Then the other two hurled themselves on him. While he fought, there in the semigloom of the chamber, Ryanne could hear the tiger in the corridor without growling deep in its throat and scratching on the door to get in. He knocked out another of the guards. As he struck at the head of the fourth, he caught the sound of footsteps running over the floor of the room above. Mohomed, awakened by the sound of the scrimmage, was quickly descending the ladder from his sleeping quarters over the recess that held the sacred rug. Ryanne leaped at him, before his feet had left the bottom rung of the ladder—leaving the fourth and last of the underguards sprawled, unconscious, upon the floor behind him, as he did so.

"So it is you!" cried Mohomed, turning to peer into his face. "I regret it, for you saved my life—but you have touched the rug, and I must slay you!"

Ryanne flung the heavy pistol full in his face. With a choking gasp, blinded by the pain of the blow and the blood which filled his eyes, the Bedouin pitched forward on his hands and knees. With the agility of a cat, Ryanne sprang to his back, which gave him a grip on the window ledge, and in another moment he had wriggled through the aperture, with the rug still gripped fast under his arm—and was gone.

Mohomed staggered to his feet. He gave his head a shake, like a lean greyhound coming out of the water, and looked toward the vacant space on the wall where the Carpet from Bagdad had hung.

"Saluem! Najib! Massoud!" he called to the underguards, kicking them back to their feet and their senses. "Ali! The rug is gone. Come—to the trail!"

At daybreak, a man with his legs stuck out ridiculously on either side of a small donkey, and with a long, rolled-up bundle under his arm, was riding across the desert—toward Cairo, and one George Algernon Percival Jones, who was registered at the principal hotel there.

The man was Ryanne. Far behind him, but eating up the distance from Bagdad with their camels' greater legs, were five black dots—Mohomed, and the four underguards who shared with him the responsibility for the fate of the sacred Yhiordes.

So fast had the avengers followed, that Mohomed was in time to see Ryanne entering the hotel at Cairo.

"We will go to the hut of Hussein Abou-Nasif—quick!" ordered the Bedouin. "There I will disguise myself as a beggar, to watch him without his knowing—he must not recognize me."

Five minutes after he had sent up his card, Ryanne followed it in tow of a dusky-hued bell boy with a fez to the room of Mr. Jones.

Now, Mr. George Percival Algernon Jones was not at all the sort of a person his name and his occupation as a rug importer implies. He was not a little, fussy, oldish man, with spectacles and a high-pitched voice. Instead, he was very young, very good looking, and very pleasant to talk with, having a hearty laugh, which rang out at the smallest provocation—sometimes, it seemed, merely for the joy of being alive, with unlimited money to spend, and in the pink of athletic condition.

"How much are you asking for this, Mr. Ryanne?" he inquired of the ex-bank teller, as he eyed with ill-concealed eagerness the magnificent prayer rug which the other had spread out for his inspection.

"What's it worth to you?" asked Ryanne.

"Would you take five hundred dollars?"

"It's yours," said the caller indifferently; but his indifference vanished as he watched his host reach for his wallet. "Can you give me a check? I'm carrying rather a heavy amount of ready cash around with me, as it is, and I'm rather afraid to add to the danger of being robbed by some of the skulking inhabitants of this country."

Jones produced his pocket check book, instead of his wallet, and wrote out a check to the visitor's order for the amount involved.

"Baksheesh!" whined a tall, lean man in the tatters of a beggar, who held out his hand to Ryanne as the latter crossed the lobby of the hotel toward the "American bar," where he had asked Major Callahan and Wallace to meet him, in the note he had left at their hotel in Bagdad to instruct the party of crooks to join him in Cairo. *"Baksheesh, howaji*—in the name of Allah the compassionate!"

Ryanne paid no heed to the mendicant, but Mohomed—for so the ragged supplicant was—followed after him, and heard him inform his waiting accomplices in the bar that he had sold the rug to Jones.

"We've got his signature on the check," announced Ryanne triumphantly. "Come on up to my room, and we'll forge the letter to the real-estate agent for Wallace to start back to New York with at once."

In the meantime, Jones had come downstairs and looked, for the first time, upon Fortune Chedsoye. As her mother, the adventuress, saw him staring, open-mouthed, from the doorway leading out onto the veranda at the dazzling beauty of the girl, she nodded to him, with a cordial smile—he had already been pointed out to her since the party's arrival at the hotel as the Jones whose house the gang meant to appropriate for the purpose of effecting an entrance through it into the bank next door.

"Fortune," Mrs. Chedsoye introduced her to him, when the confused Jones came up, hat in hand, "this is Mr. Jones—whom I haven't seen since Monte Carlo, last year. How fortunate to meet him again!"

Jones had no recollection of ever having set eyes on the woman before. Still, in his globe-trotting, he met a lot of people—and he *might* have seen her at Monte Carlo. He certainly wasn't inclined to question the gift of the gods in this case. Here he was, being introduced to the girl he had just been wishing there was some way on earth he could know—and he promptly sat down in the wicker chair beside her, and began to try to win her interest in himself, as he had never tried with any woman before.

"Why did you say you had met Mr. Jones before, mamma?" Fortune asked

her mother, when they were alone in their room an hour later. "I saw the blank look that came over his face when you mentioned Monte Carlo—and I knew you had never seen him till to-day."

"Did he tell you he had never met me before?" asked the older woman quickly. Then, as Fortune was compelled to shake her head in dissent: "Of course I had met him—what a silly question! What motive could I have had for claiming an acquaintance with him, if it didn't exist?"

Fortune's brow was troubled as she remained silent. The truth was, she was becoming suspicious of her mother and the major and Wallace. Were they—could it be possible that they were up to some trick that involved getting money out of Mr. Jones?

She deliberately listened outside the door of the room from which, five minutes later, her mother sent her after Major Callahan had knocked and been admitted.

Fortune thought, and rightly, that she was justified in finding out in any way she could all about these people with whom her mother—and she herself, in consequence—was associating.

"He's sold Jones the rug!" she heard the major say, with a laugh. "Evidently he's not such a connoisseur as I supposed, or he'd know that he'd bought a piece of carpet that every true believer in Bagdad would murder him in a minute to get back. You know the way the city was seething over the loss of it, when we left? I shouldn't wonder if, the news of his having it in his possession leaking out, we heard of his being found up some alley with his throat cut within the next twenty-four hours. But that's no affair of ours——"

Fortune heard the major's footsteps cross the room away from the door, and the rest of his words were lost to her.

"Saluem—and you others!" Mohomed called softly to the three underguards who were waiting outside the American bar, which was temporarily empty of all save his presence. "Attend! I have just sent for the *Feringhee* who stole the sacred Yhiordes. I will give him one chance to save his life—to buy back the Carpet from Bagdad from the one to whom he sold it. If he refuses, you will hear me call. Then rush in and take him captive."

It was a stiff fight which followed Ryanne's refusal of the command of Mohomed, who revealed his identity to him when he came into the bar, and ordered him, under pain of death, to recover the rug he had stolen and disposed of; but he was unarmed this time, and the quartet of swarthy Arabs he had previously disposed of so handily in the chamber of the mosque, took him prisoner and carried him away, bound and gagged.

An hour later, a bell boy found Jones on the veranda, and handed him a note.

"Meet me in the American bar," he read, "at once, if you want to have some fun."

The message was signed with Ryanne's name. Appearing at the bar in response to the summons, however, Jones found no sign of the man who had sold him the peach-colored rug. A tall Bedouin in a ragged burnoose was the only person in sight. Mohomed approached him.

"You bought a rug from a fellow countryman of yours to-day, *howaji*," he addressed Jones softly. "Will you sell it back to me?"

"Certainly not!" Jones replied.

With a muttered imprecation, Mohomed turned away and gave a peculiar call.

Jones fought hard, too, but he was likewise captured, and borne away, tied hand and foot and gagged, as Ryanne had been.

"The girl," Mohomed said to himself, "shall tell me which is the room occupied by this Jones in the hotel. I will question her."

He sent another note, forged this time with Jones' name, to Fortune, urging her to come to a certain street corner near by at once. When she arrived, she was captured by Mohomed's vassals in turn, who sprang out upon her from a doorway, enveloping her in a long cloak, and bearing her into the Bedouin's presence.

"Go!" he instructed one of the men, when she had informed him of the location of Jones' room in the same hotel at which she was stopping. "Search his effects, and bring me back the rug."



The three Americans found themselves prisoners in the midst of the desert.

In an hour the messenger returned.

"The rug is gone!" he reported.

Mohomed, baffled at every turn in his effort to recover the elusive Carpet from Bagdad, flew into a rage. He ordered the camels by which he and his party had come from Bagdad got ready.

"I will take all three out into the desert," he grated through his set teeth. "They know, between them, where the sacred Yhiordes is. And, by the beard of the prophet, there they shall stay until they have told me of its whereabouts!"

At noon the next day the small caravan was halted. Fortune was helped down from the litter on the back of one of the beasts; Ryanne and Jones

were less courteously flung down from the pillowlike saddles of two others, where they had been tied. The trio found themselves in the midst of an illimitable expanse of barren, yellow sand, stretching away to the horizon in either direction as far as the eye could reach.

"Now," said Mohomed to Ryanne, "will you tell me where the rug is, or do you prefer to stay here till you die of thirst and the sun?"

Ryanne shrugged.

"I don't know where it is." He told him the truth.

"And what have you to say?" Mohomed turned to demand of Jones.

"I don't know where the rug is, either," he replied, "if it's not in my trunk, where I left it when I went out of my room yesterday."

And then Fortune addressed them all.

"I know where it is," said she. "I took it. I—I was afraid some harm might come to Mr. Jones, through his having it in his possession. So I went into his room and took it. I brought it to my room, and wrapped it up with some steamer rugs. And that's where you can send and get it now," she finished, turning to the Bedouin.

He regarded her fixedly.

"I will do so," he announced. "But—mark this—if the messenger returns without it, I will know you do but mock me, and all three of you will die. I swear it, by the triple oath!"

The three sat down to await the return of the Arab Mohomed had dispatched by the fleetest camel to the hotel at Cairo—sure that they would soon be out of their predicament.

They did not know that, Fortune and Ryanne having failed to turn up that morning, the major and Mrs. Chedsoye had left to follow Wallace to America and the house in New York through which they hoped to become rich beyond their dreams. And—not guessing the treasure that was hidden in it—Mrs. Chedsoye had taken the roll of steamer rugs along with them.

Fortune had walked away from the two young men as they sat on the sand, and Jones asked Ryanne if he could tell him anything concerning her mother—the incident of her having claimed a former meeting with him on the day before, had been troubling him ever since.

"I'll make a clean breast," said Ryanne, "and tell you that she and Major Callahan are crooks. The girl doesn't know it——"

He broke off, scrambling to his feet, to discover that that statement was untrue. Fortune *did* know it. He had just told her so. She had come up behind them, and heard Jones' question and the other's answer. With a hopeless shrug, Ryanne walked away. Jones averted his eyes to the sand at his feet. His face was grave; but he realized that there was nothing to say, and he said it.

The messenger returned at that moment—empty-handed.

"You die!" Mohomed raged at the three. "You have lied to me, you have cheated me—but, by Allah, you shall not insult me, without reprisal! Prepare for your doom. You have but an hour more to live!"

He turned to stride away. But even as he did so, a cry went up from the four underguards. They flung themselves flat upon their faces on the sand. Mohomed with a quick glance at the sky, did likewise, echoing their cry:

"The sand storm!"

And then the tempest broke. For thirty minutes the air shricked with the blinding swirls of sand that cut through it as a taut string snapped on the surface of water. Ryanne, Jones, and the girl, caught off their guard, before they could imitate the Arabs by falling prostrate upon the ground, were swept almost off their balance and before the storm, at a staggering run, away from the camp.

They found themselves beside another caravan when the storm subsided as suddenly as it had come. There were American sight-seers in the desert train; and with them they rode back to Cairo—there to hear the news that Mrs. Chedsoye and the major had left for America.

"I'll lend you the price to go back there, too," Jones told Ryanne; and he did so.

Then he sought out Fortune.

"I don't want you to think I'm taking advantage of your position, dear," he told her, "alone and penniless in a strange land. But will you marry me? I loved you the moment I saw you, and this would have had to come some day. Does it make so much difference that I'm asking you now? Don't you know—what I do in my heart—that we were meant for each other? And won't you let me take you home to friends of mine, who'll be good to you till I can make you my wife?"

She looked deep into his eyes, as though to read his soul—and there was something pitiful in the act, as of one who has been deceived all her life by believing in the goodness of people who were afterward proved bad.

Then, with a beautiful rush of color to her cheeks, satisfied at what she read in his level gaze, she nodded and held out both her hands to him.

When Mrs. Chedsoye and Major Callahan rang the doorbell of No. 019 Fifth Avenue, they spent a moment of cold uncertainty there on the step while they waited for the summons to be answered. And then the door swung slowly open, and a man in a butler's correct livery, standing very erect and grave-faced within the threshold, greeted them with the most unservantlike salutation:

"Welcome to our city!"

The butler was Wallace, their fellow thief. They wrung his hands, when the door was closed upon them, firing eager questions at him, which he laughingly answered.

"The real-estate agent was a pipe!" he explained. "I got by him with the forged letter like a breeze. Nobody's bothered me, in all the time I've been here, and I've got the tunnel finished—but come and have a look at it for yourselves!"

In the meantime, Ryanne was alighting from a steamer at a New York pier. He called a taxicab, and ordered himself driven to No. 019 Fifth Avenue.

Four hours later, that same day, Mr. George Algernon Percival Jones, with his fiancée on his arm, stepped from another liner and rode to the residence of his partner, Mortimer, into the keeping of whose wife he turned over Fortune, and then went to call on his real-estate agent.

"But I never sent you any such letter as this!" he informed the agent, frowning in perplexity over the note that bore his forged signature, and above it the request that the keys of his house be turned over to the missive's bearer. "Have you been around to the place since?"

No, the agent replied, he hadn't thought of doing so.

"Well, come on," ordered Jones, "and we'll do it now."

His set of keys, he found, refused to unlock the front door. The obvious explanation was that the lock had been plugged up. Climbing out over the railing of the stoop, Jones looked in through the front window. What he saw caused him to gasp with sudden understanding.

With Mrs. Chedsoye, Wallace and the major looking over his shoulder, Ryanne was seated at the carved-oak dining-room table, counting what, at first glance, appeared to be all the money in the world. It was stacked, heaped, piled, and mounted over the table's entire surface. And it represented about one-third of the surplus cash in the vaults of the Twenty-first National Bank, next door to Jones' house.

Jones stepped back to the railing of the stoop, and thence to the steps.

"Come with me!" he ordered the wondering agent, and ran down the steps.

"Where's Mr. Wadsworth?" he inquired in the bank for the whereabouts of the head of that institution. He was informed that he had stepped around the block to see Mr. Mortimer—the banker and Jones and his partner were friends, of a sort.

Jones hastened back to Mortimer's house.

"There's a robbery being attempted on your bank through my house," he informed Wadsworth, his partner, the latter's wife, and Fortune, as he burst in upon them. "Our friend, Ryanne, is one of the crooks—among others," he added to the girl. Then, turning quickly to the banker: "If you'll come along with me, sir, I think we may be able to stop them in time."

Fortune caught up her hat, her face white.

"I'm going with you," she declared.

Jones and the others tried to stay her from carrying out her rash intention, but she would not heed them. And the three ran from the house, to join the real-estate agent outside.

"I want my million," Ryanne was saying to the others gathered behind him at the table, as he counted the bills. "One million dollars—not a cent more, and not a cent less. The amount of my inheritance——"

He broke off. The three in back of him whirled to face the door, which had suddenly been flung open. Jones was covering them with a pistol. Past him rushed the banker, to fall upon the money on the table with the cry of a mother finding her own again. Looking up from the pile of greenbacks over which his arms were spread, his eyes widened with amazed recognition as they rested on the face of the young man who still sat at the table.

"You!"

"Yes, you miserly dog!" Horace Wadsworth, alias Ryanne, held his gaze with steady contempt. "In another ten minutes I'd have had back what you stole from me. That's all I cared for. The amount of the legacy you made me turn over to you. One million dollars to cover a theft of five hundred! You wouldn't give me a chance to put it back. You—you sent me to hell to satisfy your own greed! This was the way I was going to get back at you. But I've failed. Well—send for the police, and have it over with."

Jones stepped forward.

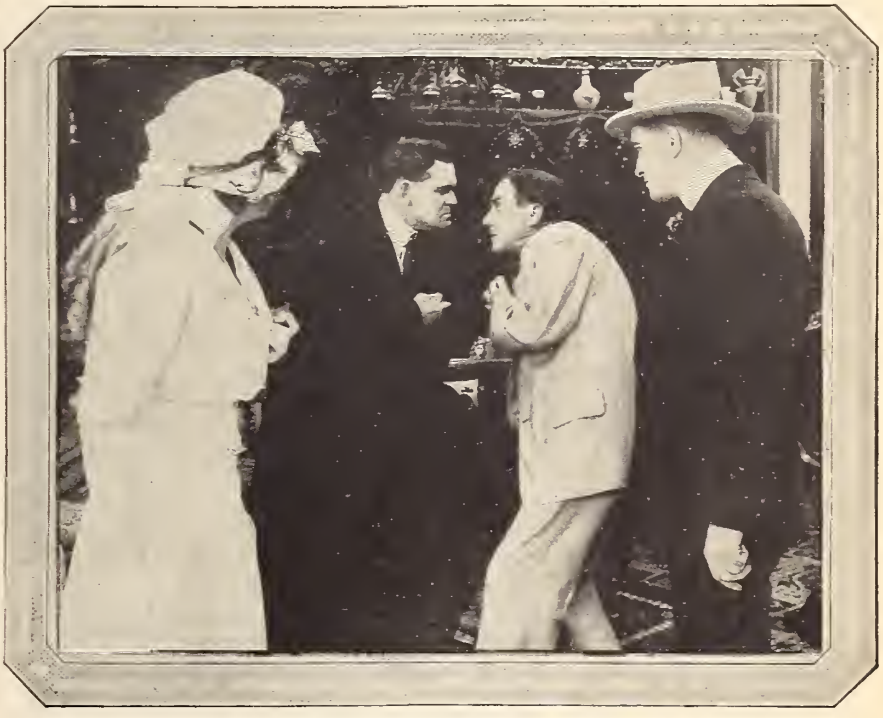
"No!" said he. "I'll give you all two hours' headstart; and after that——"

The major was the first to reach the door. Wallace was at his heels. Mrs. Chedsoye, on her way after them, paused uncertainly before Fortune. The girl lifted her head and looked her straight in the eyes. And, lifting her arm, she pointed toward the door.

With a callous laugh, Mrs. Chedsoye passed on after the others.

As Horace Wadsworth, the cigarette he had cavalierly stopped to light dangling from his lips, lounged from the room, Jones, taking Fortune's hand in his to lead her out, looked back over his shoulder with a grimace of disgust.

The black sheep's brother, oblivious to all else, was audibly counting the money at the table.



"You miserly dog," snarled Horace Wadsworth. "I wanted my inheritance—the million you took away from me."

"You know," said Jones to her, with a nod toward the door through which Horace had gone, "I'm almost sorry that he didn't get away with it!"

In far-away Cairo, Mohomed, the guardian of the sacred Yhiordes, the Carpet from Bagdad, that was no more, looked toward the West into which the wonderful peach-colored rug, so far as he and his fellow believers in Islam were concerned, had vanished. Sighing, he lifted his lean, brown hands in a gesture of resignation:

"Kismet!"

The Model; or, Women and Wine

(WORLD FILM)

By Kenneth Rand

When Dick Seymour turned from the straight and narrow path into the broad White Way, he left his sweetheart, to follow an unscrupulous artist's model. They went to Paris. Through this woman he tasted the bitter dregs that always lie hidden in the cup of debauchery. What happened then is told in this story based on the World Film Corporation's five-part photo drama, featuring William Elliott as the prodigal, *Dick Seymour*. The rest of the cast was:

Hugh Seymour.....Alec B. Frances
Mary Andrews.....Cynthia Day
Marcelle Rigadont.....Dorothy Green
Collins.....Henry Leoni
La Colombe.....Miss Moussel

BY Jove! What a smashing-looking girl!"

Young Dick Seymour, down from Harvard to spend the Easter holidays at his father's house in Washington Square, the artists' colony in New York City, thus passed his mental approval on the young woman who was descending the front steps of the house as he came up them.

The girl in question flashed him a glance out of her dark eyes, then a smile, and after that she passed on.

Dick stood looking after her. There had been no mistaking the invitation of that glance and the smile she had thrown him. It had said as plainly as words, that if he followed her he might make her acquaintance without the formality of an introduction.

Dick hesitated. The girl was only a model—not of his class at all. In her he had recognized the one who had posed for the undraped painting that his father was working on, and which he had shown him in his studio upon his arrival from college the day before—his masterpiece, the famous Hugh Seymour had fondly told his only son, which he had entitled "Enticement."

Dick was young, and he was also a fool; and, flattered by the hint which the darkly beautiful girl had given that she would like to know him, he ran down the steps and set off after her.

In the house on which he had turned his back, another girl was awaiting his promised return "inside of an hour," with his father, in the library. She was Mary Andrews, the child of a less fortunate brother painter, whom Hugh Seymour had adopted at her father's death, when she was five years old. Ever since he had cared for her as though she had been his own daughter. Mary loved him devotedly for all he had done for her, but there was one she loved better—and that was his son Dick.

She crossed to the chair in which Hugh Seymour sat before the fireplace, shading his eyes, and laid her hands on his shoulders.

"Are your eyes bothering you again?" she questioned sympathetically.

For the past six months the artist's sight had been failing him. He did not know—what young Doctor McMurdy, the oculist who had his case in charge, had not yet had the heart to tell him—that it was only a matter of months before he would be totally blind.

"Yes," he confessed smilingly, "they do seem to be worse to-day."

At the corner of the street, Dick Seymour, having caught up with his father's model, raised his hat to her with a hesitant greeting. He was only a boy, unversed in the ways of men of the world—though he longed to imitate them—and he was afraid of meeting a rebuff by addressing the girl.

His fears on that score were entirely groundless, as she soon showed him. A half hour later, while his father and Mary were still awaiting his return at the house, he was seated at lunch with the model in one of the fashionable Broadway restaurants.

Marcelle Rigadont, as her name implies, was a French girl. She had been an artist's model in Paris, and thought she could make more money in America. She had quickly found out that if her earnings were increased, so were her living expenses in the United States. Instead of bettering herself, she had become worse off by making the change, and she longed to get back to Paris.

A disreputable artist for whom she had once posed, and who was a friend of the lawyer who had charge of the Seymours' legal affairs, had given her a tip.

"Hugh Seymour, the man for whom you're posing, has a son," he had told her. "He's away at college, but he'll most likely come down to New York for the Easter holidays. Try to meet him, if you can, and make him fall in love with you. You won't have much trouble in doing that, I imagine, as he's nothing but a fool of a kid whose head can be turned by any pretty woman who cares to try—and you're pretty enough, I'll grant you. You can play him for a sucker. I happen to know that he came into a fortune only a month ago, that was left to him by his aunt. Get him to take you to Paris with him, and then bleed him for every cent he's got."

And so Marcelle—who had seized upon her friend's suggestion eagerly—had only been carrying out a well-laid plan when she had flashed Dick Seymour that inviting smile on the steps of his father's house. He had followed her

—the fly had walked into the spider's web.

That luncheon was only one of many that followed. Dick, by the end of the third day, believed himself to be head over heels in love with the girl. She played her cards well, giving him just enough encouragement and not a bit too much. When, one night, after he had brought her to the door of her boarding house from the theater to which he had taken her, he tried to kiss her.

"In Paris," she laughingly told him, dodging his embrace. "Not until you come with me to Paris!"

At the supper which had followed their visit to the theater, Dick had been drinking freely. Marcelle had told him that she liked to see a man—a real man—drink heavily. Carried away by the wine and his infatuation, he caught at her hands again.

"All right," he agreed. "We'll go to Paris, then."

And by the next day's steamer they sailed. Dick had not had the courage to meet his father's or Mary's eyes by going to them with the announcement of his intention to take a trip abroad. They would ask what of his college course, and a question he shrank to think of having to answer even more—whom was he going with? They had seen little of him at the house in Washington Square ever since the day on which he had met Marcelle. He stole out of it, on the morning set for his departure, before either Mary or his father were awake.

A letter, which he sent back on his arrival in Paris, informed them that he had gone there to study. That was all he wrote.

Marcelle had already found him to be as wax in her fingers. She proceeded to carry out the advice she had received to bleed him with a will. They plunged into the night life of the gay French capital on a lavish scale, which only the size of Dick's inheritance made possible. She made him buy her jewelry—rings, necklaces, and brooches by the score. Although he took no heed of it, Dick was traveling swiftly on the road that was to lead him to poverty. But meanwhile he was far too busy to write home to his father and Mary.

"No word from Dick?" the former inquired, with pathetic eagerness, each day.

His eyes, by this time, had completely gone back on him. Mary, at last, could bear to witness no longer his unsatiated hunger for a letter from his only son. She sat down and wrote one to him herself. Then she sealed it and came into the library, where he sat with Doctor McMurdy, waving the missive joyously.

"Here's a letter from Dick!" she cried to the blind artist. "I'll read it to you:

"'DEAR FATHER: I am getting along fine with my studies, and wish you and Mary were here to enjoy Paris with me. Love to you both, DICK."

His father's face shone with happiness, and he asked her to read the words to him again, which she did. The young eye specialist asked her to let him see the letter. She gave it to him, but with her finger to her lips and an anxious headshake in the blind man's direction.



"In Paris," Marcelle told him, when Dick tried to kiss her. "Not until you come with me to Paris."

Doctor McMurdy understood. He said nothing, but with a look of reverence in his eyes he put the letter back into her hand and raised it to his lips and kissed it.

In Paris, Dick was preparing to go out for a night's frolic with Marcelle, and a girl of her own sort, named Colombe, whose escort was a French nobleman of wealth but dissolute habits—and the farthest thing from his thoughts were the folks at home.

Regularly, once a week, after the first charitable deception she had practiced upon him, Mary wrote a letter to Dick's father for him, and read it to him. They were the only bright spots in his life, those pretended letters from his boy. He often spoke of wishing to go to Paris with Mary, to be near Dick, although he might not see him. But Mary told him they mustn't do that, as it would interfere with his studies. She suspected the truth—that Dick was in bad company—or he would have written to them since his first letter, instead of neglected them as he had done.

A trip to Paris, however, was to be forced upon them within the next month.

"The bank in which you had all your money," his lawyer called one day to inform the blind artist, "has failed. I am sorry to tell you that nothing has been saved out of the wreck. You are penniless."

When the attorney had gone, Hugh Seymour turned to Mary.

"We will go to Dick," he told her. "We will find him, somewhere in Paris, and tell him that he will have to take care of us now on the legacy he came into six months ago. I know he'll be only too glad to do it."

The very first hotel to which he and Mary went, on their arrival abroad, was the one at which Dick was stopping. He was crossing the lobby, on his way toward the street, as they came in the door. All Mary's fears were realized as she saw the lines of dissipation that had already been graven on his face by the life he had been leading. He caught sight of them, and started back as he saw the dark spectacles in front of his father's eyes and Mary leading him by the hand, which told him that the blow had fallen, and his parent's sight was gone.



It was a struggle to the death between the jealous Colombe and her rival for the rich but dissolute count's affections.

Holding her finger up to her lips before him, as she had previously done to Doctor McMurdy, she said to his father, loud enough for Dick to hear:

"I don't believe Dick is stopping here. This is too pretentious a hotel for a student to stay at. We will go to a moderate-priced boarding house now, and to-morrow I will go out and look for Dick—to tell him that you have lost all your money and that is why we have come to Paris, so that he can take care of us with his."

Dick turned and went back to his suite of rooms. He told himself that he would look them up the next day and see that they had ample funds to live on. He would draw a check against his back account and turn it over to Mary.

But the next morning he learned what every one else of his acquaintance had known for days—that he no longer had a dollar in the world.

"I want the money for my bill," the hotel proprietor raged at him.

Dick reached for his check book.

"All right, all right," he reassured the man. "You'll get it."

"The last check you gave me was returned from the bank marked 'no funds,'" cried the proprietor, waving the check book aside. "So was the one before that. You have no more money at the bank. I want the cash, or my rooms."

Dick went to Marcelle and explained the situation.

"Give me that necklace you are wearing," he requested, "and I'll raise the funds on it."

"This necklace," she repeated indignantly, drawing back from him. "I guess not! This is mine, and it's going to *stay* mine! Now let me tell you something. If you're broke at last, you may as well know the truth. I never loved you—it was only your money I was after. That's the way we stand. And now you can go to the dogs, for all I care!"

Dick proceeded to carry out her instructions. There was no place else for him to go.

In the meantime, Mary was waiting anxiously for Dick to come to her and his father's assistance. Their position was daily becoming more grave. They had reached Paris with only a few dollars, and these had rapidly melted away. The day came when, in order to secure food for them, she had to go out and pawn Dick's mother's wedding ring, which he had once given her.

As she left the pawnshop by one door, with the single silver piece which was all she had been able to secure for the ring, she did not see Dick pass into the place by another to pawn his cuff links. He was in as straitened circumstances as were they, which was why he had not hunted them up.

Passing the flower market, on her way back to the boarding house, Mary paused, struck by an idea. She went back and asked a hunchback vender how much one of the trays of flowers which girls sold about the streets cost.

It was more than the value of the coin in her hand. She was about to pass on, disappointed, when Colombe, who had been holding an earnest conversation with the hunchback, called to her, and generously handed her a gold piece with which to purchase one of the trays.

As Mary went off with the flowers, which she hoped to peddle, and so earn enough to keep herself and Dick's father alive, Colombe resumed her talk with the hunchback.

"She has stolen the Count de Berenac's attentions from me," she said bitterly, "since she dropped the young American when his money was gone. Never since I ceased being a flower girl to enter the fast life of the city have I been so tricked and mortified. But she shall pay—mark that!"

Three nights later Dick tried to get into Maxim's.

He was starving and cold, and he looked it. Viewing his rags, the doorkeeper refused him admission to the place. Marcelle was inside, Dick knew. He had seen her enter the gay restaurant on the Count de Berenac's arm. He stopped one of the men he had met

during his palmy days, as the latter was going up the steps.

"Take me in," said he. "I want to see Marcelle."

The man scornfully refused. Finding Colombe seated alone at a table inside, he told her about Dick's being outside, and how he had pleaded that he take him in, as a good joke. A gleam shot forth from the girl's eyes, and she eagerly gripped his sleeve.

"Go out," she urged, "and lend him your hat and your coat to cover his appearance, so he can get by the doorkeeper. Tell him to look for me. I have something to say to him."

The man obeyed.

When Dick sat down at the table beside Colombe she ordered the waiter to bring a bottle of champagne. Glass after glass of it she forced upon him. Taken on an empty stomach, for it was two whole days since a mouthful had passed his lips, the wine mounted swiftly to his brain.

"You want to see Marcelle?" Colombe whispered to him, when she decided the right moment had come. "Well, look at her! There she is, dancing with the count. See her laugh—she is laughing at you, my friend, no doubt. Laughing to think how she stripped you of your money and then cast you aside like a worn-out glove. *Shall* she laugh at you?" she went on, pushing a knife under his hand as it lay on the table beside her. "Don't be a coward!"

Dick rose unsteadily, his hand closing about the hilt of the dagger. He walked across the floor toward Marcelle. Only one person noticed him, saw what he was about to do, and that was Doctor McMurdy, who had come to Paris himself the week before. He sprang up from his table and rushed upon him just in the nick of time. Already the crazed youth—he was nothing more—had raised the knife to plunge it into the breast of Marcelle.

The waiters, with the proprietor at their heels, rushed up, and Dick was ejected.

He wandered away, to fall in a half-drunken stupor on a bench at the flower market. Marcelle, leaving Maxim's with the count, passed that way, and after her came Colombe. Foiled in her attempt to make Dick vent her jealous hatred against Marcelle, she was only waiting for an opportunity to do so herself.

"I'm going to kill you, you cat!" she hissed in her ear.

Marcelle, wheeling, found that Colombe had caught up one of the heavy knives with which the venders at the market cut the tough stalks of the flowers. The count, viewing the angry girl also, took to his heels; and then the two met. Colombe, her hair streaming loose, where Marcelle's fingers, in her attempts to ward off the blow of the knife, had pulled it, found an opening and drove the weapon home.

Marcelle slipped to the pavement and lay still in death.

"Quick!" The hunchback, who had been the only witness of the fight at that early hour before the flower market awoke, beckoned Colombe to him. With her, he lifted Marcelle and placed her in a long box which had just come in from the country filled with flowers. Scooping out a place for her, the girl and the hunchback hid all trace of her corpse by covering the body with the fragrant blossoms and leaves. "Now take the knife," the deformed vender told her, pointing to where Dick still lay on the bench, "and place it in his hand."

Colombe did so, after which the hunchback led her to a safe hiding place in the cellar of his house near by.

An hour later the flower market hummed with the morning's trade. Mary appeared to secure the day's supply of flowers for her tray. She was happy that morning, for she had met Doctor McMurdy three days before. He had gone to see Dick's father and examined his eyes. He had told Hugh Seymour that he believed an operation could restore his sight, and to-day was the date set for the operation to take place. The young oculist had assured Mary that it was almost certain to result favorably. She dipped her hands into the flowers of the long box, and then gave back with a scream.

She had uncovered Marcelle's white face.

A crowd quickly gathered, through which the gendarmes pushed a path. Some one pointed out Dick to them, lying on the bench, with the bloodstained knife in his hand. He was led away, and later placed on trial for Marcelle's murder.



Colombe, brought into the courtroom by Mary, told the truth. "This knife is mine," she confessed, "and with it, it was I who killed her."

Mary and Doctor McMurdy alone believed that he was innocent. Dick's father, of course, knew nothing of the charge that had been brought against his son. The operation had been performed, and it was a success, as the young doctor had predicted. Hugh Seymour had been told that he must not read, or otherwise place a strain upon his eyes, which might result in the undoing of all the operation had gained. And, though it was hard for him to do so—having been in the dark so long—he had promised to obey.

"I believe that woman you say you saw him talking with in the restaurant,

just before he went over to Marcelle with the knife," Mary told Doctor McMurdy, "is the same one I saw at the flower market—the one who gave me the money to buy my tray. I believe that she had put him up to try to kill her that time, and I believe she knows more about who killed Marcelle Rigadont than anybody else. I'm going to try to find her. If she knew what it meant to me, I'm sure she'd tell all she knows—for I don't believe she's bad at heart, after the kindness she did for me, a poor girl alone in Paris."

Mary went to the flower market and watched. She noticed with what regularity the hunchback went to the cellar of his house—at each mealtime—with a package in his hands, and that gave her a clew to work on.

Meanwhile, Hugh Seymour had disobeyed the doctor's orders. When his nurse went out of the room for a moment he picked up the newspaper she had left behind her. The first thing he saw were the headlines which told of Dick's trial for murder, in which a verdict was expected that day; a verdict, the paper voiced the sentiment of the public in predicting, of guilty.

He rushed out of the room and from the hospital, straight to the court. He wanted to get to his boy without an instant's delay, and give him what moral support he could in his black hour by telling him that he believed in his innocence and that he meant to stand by him.

But Dick's troubles were over, he discovered to his immeasurable joy, when he reached the courtroom. Mary had found Colombe, and prevailed upon her to come before the judge and confess that it was she herself who had murdered Marcelle. Dick was free.

"I'm going to take you away," his father told him pityingly. "You've learned your lesson, I think, and you're going to make a man of yourself from now on."

Dick choked over a sob of repentance.

"Thank you, oh, *thank* you for all you've done for us!" Mary was saying to Doctor McMurdy. "You've been a friend worth having."

"And," the doctor answered warmly, "there's only one other woman I know of on earth who's as good as you—and that's my wife."

Dick faltered to his father, as the latter was leading him away:

"But Mary——"

She heard him, and turned quickly from the doctor.

"Coming, Dick!"

And the ever-faithful girl followed after him toward the promise of his new future.

Motion Pictures Before Life

IF "Hairbreadth Harry" and "Daredevil Dick," those well-known gentlemen of daring adventures and death-defying exploits, were alive to-day, they would doff their Stetsons to Harris Gordon, leading man with the Thanhouser Company, in New Rochelle, New York. Nearly every motion-picture actor is frequently called upon to risk his life at some time or another, but few would brave the dangers which Gordon has faced. Fire, water, and express trains hold no terrors for this versatile motographic artist.

During a recent storm, when the waves from Long Island Sound were breaking high over the rocks which fringe Echo Bay, a heavily laden lumber schooner was driven ashore by the storm. Taking advantage of the opportunity, a company of actors and actresses, together with a director and camera men, were piled into a touring car, and a dash was made for the scene. The camera tripods were quickly set up, and the director briefly outlined a plot to the members of his company.

Gordon was instructed to plunge into the water, swim to the stranded craft, and bring ashore a "prop" baby, which had been placed aboard the schooner. Quickly divesting himself of his coat and shoes, Gordon jumped into the surging waters and struck out toward the wreck. He succeeded in getting aboard the vessel, and eventually appeared at the ship's rail with the "child" in his arms. Then he was seen to dive into the water, and when he came to the surface it was between two great waves. For a few minutes those on shore wondered whether or not Gordon would be able to reach land. His strong physique, however, stood him in good stead, and after an almost hopeless struggle with the elements he was on shore; not, however, until after he had been smashed against the rocks. He was rescued from his perilous position, and the doctor of the outfit, after a superficial examination, discovered that Gordon was suffering from a couple of fractured ribs, and ordered his immediate removal to the hospital. After a few days among the white-capped ladies, Gordon was ready to again defy death.

Rehearsals were called for "The Four Seasons," a Mutual masterpicture, which will be released very shortly. The action of the play calls for the destruction of a house by fire. When the torch was applied to the house, Gordon was on the front porch engaged in rescuing Mignon Anderson. The dwelling had been thoroughly soaked with oil, and no sooner was the match applied than the entire front of the place was a sheet of flame. Miss Anderson was quickly and safely lowered to the ground, but by the time Gordon was in a position to look to his own safety, flame and smoke were swirling about his head. There was but one thing to do—that was to jump. The roof of the porch was twenty feet from the ground, but it was either a case of being burned to a crisp or take a chance with a pair of broken legs. Gordon preferred the possibilities of broken legs to scorched flesh, and leaped to the ground. Fortunately, however, his legs were not broken, but he suffered such a severe shaking up that he was confined to his apartment for several days.

"How is it that you dare take these chances?" Gordon was asked.

"I don't call it taking chances; that is how I earn my salary. I am a believer in the fatalistic philosophy, a man has to die some time, and it makes but little difference what form death takes."

"Do you intend to keep on taking chances?"

"As I said before," was the smiling reply, "that is my method of earning a livelihood, and it means as much to me as another man's business does to him. Of course, I intend to continue. I must risk my life in order to live."

The Absentee

(MUTUAL)

By Robert Keene

Here is a departure in a story. Read the prologue, and then apply it to the story that follows. You do not have to draw your own moral, you see, for it is pointed for you in the events which are told. We feel sure our readers will be held in suspense to the end, by this story based on the Mutual masterpicture of the same title. (This magazine, by the way, is the only one in which these stories of the Mutual masterpictures are told.) The cast:

John Marxham.....Robert Edeson
Alma Ward.....Olga Gray
Robert Thornley.....A. D. Sears
Slade.....Alfred Paget
Tom Carrol.....Augustus Carney

PROLOGUE.

LONG ago, Success stood upon his pinnacle.

The Whip of Power he had need of no longer, and he flung it down. The Spirit of Evil saw him do so, and ran to tell Might, who, with his wife Extravagance, and his daughter Vanity, was scaling the heights not far off.

"Tell Success he has labored long without a vacation," whispered Evil to him, "and that you will take his place and rule over his domain, while he goes to sport with Pleasure and her maids."

Might did so.

"I will trust you," Success told him, "to rule in my absence, but on your word that you will do so mercifully and with fairness to all."

Might promised obedience. But no sooner had Success turned his back, than he picked up the Whip of Power, as Evil counseled him to do, and gripped its stock with a malicious grin. Then he fared forth, with Extravagance and Vanity at his heels, to satisfy the demands of their greed.

Toiling up the steps toward the glittering plateau, he met the youth Ambition, and felled him with a ruthless blow of the whip. Age, likewise, he met in its ascent of the difficult slope, and smote down. And, after that, Innocence, Happiness, and Strength. But these he made slaves to the whip, forcing them to toil that his wife and daughter might cease their endless railing at his so-called niggardliness in providing them with all the luxuries they craved.

"Whip them," Evil advised, "lash them to greater efforts—for Justice is blind, and cannot inform Success how you have betrayed his trust."

But Justice, hearing on her peak high above that of Success, the crying out of those Might drove against the lashing of the whip, lifted the bandage from her eyes and looked down upon their plight. Straightway she rose, with brows righteously meeting, and sped to Success, whom she found sitting at his ease with Pleasure's hand in his, surrounded by a dancing ring of her handmaidens.

"Go, Success," ordered Justice, "and take back your Whip of Power from Might!"

But at first Success would not believe the story of Might's falseness.

"Come with me," Justice told him, "and I will show you for yourself."

And when Success, accompanying her, looked upon Might's misrule of his kingdom while he had been a-holidaying, his brows lowered in anger, as had Justice's, and he descended with her to where Might, with Evil at his side, was scourging the others to do his bidding. And he tore the Whip of Power from his hands, and with it drove him from his presence. Innocence, Happiness, and Strength he freed from their cruel bondage, and Ambition he raised to the heights with him, and lifted Age once more upon its feet—that had come such a weary way. Then he turned to Justice and said:

"It was I, not you, who was blind. But you have opened my eyes—stay here at my side, Justice, for I cannot govern my realm without you, and I will never leave it again."

THE STORY.

JOHN MARXHAM, the sole owner of the gigantic Pennsylvania steel mill which bore his name, sat at the desk in the library of his palatial home on Pittsburgh's most fashionable residential street.

In his hand was a letter which he had just received from Robert Thornley, the manager of the plant—a man who, by sheer strength of will and brain power, had hammered his way up from the ranks to a position second in importance only to Marxham's in the organization.

"Take a rest," the letter ran, "a good long one. You've got it coming to you. Ever since you were a boy of fourteen you've been working hard. Now that you're one of the ten biggest successes in America, you deserve to have some fun. I can run the plant all right. Trust me for that. Take my advice, and hit the primrose trail for six months or a year—as long as you like. Send me power of attorney, and all such necessary authorizations, and then forget that such a thing as the Marxham Steel Mill exists. It will be a revelation to you, to find out what a pleasant place the world is to play in. Try it!"

John Marxham put down that letter and took up another which had come on the same mail, an uncertain smile playing at the corners of his lips as he read the angular, fashionable, feminine handwriting that sprawled across the sheets of thick note paper.

"You never go anywhere," the communication informed him; "all you think

about is business, business—business! Now, I'll give you one last chance, sir; though you don't deserve it. I'm getting up a party to go to Palm Beach, and I want you to come along. Don't say 'no'—for if you do you need never speak again to your friend, Diane Estabrooke."

With a boyish laugh, his mind made up, Marxham rang for his butler.

"Pack my trunk, Horne," he directed. "I'm going to take a trip to Palm Beach."

When the man had gone, John Marxham wrote a letter to Thornley.

"Perhaps you're right, and I need a vacation." He dipped his pen in the ink afresh, and paused soberly. Then he wrote on: "But it's only because I do trust you, that I am going to turn the plant over into your complete charge. See that all the workers get a square deal during my absence. I'd rather see that, than increased profits, when I get back."

He sealed the letter, and hesitated again. Then, with a shrug, he addressed it, and turned to the telephone beside him on the desk with a return of his smile.

Out at the steel mill the next morning, Robert Thornley turned from his mail to hand the letter to Slade, his private secretary, at the desk behind him. A man who might have been thirty or forty, or even fifty—any age at all—was Slade. With a sharp, colorless face, whose thin lips were curved in a perpetual, mocking smile, his sleek black hair was parted in the middle. And at either side of his forehead its ends curled out with the appearance of a pair of little devil's horns.

It was at his suggestion that the manager had written to advise the plant's owner to take a holiday and turn the steel mill over to him, and for that reason he showed him Marxham's acceptance of the arrangement now.

Before Slade could make any comment, an office boy entered to inform Thornley that his wife and daughter were waiting outside.

They came in—a woman of middle-age, with a thin, hard face, elaborately dressed in silks and furs, and a girl of twenty, whose costume outvied her mother's in extravagant show, her face heavily powdered and rouged.

"I told you we would come, Robert," said Mrs. Thornley, her narrow lips pressed together firmly.

A hunted look had come into Thornley's eyes.

"Didn't we settle this at breakfast, not two hours ago?" he protested. "I gave you your allowance on the first of the month. It's all I can afford to give you——"

"And I pointed out," cut in his wife coldly, "that it was not enough. I am simply destitute for clothes. And so is Vera, here. You will have to give me a check for three thousand. I thought it would be better not to bother you with the details, but since there is no other way out, you will have to know. We have already ordered our dresses and hats from the modistes and milliners, for the coming season. They have been delivered. But they haven't been paid for. And now these people are threatening to make trouble unless their bills are settled. I am going downtown to pay them this morning—as soon as you give me the check."



"But I tell you," protested Thornley to his extravagant wife, "I haven't any more money to give you!"

"Isobel," groaned Thornley, "I tell you I can't! I haven't got the money!"

"Then get it!" decreed his wife indifferently.

At the light touch on his arm, Thornley turned, to find Slade standing at his side. The secretary slowly held out the letter from Marxham, his eyebrows lifted meaningly, while the mocking smile still curved his lips.

"You have been placed in full charge here," his eyes said to the manager as plainly as words. "This is how you can get the money she wants. Take it! Don't refuse her—for, strong though you are, you have learned from bitter past experience that her will is stronger than yours."

Thornley turned back to his wife. He shrugged in token of surrender.

"Very well," said he, sitting down at his desk and pulling forward the firm's check book. "I'll give you the money."

On the great, thunderous floor of the mill, Tom Carrol, the foreman, was passing among the workmen. His simple, ruddy face beamed with contentment, as he noted the same expression on the countenance of all the laborers among whom he moved. A young man from the designing department, William Proctor by name, approached him with a blue print in his hand.

"What is it, William?" asked Tom kindly.

"I think I've worked it out at last, sir!" the youth replied, suppressed elation in his tone.

"You mean the new drill for the Number Tens?" questioned the foreman, sharing his enthusiasm, as he took the blue print from his hand and scanned it. "The one you've been working on so long? Well, my boy, it's glad I am for your sake. You stuck to it like a man—that's the way to get anything in this world. Never give up, but keep on trying till you win out. This ought to show your real worth to the firm—an invention that will increase the output of the mill by ten per cent!"

"Do you think I'd stand a chance of getting a raise on it?"

"Why, I'm sure of it!" said Tom heartily. "You go up to the office and see Mr. Thornley. If he asks me, I'll put in a good word for you—but he won't. He'll recognize, himself, that you ought to be boosted along. Go right along and see him."

The ambitious young draftsman did.

As the foreman had predicted, the manager was quick to see from the blue print the youth showed him that he had brains. But, glancing up to find Slade looking at him, he read in his secretary's eyes the evil thought that twinkled there.

"Advance this young man," was the substance of the thought, "and you are raising up one who may some day supplant you. Smite him down in your path—now, while you have the power to do so in your hands. Later on, it may be too late."

With an assumption of indifference in his manner, Thornley turned back to his desk.

"Your scheme is visionary," he announced coldly to William Proctor. "Furthermore, you are paid to get out the routine work of the drafting department, and not to spend your time in producing such harebrained inventions as this. If you can't keep your mind from wandering from your appointed task, we can find some one who can. Go to Tom Carrol, and tell him to give you your pay check to date. You are discharged!"

At her typewriter desk in one corner of the manager's private office, Alma Ward, the stenographer, had been listening to the interview between the young draftsman and Thornley. She rubbed at her eyes, uncomprehendingly, as the youth went out—as though to clear them of something that for the present obscured their vision.

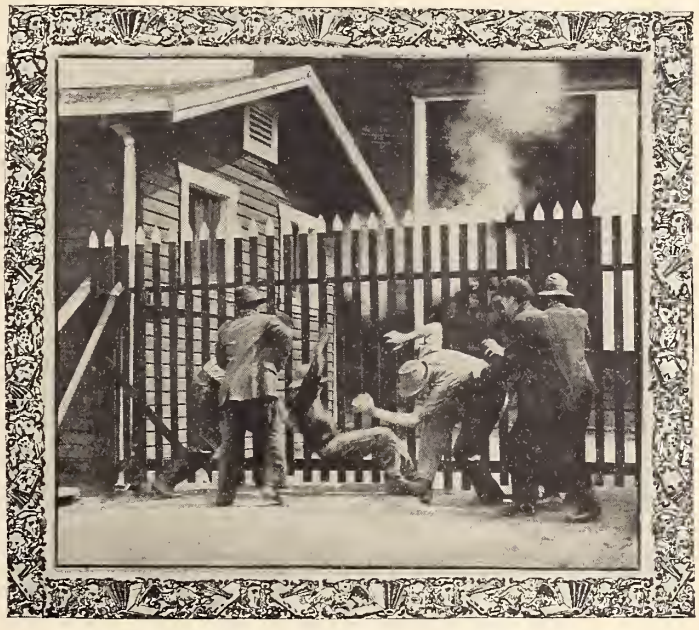
In another part of the mill another young man left his workbench and went to look for Tom Carrol, the foreman.

"It's my mother, sir," the mechanic informed him. "Her cough's been getting worse, instead of better, these past weeks. The doctor says she's got to be sent away to a sanitarium in the mountains. That she's too old, now, to recover in this climate. I'd like to work overtime, to earn the money to send her away. If I can increase my pay by working harder, I can get the sum together that may save her life."

Tom Carrol assured him that he could increase his earnings in that way—but as events were to prove, he was wrong. "How am I going to cover up this three-thousand-dollar slice I've taken out of the plant's bank account?" Thornley asked Slade, regarding the stub of the firm's check book from which he had given his wife the money she demanded, "without Marxham's knowing it when he returns?"

"Easily enough," Slade smilingly replied. "Make the men work overtime without extra pay, and that will enable you to put back the amount out of the increased profits, without anybody being the wiser."

"But that will give me more than I need," hesitated the manager.



As a result of the first riot, three of the strikers were killed.

"Your wife and daughter," his secretary suggested, "can find a use for it, no doubt."

Thornley put the order into effect immediately. It was a crushing blow to the young mechanic's hopes of providing his aged mother with the change of scene the doctor had told him was imperative if she was to wage a successful battle against the ravages of tuberculosis. As Slade had predicted, Mrs. Thornley and her vain daughter Vera were able to think of a dozen ways to spend the increase in Thornley's income which his ruthless driving of the men left in his charge by Marxham gave. One of the luxuries they afforded themselves was that of dazzling society by giving an elaborate ball. The secretary, who was among the invited guests, sought out Thornley's wife during the course of the evening.

"Does this parade of the wealth and power you wield please you?" he whispered boldly in her ear.

"It is the dearest thing in life to me!" she told him frankly, after a moment's hesitancy. The look of understanding in his eyes as they held hers drew the confession from her. He leaned closer to her bare shoulder.

"Then ask him for more," he said.

Thornley, coming along at that moment, she stopped him and pointed out that, while this ball was a success, it must count as merely the opening wedge that was to secure her a place at the top of the social ladder, and would have to be followed by other and more elaborate entertainments, for which she would need more money.

"But how can I get it?" Thornley asked.

The question was answered in his office the next morning by Slade.

"Reduce the men's pay," advised the smiling knave, "by fifteen per cent, and put the difference into your own pocket."

When the edict went forth that all wages were to be cut, Tom Carrol led a delegation into the manager's office to protest against the injustice to the men. They had already been overworked, Tom Carrol pointed out. They had stood for that uncomplainingly. But this cut was something they would not stand for. If it was carried into effect, there was going to be trouble.

Thornley looked uncertainly at Slade. The latter lifted his hands, significantly clenched—the gesture conveyed to the manager that he had the power to run the plant as he pleased, and not to allow himself to be bluffed by the threats of the men.

"Get back to your work!" Thornley snarled the order to Tom and the delegates who backed him up. "Every man, woman, and boy employed here at the mill is cut down fifteen per cent in his

or her wages, from to-day on. That's my order——"

"What right have you got to give it?" angrily burst out one of the men behind the foreman.

"Every right."

"No, you haven't. Marxham owns this mill——"

"Marxham isn't here," drawled Thornley, with a cynical smile. "He's placed me in full charge, during his absence. I'm master here, and what I see fit to say or do, goes. Get back to your work, all of you!"

The men turned to go, grumbling among themselves. At the doorway, the bold spirit among them who had previously spoken out, stopped to fling back at the manager:

"Like hell we'll go back to work! Not a wheel in this plant will be turnin' inside of another hour—we'll go on strike, every mother's son of us here at the mill, and show you who's got the whip hand!"

When the last of the delegation had filed out, Thornley slowly turned to face Slade once more. The promise of a strike had made him more than uneasy. He rubbed the knuckles of one hand nervously against the palm of the other, his face gone three shades paler—with fear.

"Fine!" jubilantly whispered Slade, the trouble maker. "Let them strike—which means starve—and you'll bring them to you on their knees, begging for their jobs back. Then you can reduce their wages another five per cent. And that will mean more money for your wife and daughter."

But Thornley's expression still reflected the apprehension he felt at the consequences of the mill closing down.

"I'm afraid, if they strike, that the reason for it will get to Marxham's ears," he said doubtfully. "They'll talk about the overtime work they were forced to do without extra pay, and then the cut that was made in their wages——"

"But Marxham isn't here," explained Slade, "to listen to them."

"It'll get into the newspapers, though ——"

"He's holidaying, and won't read them," the secretary reassured him. "I tell you you're safe. He won't know—he can't!"

"Unless," objected the manager slowly, "some one inside the plant were to go and tell him. Some one who knew all that had been going on here during his absence."

As he spoke, his glance traveled suspiciously toward the stenographer, who sat looking down at the keys of the machine before her.

"Bah!" Slade, following his glance, swept aside the manager's mistrust of danger from the girl's quarter disdainfully. "She couldn't tell him anything—she's blind to all we've done here in this office."

But Alma Ward, though her eyes were fixed on the keyboard of her typewriter, was not working. Again she raised her hands and passed them over her eyes. But this time there was less uncertainty in the action. From before her vision the veil of incomprehension



"Now I've told you the truth!" said Alma Ward. "Go back to your fine friends and your pleasuring if you'd rather."

was beginning to fade away, as a mist before the sun. She had been blind before—but she was beginning to understand the state of affairs at last.

She had heard the delegation's protest that had just been delivered in the manager's office against a reduction in the laborers' wages, and, following Thornley's refusal to rescind the order, the threat on the part of one member of the committee to close the mill by a strike, and she was commencing to put two and two together.

Marxham ought to be told of the way his business was being run in his absence, the thought crossed her mind. It was merely a thought that *somebody* ought to do so, however. She herself was not spurred to action—yet.

"Boys," Tom pleaded with the delegates who had accompanied him to Thornley's office, on the way back to the floor of the mill, "let's not do anything rash. Think of our women and children—it'll come hardest on them, if we strike. We don't want any trouble, do we?"

"It's been made for us," bitterly declared the man who had spoken up before, "and it ain't a question of what we want, since it's thrust upon us. If we're men, we can't stand for the deal Thornley's handin' us—and we're goin' to show him that we ain't slaves to him and that swell wife and daughter of his, by strikin' and closin' down his mill for him. Am I right, boys?"

A grim mutter of assent came from the other members of the delegation. Work stopped on the mill floor, while they told of their failure to move the manager from his avowed intention of cutting all wages, and then the order was given for all hands to walk out of the plant, leaving their work unfinished.

And so twenty-five hundred people were thrown out of employment.

Tom Carrol, at his cottage on the outskirts of the town, shook his head gravely as he and his daughter Jennie, who worked in the billing department of the mill, entered their house on the forenoon of the day the plant was shut down.

"This is going to be bad—bad!" he told her.

"Oh, we'll come out all right!" the girl cheerfully reassured him. "If we have to pinch along for a while, I guess we can stand it—I know I shall!"

But, a month later, when the strike still held, she began to miss the bits of finery she had been able to provide herself with out of her salary envelope each Wednesday night. Her father had no pin money to give her, for he needed all he had saved up to see that they did not run out of food, and the other bare necessities of life, in case the strike dragged on for six months or a year.

Slade, going among the people, sought, in his rôle as Satan's emissary, to supply their idle hands with work. To a stalwart, dark-browed young mold maker, with a crooked slant to his thick lips, who had once been rebuffed by Jennie Carrol for "getting fresh," as she called it, on a picnic to which he had escorted her, the smiling villain one day whispered:

"Why don't you go and call on the foreman's daughter again? Show her

the money you won last week over at the pool room, and tell her you'll buy her a new hat and dress if she'll take a little trip to the city with you—I think you'll find she'll listen to you now."

The young man did as Slade suggested.

"Indeed, I'll not go with you!" Jennie told him.

"Why be foolish?" the secretary, approaching her on the other side, murmured in her ear. "He'll spend his money on you, and you're young and entitled to have a good time, and pretty clothes to wear once in a while, aren't you?"

"That is—would you bring me home early?" Jennie half yielded.

The young man, exchanging a triumphant leer and a wink with Slade, promised to do so, and led her away.

Another month passed. The young laborer who had wanted to send his consumptive mother away by working overtime at extra pay to do it, tried to go into the plant to get his kit of tools, which he had left there, so he could go to another town to take a job that had been promised him. The police, guarding the mill, refused to let him enter it.

"What right have they got to keep you from earning your bread?" Slade, catching up to him as he was walking away, said to him softly. "Are you going to stand for that? Don't you think the men could clear those bluecoats away, like chaff in the wind, if they started after them with bricks and clubs? Why don't you egg them on to do it?"

The young laborer took his advice. He preached violence to a crowd of his idle fellows, and that same day led them in the first charge against the police who were guarding the plant. Three of the strikers were killed and a score wounded, and later one of the policemen died as the result of a fractured skull, following that pitched battle, which was but the first of many that ensued.

The rioting continued, with such increasing force on the side of the strikers, that at length the police were unable to handle the situation.

The militia was called for.

And then Alma Ward decided to act. She had read in the newspapers of John Marxham's return from Palm Beach. He was still immersed in a sea of social gayety, the account went on, having only returned to Pittsburgh to charter a private car there in which he and a party of his fashionable friends meant to go on to New York, and then into the Canadian Rockies on a protracted hunting trip. But, perhaps, the girl thought, she could catch him at his house before he got away. He had to be told, and she had decided that she was the only one to tell him, of the condition of affairs at the mill—of which he must be in ignorance, or else he would have come there long before.



"The strike is over," said John Marxham, "if the men will come back at their old wages."

It was true—John Marxham, so occupied had he become in the pursuit of pleasure, knew nothing of the state of things at his plant. Thus, when her card was brought in to him, he frowned in perplexity over the question of who "Alma Ward" might be, though he ordered her shown into the library, where he sat.

"I have come," were the girl's first words, "to tell you that you are needed at your mill at once."

"And who are you?" asked the owner of the plant not discourteously.

"I am Mr. Thornley's stenographer," she replied. She had removed her gloves, and now she nervously began to put one back on again in the presence of the millionaire. "Mr. Marxham, I don't like to be placed in the light of telling tales out of school—but the man you left in charge of the mill has deceived you. He has trodden on the people under him unmercifully. They have risen at last, and gone on strike. You ——"

"Is there a strike at the mill?" he broke in, surprised.

The girl paused to lend significance to her next words.

"There has been for the past two months," said she. She watched the effect of the statement upon him. Marxham's frown slowly cleared away on his brow.

"Well, Thornley can handle it," he said confidently. "I thank you for your interest in coming to tell me, but now as I have an engagement——" he ended suggestively, rising.

"The men—and the women, too," the stenographer went on, her breath quickening, "have been forced to work overtime without extra pay, and then they were asked to stand for having their salaries reduced——"

"If they have a grievance, Mr. Thornley will see that it is settled fairly if it is properly presented to him," interrupted the mill owner. "I have placed him in full charge of the mill. Anything that goes on there is no concern of mine."

"It is!" Alma blazed out at him. "It is all a concern of yours! Whose fault was it that those people were forced to work overtime? Yours, for going away and leaving them at the mercy of such a man as Thornley. Whose fault was it that their wages were about to be cut down by fifteen per cent? Yours—again because you turned your back on them, when they were entitled to your protection. They work for you. Their welfare is in your hands. And you've shirked the duty you owe them—to go off enjoying yourself! I tell you, the blood of the men who have been killed—oh, yes, a dozen are dead as a result of the riots that are now going on at

the plant day and night—their blood is upon your head, as surely as God is your judge! It's your fault, the whole of it—you, the absentee! I've let you hear the truth. Now, go back to your fine friends and your pleasure jaunting!"

She turned and ran from the room.

From the table where she had dropped it, unheeded in the fervor of her denunciation of him, John Marxham picked up one of her gloves. He compared its pitifully worn appearance with the immaculate pair of his own, which he lifted from the table beside his hat and cane for the purpose. The telephone before him rang. With his jaw squared in sudden determination, he lifted the receiver to his ear.

"Aren't you coming?" over the wire came the impatient voice of one of the ladies in the party he had promised to meet for luncheon at a fashionable hotel.

"No, I'm going," answered John Marxham, "back to the mill."

In the meantime, Slade had burst into Thornley's office, where the manager sat with his head bowed on his hands.

"Quick!" cheerfully exclaimed the secretary. "The strikers are forming a mob to storm the gates of the mill, where the soldiers are posted—and the captain wants to know whether he has your order to fire on them if they make good their threat to attack the plant. Shall I tell him 'yes,' from you?"

The manager rose uncertainly.

"You've got to protect Marxham's property, which he left in your charge, haven't you?" urged Slade. "Order the officer to instruct his men to shoot to kill, if the mob attempts to storm the plant."

Thornley's eyes narrowed.

"Yes," he replied. "He's to shoot, if they charge. Tell him I order it."

Slade, chuckling, ran from the office to do his bidding.

John Marxham was walking rapidly toward the plant through the streets of the town. No one had recognized him so far; but, as he passed a crowd of the idle workers in front of a boarding house, Alma Ward came running, bareheaded, down its steps. She forced Marxham to halt before the knot of men by planting herself in his path.

"Here's the absentee, boys!" she called out to them, leveling a scornful arm at the mill owner. "He's the one who's to blame for all you've suffered—show him what you think of him!"

Before he could lift a hand to defend himself, the crowd surrounded John Marxham, striking and kicking at him, and he went down. Tom Carrol and some of the cooler heads among the strikers, running up, drove them back, and lifted Marxham, to bear him, against the girl's protest, into the boarding house, and lay him on her bed.

She turned her back, at the window.

"What's happened?" she heard John say dazedly behind her, five minutes after the others had gone. He had got up from the bed, and stood, holding his bruised head with one hand.

"There is what is *going* to happen!" she answered, stepping aside to point grimly toward the gates of the mill at the head of the street. Moving in a tight-massed body upon those gates were the strikers, armed with sticks and stones. And before them was a kneeling line of the militia, their guns leveled in readiness at their shoulders. "Look!"

John Marxham did so. And the next second he had spun round on his heel and was gone from the room. A moment later, Alma saw him running toward the soldiers, with his hands uplifted.

"Stop!" she heard him shout. "Throw down your guns—and clear out! There's no strike here any longer. That is, if the men will come back to work at their old wages, and with back pay for the overtime work they've had to do!"

The air rocked with the cheer the strikers sent up, in token of their willingness to end the cruel war they had been waging only to secure their rights.

"I'll give you"—John was speaking in a tone of deadly menace to Thornley, who had run up—"just one hour to get out of this town. And only two minutes to get out of my sight. You're discharged! If I gave you what you deserved, I'd turn you over to these men and let them pay you back a little what you've made them suffer. Go!"

It was six weeks afterward, and John Marxham was calling on Alma Ward, who had fallen victim to an attack of brain fever, following the end of the strike; but who was now, thanks to the skilled medical attendance John had procured for her, safely convalescing.

"I can take my position back the first of the week," she told him eagerly. "I'm strong enough now—honestly I am. See!" she pulled a notebook and pencil from under her pillow. "I've been practicing, and my hand is as steady as ever. Dictate a letter—try me, and see!"

John smiled to himself.

"All right," said he. "Take this: 'I was blind, and you opened my eyes. Be my wife, and guide me always to fulfill the duty I owe my fellow men, which is a trust, please God, I will never leave again!'"

She held her pencil poised.

"Whom shall I address the letter to?"

"Oh!" John took her glove from his pocket. Alma recognized it, and her cheeks went crimson. "'To the owner of this glove.'"

He opened his arms and leaned toward her. She looked for some avenue of escape, but, sitting there, hemmed in by the wall and the pillows of the bed, there was none. And if he loved her, he was certain to get her in the end—for did he not typify Success?

Turning Misfortune into Fortune.

MIRIAM NESBITT one time enjoyed a reputation as a daredevil diver and swimmer, until, when making a sensational high dive while bathing with girl friends, she broke her ear drum. Fortunately there was at the time in Chicago a noted specialist, who was able to overcome the misfortune, though Miss Nesbitt was deaf in that ear for a time. It was while thus handicapped that she learned to read lips—an accomplishment which has aided her in many ways, particularly in "getting over" on the screen some of the strongest scenes which depend to a degree upon the words spoken.

Phenomenon Explained.

OBSERVERS of things nautical at Miramar Beach recently were surprised to find the waters of the ocean rising when the tide was supposed to be going out. Members of Henry Otto's company from the American studios account for the phenomenon by the fact that John Steppling was in bathing for a scene in "Wife Wanted."

The Lure of the Mask

(AMERICAN)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

First Jack Hilliard heard her singing in a fog. Then, meeting her, blindfolded, he found that her face was hidden by a mask. Always she wore it—that dark-blue silk domino. Why? The answer—and a surprising one—is told in this story, based on the four-reel American Film Company's photo play. The cast:

Jack Hilliard ....Harold Lockward
Sonia.....Elsie Jane Wilson
Prince Monte Bianca.....Irving Cummings

WHAT a glorious voice!"

Jack Hilliard leaned from the window of his bachelor apartment far out into the foggy night. The strains that had floated up to his ears from the street below were from "La Boheme"—his favorite opera. The singer was a woman, and that she possessed a soprano voice that merited the adjective Hilliard had used in describing it, there was no doubt whatsoever.

"By Jove, what an unconventional thing to do!" the young man murmured to himself, as he looked down upon the woman whose dim outline he could just descry as she passed by on the pavement beneath him. "Taking advantage of the fog to conceal her identity, while she tries out her voice as she walks through the streets. I'd like to meet her. And, damme, I'm going to try to!"

Jack Hilliard came in out of the window, and, without waiting to put on either hat or coat, ran from the apartment. The elevator was down on the ground floor, and he hadn't time to wait for it. Racing down the stairs, two at a time, he bolted past the amazed attendant in the downstairs hall and out onto the street.

The fog was as heavy as any London can boast on even a damp day, and to say that Hilliard could not see a dozen yards in front of him is to tell the literal truth. New York—as the papers of the next day were sure to announce—had not known such a foggy night in twenty years. But Hilliard had the remembrance of the direction he had seen the woman taking, to guide him, and he followed after her. She had ceased her song—or if she was still singing he could not hear her. For ten minutes he walked here and there in the thick, gray mist that beaded his bare head, his hands, and his face with a clammy moisture.

And then he gave it up, and came back into the house.

Before the fire he sat musing, with the cigar which Giovanni, his manservant, had brought him. The latter was a faultless valet. He had a daughter, or something of the kind, and for that reason he went home from Hilliard's bachelor apartment to sleep. The grave-faced Italian of middle age coughed deprecatingly behind him now.

"Is there anything else, sir?"

Hilliard roused, with a start.

"Oh—no, that's all; you may go."

After the man had departed, Hilliard resumed his reverie. He was thinking of the woman whose voice had driven him out, to wander through the night, coatless and without his hat. Strange that a few bars in an unknown woman's voice should affect him so. But he couldn't get her out of his thoughts. He studied the glowing end of his cigar for a moment or two, while a slow smile began to play about his lips. He rose suddenly, pitching the half-smoked cigar into the fire, and slapped his knee.

"I'll do it," he decided, his smile broadening into a grin. Seating himself at his writing desk, he drew a sheet of paper toward him and dipped his pen in the ink. After a moment's reflection he wrote out the following "personal," which he meant to insert in the papers the next day:

"Will the lady who passed through West Eighty-fifth Street, in the fog, last night, singing the aria from "La Boheme," allow the writer the privilege of hearing her voice again, by communicating with J. H., in care of this newspaper?"

Two days went by, and Hilliard had received no response to his advertisement. He had almost forgotten the incident, when, on the morning of the third day after the personal insertion, he received in his mail a square, cream-colored envelope, which had been forwarded to him from one of the newspaper offices. Tearing it eagerly open, he read:

"If the gentleman, 'J. H.,' will mention his address in the newspaper, he may, perhaps, learn how he may once more hear the voice of the 'lady of the fog,' as he desires."

The note, written in a feminine hand evidently unused to forming English letters, was unsigned. Hilliard's spirit of adventure was up. He inserted a second personal, as the writer of the note had requested, giving the address of his bachelor apartment; and then he awaited the outcome with ill-restrained impatience.

At eight o'clock the next evening Giovanni ushered in to him a young woman with the look of a lady's maid.

"My mistress has sent me," she informed Hilliard. "You still wish to hear her voice again, monsieur? Very well. These are the conditions on which you may do so: That you first allow me to blindfold you; and then, making no effort to remove the handkerchief from your eyes at any time during the journey, that you accompany me in the automobile that waits below."

Hilliard looked at her to see if she was joking; but she appeared to have made the unique proposal in entire seriousness. He saw that she had a large handkerchief of dark-blue silk in her hand.

"Put it on," said Hilliard shortly.

The maid tied the handkerchief over his eyes. Then, taking him by the hand, she led him down to a motor car that stood at the curb. She helped him into the machine. The door closed, and the next moment he was rolling off into the night—where, he had not the remotest idea in the world. Within ten minutes the automobile stopped. The maid assisted him to alight from it and led him across the sidewalk and up a flight of steps that took a bend halfway. Hilliard, standing blindfolded at her side, heard her give a peculiar ring at the doorbell. Almost at once he heard the front door open, and the maid, taking him by the arm, guided him into the house.

His feminine escort halted him in a room which, his feet told him, had a polished parquet floor liberally strewn with rugs. He heard a swish of skirts and a woman's whispered voice addressing the maid. He stood, a tingle of expectancy running through him, while the maid behind him began to untie the knot of the handkerchief that covered his eyes.

As the blindfold came away he looked eagerly in the direction from which he had heard the woman's whispering as he entered the room. There she stood, smiling at him, but Hilliard let a disappointed exclamation escape him as he looked at her face.

It was half concealed by a mask.

"Now, this isn't fair!" he protested, laughing, as he approached her with hand outstretched. She gave him the tips of her fingers in greeting, her lips—which, with the dainty chin below them, was all he could see of her face—still smiling.

"No?" she questioned. "What is so unfair?"

There was a trace of foreign accent in her speech. She was French, Hilliard guessed, or more probably Spanish—her dusky hair and olive skin inclined him toward the latter belief. But, in point of fact, he was correct in neither guess as to her nationality.

"You led me to believe I was going to see you," he answered, "and here I find you masked!"

"You did not ask to see me." She shook her head, her smile deepening provokingly. "You asked to hear my voice—that was all. Now I will sing for you."

She turned, and seated herself at the piano in the center of the room. Hilliard came and leaned over its end, looking down at her as she began the aria from "La Boheme." Here, in the spacious, high-ceiled music room, which was a better setting for her voice than the foggy out-of-doors had been on the night when he had first heard it, the perfect art with which she sang impressed him. He realized that he was listening to a real artist. But it was the singer, and not her singing, that interested most just then. When she had come to the end of the aria, he expressed his admiration for her superb performance.

"But now, surely, you will lift your mask?" he began, bending toward her eagerly.

She rose, eluding him to step back, with the same mocking smile showing under the edge of the silk domino, which was of the same dark shade of blue as the handkerchief that had blindfolded him on his motor ride to the house.

"Now," she corrected, "we will go in to supper."

She led the way to the adjoining room, where Hilliard found a table laid with silver and glasses and a chafing dish. The maid seated them, and then withdrew. That little supper, shared with the masked woman, whom he nevertheless could tell was rarely beautiful, was one of the most tantalizing experiences through which Jack Hilliard had passed in all the thirty-two years of his life. To all his pleadings that she let him see her face she turned a deaf ear.

"Now you must go," she said, rising at last, with what Hilliard thought he detected as a regretful sigh.

"Am I to see you again?" he asked.

She shook her head, with a return of her baffling smile.

"No."

The young man looked his quick disappointment.

"Won't you tell me who you are—your name?"

"No, no!" she told him, laughing. "I will tell you nothing. You asked to hear my voice—just once again—and I have granted your wish. Now, please, you must leave."

Hilliard made no further protest. He allowed the maid, who had returned with his hat, overcoat, and the blue silk handkerchief, to blindfold him again, and, with her guiding hand in his, he went from the room and the house. But on the ride in the automobile back to his bachelor apartment he counted the turns which the machine made. When he alighted in front of the apartment house he believed that he would be able to find his way back afoot over the course the motor car had taken. He meant to try, and to keep on trying, at all events, until he found the mysterious "lady of the fog"—who had now become the still-elusive woman of the mask—again.

The next day and the next he spent in trying to find the house. It was not as easy, he found out, as he had thought it was going to be. But he kept at the



To all of Jack's persuadings and pleadings, she turned a deaf ear and refused to take off the tantalizing mask.

task, as he had promised himself he would, and late in the afternoon of his second day's searching his patience was rewarded.

He mounted the front steps that had the turn in them he remembered, and rang the doorbell in the same way he had heard the maid do it.

There followed a long wait. Then steps came to his ears along the hall inside the house, and the door was opened—by a man with the frowsy appearance of a caretaker.

"Does an opera singer live here?" Hilliard quickly questioned the fellow.

"She did," the man snapped, "up till two days ago. She went away yesterday morning, early. She took her trunks and her servant girl, and she's gone to Europe."

And he shut the door in Hilliard's face.

With a resigned gesture, that young man turned and went down the steps. At his club, he ordered a high ball. "Lady of the Mask," he murmured, lifting the glass, with a smile at himself for the way the affair had ended, "good-by." She had meant what she said when she told him that he would not see her again.

Two weeks later Hilliard received a familiar square, cream-colored envelope in his morning mail. It bore the postmark "Naples." He tore it open, to pull out—a dark-blue silk mask. That was all, no word of any sort—just the tantalizing domino.

He was about to throw it into the fire, and then he changed his mind and carefully placed it, instead, in the inside pocket of his coat. An expression which denoted the presence of a half-formed idea in his mind was on his face.

At that moment, in the East Side tenement on the other side of the city, which he shared with his frail, twenty-year-old daughter, Giovanni was preparing to leave to take up his day's duties at Hilliard's bachelor rooms.

He went into the girl's room to say good-by to her, and laid his hand on her shoulder as she lay in bed. She did not respond to the touch. It did not take Giovanni many minutes to discover the truth. She was dead.

"*Bambina!*" he wailed, kneeling to lift her up frantically in his arms. "Carlotta, *carissima*, speak to me—speak!"

It was useless. He rose, lifting his eyes toward the ceiling. Before them, the ugly walls of the cheap room seemed to melt away. In their stead he looked upon vine-clad hills rising toward the sunny, blue skies of his native Naples, from which he and his daughter had come to America less than a year before. He saw the girl—the girl who now lay white in death before him—kneeling at the feet of a man of haughty bearing and a cruelly handsome face. He turned his back on her pleadingly outstretched arms and walked away.

"Vendetta!" hissed the father, lifting his clenched hands on high. "His life shall pay for hers—I swear it!"



The stranded members of the opera company contributed what was left of their earnings to be gambled at Monte Carlo in hopes of winning enough to pay their fares to America.

Hilliard, noticing his valet's red-rimmed eyes and chalky face when he arrived at his apartment, asked him what was wrong.

"Ah, signor," Giovanni answered, in the broken English he had picked up, "I am wrong—wronged. First through my daughter's betrayal by a nobleman, who comes to turn her head with his grand airs and manners. He promised to make her his wife. Then, when he had tired of her, he told her it was another he meant to marry—the wedding was even set for that next day. At the church, my daughter and I, we waited until the bridal party came out. My daughter spoke to her, the one that villain had just taken for his wife: 'I pray, signora,' she say, 'he may prove kinder to you than he has to me.' He was angry, and he would have flung my little girl into the dust of the road at his feet. I struck him, and then we came away, my daughter and I. That I, a peasant, had raised my hand against a noble meant that I might be sent to prison for years if I was taken. So we fled, my Carlotta and I, here to America; and now that first wrong he did to her, and so to me, has borne its fruit. She—she is dead, signor. But I have sworn to be avenged. Some day I return to Naples," with a grim nod of his head. "I hunt for him, and then—he shall pay!"

Hilliard clapped his hand on his shoulder.

"This is an omen," said he. "I was undecided whether to sail for Naples, but now my mind is made up. Here," handing his servant the money, "get the tickets for us both—I'll take you with me."

Giovanni stared at him for a moment in joyous unbelief; and then, before the surprised young man could restrain

him, he had caught up Hilliard's hand and kissed it. The next moment he had run from the room to go to the steamship office.

"The trip is a failure!"

The speaker was Dan O'Malley, the impresario of the American Opera Company, and the party he addressed were the principals of the troupe, who sat around a table on the veranda of a hotel in Naples.

One of the two women of the quintet wore a mask. None of the other members of the opera company knew why, but the manager by no means objected to it, as it was a good advertisement for the troupe.

"There's one chance left for us," he resumed. "We haven't tried Venice yet. If the manager of the opera house there would consent to let us have the use of it without putting up the rent beforehand we might be able to clean up enough by one night's performance to pay our fares back to America. There's only one way to find out, and that's to try it. On to Venice!"

Thus it was that Hilliard, arriving in Naples with Giovanni, learned that the woman he sought had left there the day before. But he was able to find out, from the clerk at the desk of the hotel where he had inquired if a prima donna was stopping there, that it was for Venice she and her party had departed.

Hilliard reached there that same night. It was the one that was to have marked the opera troupe's one-night performance by which they had hoped to raise the funds to get back to the United States, but which the proprietor of the opera house had not allowed them to give unless they first paid the rental of the auditorium, a demand that O'Malley had been helpless to meet.

Taking a last gondola trip by moonlight, before their departure from the City in the Sea, the woman in the mask, with the other feminine principal of the troupe seated beside her, spied Hilliard as he stood on one of the landing stages of the lagoon.

She quickly ordered the gondolier to turn his craft in that direction.

"So you came!" she greeted the young man, stepping out of the gondola before him.

"To ask you to lift your mask," he instantly countered, taking both her hands in his, "and let me look upon your face. Won't you repay me for the trip by doing that much?"

Slowly she removed the domino. Hilliard's heart bounded as he looked at her countenance in the moonlight. It was more beautiful even than he had supposed. She put the mask back on again.

"Now I must go," she told him, with a choke in her voice which sounded ineffably sad to him, "and you must not attempt to follow me. I am only a poor singer, stranded over here in this country, and you——"

"But what about your motor car, and your French maid?" protested Hilliard incredulously. "You seemed to be well off when I saw you in New York——"

"That was before," she dolefully told him. "Now I have nothing; and you must forget me. Good-by!"

Stepping lightly back into the gondola, in another moment she was gone.

Back in Naples, the four principals of the American Opera Company sat around the table on the veranda of the same hotel. O'Malley was no longer with them. He had skipped out in Venice, taking with him the few dollars that remained in the organization's treasury.

"Listen," said the masked soprano to the two disconsolate young men. "We have a little money still left out of our last salaries, Edith here, and I. We will go to Monte Carlo with what we have, and try to win enough to pay the fares of us all back to America. It is our last hope."

Hilliard, meantime, had gone to the great gambling place to try to forget her, as she had told him he must, in the distractions of the roulette and baccarat tables. On the evening of the next day following their determination to stake their all in the hopes of winning passage back home for the entire opera company, the two girls entered the glittering salon, the soprano still masked, and seated themselves at a roulette wheel. The masked one placed the bets. The first she won. As likewise she did the second; and then luck swiftly turned against her. She was reduced to her last gold piece. She placed it on a number, in the excitement of the play removing her mask as she did so.

She lifted her eyes, to see a man of haughty bearing, who stood at the opposite side of the table, looking at her with a light of recognition on his cruelly handsome face.

With a gasp, hastily replacing her mask, she caught her friend's hand, and, leaving her last bet undecided upon the board, hurried with her from the room.

"Who was that man I saw looking at you?" inquired her friend, in surprise.

"Don't ask me!" breathed the other. "To see him again—I never thought—— Quick, we must get away!"

Hilliard, mounting the steps of the Casino, saw them come running down it. He stood undecided for a moment, watching the man who hurried after them into the surrounding gardens. Then he turned and walked rapidly in the direction the three had taken.

"Ah, *mia carissima,* we meet again!" the Prince Monte Bianca was addressing the masked woman, who shrank away from him with her companion on the graveled walk where he had halted them. "It has been nearly a year since I had this pleasure." He leaned toward her to kiss her.

She cried out in alarm, drawing farther away from him. The prince's laugh changed to a snarl of rage as he felt himself gripped from behind in Hilliard's strong hand. He whirled to face the American, and the two girls took advantage of the timely interruption to run away.

"You were annoying those two ladies," Hilliard charged angrily. "I know your kind—a cheap masher. Go back into the Casino, where you came from, and in future have the sense to know decent women when you see them, and leave them alone!"

The prince, seeing that they were gone, stopped to make no reply to Hilliard's contemptuous words, but hurried back toward the building and ran up its steps, to disappear inside.

"Find her," he finished to two men with whom he had been in earnest conversation, five minutes later, "if it takes every detective in Italy, and let me know where she is."

Back at Naples, the girl who had gone with her masked companion to Monte Carlo broke the news to the others that their attempt to get the money there had failed. The soprano, sitting apart, had her chin buried on her hand, in thought. She saw the terms of the will. The Prince Monte Bianca was to receive the old prince's fortune only if

he married Sonia Via Mecci, the daughter of his lifelong friend. To make the condition valid, she must live at least some time during the first year following their marriage at his villa Adriane; and last night, there in the Casino, was the first time she had seen him since the day she had left the church on his arm as a bride—the day on which the peasant girl had exposed his villainy to her. She had jumped into the waiting carriage then, and ordered the coachman to drive her away. Not from that day to this had she set eyes on his face. That he might not recognize her, should they meet anywhere in the world, she had worn the mask.

It was her fault that the last hope of these opera singers, her friends, had expired at Monte Carlo. The bet she had placed on the table and gone away and left *might* have won. They were homeless. The Villa Adriane was near by, equipped with servants, everything to make provision for a party even twice as large. She rose, her mind made up.

"My friends," she addressed the others, "a villa near by is at my disposal. Will you not all come there, as my guests, and stay until such time as your friends in America have time to send you the funds to return?"

It was two days later that the Prince Monte Bianca received a visit from one of the two men he had been talking with in the Casino at Monte Carlo.

"She has gone to the Villa Adriane," the spy informed him. "Fly there, my lord—and claim your happiness!"

The prince, in his uniform as an officer of the Italian army, ordered his horse brought around at once, and a half hour later he was galloping along the road that led to the villa in question.

Hilliard and Giovanni were cantering along that selfsame road just then. In the garden of the Villa Adriane, which looked down upon it, Sonia's girl friend rose with a glad cry, having recognized Hilliard from afar.

"There's the young American who saved us from that man at Monte Carlo!" she exclaimed, running toward the wall to wave down at Hilliard. "I'm going to ask him to come in, so we can thank him!"

She did so, and Hilliard, accepting the invitation, left Giovanni in charge of the two horses at the villa's gates.

Scarcely had his master gone through them when the valet saw the prince ride up. Recognition and a spasm of hatred crossed Giovanni's face at sight of the man whose life he had sworn to take. He drew back out of view, against the shrubbery, and watched the uniformed rider dismount and pass through the gates.

Drawing a long knife from under his coat, Giovanni tested its keen blade, and then he, too, passed into the garden of the villa.

"You told me to forget you," Hilliard was saying to Sonia, alone with her in the garden, "but I cannot! No—let me speak! Since the first night when I heard your voice below my window in the fog——"

He stopped, turning at the step behind him.

"What are you doing here?" the prince snarled at him. "I owe you something for your interference and your insulting remarks to me of the other night. I will pay you now!" He whipped out the sword at his side, and came for Hilliard, who stood unarmed before him, with it.

Sonia cried out in sharp alarm; but she need not have feared for Hilliard's safety. As the prince lunged at his breast with the sword point, he slipped under his guard and caught his wrist in a grip of iron. With a gasp of pain, the villain dropped the sword on the garden walk, and Hilliard stooped and quickly picked it up.

"I order you from these grounds," stormed the prince, leveling an arm toward the gates behind him, "and from my wife's presence!"

Hilliard turned to look at Sonia. She bowed her head, assenting to the truth of what he had just heard.

"Please go," she said rapidly under her breath. "It is so. He is the Prince Monte Bianca, and I am his wife. I have been that in name only. Nor shall I ever be more. It was to give my friends a shelter that I came here to this villa, as was my right, since I am married to him; but that is all. And now—please, *please* go, and forget me, as I asked——"

She broke off. With a chuckle of grim satisfaction, Giovanni had sprung upon the prince from behind. The long knife in his hand rose, glinting in the sun. It fell and rose again twice more. Hilliard's valet stepped back, and the Prince Monte Bianca lay dead at his feet.

Thus had he fulfilled his vow of vengeance—and opened the way for Hilliard and his Lady of the Mask to claim their happiness.



Jack interfered, and tore the prince's hand from the wrist of his Lady of the Mask.

David Wark Griffith

By Robert Grau

CROSSING the continent in January, 1915, in palatial style, David Wark Griffith, the now famous one-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year director of photo plays, must have been vividly impressed with the amazing changes since that day but eight years before when he left San Francisco to come hither, bent upon securing a production for a play he had written. In those days he was known as "Larry" Griffith, and such vicissitudes as he had passed through were much the same as have characterized the struggles of stage folk in a precarious field as far back as memory can recall.

Few there are who realize that as recently as 1908 motion-picture production was yet in the decidedly primitive stage. It is only a truth to state that twelve years after the cinematograph astonished New Yorkers—in 1896—it had only just been discovered that stories could be visualized on the screen. In the vaudeville theaters, the very sight of the now magic screen was the signal for an exodus.

It was at this period that "Larry" Griffith crossed the continent, little dreaming that instead of being hailed as a great playwright he was destined to become the world's greatest director of photo plays. Now comes David Wark Griffith to the metropolis to look after the production of "The Birth of a Nation," a motion-picture spectacle entailing a year's ceaseless preparation, the expenditure of a fortune, and which is so replete with wondrous innovations that the master mind of film craft hoped his masterpiece would be accepted as the very last word in film production.

In these days, when on the theatrical Rialto one may see stage directors galore without engagements, when even such a genius as Granville Barker is forced to experiment with new problems of the theater, aided and abetted by our wealthy citizens, one may well marvel at the spectacle of a one-hundred-thousand-dollar-a-year motion-picture director, but Mr. Griffith is far more than this, for it was he who first changed the entire aspect of the gold-laden film industry.

When Griffith was rebuffed at every turn in the effort to have his play produced, and when finally it was produced and dispatched to the storehouse as are countless good plays of to-day, he was forced to seek a "job," so he presented himself at the sanctum of one of the smaller film concerns of that day. Here he pleaded for a chance to show what he could do. The man he talked to, now a millionaire, was Frank Marion, of the Kalem company. The latter did not engage Griffith; instead, he sent him to the Biograph company—though Miss Gene Gauntier claims that she first interested Henry Marvin (Biograph) in Griffith. However, Griffith was engaged at the regulation price of five dollars a day, practically as an extra. He was quick to discover the weakness of the methods then in vogue, and he implored the head of the company to allow him to "put on" a picture himself. Reluctantly, but greatly due to the influence of William Bitzer, a camera man who was impressed with Griffith's ideas, the latter was given a chance. In fact, the production of picture plays was then at such a low ebb that it was thought Griffith could not possibly do any worse than those who were responsible for the current output. Fortunately, Griffith was allowed to have the camera man whose influence was exerted in his behalf. It is of significance here to state that this man, William Bitzer, is now the highest paid of his calling, and that he has remained with Griffith ever since. When the latter left the Biograph company, he took Bitzer and not a few of the youthful men and women he made famous with him. But Griffith was not supreme in authority when he undertook to produce his first photo play. The head producer was so jealous of the new director that he refused to allow Griffith to use a single member of the Biograph's regular stock company. "Go out and get your actors wherever you can find them; I won't let you spoil my people," he said.



So Griffith, little known in the profession, and regarded with suspicion by the few who did know him, went to the Rialto and literally begged actors to work for him. The moving pictures, now enriching sixty per cent of the acting profession, were then looked upon as degrading. Those who did tempt fate were, as a rule, careful to conceal their names, giving fictitious ones in the hope that the wrath of Broadway play producers would be appeased. Perhaps it was this very condition that caused some of the intrepid pioneers among motion-picture actors to rise meteorically to fame and affluence.

The photography was so bad that such actors as Griffith was able to induce to join him were prompted mostly by the belief that as all photography was done from a distance of thirty feet, their features would not be recognized. In any event, Griffith managed to secure a company for his first picture, which, while crude, according to present standards, was so far ahead of anything previously released by the company, that he was told to go as far as he liked in the future.

Late in the summer of 1908, after he had produced a few pictures, Griffith concluded that the fundamental system governing the producing end of the "game" was all wrong. The theory then was much the same as to acting, as obtained in the "ten-twent'-and-thirt'" theaters in the heydays of Al H. Woods. Griffith was sure that he could revolutionize the artistic side of production. Instead of lurid melodrama, he believed that the highest type of acting was necessary and possible. Above all, he was in-

sistent that his players should act naturally, like human beings. So, in the absence of the head producer, Griffith staged for the screen a quiet drama. He was nearly finished when the head producer returned. Then there was a row. The head producer insisted it would be utter folly to release this picture, arguing that everything in it was too slow, that nobody moved faster than in real life, nobody was stepping high at the knees, so that the movements could be plainly seen on the screen; there were no melodramatic hysterics, no waving of arms, and everything was subdued.

It looked like Griffith's finish. It was serious, too, for the company had none too much money, and here was several hundred dollars already spent on a dubious production. But because of this very fact, and that the company's resources were small, the picture was released, though on the outcome depended Griffith's future. Had it failed, it would have delayed immeasurably the progress since accomplished, for because of the great success of this production the head producer was sent elsewhere, and Griffith was left in absolute control of the artistic end of the Biograph productivity. The development of the infant art from that day, few will deny, was due to the man who was now given carte blanche to do as he pleased. The Griffith productions were now "best sellers." The so-called "close up" and "switch back," though imitated by other producers, had numerous enemies; in fact, so befogged was the vision of those film manufacturers who were affiliated with the Biograph company in that day that they called a conference to consider the matter of "close-up" pictures, and they united in asking the company Griffith was employed with to stop him from carrying out his crazy ideas. They declared he would ruin the business!

But the company was now selling more copies of its products than any of its contemporaries, hence it concluded that Griffith was right; also informing the protesting film magnates that they need not follow his lead. The result was that Griffith kept on cutting off the films at the knee, his object being to get the camera closer to the faces of the players so that the spectators could see the play of emotions.

One of the reasons for Griffith's success is the attention he gives to the smallest details of his work. It is nothing for him to look at a picture twenty to thirty times before he allows it to go out. He is equally careful about the taking of his pictures. He will photograph and rephotograph a scene until he gets it absolutely to his liking, and all this after he has rehearsed each piece of business many times over.

Griffith is one of the most inquisitive men imaginable, eager to learn from any and every source. The office boy, the child of the street, the strange woman at the picture show, and the man of culture, all form a part of the army of witnesses whom he catechises wherever he can find them. He was looking at a finished picture one day when at its conclusion he asked everybody in the studio what person in a certain scene impressed them the most. Griffith wanted to know which character was impressed on the mind of the audience. From the answers given, an obscure actor afterward became a star.

A remarkable trait in Griffith is his lack of conceit, and his seeming reliance on the opinion of others. Very often, when he is directing, some stranger sits with him of whom he is continually asking advice. The old idea that a director is a god whose word is supreme does not obtain with .him. The humblest player is free to offer suggestions to which he will answer "Bully," if good, and "No, I think you are wrong," if bad, but with these responses the matters are settled. Never will he permit an argument.

Players who have worked under Griffith year in and year out say that he has a hypnotic influence over them. He has the faculty of sending his wishes over to the players as if by electricity, and they seem to absorb his ideas rather than to understand them.

It is said of Griffith that he not only has made "stars" of all of his young protégés and students, but that, unlike most men in his high position, he is always glad to hear of any of his players bettering their positions. Instead of remonstrating and accusing them of disloyalty, he acts as if he was proud of their advancement. When you consider that nearly all of the Griffith players were "finds," the unselfishness of his attitude becomes apparent.

Salaries of from three hundred dollars a week to one thousand dollars have been meted out to graduates of the Griffith school. Recently Blanche Sweet left Griffith to become a Lasky star at a fabulous emolument. No protest came from the master. Undoubtedly he felt that after her performance of "Judith of Bethulia" Miss Sweet was entitled to stellar honors.

One may only conjecture as to the future career of this genius of picturedom. It is not to be doubted, however, that the man who conceived "The Birth of a Nation," the first film production to attract the public at two dollars a seat, will now operate with confidence along similar lines, and although other producers are now promising mammoth film spectacles at regular theater prices, those in the know are predicting that the next two-dollar-a-seat picture will originate from the Master Mind of the silent drama.

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

Handsome Robert Warwick is figuring in a divorce case on the coast, although he has never seen either of the principals concerned. The hubby declares that his wife had her room chock-full of Robert's photographs, and never had time from her ravings about the handsome star to pay attention to him.

I have received many letters asking my opinion on the best pictures produced. Here are my choices for the seven best pictures ever produced: "Birth of a Nation," "Wrath of the Gods," "Cabaria," "Judith of Bethulia," "Tess of the Storm Country," "The Avenging Conscience," "The Spoilers."

Take it from Theda Bara, the young lady of the Fox film forces, that it is no cinch to play vampire parts. Ever since "A Fool There Was," Miss Theda has been receiving numerous letters daily advising her to change her ways and means of livelihood, one woman saying that she is just the kind of woman who wrecks homes. We can assure our readers of Miss Bara's good character. You wouldn't know her off the screen; but deliver her from playing that kind of part. There's no gratitude in it.

William Farnum, the heavyweight champion of the films, has just completed another picture, in which he shows how to use the manly art of self-defense. It is called "The Plunderer," and Bill licks twenty men in this picture. Jess Willard and Willie Ritchie, have a care!

Plays and Players

Anna Luther.

ANNA LUTHER is known as the little lady who is not afraid to take a chance. She is ready and willing to undertake any "stunt" that will add realism to the pictures, and the chief source of worry to the director for whom she is working is to curb her adventurous spirit. In one motion-picture drama she was thrown from a yacht in mid-ocean. She has made ascensions



in aëroplanes, and did a parachute drop, among other perilous undertakings.

Miss Luther, who just recently joined the Selig Pacific Coast Stock Companies as a leading lady, was born in Newark, New Jersey, twenty years ago, and entered the art of motion-picture acting as the result of a wager. The work fascinated her, and within six months she was undertaking leading rôles in the silent drama.

"I'm going to stay in motion pictures forever," she said in a recent interview. "That wager was the luckiest thing that could have happened."

W. Eugene Moore.

EACH man, in his time, plays many parts," so sings the poet, but rarely is it given to one man to play over a thousand leading rôles. Yet such is the record of W. Eugene Moore, the premier director of the Thanhouser Studio, in New Rochelle, New York. His innumerable characterizations peculiarly fit him for the directorship of such stars as Harris Gordon and Miss Florence LaBadie, who now head the company under Mr. Moore's direction.

It is the intention of the Thanhouser studio to raise the already high standard of pictures produced by that concern, and through years of ripe experience Mr. Moore is in a position to direct pictures which will be in keeping with Edwin Thanhouser's new "consistency standard."

During his connection with the motographic industry Mr. Moore has visualized such noted features as "Joseph in the Land of Egypt," "Cardinal Richelieu's Ward," "Pamala Congrieve," "A Legend of Provence," "God's Witness," a Mutual masterpicture. One of his best productions was "The Children's Hour," an adaptation from Longfellow's poem. This picture was shown recently in the Strand Theater, New York City, having been recalled by Manager Rothapfel.

Mr. Moore is a graduate of the "old school," and, as a result of his training under the older masters of stagecraft, he always gives the very best that is in him. By means of his powerful personality he is also able to bring out the very best dramatic ability of those under his direction.

Annapolis Valley, Nova Scotia, "the land of Evangeline," is Mr. Moore's birthplace. However, he spent most of his early life in Boston, Massachusetts, where he prepared to enter the divinity school at Harvard, his parents having decided upon a pulpit career for him. But he became possessed with a liking for the stage, and the study of theology was given up for that of Shakespeare and the legitimate drama.

The late Thomas W. Keene gave him his first training, and afterward he served with such men as Edwin Booth, John McCullough, Frederick Warde, Louis James, and Stuart Robson, in Shakespearean plays. After this excellent experience he was starred in a number of productions, appearing in Augustus Thomas' "The Burglar;" as *Saul*, in "Saul of Tarsus," from the pen of Henry Thorn Hum; and as *Julian Beaucaire*, in the Frohman production of "Diplomacy." Eventually, however, he turned to stock, playing leads with companies in many of the more important cities.

Back in November, 1912, Mr. Moore



became identified with the Thanhouser Studio. He appeared in some of his own pictures while directing, and it is a wonderful testimonial to his art that Thanhouser's is the only motion-picture company he has ever been with. Backed by thirty years' legitimate experience as actor, leading man, and then director in stage and stock productions, he brought to the screen all the valuable experience and none of the crabbedness of the legitimate.

Mr. Moore is enthusiasm personified. It makes no difference what the nature of the picture may be that is being produced, everything must be just right and proper, to seemingly insignificant details, or it isn't taken.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

TAKE IT SLOW.

SCENARIO writing is a big game, and the sooner those who are trying to "break into it" realize this fact the less discouragements they will suffer.

That sentence carries a thought which, though it probably seems trite to the older writers, is one every amateur who is just starting to write should remember.

"How can I learn to write scenarios that sell?" or "Tell me how to write successful photo plays," are generally the greetings a "selling writer receives when he meets an ambitious person who thinks he would like to become a photo-playwright.

We wish that all our readers would tackle the proposition in a different way. Make up your minds that you cannot succeed for a long, long time, and that you are going to learn how to write step by step. Then forget all about your typewriter, and visit picture shows. Study the screen. Learn just how every picture you see before you was put together. Try to reduce its plot to the author's basic idea, and then see how he built it up. Also get a fair knowledge of technique.

When you have passed out of the first grade—you are entirely your own master—then begin to plot out the ideas you have in mind, not neglecting to study the screen continually, however. When you are satisfied that your plot will adapt itself to the screen, and that it is both novel and fresh, write it into scenario form and submit it. You have then begun your fight for recognition. Continue to study, write, and submit, advancing slowly all the time, and do not waste time asking others how you can reach the top. That is a question only yourself can answer, and the answer is not in words but in work—the careful, steady work that counts in any line of endeavor.

KEEP THEM GOING ROUND.

Scripts should never be allowed to remain on a writer's desk for more than a day or two. If they are rejected by one company they should be sent to another; if returned again, to still another; and so on until the writer either decides there is something lacking which makes them nonsalable. Then they must either be rewritten or "docked" for the time being.

It does not seem to be the custom of all writers to critically read over a rejected scenario before resubmitting it, but it is at all times advisable to do this. If something is found wrong with the script at such a time, it should be "fixed up" at once, and the script sent out again. If it is beyond fixing, we think it best to put it away, temporarily or permanently, according to its redeeming features. In no case keep a script out of the fray which has any chance at all of selling. Postage is expensive, but the returns are surely worth the investment.

MAKING ADVICE PRACTICAL.

It will do a writer but little good to carefully follow the advice given in this department unless he can learn to apply it to his own work. On the surface, this seems to be a simple matter, but it is safe to say that eight out of every ten amateurs find difficulty in doing so.

The theoretical part of it is very nice indeed, and requires far less gray matter to absorb, but if real benefit is to be gained by a writer, he must read what we have to offer and then literally forget all about us by completely changing the advice to suit his own particular case.

By this we do not mean that wherever we say one thing another should be done. Far from it, for this would, indeed, be fatal. We do mean, though, that the writer must realize just to what degree what we say affects him, and in just what way he can better his work by following it.

ANOTHER DANGER.

On a previous occasion we warned writers not to do a single scenario and then sit down to wait until it sold before thinking of writing another one. That advice, we consider, is worth appropriating, but there is another extremity which must also be avoided.

A writer who is not sure of his footing, and who has not learned to concentrate his mind upon the subject before him, may twist this advice around so that he firmly believes the more ideas or partially developed plots he has to work upon in rotation the better his work will be.

With a few writers—we have read their accounts of their working methods—this may be all right, but with the average photo-playwright it is sure to result disastrously; for his mind will not center upon any particular plot, and all will lack that essential quality known as "punch," which is born of the enthusiasm of the writer.

Three, four, or five scenarios, we believe, should be the limit for those who are not in the professional class; and then there should always be a distinct difference between these unfinished scripts. One must always be almost ready for scene development, another rapidly nearing completion, a third in need of redrafting—or replotting—et cetera. In this way the writer can prob-

ably concentrate to the full power of his ability on the script on which he is working during the time it is before him, but still have the plots of the other stories in the back part of his mind, ready for consideration when wanted.

PEEVED OVER REJECTIONS?

We all get them. What? Rejections, of course. Therefore, we all know how we feel when we start to read the lines we know so well: "The editor regrets that this offering is unavailable, but hopes," et cetera.

The effect of these gentle words on authors is very different indeed. Some grit their teeth and sit down to turn out a new scenario; others laugh externally and weep internally; quite a few —males—cuss mentally, if not verbally; a large army do miscellaneous things, springing from their individual temperaments; but the majority—the great majority—just get plain "peeved."

Why? If you ask them, they will ask you why they shouldn't. They thought enough of the company and its editor to submit their best script for the initial inspection, and even though said company and editor couldn't "see" it, they should have at least written some brief little note of explanation or criticism when they returned it.

Now, while thinklets of that kind are all very nice from the amateur's point of view, he doesn't appreciate the editor's point of view, or he would at once forget all about this "letter with rejection" stuff. It simply cannot be done, for the man who says "yes" or "no" in regard to the acceptance of submitted scripts is far too busy to give every outsider who sends in an occasional scenario—whether it be said writer's "masterpiece" or not—his individual opinion in writing.

If you would be content and happy while in the photo-playwriting game, do not, under any circumstances, worry over rejections, or get peeved because they simply carry the polite little note neatly printed, and somewhat less neatly folded. Just determine that every rejection slip, after its smoke has curled up the chimney and its ashes lie scattered about the fireplace, is one more pebble removed from your path to success.

LOVE SCENES.

"This story wouldn't have been so impossible," said an editor to us recently, "if that fool young writer hadn't given the best that was in him to making Robert W. Chambers stuff out of the love scenes and neglected honest-to-goodness action and development where it was needed."

He showed us the script, which ran thirteen pages for two reels, and pointed out six love scenes, each of which consumed at least three-quarters of a page, and one of which ran over onto the next sheet. The basic idea of the story was good, and the synopsis looked promising because it merely sketched the plot. Had the author carefully developed his plot in the scenario proper, supplying, as the editor said, honest-to-goodness action and development where it was needed, there would have been little doubt but what he would have registered a sale—though the company to whom he submitted is buying very little —this script having been particularly fitted to the kind of productions they are making. As the script stood, it was rejected.

The moral is obvious. Love scenes are very seldom more than incidents in a story of worth. They are very charming incidents, we agree, and doubtless are as interesting to a large portion of the average audience in a motion-picture theater as any other part of a film. Write them in, and write them as humanly as possible; but don't overdo them. Unless you have some very clever business you wish to introduce, just merely state that John and Mary appear in love scene, ending in embrace. Where you have some clever business, "get it over" to the director and editor as concisely as possible. Then apply the time you would have spent working out all the frills of the scene to putting on the "honest-to-goodness action and development" that is needed to keep you from getting into the class with the writer who *almost* sold.

Short Shots.

Don't let the call of the open take you from your work. Listen to the call of the check.

Every time you spend a nickel or dime for a ticket to a picture show consider it in the nature of an investment, and be sure that you gain on it.

Things worth obtaining have to be sought. That applies to scenario writing in many ways.

Do you know just what future position you are preparing yourself to hold down? It will be well to learn, and if it is in the picture field you will find no end of hard work confronting you before you reach it. But the game certainly is worth the candle.

Draw characters from life, and paint them with fiction water colors before putting them on exhibition for the public.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Biograph Company, at present located at Georgia and Gerard Streets, Los Angeles, California, has ceased putting out comedies, and will, in the future, devote its time to making one and two-reel dramas. This offers writers of unusual dramatic scripts of short lengths a market. Domestic atmosphere preferred.

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No. 11



BEVERLY BAYNE
THE PUBLIC'S FAVORITE
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY
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Busy Beverly Bayne

By Hugh Hoffman

This is a "close-up" picture of a remarkable actress; one of the very few girls who have written random letters to motion-picture studio managers and secured engagements that led to distinction. She is also an unusual kind of motion-picture player—one who has never been on the stage. This article deals more with the personal side of Miss Bayne than with her career in pictures, telling what interests most of her admirers.

MOST young women who achieve stage success have to work hard and endure many disappointments. None of these things ever came to Beverly Bayne, the leading lady of the Essanay company. She had never been on the stage. She had never acted for the screen in her life. And yet she became a movie actress overnight, so to speak, and practically without any effort on her part whatsoever.

She didn't have any qualifications or reasons to give for believing she could make good as a moving-picture actress. And yet she was sent for and given a job. Just as easy as that!

The way it all happened was this, as Miss Bayne herself tells the story:

"I had a school chum up in St. Paul, where my home was at the time. She moved away to Chicago. I had promised to visit her, if I could persuade my parents to let me do so; and finally they gave their consent. My mother was opposed to moving pictures, as some people are who have never seen them, on the ground they were all of a sensational, blood-and-thunder nature which could not help but exert a bad influence on young people. I was an ardent 'movie fan,' with my chum. At home, I had had to invent excuses in order to see my favorites of the films; but in Chicago I could go as often as I liked; and my chum and I visited one, and sometimes two or three, moving-picture theaters every day. Instead of decreasing our enthusiasm, the more we saw of the movies, the more their fascination



Beverly Bayne, the public's favorite.

grew for us. Finally one day the inevitable climax came.

"'I wish,' I exclaimed to her, 'that I could act for the movies!'

"Her reply somewhat sobered me, for I had spoken wholly on impulse and without dreaming for a minute that she would take my words seriously.

"'Let's try it!' she proposed eagerly. It was in the nature of a dare, or so I felt. I had committed myself; there was no drawing back now. And so I answered:

"'All right, we will.' We each took one of our photographs and inclosed them in a letter to the manager of the Essanay studio. I can remember, word for word, what we said in that letter. It ran like this:

"'DEAR MR. MANAGER: We are two girls, and we would dearly love to act for moving pictures. Won't you please give us a job in the pictures? We are sending you our photographs so you can see what we look like. Hoping to hear from you soon, et cetera.'

"Just a crazy, unstudied letter, such as girls sometimes write and giggle while they write it. Anyhow, the letter was answered by Harry McRae Webster, who was then chief director of the Essanay Film Company, in Chicago. He requested my chum and me to report at the moving-picture studio, which we did; and we went into a picture the very first day. Soon after, my chum got married and withdrew from the picture field, but I have stuck it out ever since."

That, as Miss Bayne tells it herself, is the way she broke into the movies.

She explains that her mother was shocked and astounded beyond measure one night when she saw her daughter walk out on the screen in a theater in St. Paul. Some of the neighbors had seen Beverly in the picture, and reported the fact to "mamma," who was paying her first visit to a moving-picture theater to see if the dreadful rumor could by any possible chance be true. Mother, finding that it was indeed a fact that her daughter had become an actress for the moving pictures, was horrified, and doubtless had many a duck fit between that hour and the time she landed in Chicago some hours later. She took the very first train out of St. Paul, and asked the conductor to put on extra speed in getting down to Chicago to find out the exact meaning of it all.

At the Essanay plant, Beverly was working in a studio set when her mother came upon the scene choking with indignation and altogether speechless. By this time, Beverly had already demonstrated that she had remarkable talent, and it had been quickly recognized by Mr. George K. Spoor, one of the leading members of the firm.

It took quite some time to smooth down her mother's ruffled feelings. She was invited into the very handsome private office, and it was pointed out to her that she was the mother of a future star. That may have sounded good to mother, but at the same time it did not altogether make up for the indignity of not being notified before. Beverly's salary was raised to a nice figure right then and there. It was so nice, in fact, that her mamma began to take the situation seriously, but she would not let it be thought for an instant that she had forgiven anybody for not being notified that her daughter had gone and got a job. Beverly's chum's parents came in for a little third-degree business after the contract had been signed; and they, poor things, were mute and confused. They couldn't explain it themselves. The facts are, however, that Beverly simply rushed them into it the same as she rushes everybody into doing what she wants.

When her mother's objections had all been smoothed away, Beverly went at her work more energetically than ever. Withal that she had been mainly concerned in dainty little chiffons and laces and other girlish things, there was nothing that she would not attempt in the way of a part. She never minded smearing her face over with grease paint and wearing the clothes of poverty. She became at once what is known in the acting profession as a "real trouper."

At first she played ingénues in the Essanay company, but gradually worked into playing leading rôles.

It is not the object of this article to discuss the various pictures in which Miss Bayne has appeared, because those who read are no doubt familiar with her and her work. It is the intention of the writer merely to jot down a few things about Beverly Bayne as he has seen and knows her.

In the first place, "busy" is exactly the word that describes her. If any one ever saw Beverly sitting around doing nothing, he has seen something I have never seen her do. The great mystery is how a human creature can keep so everlastingly on the go from the moment she gets up in the morning until she goes to sleep at night. It is reasonable to suppose that she sleeps sometimes, but it is rather difficult to catch her at it. Certainly she does not take any beauty naps during the day. She can go home late from a dance as full of life as a cricket and be the first one around the house in the morning, doing something.

Always doing something! That sums up Beverly Bayne, probably the most restless and energetic creature that ever was born.

And, speaking of dancing: I recollect one morning, on the broad piazza of the house where the company was playing, an impromptu dancing class that she organized on the spur of the moment. Immediately after breakfast the men were sitting contentedly on the porch smoking their pipes before going to work. The womenfolk were busy with their little household affairs, and the clattering of dishes being washed and the "whisk-whisk" of carpets being swept were among the sounds to be heard. Beverly, about this time, had the dance craze in its worst form. She walked the Castle walk all the time humming a little tune wherever she went. Out she popped on the front porch, and in about two minutes she had the men all in line, teaching them a new dance that she had learned the night before. Most of them were not at all interested in the dance, or dancing in general, but that didn't make any difference to Beverly.

She reminded me of an army officer drilling the awkward squad. There wasn't any music except what Beverly furnished herself. She did the talking and hummed the tune all at the same time, and the men, in their clumsy boots, made up for a Western picture, went clumping up and down the wide porch. Hearing the noise, the women came to the door to see what was going on. And as fast as they came to the door, Beverly forced them into the class, so that in a little while she had completely suspended the household schedule. Now and then she would be obliged to give individual instruction to some one of her unwilling pupils. In that case, the others were not allowed to sit down. She would break them up in couples and start them off on their own hook.

As suddenly as she started her dancing class, she left it standing where it was and went away somewhere. The next time I saw her, she was down in a ravine behind the house superintending the gathering of some wild flowers that were growing in a place hard to reach. She had three or four small boys making very heroic endeavors to climb up and down the cliff to get the flowers.

Before dinner time that day I saw her down on the main street buying some fluffy dress goods; I saw her watering plants back of the house; I saw her making mud pies with children behind the house; I heard her make at least a dozen telephone calls; saw her in her make-up as a Western girl, and saw her playing in scenes about a mile away from the house. That night she went to a dance and danced every dance. There were not enough dances to go around for all the boys, so she had to split them two or three ways.

During the afternoon of that day, she went to a tea, played tennis, drove an automobile downtown, and answered a mountain of letters, had a half dozen little dancing spasms with any one who happened to be nearest for her to grab and impress into this form of recreation.

Ordinarily, this description would lead one to think that Miss Bayne is a flighty creature, but she certainly is not that. Her mind is very much on her work and she plays her parts with the same

enthusiasm that she injects into her play. The day I have described was one of those days when she did not have many scenes to work in. There are days when she works from daybreak until late in the night, but this doesn't happen always. She has no schedule to go by. If she is doing one thing and something else attracts her attention, she is quite likely to drop the thing she is doing and turn her attention to another.

And so she goes all day long, never ending, never tiring. There has never been any great sorrow come into her life. She is just a happy-go-lucky, sweet-tempered girl to whom life is a grand, sweet song. Her equanimity has never been disturbed by any love affair. She loves boys, but she loves them collectively. Beverly is just plain girl and nothing else. There are some who wonder how it is possible for this simple and pure-minded girl to play some of her emotional parts as well as she does, especially the love parts. She has never been known to be in love with any one, and matrimony seems to be miles and miles away from her thoughts. She has never had any business reverses or any other serious calamity that might have a tendency to guide her in giving vent to emotion. She acts as she does everything else; it is simply a part of her young life, and she couldn't analyze it to save herself. Yet, as leading lady with the Essanay company, she has risen to a point that is achieved by very few young women.

The college boys were mad over Beverly, and she reigned among them as a queen. When the moving-picture scenes were being taken, there was always a big audience of these fine, clean-looking boys sitting out in front of the platform on the grass. When Miss Bayne was not in a scene, she could usually be found in the middle of this crowd of admirers. But Beverly, being a wise girl, never played any favorites, and she was seldom seen in the company of any one young man twice in succession.

And what a merry dance she led them. There would be three or four of them with her wherever she went. After a great wrangle these boys finally decided that they would have to select one of their number as manager to settle all disputes in regard to Miss Bayne. In this way they argued it out among themselves who was to dance with Beverly. Probably no one will ever know how many offers of marriage she received that summer, but it is certain that there were very many.

It was a wonderful summer for Beverly there in that college town, and just such a summer as many a girl has had in dreams that never came true; that of having a whole college full of boys showering attentions upon her. The fame of Beverly Bayne is still fresh in that town. When it came time for the next junior "prom," she was invited to come there with her mother by the boys of one of the large fraternities. She was to be queen of the "frat," and leader of the great cotillion. With some difficulty they persuaded the Essanay company to let her go East for the college exercises. Beverly and her mother had been scarcely more than a day at the college when a telegram was received from Mr. Webster ordering her to be back in Chicago by the earliest train. This was for some unforeseen business emergency that had arisen.

It was a catastrophe that almost broke Miss Bayne's heart, and is probably the greatest calamity that has ever happened in her young life. I remember the great, big, sparkling tears that trickled down her pretty face. They looked like dewdrops on a pink rose. She was sending a telegram to Harry McRae Webster, with whom by this time she was the best of friends. It read like this:

"Am leaving for Chicago, you mean old thing!"

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

William S. Hart, the Kay-Bee leading man, writes that he has finished work on "The Darkening Trail," a Mutual masterpiece, and has started right in to work in several two-reelers, to be followed by another big feature.

It was stated in a magazine recently that the night scenes in Griffith's "Birth of a Nation" were taken in broad daylight and tinted. You're all wrong, Mr. Writer. The night-battle scenes were all taken after nine o'clock in the evening. I saw them photographed myself.

Proof that the big features are going to be the real money getters, is shown by the continued success of the "Birth of a Nation" and "The Eternal City," both of which are enjoying long runs at Broadway-theater prices!

Irving Cummings, leading man in "The Diamond from the Sky," is walking with a limp these days, as a result of a fight in a box car with several tramps. Such is the life of a movie star.

Mr. and Mrs. Vernon Castle are to be featured in the next release of the Cort Film Corporation, following the "Melting Pot." Jimmie Vincent will direct.

Promised to name the five leading directors this week. Well, here they are: (1) D. W. Griffith; (2) Tom Ince; (3) Edwin S. Porter; (4) Ralph Ince; (5) Fred Thompson. Griffith is recognized as peer of all directors. Tom Ince's "Wrath of the Gods," "Battle of Gettysburg," "Cup of Life," and numerous others rank him an easy second. Edwin S. Porter, with his Mary Pickford subjects and "The Eternal City," is entitled to third position. Ralph Ince, brother of Tom, follows close behind with the "Wreck," "Million Bid," and "Juggernaut," and, fifth, Fred Thompson, with "Love's Sunset," "The Christian," "Sign of the Cross," and "The Goose Girl." Next week I am going to name the five leading motion-picture actors. Henry ——? leads the list. Watch!

Great interest is manifested in the new Universal serial, "The Broken Coin," which is to be released shortly. Jovial Carl Laemmle, the president of that organization, played an extra part in one of the installments, and received three dollars for his work. Easy money.

Essanay keenly feels the loss of Francis X. Bushman, their noted star, and is trying hard to fill the gap. Bryan Washburn, the former heavy, is playing leads now, and promises well as the company's best man.

Chester Conklin, Keystone's funny man, is very popular these days. We can't understand why they call him Droppington in preference to Walrus. The latter title certainly fits him better. Look at his mustache!

Willie Ritchie, the American lightweight champion, is in pictures! Maybe he will give more punch to the films?

Billie Burke has been signed by Tom Ince to play in a five-reel comedy drama under his personal direction.

Speaking of Ince, the former producer had a bad accident a little while ago, in which he shattered his collar bone. Yes; it was an auto smash-up. He may be able to conquer film difficulties, but telegraph poles are away out of his class.

The Island of Regeneration

(V. L. S. E., Inc.)

By Kenneth Rand

Kate Brenton proclaimed herself an atheist, and a free thinker; she believed in friendship between men and women, without love. A suave man-of-the-world played upon her views to get her to make a trip with him on his yacht. She escaped in time—to land upon an island, which was inhabitated by only one man, who had not seen a human being for twenty years. How her mind was swept clear of all her old, foolish theories, through the light of truth which this young man brought to her, is the substance of this inspiring story based on the five-part photo drama produced by Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, Inc.

John Charnock.....Antonio Moreno
Valentine Langford.....S. Rankin Drew
Kate Brenton.....Edith Storey

"IT will be the best thing in the world for your wife."

Thus Doctor Clayton reassured his old friend, John Charnock, as the latter stood on the white-pillared veranda of his Southern home, a roll of steamer rugs in one hand and a traveling bag in the other, while in the waiting carriage on the driveway at the foot of the steps sat his wife and his little three-year-old son John, junior.

Mrs. Charnock had been in failing health for some time past, and the physician had prescribed a sea voyage. John Charnock was rich, and thus in a position to carry out the doctor's suggestion, which he had done by engaging passage for himself and family on a steamer that was bound for the South Pacific Ocean.

Now, putting aside the foreboding at the moment of departure that had caused him to pause on the steps of his home, at the physician's reminder that his wife's health depended on the trip, he shook the doctor's hand and went down to the carriage beside him.

"I have left everything in the hands of my overseer Maitland," he said. "I know that I can trust him to take care of the place until I return."

The next day, John Charnock, his wife, and his little son had boarded the steamer at the seaport city that was a twelve hours' train ride from his home, and several weeks later they were steaming under cloudless tropic skies through a sea that lay as placid as a mill pond. It seemed impossible that an accident could overtake the vessel at that time and place, without a trace of a storm in sight. And yet something more to be dreaded than shipwreck in a tempest was about to befall the steamer.

Charnock and his wife were playing cribbage in a shaded portion of the deck, while the little boy, seated on his mother's lap, looked on.

The captain left the bridge at the heels of a sailor who had made a report to him, one that caused the officer's brows to pucker in deep anxiety. The curl of smoke he saw coming up around the hatchway over the hold of the ship, to which the sailor led him, did not diminish his frown. Fire at sea was the peril that menaced the vessel—and the lives of all on board.

The captain hunted up the Charnocks, who were his only passengers, the ship being a "tramp," and led Charnock off to one side.

"I don't want to alarm your wife and child," the officer told him, in a low tone, "but the cargo has caught fire. In case we don't prove able to handle the blaze, you'd better get them into a boat now. I'll go and order one lowered for them at once."

He hurried off to do so. Charnock had to tell his wife something of the true state of affairs, but he quieted her fears as much as he could by reassuring her that the fire, having been discovered promptly, was almost sure to be controlled in a short time by the captain and the crew. Mrs. Charnock ran below to their stateroom for a moment. The valuables with which she returned—in the panic characteristic of those confronted by such a crisis—were a Bible and little John's pet collie, Prince. With these possessions, and the boy himself, she descended into the boat that had been lowered over the side.

Her husband she could not persuade to join them.

"It is my duty," he said simply, "to stay here and help the others fight the fire, on which their lives depend."

And so John Charnock gave up his life, like the brave man he was, in the effort to save others. For the vessel soon burned to the water's edge, and all on board it were lost. A tongue of flame from the raging conflagration that swept the deck had severed the line by which the small boat was moored to the doomed steamer's side, and Mrs. Charnock and the boy drifted away over the sea's smooth surface, the lad petting and caressing Prince. There were no oars in the boat, and in the excitement it had been stocked with neither food nor water. But fortunately the tide on which they had been borne away from the ship, and in the direction of land, had only begun to turn. Before it could change and sweep them out to sea to certain death from hunger and thirst, the keel of the boat had grounded on the white beach of an island.

Mrs. Charnock had just strength enough left, mortally stricken in her frail state of health by the loss of her husband, to step over the side of the boat with the child in her arms. And then, stumbling to her knees on the sand, and setting the boy on his feet, she caught at her heart and fell—dead.

Little John was alone. Instinct told him that, although he did not know that Death was the name for the thing

at made his mother lie so still and ite. Presently, prompted by another stinct—hunger—he wandered up the ach toward the green of the jungle be- nd it. He picked up from the ground banana, and another queer, round fruit hich he had never seen before, and e them, finding them good.

There was fruit enough on the island supply one with all he needed to eat r the remainder of his lifetime. The n, warming the beach, made it an ideal uch; and, should it rain, there were e broad leaves of the jungle trees by hich a shelter could quickly be con- ructed. There was nothing to menace ohn's safety on the island, except an tack by serpents and wild beasts— ere were none of these first, and gib- ring monkeys were the only represen- tives of the latter.

And so his life as a castaway, alone on that island, began. It was to con- ue for twenty years.

Miss Kate Brenton, an atheist, a be- ever in the equality of the sexes, and a ee thinker on most subjects, was air- g her views. Before a fashionable au- ience in the drawing-room of her riend and admirer, Phyllis Carney, she as giving what she liked to call one of er "lectures."

"Who is that girl?"

The speaker was Valentine Langford, man with a fortune in seven figures, he income of which he had spent in ays which had left their obvious traces n his face, in its colorless complexion nd heavy-lidded eyes.

He whispered the eager question to Phyllis, who had gained his half-hearted romise on the day before, when she had et him on the avenue, to drop in at er home this afternoon to hear a friend f hers speak on the subject of woman's rue relation to man. There was noth- ng half-hearted in his manner now, owever. Ever since he had seen what glorious specimen of womanhood this riend of Phyllis' was, he had been hanking his lucky stars that he had ome.

"Introduce me, won't you, as soon as she has finished her talk?"

Phyllis did so. And straightway Langford set about the task of winning Kate Brenton. She was different from ny woman he had ever met before. Ad- vocating, as she did, the right of men nd women to be friends without re- gard to the difference in their sex, there was in her cold attitude toward love the lure of a challenge to the man of the world.

Langford, from the start, played a cautious game. He appeared to be in- terested in her on purely intellectual grounds, asserting that the thoughts he had heard her express in her lecture were the same that he had long had in his own mind, and that he felt himself drawn to her as a kindred spirit.

He spoke no word of love to her in all the succeeding weeks of their ac- quaintance. Soon they were almost con- stantly together: horseback riding in the park, lunching, going to the the- aters and the opera, and making trips out into the surrounding country in Langford's powerful motor car—for it was springtime.

Kate, for all the assurance with which she spoke on the proper relationship be- tween men and women, and religion, knew no more of what she was talking about than the unsophisticated child, which, at nineteen, she was. The fact that she did not guess the sort of a man Langford was, but took his statement of his interest in herself at its face value, and allowed his growing intimacy with her, was ample proof of that.

Langford, the first time he had heard her deliver her views, had been quick to note the almost fanatical sincerity of her belief in them. And it was on this he played. If he asked her to accom- pany him anywhere, and she attempted an excuse for not going, he promptly accused her of being afraid of what the world would think if she was seen too often with him. That was always enough to do the trick.

At last he believed that the time was ripe to put into practice a plan that had long been formulated in his mind.

"Don't you think," he said to Kate one day, "that we ought to do as all the founders of new cults have done to make the world share their beliefs? Instead of forcing recognition of the truth of what we preach by words,



And so John's father, like the brave man he was, gave up his life in the effort to save others. All on board the steamer were lost.

wouldn't we accomplish that purpose quicker by an actual demonstration?"

"What do you mean?" she asked.

"Simply this," he replied: "Come away with me on my yacht. We'll go for a long cruise—to the Southern Pa- cific Ocean, or anywhere you say. We'll go together. Just as any two men who were friends, you know, might go off on a trip. We'll stay away for a month or two. And when we come back we'll have proved to the world that it is pos- sible for a man and a woman to defy so-called 'conventionality' without los- ing a speck of their standing in society. We'll show by our manner what, of course, will be the truth—that we haven't committed any social crime—and

that will force our friends to go on receiving us into their homes, and so forth, just as they do every one else. That, you see, will pave the way for others to do as we have done—we will have pointed the way for them to cast off the shackles of antiquated custom without fear."

Kate hesitated. Her feminine intuition whispered to her that to agree to the man's proposal would prove highly dangerous. She was in the act of shaking her head in refusal.

"Are you afraid to prove your words by deeds?" Langford softly brought forth the argument on which he was depending to get her to place herself in his power. "You've said people ought to do what they knew in their hearts was right, and never mind the opinion of the world. You'd like to take such a trip with me, wouldn't you? You've never seen the South Seas, and we've proved the best kind of companions for each other. Aren't you strong enough to put your theorizing to the proof—to show those of your friends who have begun to laugh at your opinions that your views are right, by your example? Or are you afraid?"



Kate was glad she had consented to come away with Langford on his yacht. But she was soon to be sorry.

That settled it. It was true there were more than a few people of her acquaintance who were beginning to scoff at Kate for her railing at the world's stupidity in obeying the farcical laws of convention. They said—she had twice overheard them do so recently—that a little more experience of the world would teach her to think differently. She would show these doubting ones, as Langford suggested, by her own example. And so she agreed to make the trip on his yacht with him.

The suave scoundrel, as the yacht steamed down the New York harbor and away to sea on the start of the long voyage, was careful not to betray his elation over the way he had got her into his toils, nor to alter his manner toward her from that of a mere friend, in order that she might not become in the least alarmed until he had her at a safe distance from civilization.

But when they arrived in the South Seas, he believed that the time had come for what he termed a "show-down."

It was a beautiful moonlit night, and Kate was standing at the rail on deck watching the shimmering wake which the white craft left behind it on the placid, jet-black surface of the sea through which it slowly steamed. The islands which Langford had offered to explore with her on the morrow, in the motor boat which the yacht towed along in its rear, had not yet been sighted.

All at once the girl felt a hand laid over hers as it rested on the rail. She turned with a start, to find her host standing at her side. With an inexplicable thrill of revulsion, she snatched her hand away.

"Why are you always so cold toward me?" Langford protested.

She peered through the darkness a his face.

"Cold?" she repeated, in surpris "Why do you say that? I didn't kno I had shown any lack of cordiality i our friendship. I'm sure none exists o my part."

"On a night like this," the man wer on, sidling nearer to her as he spok "friendship with you seems cold to m I want something warmer—lov Haven't you known me long enoug Kate, to feel toward me as I do towar you? We were made for each othe dear——"

The Japanese steward stood behin them in the lighted doorway of the cabi at that moment.

"Dinner is served, sir," he announce

Kate turned quickly toward the doc from which the servant had disappeare

"You aren't going to spoil everythin by being sentimental, are you?" sl pleaded with Langford. "Let's not ta about—about such things. I want to l your friend and to call you mine. That all. The rest—it doesn't exist betwe us, and never can—it's foolishness. No take me in to dinner, please."

Langford bit his lip in vexation, b he obediently offered her his arm. dinner, he sat moodily regarding h while he left the food on his plate a most untouched. He drank heavil however, ordering the Jap to bring hi a second bottle of champagne befo the fish course was removed. As l drank, gradually his moodiness lifte He became tipsily loquacious. Kat noting that the narrowed gaze of h eyes never left her face, grew nervou

She had never seen him this w before, but now his real nature w coming out.

"I love you," he abruptly resumed h wooing of the deck, reaching across t table to take her hand again. "And your heart you know that you love m too. Don't you? Don't you?" he r peated, with maudlin insistence.

Kate sprang up, trying to pull h hand away, but failing this time, h eyes wide with alarm. That same fem nine intuition which had warned her n to accompany Langford on his yac was whispering to her now that the da ger she had risked in coming was a ready upon her. She looked at the m who still gripped her fingers in his, fo lowing her around the table as s backed away from him with an e

smile curving his full lips, and she cried out in sharp fear.

She saw him as he was at last. But her eyes were to be still further opened.

"You can't get away from me," he laughed at her. "You're here alone with me, on this yacht in the center of the most uninhabited quarter of the globe, and you're going to be mine. Your friendship—bah! What do you think I care for that? I've listened to your theorizing, and pretended to believe in it, but it was only a pretense. To conceal the real goal I was after—you. I've got you where I want you. You can cry out till doomsday, but neither the captain, the crew, nor anybody else on board this yacht which I own will come to help you. They've seen such things as this happen on board before. Give me a kiss——"

Kate sprang back, succeeding at last in pulling her hand away as she did so. Her breath came fast, and she looked around her for some other avenue of escape from the cabin than the door before which Langford stood barring the way. There was none. Misunderstanding the reason why she hesitated, he came toward her with his arms outstretched.

"You see the position you're in," he began, with a nod of satisfaction, "and that there's no use resisting——"

From the buffet behind her she caught up a heavy cut-glass carafe.

"Don't come near me!" she warned shrilly.

His answer was a laugh, and he rushed for her. With all her force, Kate brought down the carafe upon his lowered head. The glass was heavy enough, and she had swung it with sufficient strength to kill him had it struck his head squarely. But he had flung up one of his outstretched arms as he saw the blow coming, and so the force of it had been broken, pitching him to the floor at her feet, senseless.

She ran out of the cabin and to her stateroom. Stopping only to throw some of her things into a valise, she gained the deck and ran to the rail where the motor boat was moored.

Her only thought was to escape from the yacht without another moment's delay. What Langford had told her of the captain and the crew's indifference to her cries had caused her to fear them scarcely less than their master, whom she now loathed with all the strength of her being. Untying the line with which the trim little craft that glided through the water in the yacht's wake was fastened to the stern's rail, she drew it up to the yacht. Her valise she threw down in it. And then, climbing over the rail, she dropped into the boat herself.

In another moment, she had started the engine going, and was racing away into the night—whither she knew not, nor cared, so long as it was away from the yacht where she had been wholly disillusioned of her old theories concerning the relationship between those of the opposite sex.



And Kate's disbelief in religion, with all the rest of her foolish theories on life, were swept from her mind. She was no longer a girl, but a woman—in love.

On the shelving white beach of an island, Kate stepped out of the motor boat an hour after dawn the next morning.

She fell, exhausted, on the sand, and lay there with her head pillowed on her arms, sobbing with reaction from the terror that had claimed her throughout the long night. She had found, within an hour of leaving the yacht, that the gasoline tank on board the motor boat had been almost empty when she cast herself adrift in it. Ten minutes later, the engine had stopped; and from that time on she had been at the mercy of the waves. She had never expected to step foot on land again, not knowing that she was drifting toward it all the time. And now, finding herself safe on this firm, glittering beach, with its green fringe of jungle beyond, she had broken down with relief.

At a shuffling step in the sand beside her, she straightened up on one arm, to gaze at the queerest mortal her eyes had ever beheld.

John Charnock, after twenty years of solitary life on the island, presented a strange spectacle. Bearded, and with his hair falling to his shoulders, he was clad in a garment which he had constructed for himself out of the woven fibers of the trees in the jungle, and that enveloped him from his shoulders to his knees.

But if Kate stared in surprise at him, that was nothing to the way in which he regarded her. She was the first living human being he had seen since his mother, and he had long forgotten her.

"How do you do?" said Kate, scrambling up from the sand.

His eyes widened farther with bewilderment. Those strange sounds she uttered—he did not know what to make of them. For he had lost the use of speech, as well as the understanding of it. Kate, guessing the cause of his expression of amazement at the sound of her voice—for she had read of castaways who had forgotten how to speak or to understand others when they did so—and having formed the opinion from his Caucasian, though tanned, skin and wild apparel that he must be a shipwrecked sailor, turned with a smile to her valise which she had taken out of the motor boat with her, and from it produced a hand mirror, holding it up for him to see his reflected figure in it.

The result was another surprise for her. For, at sight of the wild-haired and bearded being that looked back at him from the glass, John turned with a cry of fear and ran back up the beach as tight as his legs could carry him.

Kate laughed—she couldn't help it.

"Come back!" she called after him.

At sound of her voice, John stopped and looked back at her doubtfully. She beckoned to him, and he returned hesitatingly. She held up the mirror before her own face, and touched a finger to her cheek.

"See? This is I," she explained.

She had to do so again and again, by signs, until at length he nodded his understanding. Then she again beckoned to him to draw closer. She pointed to the mirror.

"And there I am again, you see," she showed him. "My reflection."

Instantly a smile of comprehension lighted his face; not for her words, but for the example that accompanied them in the glass. He took it from her and touched his own face, looking at her inquiringly. Then, looking into the mirror, he pointed to his reflection there.

"That's right," she said, laughing again. "You ran away from yourself, you see."

Looking beyond her, he gave the glass back to her quickly and ran toward the water's edge. The tide had turned, carrying the motor boat out to sea. It had already passed the last of the line of breakers—it was gone beyond recall.

And with it went Kate's only hope of leaving the island.

Meanwhile, back on the yacht, having been found on the floor of the cabin at daybreak by the Jap steward and brought back to his senses, Langford had gone to the door of Kate's stateroom, to find it open and the room itself empty. At that moment the captain had come to report that the motor boat was gone. Langford, conscience-stricken, had told the skipper that he feared she had escaped from the yacht in the boat—and why.

"Then she's lost, sir," the captain had promptly informed him. "There wasn't but gasoline enough aboard to run the engine for an hour. Out here at sea, a boat that size couldn't last twenty minutes adrift. You may as well give the young lady up for drowned now as later."

That was what Langford was forced to do. He ordered the yacht brought about and headed back for civilization On the way, it passed the very island where Kate and John Charnock were marooned; but they were no longer on the beach, and so they did not see it go by.

They had gone to the hut which John had built in a glade in the heart of the jungle. There, sweeping away some sand in one corner, he showed her a skeleton—his mother's, which he had preserved all those years. From a ledge of rock he brought down a dog collar with the name "Prince" engraved on its strip of silver, and the Bible. On the flyleaf of the Book, Kate had read the inscription: "To my son, John Charnock, junior, from his loving mother. Virginia, 1895." The name struck some responsive chord in her memory; she recollected where she had heard it before, all at once. Two years before, she had been visiting some friends in the South. They had pointed out an estate to her as the Charnocks', telling her the story of how the whole family had been lost on a steamer in the South Seas twenty years before. The plantation and the house were still being kept, she had been told, by the overseer Maitland, who had been left in charge of them so long ago. This wild-haired young man in the dress of woven fibers beside her, Kate had realized, was not a sailor, as she had first supposed, but instead the sole owner of that rich Virginia estate.

She longed to tell him who he was—she had found out that the inscription in the Bible meant nothing to him—but first he had to be taught to speak, and she set about his education.

The Bible was the textbook from which she slowly brought him to understand the meanings of words. As time went on—weeks and months—and she read deeper into the Book of books, with the simple-hearted young man at her feet, by his questions from time to time showing her a new meaning here, a fresh thought there, which she had never drawn from the Testaments before, gradually the veil slipped wholly away from her eyes. She forsook her atheism, as she had forsaken the folly of her views on friendship between men and women. Her mind came back to its normal, healthy outlook on life. She had ceased to be a girl, and grown into a woman—in love.

Yes, Kate admitted to herself, she loved John Charnock. She loved him for his primitive strength which his life in the open had given him, for his nature as kindly as a child's, but most of all for his fine mind.

A year had gone by, and another. Valentine Langford, in his bachelor apartments in San Francisco, put down the book he had been reading. It was an account of a shipwrecked mariner who had lived for years on a desert island. The story had set him to wondering—wondering whether, after all, Kate Brenton might not have drifted in that motor boat to some one of the islands in the South Seas, and there be still alive to-day.

He had always felt himself responsible for her death—if dead she was. But if he could find her, and bring her back to civilization, wouldn't that atone for the miserable attempt he had made to wreck her life—at least a little?

"I'll do it!" he muttered to himself in sudden decision, and, calling up the captain of his yacht, he ordered it made ready for a cruise to the South Seas the next morning.

Two weeks later, Kate and John, sitting hand in hand on the beach, saw a steamer's smoke on the horizon. Under it, there gradually took shape the two trim funnels, and next the white hull, of

private yacht. It was coming their way. They sprang up, shouting and running down to the water's edge, waving their hands frantically. The yacht dropped anchor a few hundred yards offshore, and a launch came chugging across the placid lagoon toward them. Valentine Langford stepped out on the beach.

"So you are alive, after all?" he exclaimed to Kate, starting to take her hands in his.

She hastily drew back from him, clasping John's arm for protection.

"You!" she gasped, staring at him with eyes round with fright.

Looking from her to John, Langford slowly nodded with a sneering smile. The sight of Kate had brought back all his old desire for her, and John's presence at her side aroused his jealousy. He forgot the motive of repentance which had brought him there to the South Seas to search for her.

"You've been living here with this man, have you," he addressed her, "as you lived aboard my yacht with me for two weeks? I'm sorry to have intruded on your Eden——"

John, his eyes blazing, sprang at him. "That's a lie!" he charged, launching a blow at Langford's head.

There was an interruption. Unnoticed, the launch from a United States cruiser that had been sent to patrol those waters had crossed the lagoon, and now three young officers in white duck jumped out on the beach and ran up to Langford and John, separating them.

"She never lived on your yacht with you!" John told its owner, as the officers pulled him back.

Langford shrugged.

"Ask her yourself," said he.

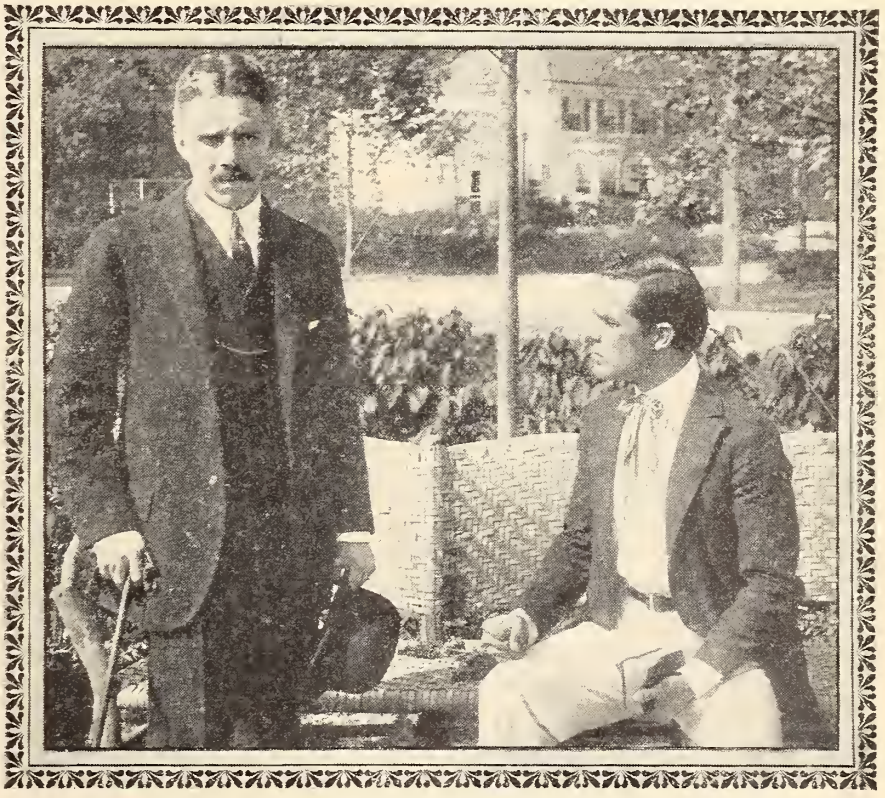
John turned to look at Kate. She bowed her head.

"Yes," she murmured, "it's true."

For a moment John stared at her. Then the officers, crowding around him with eager questions as to how long he had been marooned upon the island, and the like, hid her from his view. When he had shouldered his way out of the group, she was gone. He let the officers lead him away to the launch, on which they bore him out to the cruiser.

But that night he dived overboard and swam back to the island to look for Kate. He did not find her. What he discovered, instead, were her clothes, piled significantly at the edge of a pool in the island's center. The officers, who had followed him back to the island, and Langford, regarded the clothes with him in awed silence. It was plain from their sign that she was no more.

John, his heart broken, went back to the cruiser, and from it was transferred to a passing liner bound for the United States. In another fortnight, he had reached his estate in Virginia, which was turned over to him by the loyal overseer upon John's presenting him with the proof of his identity in the form of the Bible and dog collar.



"I can only tell you this," the reformed scamp informed John Charnock. "Go back to the island."

But Langford—well, he had not believed, as the others had done, that Kate was dead. With the cruiser, he had likewise steamed away, but only around on the other side of the island.

The next morning, when he landed there, he found Kate in the hut in the jungle.

"I shall never leave here," she answered all his sincere urgings that she come back to civilization, without fear that he would again force his attentions upon her on board his yacht. "Not until *he* comes back. He will do so, if he loves me. And if he does that, he will know that I am as stainless as his own mother was. Until he knows that, in his heart, I never want to see him or any other living being again. You are the only one who knows that I am here alive. Promise me, on your word, that you will never tell him. And now good-by."

It was six months later when Langford read a newspaper account of a charitable institution that had just been opened in Virginia by a Mr. John Charnock. That name meant nothing to him. But the name of the institution did. It was called the "Katherine Brenton Home." Then he knew who the John Charnock must be. And also that he still believed Kate dead. Three days afterward, he mounted the steps of John's ancestral home, and sent in his card by the old darky who met him between the white pillars of the veranda.

"I have given a promise," the reformed scamp informed John, when he was ushered into the library where he sat, "to tell you nothing concerning a

certain matter. But that does not prevent my giving you a piece of advice. It is this:

"Go back to the island.

"I have come all the way from San Francisco to tell you that. It is all I can say. But perhaps you will think it is enough."

John watched him go out of the room, and from his life, in silence. And then, a light of happiness shining on his face he stretched out his arms toward a island in the South Seas.

"I understand," he whispered: "And I'm coming, dear!"

Rifle Practice by the Film

By Ernest A. Dench

WAR-RIDDEN Europe just now is finding help in a clever invention for rifle practice which is both useful and entertaining. There are, to be precise, four variations of the device. It is a vast improvement on the ordinary rifle range and the first and best is what is known as the life targets. This has been adopted by the military authorities in Germany and France as part and parcel of the training of recruits.

The British secretary for war approved highly of the invention some time back when a practical demonstration was given, and, as the result, some of John Bull's territorials have derived considerable assistance from it in learning to shoot straight. The British battleship cruiser *Queen Mary* can boast of having a moving-picture target on board.

In some of the leading towns in Britain, motion-picture targets have been opened, and the popular sport is shooting at the "Germans." They are, needless to say, enjoying a huge vogue, for almost every male in Britain is now training with the rifle.

The principles by which the life-target invention is worked are highly ingenious. The sheet that serves for the screen—otherwise the target—comprises three thicknesses of strong, white paper. There is a roll of this paper down below, that mechanically passes upward, after which it travels over another roller and then proceeds back a short distance from the front sheet, where it is manipulated by a spare cylinder. As soon as the shot pierces two layers of paper, the target moves sufficiently to cover half of the shot hole, thus repairing the injury. A third paper is passed across and between the doubled traveling sheet in order to prevent shot holes from repeating. This third paper is firmly fixed and can stand being completed riddled. There is an electrically operated ratchet gear to move the paper over the holes.

Immediately after the bullet hits the target, the picture stops automatically, and at the spot hit at a bright spot appears, so it is possible to tell whether the bull's-eye was made or not. Errors in determining correct markmanship are out of the question. The picture is projected in front like an ordinary photo play, but the projecting machine, which operates sixteen "frames"—a frame is a picture contained on a strip of film measuring just one-sixteenth of a foot—to the second, is stopped by a new scientific apparatus, manipulated entirely by sound of the shot.

Military and sporting films are mostly used, and as soon as the shot finds the screen, the object comes to a standstill for half a minute or so. Then the picture automatically goes on again, the operator merely adjusting the films and turning on the switches. The target, while stationary, cannot take fire, as there is equipped a patented cold-air blast.

To be found behind the screen are the lights by which the holes made by the bullets are lit up, and sandbags to prevent the bullets from traveling farther. Ordinary rifles are used, and these are not attached in any way to the mechanism.

The invention designated as a flash target is entitled to second place. The ordinary film apparatus is employed, except that the screen is manufactured from steel to render it bullet proof. It is prepared so that the films of the moving soldiers, animals, and other suitable subjects are shown up distinctly. The invention gave rise to its name because a light appears when the specially lighted bullets hit the screen.

It is an improvement on the life targets in the one way that more than one person can shoot at the same tim without any confusion arising as t whose shots they are. This is done b each marksman using bullets which pro duce flashes of a different color. Th flash goes out of its own accord, onl a small portion of powder revealing tha shooting has taken place. The devic is the creation of Mr. T. M. Downi of Newcastle, England.

The third combination of musketr and film is due to Mr. Baker, a Scotch man. This is more simple than th other two, as it only requires a plac whereby a small screen and projectio machine can be fixed up in a cellar o dark room in one's home. On the othe hand, the other two former-mentione inventions require large and speciall equipped buildings and the installatio is necessarily much more expensive.

The weapons, instead of being loade revolvers or rifles, are nothing mor dangerous than electric lamps, ther being an arrangement of lenses in th barrel. Once the trigger is pressed, spotlight is flashed on the screen. Thi insures accuracy of aim. The guns ca be equipped with colored lights, whic place the invention on an equal basi with the flash lights in this respect.

Another new motion-picture-targe contrivance is the direct result of thre Yorkshiremen putting their brain power together. The film stops for from fiv to twenty seconds when a bull's-eye i scored, and a flash of light is seer There is also a device to keep the pic ture cool while stationary. Whethe for indoor or outdoor use, this inventio is adaptable in both instances.

Many of the exhibitors have coined new name for the new Vitagraph-Lubin Selig-Essanay feature-film combinatio by alluding to it as the "Big Four."

The Darkening Trail

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

Jack Sturgess, the son of a rich New York department-store owner, was a cad. You will think for a while in this story that he is not going to receive his just deserts—but read what happened to him, when he went to Alaska after his father had disowned him upon learning the villainy of which he had been guilty. It is another of the stories of the Mutual master-pictures, which appear in this magazine, and nowhere else, regularly every week.

Yukon Ed.....William S. Hart
Jack Sturgess.....George Fisher
Ruby McGraw.....Enid Markey
Ruth Wells.....Nona Thomas

THE closing bell rang in the big department store, and Ruth Wells put ıe cover on the last box of gloves in er section, hastily rolled up her short, ack cambric apron, stuffed it between ıe counter and the first shelf below it; ıd then, raising the counter's "gate," epped out into the aisle and hurried p it to the dressing room.

Five minutes later, she came out of ıe "Employees' Entrance." Her eyes ere wide with expectancy—an expreson of dumb, pleading hope, to attempt better description of the look that filled ıem.

And, without knowing that she did so, ıe let a hopeless groan escape her lips. e hadn't come! It had been the same esterday, and the day before. But still ıe had hoped—hoped and prayed, with ı the fervor of her poor, fear-shriveled ul, that she would find him waiting for er to-night. He wasn't there!

She waited. Waited, while the other ıopgirls streamed out of the door beide her, laughing and chattering, as she ad once laughed. Waited, while the read in her heart grew to a conviction: e wasn't ever coming! The last of the irls had gone, the watchman closed and ocked the door, and she set off slowly ı their wake. She shivered, as she ıought of her mother waiting for her, s she had done on turning her steps toard her home every night, now, for ver a week. Still she walked on meıanically to the car line, and boarded ne of the overcrowded trolleys.

Her hope was gone, as her pride had one before it. Three days before, unble to bear the uncertainty of his abence any longer—which might mean that he was sick, out of town, or any one of a dozen reasons why he hadn't come—she had written. It might have been—she knew now that the opposite was the real explanation—that he hadn't suspected. So, her heart sickening with mortification as she did so, she had written and told him.

She was lost—lost! The thought beat in her mind in time to her steps as she mounted the front stoop of the cheap tenement where her family lived. Lost—lost——

With a catch in her breath, she broke off, as she caught sight of something white in the letter box in the vestibule. Perhaps it was his answer. With her hatpin she fished in the narrow metal mouth of the box until she drew the letter out. It *was* from him—she recognized the handwriting on the envelope. Eagerly she tore it open, to read:

"My Dear Ruth: I am sorry, but I can't do anything for you. I guess you'll come out all right, at that. You, of course, understand that I am not to be bothered in future. Jack."

Now she knew. Her worst fears were realized. The words, which a moment before had leaped up to meet her eyes with unnatural distinctness, of a sudden swam into an unintelligible blur. Her hand closing convulsively on the open letter and its envelope both, without a sound Ruth collapsed on the vestibule floor.

A girl who worked in a five-and-ten-cent store, and whose family lived on the floor below Ruth's, found her there when she came home, fifteen minutes later.

"If it was summertime," the girl told the neighbors who had come flocking out of the tenement at her cries, to gather around Ruth, "I could understand it. I know what workin' behind a counter in a close, stuffy store in the hot weather is. But why she should faint like this is somep'n I can't understand."

Ruth's mother, to whom one of the neighbors had run and broken the news, couldn't understand it, either—at first.

But, when the girl had been carried up to the Wells flat and laid, still unconscious, upon the bed in her room, her mother, after the others had gone, spying the crumpled letter in her hand, took it from her fingers and slowly read it.

She understood. Raising her drawn face ceilingward, she made the sign of the cross. And at that moment the front door of the flat opened. It was Ruth's father, home from his day's work at the power house; and he would have heard from the neighbors on his way upstairs, her mother quickly realized, that his daughter had fainted. She hurried from the room to face him.

"What's the matter with our girl?"

John Wells' heavy-jawed face bore a look of alarm. His wife, laying her hand on one of his muscular arms, barred his way to Ruth's room. She tried to speak, shaking her head in impatience over her momentary inability to do so.

"What's wrong?" he demanded, his expression of apprehension deepening at her manner. "They said she fainted downstairs. Why?"

The tears streaming down her cheeks,

in silence her mother handed him the letter. As he read it, his whole powerful, thickset body stiffened. His fist closing on the note, and his lips on each other, he took a step toward the girl's room. Her mother clung to him.

"No—John! You won't hurt her!" she begged. "She's hurt enough as it is. For my sake——"

He brushed her aside, moving steadily toward Ruth's room, where she had already come to her senses, sitting up on the bed to gaze, wild-eyed, around her without understanding for the moment how she had got there.

"I want to know who the man is," her father told her mother through his clenched teeth. "That's all."



Jack was thinking: "If the doctor didn't get here in time, then—then I could go back alone."

And from Ruth he dragged the truth. It was the son of the owner of the department store who had betrayed her. His name was Jack Sturgess. She had met him one night as she was leaving the store. He had asked her to go out to lunch with him on the morrow. Fear of losing her position if she refused had led her to accept the invitation. There had been an unaccustomed glass of wine beside her plate at the luncheon, which he had urged her just to taste. And after that—a blank. It was three weeks since she had known the trouble she was in. She explained about the letter she had written to tell him of it, and this—this was his answer.

"He'll find out he ain't going to get away with it so easy as all this," her father told her, with his lips grimly set. "You come with me!"

Protesting for fear of what would happen to the cad who had deserted her without a passing thought, she put on her hat as John Wells ordered her to do, and set out from the flat with him for the home of Mr. Sturgess.

There her father told the department-store owner what his son had done. At first, as was natural, Sturgess refused to believe that his son could have been guilty of such a scoundrelly act.

"Send for him," Ruth's father demanded, "and see whether he recognizes her or not."

The other man did so. Jack Sturgess had been on his way out of the house to keep an engagement with a gay restaurant party, when the servant informed him that his father wanted him in the library. He came petulantly into the room, but his manner changed when he saw Ruth. Her father sprang for him with his fist clenched and his face wrathfully contorted.

"You——"

The department-store owner intervened, pushing John Wells back. Then he picked up the letter to Ruth which her father had brought along, and held it out to Jack.

"Did you write this?"

Jack took the letter and glanced over it. As he did so, he was searching in his mind for some way out of the tight corner in which he found himself. He decided that the best course he could follow was to bluster the thing through.

"Yes," he coolly answered his father. "I wrote it. I got a letter from—this girl," he indicated Ruth with a scornful nod of his head, "a few days ago. She claimed that I was to blame for the trouble she was in. I'd only gone out with her once in my life. And I've found out she's been going to dances and such things, with lots of other fellows. So how did I know——"

He broke off, to dodge the blow John Wells aimed for him in an outburst of wrath over the unfinished insult his words had been forming.

"That's a lie, you miserable puppy!" her father thundered at him. "A lie and you know it——"

Again Mr. Sturgess caught his arm, pulling him back. John Wells turned to him.

"What are you going to do about it?" he demanded. "You've got to do something, I want to tell you that. It's one thing or the other: He'll do the right thing, or, by Heaven, he'll go to prison!"

"Leave the matter to me," pleaded the cad's father, his face seeming to have aged ten years during the past five minutes. "I'll see that he makes the proper reparation for what he has done. You can trust me for that, sir. Give me your name and address, and I will let you hear from me some time to-morrow."

When Ruth and her father had gone he turned to his son.

"Well, sir?" he questioned Jack meaningly.

With a shrug, the young man seated himself on the arm of a chair and lit a cigarette. His eyes did not meet his father's steady gaze, but shifted to the floor.

"What do you intend to do?"

Jack flung his unsmoked cigarette into the fireplace and rose, with an obstinate thrust to his jaw.

"Do?" he repeated. "I don't intend to do anything. It's just as I told you

How do I know that I'm to blame for the trouble she's in——"

"*I* know!" his father broke in sternly. "That girl is a good girl. Her face shows it. You are the one to blame for this, and you've got to stand by her now. You heard her father's ultimatum. Now I'll give you another: You'll either do what's right or I'll cut you off without a penny. Which is it to be?"

Jack Sturgess met his eyes at last. There was defiance in his gaze. He picked up his overcoat and put on his opera hat. Then he walked to the door. "Very well," he said, "I'll clear out."

And he was good as his word. The next morning, with what he had left out of the monthly allowance his father had given him last, he secured passage on a steamer bound for Alaska. It took practically all he had. But he wanted to place himself as far as possible out of reach of the vengeance of the father of the girl he had betrayed.

He had changed his last name to Willis—and in the Far North he hoped to begin life afresh.

Yukon Ed had just arrived in Hope City from his regular monthly trip to Nome with the mail sledge.

Without even pausing at the Golden Light Saloon for a drink, he hastened to the New York Store. The establishment was owned and managed by a woman. Ruby McGraw was her name, and Ed had long loved her with all the ardor of his strong nature. Now he found her alone in the store, figuring out her accounts at the counter. He tiptoed up behind her and laid one of his hands on hers. She looked up with a start.

"Ed!" she cried, a light of glad surprise on her face.

He grinned back at her.

"I'm back again," he announced. "I s'pose I may as well go through with the reg'lar program. I asks you, Ruby, as I has every time I've come down from Nome for the past year 'n' over—will you be my wife?"

She laughed, drawing back.

"And I answers," she lightly mocked his ungrammatical manner of speaking, "that I'll be your friend, Ed, fast and true, and nothing more. And now that we've opened the meeting according to custom—how are you?"

He straightened, a look of pain in his eyes.

"I'm all right," he replied shortly. "How's business?"

She did not answer. She was looking past him, out through the open door of the store. Coming up the street from the steamer which had just got in from "the outside," was a man on whom her eyes were resting for the first time in her life. He was different from the rough denizens of Alaska she was accustomed to seeing. Different as to clothes, and as to bearing. To Ruby he seemed a fairy prince.

He was Jack Sturgess, just arrived in the Yukon from New York.

"Well, I guess I'll be movin' on," remarked Yukon Ed to her. "So long."

"Good-by," replied Ruby abstractedly, still looking out of the door.

Yukon Ed walked back to the Golden Light. He took a place at the bar, quite by accident, beside Jack. As the bartender came to take Ed's order, he turned to Jack, whom he recognized for a stranger in those parts, and hospitably invited:

"Have a drink?"

Jack looked around at him slowly. His eyes traveled with cool insolence over the man's rough clothes, and his lips curled with disdain. Without answering, he turned his back on him.

Ed stood for a minute, his hand resting lightly on the butt of the pistol at his hip; and then, throwing back his head, his laugh roared out.

"Boys," he called to the other men in the room, "take a look at what's been sent to us by some unknown enemy this town's got back in the States. A reg'lar city dude! And he's proud as *can* be, too. Fetch a blanket, somebody, and we'll shake some of the pride out of him."

The blanket was brought, and Jack was seized and thrown into the middle of it as Ed and three others held it spread out by the four corners. And then they proceeded to "toss" him. His rough manhandling kept up for five minutes. At the end of that time, when they dumped him out of the blanket onto the floor of the saloon, he was so dizzy that he could hardly keep his feet when he scrambled up.

Yukon Ed, giving him a shove, sent him spinning through the door into the street outside, and followed him, with the laughing crowd at his heels.

"Look at him tango!" cried Ed, pointing out to the others the way Jack reeled as he picked himself up from the road. "He'd oughter have a pardner. Strike up a tune, boys, and I'll have this dance with him."

He grabbed Jack about the waist, and swung him around and around, while the rest, forming a ring about them, roared out a barroom chorus.

"You don't know how to dance!" exclaimed Ed, releasing him suddenly. Jack fell down, his head striking a stone in the rough earth of the road which further dazed him. Ed pulled out his pistol and fired it into the ground beside him. "Hop up, and I'll give you a lesson!" he ordered. "Dance, you son of a gun—dance!"

Jack, at the point of exhaustion, did so while his tormentor fired at his feet.

And then Ruby McGraw rushed through the knot of men. She confronted Ed with flashing eyes.

"You coward!" she blazed at him. "Put up that gun! Come," she said to Jack, taking him by the hand and leading him away toward the New York Store, "your cheek's cut, and I'll fix it for you."

Thus Jack, brought into the plain but spotlessly neat living room she occupied behind her store, was introduced to a place where, without money, he could stay in Alaska.

He set to work to increase Ruby's love for him, which he was quick to see had sprung up in her heart at her first sight of him. And he succeeded. She became his willing slave from that day on.

A month later, when he had begun to tire of her, Yukon Ed turned up one afternoon with three other men. One of them was a minister. He introduced the parson to Jack.

"I know you want to do the right thing by Ruby," Ed told him. "So I've brought a sky pilot, and you can marry her."

It broke Ed's heart to force another man to marry the girl for whom he would cheerfully have laid down his life. But it was for Ruby's sake, and so he had steeled himself to go through with it.

Jack could not mistake the steely glint in Ed's eyes as they held his, which told him that there was no other course for him to pursue—he had to go through with it.

The wedding took place. After it, Ed and the others took their departure.

Months passed by. One day Jack was lolling at the counter of the store over a cigarette and a New York newspaper which had come up by the last steamer. He wished he could go back—but alone. Ruby was cleaning up the floor with mop and pail.

The door burst open, and a miner rushed in upon her.

"We win!" he jubilantly shouted to the girl. "You grubstaked me, six months ago, and now I've struck it rich. Here's your share of the gold!"

He handed over two heavy sacks of the yellow dust to her.

Jack came around the counter and took them from her hands. There was enough here, he told himself, as he hefted their weight on the way into the next room to deposit them in the safe, to get him back to civilization and to keep him supplied with spending money for many months to come after he got there. Tied to Ruby, though, how could he get away? Moodily he returned to her and ordered her to give him some money. And then he took his way to the nearest dance hall, to spend the remainder of the day and evening with the girls there, in whose society he had been spending the major portion of his time of late.

Midnight came, and Jack had not returned to her. Ruby went out to find him. The rainy season had set in, and it was through a steady downpour that she walked through the town, not finding him there, and out into the open country beyond where she feared he might have wandered, drunk.

It was just what he had done. She found him on the ground, where he had fallen. Taking off her oilskin coat, she covered his face from the beating rain with it, and sat there beside him all through the night.

Two days later, she was in bed with pneumonia as a result.

She grew steadily worse. The wife of a miner, who was nursing her, finally summoned Jack.

"You'll have to ride for the doctor," she told him. "You can reach him in an hour, and get back in another. If he isn't brought here within the next two or three hours, your wife won't live."

Jack got into his coat, grumbling, for it was still raining. Outside the store, he stopped short. An idea had occurred to him. Suppose he didn't get the doctor? Then Ruby would die and he could take her gold and go back to New York alone.

Instead of turning toward the barn, where the horse was stabled, he walked away in the direction of the dance hall.

It was an hour later when Yukon Ed entered it. The miner whose wife was nursing Ruby informed him of the critical condition the girl was in. Jack had ridden for the doctor, the man said his wife had just told him, and everything deepnded on how soon he brought him back.



Yukon Ed's first duty was to Ruby. "I'll ride and get the doctor for her," he murmured; "and then when I get back—him an' me will have an accountin'!"

At that moment Ed heard Jack's laugh ring out from one of the private rooms off the bar. He went to the door and softly opened it. His jaw hardened as he saw Jack sitting at a table with a girl raising a glass of whisky to his lips.

He hesitated for an instant, and then closed the door again as silently as he had opened it. It was Ruby who needed him most just then, he had reflected.

Jack hadn't gone for the doctor.

Then it was up to *him* to go and get him.

And he did, riding like the wind through the night and over the rain-soaked country. When he brought the doctor into the back room of the store, where Ruby was lying, she had become delirious.

"Jack! Jack!" she called. "Don't let me go away alone!"

The doctor sent Ed from the room. Ten minutes later, when he rejoined him, he shook his head. Ed gripped his arm, staring at him.

"You don't mean——"

The doctor nodded.

"It's all over," said he. "She is dead."

Ed stole into the room. He knelt at the bedside and looked at her still, white face. Then, drawing the sheet tenderly up over it, he rose and walked out.

He went back to the dance hall and flung open the door of the private room where Jack was still sitting. Ed dragged him to his feet.

"You come along with me!" he said through his teeth.

Jack, sobered, stared at him with blanched cheeks.

"What's—what's the matter?" he demanded.

Ed's grip tightened on his arm.

"You come with me!" he repeated grimly.

He led him into the room where Ruby lay, and up to the bed.

"Go down on your knees!" he ordered, pointing to the bedside. When Jack had tremblingly obeyed, he pulled back the sheet, disclosing Ruby's face. "She's dead," Ed told him.

He slowly began to unbutton his coat.

"She's gone out on the Darkening Trail," he continued, in the same emotionless tone. "And she said she didn't want to go alone."

His coat was unbuttoned by this time. He reached his hand under it. When it came back into view, there was a long-barreled revolver in it.

"She ain't goin' to be disappointed," he finished.

Otherwise Bill Harrison

(ESSANAY)

By Roy Halstead

A couple of kiddies—he a newsboy, and she a rich man's child—have an "affair." He falls asleep and dreams of being a government detective. It is all the way it would be in the movies. She is a reporter on a big city newspaper. Read how they rounded up, together, a band of drug merchants in this story based on the Essanay two-part picture play—and laugh.

The principals in the cast were Ruth Stonehouse and Joseph Byron Totten.

THERE she is—right on time!"

The newsboy hurried around the corner into the residential street. He nodded approvingly as he saw the little girl who stood on the steps of a private house midway of the block.

"She ain't failed to be there once, at zactly quarter a-past three, in all these weeks since she first bought a paper off me," he commented. "That's the kind of a gal I like—one yuh can depend on. I'll bet the guy that marries her'll never have to wait around fer an hour or two or three while she's puttin' on her hat!"

At that moment, turning her head that way, the little girl saw him. Her face broke into a welcoming smile. She was as pretty as a picture, with her black curls, and in a stiffly starched white dress that ended above her knees. Some rich man's daughter she was, to judge from her appearance. But the newsboy could not control the quickened beating of his heart as he approached her.

"She's got me goin'," he confided to himself. "I'm dead stuck on her, that's all there is to it."

She greeted him as he stopped before her, holding out a penny in her hand.

"Good afternoon!" said she.

The boy gulped, and tugged at the peak of his cap in a belatedly courteous salute.

"How are yuh?" he mumbled.

He took the paper she always bought from the pile under his arm, and handed it to her. At the touch of her fingers as they placed the penny in his palm, his face turned two shades redder.

"Thank you," she said, smiling at him again.

Then she opened the paper, and lowered her eyes to the front page. Her gaze traveled over the headlines slowly, in pretended absorption. She pointed to one, the largest of all.

"What does that say?" she asked him.

He drew near and looked over her shoulder.

"'Gang of Dope Merchants Sought by Government,'" he read the heavily typed headline for her. And underneath it the less-black words of the subhead: "'Sale of Illegal Drugs, Said to be More Widespread Than Ever Before in City's History, Laid to Big Ring. Government Sleuths Unable to Discover Identity of Men Supplying Druggists With Dope.'"

She looked at him admiringly.

"You're awful smart," she told him. "I haven't been to school yet, and I can't read. What does 'dope' mean?"

"It's a kind o' stuff," he answered, "that makes people go crazy. The drug stores ain't allowed to carry it, you know, but they get hold of it, somehow. Like the paper, here, says—by buyin' it off a gang o' crooks who make a business of peddlin' it around. If the gov'ment could get hold of 'em, it'd send 'em all to jail."

"They *ought* to be arrested!" she declared, with flashing eyes. "I think they're the worst people I ever heard of, to want to make folks crazy. I'd like to catch them and send them every one to prison!"

"So would I," said he, grinning, though his own eyes held a glow of awakened ambition. "It says underneath what I read yuh out o' the paper that there's a reward of a thousand dollars for anybody that'll give information leadin' to their capture. Gee, I'd like to be the one to win that!"

She leaned eagerly toward him over the railing of the stoop.

"Maybe you could, if you tried!" she breathlessly encouraged.

At that moment the door of the house opened behind her. A servant called her name, and, when she turned, ordered her to come inside. With a wave of the paper in her hand, she ran up the steps and was gone. The newsboy continued on his way.

"'Mary,'" he repeated the name by which he had heard the servant call her. "It's a pretty handle—pretty, and practical, too. The same as she is. And so she thought I'd be able to nab them coke sellers, if I was to try?"

A musing smile on his lips, he hesitated. Before him one of the entrances to Central Park opened invitingly. He crossed the street and went up the asphalted path, to sit down on a bench in the sun. Close by, but hidden from his sight by a bend in the walk, he could hear the laughter of children playing under the watchful eyes of the nursemaids with whom they had been sent out from the near-by private houses and fashionable apartments.

Yawning, he withdrew one of the papers from the bundle he had put down beside him on the bench. He read again the offer of the thousand-dollar reward. Then he looked off into space through narrowed eyes.

Suppose he was a government detective? His head nodded. He was a constant patron of the picture shows, and he began to visualize it as it would all be in the "movies." He slept.

It was midnight. Entering his luxuriously furnished bachelor apartment, Bill Harrison, employed by the United States government as a detective, turned on the light.

"Ayura," he called to his Japanese valet.

The short, black-haired manservant at once appeared.

"Has anything come for me while I was out?" Bill Harrison questioned him.

The servant presented him with a letter.

"Only this, sir," he replied.

Bill Harrison smiled as he recognized the handwriting on the envelope. It was from Mary, the girl he loved. She had gone to work for one of the big metropolitan newspapers, after her father had lost all his money. Six times Bill had proposed to her, and six times she had refused to give him the answer he sought. For the past month they had both been working on a case together. Yet not exactly together, either. Mary, assigned to the story by her editor, wanted to round up the gang of dope merchants the government had set Bill to catch, before he did. She had boasted that she could do so. And he had accepted the challenge in the spirit of friendly rivalry in which it was given.

So far, the girl had had better luck than he had. After four weeks' work on the case, Bill Harrison, the best detective the government had ever had in its employ, had been unable to unearth a single clew as to the identity of the crooks who were supplying the druggists of the city with unlawful drugs.

Mary, on the other hand, had come within an ace of making the capture of the whole gang. It had happened ten days before.

Stepping into a drug store to purchase some postage stamps, she had seen a man engaged in what had looked to her like a suspiciously furtive conversation with the proprietor. She had believed that he might be negotiating the sale of morphine or cocaine with him. When the man had gone out of the store, she had left it at his heels.

For the next half hour she had succeeded in keeping on his trail. He had stopped at two other drug stores on the way, engaging their owners in the same stealthy conversation each time, and in one store handing over a number of bottles whose contents Mary, looking through the window, had recognized as morphine tablets. She *was* on the trail of a member of the gang! If she could continue to follow him, unperceived, he would lead her straight to the hang-out of the crooks.

But the man had discovered the fact that she was shadowing him. He had turned down a dark side street, to wheel in it and confront the girl, who had followed him, with a revolver in his hand. She had come away without her own pistol, and so she had been forced to turn and run. In her flight she had dropped her hand bag, and looking back over her shoulder as she ran, she had seen the man pick it up and begin to open it to learn her identity.

Now Bill Harrison opened the letter she had sent him. His lips puckered in a whistle of surprise, and he read it through a second time:

"DEAR BILL: I've just received an anonymous note, from some one who claims he is a victim of the drug habit, and, in revenge for the way his life has been wrecked by the peddlers of the dope, he's tipped me off to the address where the gang who are supplying it to the druggists of the city can be found.



Bill Harrison looked into space after he had read the note. "I'm not going to the corner," he decided.

"The number is 3017 Fifth Avenue—you never guessed they'd be occupying a private house in that fashionable neighborhood, any more than I did, eh? I'm going there right away. I want you to come with me.

"I'll have my pistol, and you bring along yours, and meet me on the northeast corner across the street from the house in a half hour from now.

"MARY."

Bill stroked his chin reflectively. He recalled his valet, to ask him when the note had come. The Jap told him it had been delivered by a messenger boy only ten minutes before. Looking doubtfully at the letter, Bill shook his head.

"I'm not going to the corner," he muttered, under his breath.

Mary stood on it for fifteen minutes, and then a whole half hour past the time she had set. Bill's failure to show up completely mystified her. Finally she came to the only conclusion which his conduct left for her. He was afraid to go into the house with her and brave the crooks in their den.

Well, she made up her mind—if he was afraid to do it, *she* was not.

She crossed the street, and mounted the steps of the brownstone private residence whose address she had received in the note from her unknown informant. She paused to satisfy herself that her pistol was still where she had put it, in the right-hand side pocket of her jacket. And then she rang the bell.

She had prepared a story beforehand which she hoped would get her into the house. Once there, if she found that the place was really the headquarters of the ring of dope merchants, as she had been told it was, she could depart with enough evidence to bring back the police. The place would be raided, and everybody in it taken prisoner. The credit for it all would go to her.

"I'm from the Blue-front Drug Stores," Mary whispered furtively to the man in a servant's livery who opened the door.

She mentioned a chain of drug stores that operated throughout the city under a single ownership. The man peered out at her; then, as though satisfied that she answered to the description of some one he had been told to watch for, he stepped back with a low bow.

"Step in, miss," he invited.

Mary did not notice the mocking smile that played about the man's lips, or, if she did, she took it for a shadow from the dark hall wherein he stood.

"Did you come to see Mr. Miller?" he asked.

"I—yes," the girl faltered, on a chance. "I was sent here to buy a supply of cocaine for our stores. The police are watching everything so closely nowadays, that we didn't dare risk having you send it to us. And that's why they sent me here—a girl—to keep the authorities from suspecting anything, in case they were watching this house. If they saw me go in, they'd think I was just making a social call, you see."

The man nodded, watching her.

"That's real clever of you," he approved her story.

"Clever of *me?*" repeated Mary apprehensively. "What do you mean? It wasn't my idea, but the stores'."

"That's what I mean," he corrected reassuringly; "that the people who sent you were clever to pick out you, a girl, as their agent. But they needn't worry about this house being watched by the police. They don't suspect that this is our headquarters. And they're not going to find it out, either."

Mary thought to herself that he was mistaken. The police *were* going to know what he had just told her—that this house was the hang-out of the gang the authorities had been seeking for months—as soon as she could get out of it. She had enough evidence, in the form of the man's admission which he had just made to her, to have the place raided. Now, with an exclamation of pretended surprise, she raised her empty hands.

"I've come away without bringing my hand bag," she explained. "It had the money for the cocaine in it, and I must have left it on the manager's desk. I'll go back and get it."

She turned to the door.

"That won't be necessary," the man informed her, the same mocking smile flitting over his lips. "If you're from the Blue-front Drug Stores, we'll trust you for any amount of the drug you want."

Mary bit her lip over the collapse of her ruse to get out of the house. She made another attempt to carry it through.

"But I'd rather pay you cash for it," she protested. "It might prove dangerous if our name was to show on your books. I'll go and get my hand bag——"

She broke off, at what she thought was a light of suspicion forming in the man's eyes.

"I think you'd better see Mr. Miller first," he told her.

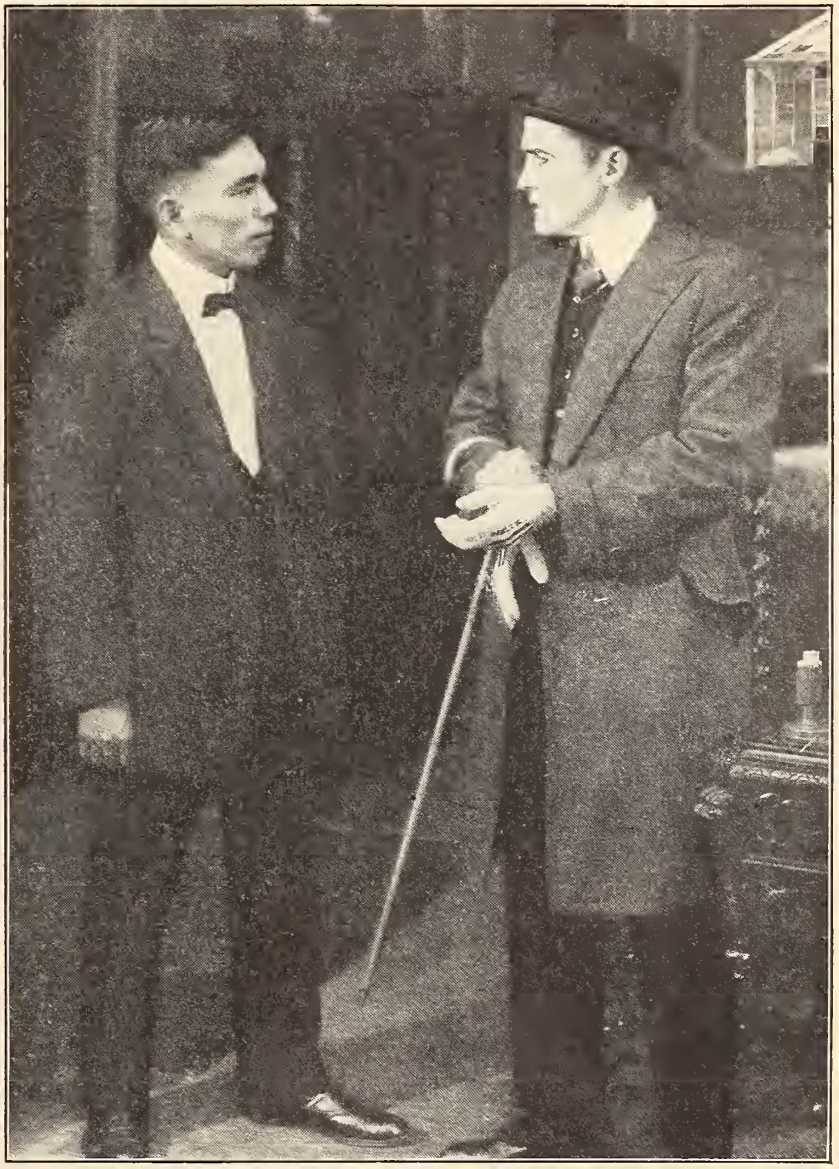
Seeing no other alternative, she allowed herself to be led to the leader of the band. Miller was alone in the room save for a man whose prostrate form lay stretched out on a couch.

Another man lay on a sofa against the wall, with his head pillowed on his arms, sound asleep.

"I overheard you say something about having lost your hand bag," the man with the black beard addressed her smilingly. "Can this be it, I wonder?"

The crook lifted from the table Mary's hand bag, which she had dropped in her flight from the drug peddler she had followed into the side street where he had confronted her with the gun.

"So you begin to understand, do you?" the leader of the gang sneered at her. "Yes, that letter you received with the address of this house in it, was only a decoy. I wrote it myself, to bring you here. To get you into our power. And that's right where you are now. You



"Has anything come for me, while I was out?" Bill Harrison inquired of his Jap valet.

"You lost this, I believe," Miller went on suavely, "quite some time before today, didn't you? A week ago last Tuesday, to be exact."

Mary's cheeks had blanched. Was this a trap that she had walked into?

won't follow one of us again, young lady. You'll never get out of this house alive. You can take my word for it. You see this instrument?"—as he spoke, he picked up a hypodermic from the table and showed it to her. "It contains an overdose of morphine. And I'm

going to inject it into your arm. You'll be dead in fifteen minutes more."

Mary screamed as the villain grasped her wrist and pulled her toward him, with the shining instrument upraised in his hand.

And then the man who had been asleep on the lounge jumped up. It was Bill Harrison!

He was upon the leader of the ring of drug merchants in a single bound. Tearing his hand from Mary's wrist, he grappled with him as Miller turned to defend himself against his unexpected attack. Powerfully built as he was, the crook was no match for Bill. He bore him back against the table, and twisted



Mary had been assigned to the same case Bill Harrison was working on, by her city editor.

him over, face downward, upon its flat surface. Then, holding his wrists behind him in one hand, with the other he drew a set of manacles from his pocket and snapped them on the vainly writhing rogue, making him a prisoner.

"Oh, Bill!" Mary cried to him, in overjoyed relief. "How did you get in here——"

He warned her to silence, with a finger on his lips. Leading Miller to the armchair, he bound his legs to it with his handkerchief, and with Mary's, which he borrowed for the purpose, he gagged him. Then he tiptoed from the room.

He caught the man in the servant's livery off his guard in the hall, and in a few minutes had handcuffed and gagged him—with his own handkerchief—likewise.

"Now watch me get the rest of the gang," he told Mary, as she looked on.

Stripping the servant's jacket from the man, he put it on. Then, from the make-up box he carried with him, he proceeded to give his face the exact appearance of the other's. Just as he finished, there was a ring at the doorbell.

Bill answered the summons.

"Hello, Phil," the arrival hailed him unsuspectingly for the other, as he walked into the house. "I've had a good day, and sold over a hundred dollars' worth of the coke——"

He got no further. For Bill, having closed the door, had leaped on him and taken him prisoner. Five minutes later there was another ring at the doorbell. Bill let another member of the gang in, and captured him the same way. And in fifteen minutes more he had bagged another of the crooks.

"I guess that's the whole crowd," he told Mary, with a grin. "You can telephone the police to send around the wagon now."

When she came back from the phone, Mary repeated her query as to how he had got into the house.

"Oh, that was easy," Bill told her. "I guessed, when I read your letter, that the one you had got, telling you to come here, was a ruse. I made up my mind that I'd be on the ground before you arrived, so as to look after you in case you got into trouble. I didn't wait for you on the corner, but came straight here, instead. I rang the bell, and passed myself off as a wealthy victim of the drug habit who had been refused morphine at every drug store he had tried. One druggist, I said, had at last told me that I could get the stuff at this house, if I could pay the price. I said I was willing to pay anything for an injection of the dope. And so our friend Miller, in there, agreed to let me have it. Of course, I spilled it on the floor. Then I lay down on the sofa, pretending that the stuff had made me sleepy. He figured I would be dead to the world for another four or five hours, I guess. And so that's why he let you into the library while I was there. That's all."

As he finished, Bill Harrison took both her hands in his.

"And now that I've answered your question, suppose you answer one of mine," said he. "For the seventh time—will you marry me?"

She pulled her hands away, shaking her head.

"But I've saved your life!" he argued, seizing her in his arms. She held him off by both hands on his shoulders, struggling to free herself of his embrace. "That's always the way it is—that's always the way it is——"

The newsboy woke up with a start.

"That's always the way it is in the 'movies'!" he finished, out loud, the protest he had been trying to make to the girl in his dream.

The little girl to whom he sold a paper every afternoon at a quarter past three, was standing in front of his bench, shaking him by the shoulder. He sat looking at her dazedly for a moment. And then he sprang to his feet and caught her in his arms and kissed her.

She backed away with round eyes, rubbing at her mouth.

"What're yuh runnin' away for?" demanded the boy, as she started up the walk after the nursemaid behind whose back he had kissed her. "Are you rubbin' it off?"

"I'm not running away," she told him; "'cause I'll be here to-morrow, if you will. And I'm rubbing it in."

His Father's Rifle

(SELIG)

By Robert Keene

In Africa, Kirke Warren, an American painter of wild animals, meets and falls in love with another man's wife. Her husband is killed, and with Kirke's rifle, which had been his father's deathbed gift to him. She vowed vengeance against the owner of the rifle, without knowing to whom it belonged. The means she took to fulfill her vow, and what followed, are thrillingly told in this story based on the Selig "jungle zoo" picture of the same title.

Kirke Warren.....Guy Oliver
Higgens.....Bert Grasby
James Birch.....Wm. Howard
Elsa Birch.....Stella Razeto

COULD take it, and he'd never know."

Higgens, the more or less faithful ervant of Kirke Warren, the famous ild-animal painter, stood in his mas-er's tent in the heart of the African ungle. He held in his hands the ob-ect of his whispered comment. It was Springfield rifle, beautifully balanced, s stock of polished rosewood and its arrel of glinting blue steel; while on s curved butt end was a silver name late which bore the initials "K. W."

The rifle had belonged to Kirke War-en's father before him. It was, as Hig-ens well knew, the young man's most reasured possession.

But it was also the only firearm in amp. And Higgens—who had been ld he might take the morning off, to o where he would, and to do as he leased—had been seized with a desire o go hunting. Weighing the rifle un-ertainly in his hands, he repeated, un-er his breath:

"He'd never know!"

Kirke had gone over to the near-by arm of the Birches, a couple whose ac-uaintance he had made since his ar-ival in Africa. James Birch was more han ten years older than his beautiful ife; but she was sincerely attached to im, just the same. Kirke had gone ver to say good-by to them, as he was eaving for America on the morrow.

Higgens knew his master was un-kely to get back to their camp before wo or three hours, and by that time he imself would have returned, to replace he rifle where he found it. How was Kirke going to know he had touched it —as he had been forbidden ever to do? The answer was that the young painter would be in blissful ignorance of his servant's dereliction. And, thus having reassured himself that he was running no risk of a reprimand in so doing, Higgens walked out of the tent with the gun under his arm.

He struck off along the trail through the jungle, traveling in the opposite direction from that Kirke had taken, keeping an alert lookout for game of any sort. He saw none at all, as the minutes passed. It had been a lion Higgens had at first hoped that he might encounter and slay, to his everlasting glory. At the end of an hour's vain search for any prowling denizen of the forest, he was ready to compromise on an antelope. After a full hour had gone by and he had seen not a trace of any animal thing whatsoever, a bird, even of the smallest kind, would have satisfied him. It seemed that he had brought the rifle out and run the chance of getting into hot water with his master all for nothing, since that was the precise total of what he had seen to shoot with it.

He turned and retraced his steps over the trail toward the camp. He was within a quarter of a mile of it—when suddenly he stiffened in his tracks and brought the gun up to his shoulder.

Out of the tangle of underbrush to the left, a leopard had emerged on the trail. A magnificent specimen of its kind, it was not two hundred yards away. Higgens was "up wind," and so the beast was unaware of his presence. Taking careful aim, as the leopard padded at a slow lope toward the underbrush on the opposite side of the trail, the man fired.

He heard the animal give a snarl of pain, which told that the shot had not missed it altogether, as it bounded out of sight in the heavy foliage. Higgens started after it on the run. If he could get another shot at it, he thought, he believed he could bring it down. Reaching the point in the hedgelike undergrowth that bordered the trail through which he had seen the leopard disappear, he hurdled it.

On the other side, he found a man sitting up against the trunk of a tree, just as though he had seated himself there to rest for a few moments, with a bullet hole showing black and round in the center of his forehead.

The man was James Birch, and he was dead.

"My God," blurted Higgens, his cheeks turned ashen, "I've done it!"

There was a tiny trickle of blood oozing out of the bullet hole in the farmer's head, which showed that he had been struck within the past moment or two. And within that time, Higgens had been the only one to fire a shot in that vicinity. He knew that—otherwise he would have heard the report.

"The bullet that hit the leopard—if it did hit him, and it wasn't a snarl of surprise at hearing the gun go off, and not of pain, that he gave—must have glanced off and struck Mr. Birch squarely between the eyes as he sat here," muttered Higgens, as he bent over the man to satisfy himself that he was quite dead. "I've murdered him—by accident—but it's murder, just the same. My God!"

The servant looked around to see if there were any witnesses to the deed.

The leopard had been the only living creature near the spot, and it had gone. Far from desiring any longer to carry out his intention of following the animal to take another shot at it, Higgens threw down the rifle with a shudder at the thought of doing so. He passed a shaking hand over his brow, and it came away wet with a cold perspiration.

"I'll keep my mouth shut—that's all I've got to do!" he whispered to himself. "We're going away to-morrow, and if I don't say anything, nobody'll know I had anything to do with it."

Turning, he leaped back over the hedge and walked on along the trail toward the camp.

Kirke Warren had already returned to it, he found, upon his arrival. The painter looked up from the easel he was dismounting and packing away, to inquire where he had been. Higgens made the noncommittal reply that he had gone for a walk. Fifteen minutes later, his master appeared in the door of his tent.

"Where's my rifle, Higgens, do you know?" he asked.

The servant could feel his mouth go dry.

"Isn't it in the tent, sir?" he suggested.

"No, it isn't!" answered Kirke, with mounting impatience. "I've been hunting for it, high and low. You haven't touched it, have you? I warned you never to do so——"

"I haven't seen it, sir," Higgens lied.

"Then it's gone!" the young man declared, in keen disappointment. "Some one of the thieving Zulus, I suppose, crept into the camp while we were both away from it and stole it. I wouldn't have lost that rifle for its weight in gold—it was more precious than that to me, as the last gift my father ever made me. I wish I knew where it was right now."

At that moment, the rifle was in the hands of Mrs. Birch.

Two of the Kroo boys who worked on the farm had come upon their master as they were passing through the jungle. Making a rude litter, they had brought him in to the farm, taking the rifle which they had found on the ground beside him along with them.



"So I've got you back again!" murmured Kirke, aloud, revealing to Elsa that the rifle was his.

Elsa Birch read the initials on the name plate: "K. W." She did not know to whom they belonged; but then and there she vowed that she would one day find out. Whoever owned the rifle, she believed, had murdered her husband, who had never had a single enemy. And she swore to be revenged upon the person, if it took the remainder of her life.

The next day, wholly in ignorance of the calamity that had befallen the Birch household, Kirke Warren and his servant left Africa—never expecting to return to it.

A year had gone by, and half of another. And once more Kirke Warren was back in Africa. Something—he did not dare admit what it was, even to himself—had drawn him there. The truth of the matter was, he had fallen in love with his friend Birch's wife the moment he had first set eyes on her. He had been far too honorable to seek to win her away from the man to whom she was happily married, even had he believed that such a thing would have been possible, which she had given him no cause to suppose from her manner toward himself was the case.

He had never betrayed, by so much as a word or a look, what his secret feelings toward her were, during all the time he had known the Birches on the occasion of his first visit to Africa.

But, since his return to America, he had been made increasingly restless by a feeling that he was deferring his life's happiness every moment he passed away from that distant spot. If he went back—it was odd, the feeling he had that he would learn of something to his immense interest. There was no way he could explain the presentiment. It had persistently haunted him, that was all.

Abruptly, one day, he had ordered Higgens to secure passage for them both, and a fortnight later he had pitched their camp in the exact spot in the jungle which he had previously occupied.

And then he went to pay a call at the Birches' farm.

From Elsa's own lips he heard for the first time that she was now a widow. He came away from his visit with her treading on air. There was no longer any barrier to prevent his telling her of the love he bore her. The feeling he had had, in America, that there was a piece of most important news waiting for him here, had not been a false one. This was it—she was free to listen to him, when he chose to speak his heart. It rested with him whether he could win her or not. He believed that he could. At all events, he meant to leave no stone unturned in an effort to do so.

From that time on, he spent every moment he could in her society. She would have had to be blind not to guess his feelings toward her now. He was her avowed suitor; at her beck and call every hour of the day. And she? Well, if her heart had not already succumbed to the fervor of his wooing, it was dangerously near to doing so.

It was one day while some guests were at the farm that a lion hunt was pro-

posed for the morrow. All agreed to take a hand in the sport except Kirke. He had no rifle.

"There are a number in the den," Elsa told him. "Go in and pick out whichever one you like."

Kirke rose to enter the room she spoke of and examine the firearms. The first one he took down from the rack was his own Springfield rifle. There was no mistaking it, for there were his own initials engraved on the silver plate on the butt end.

His face alight with joy over its recovery, he patted its stock lovingly.

"So I've got you back again!" he said, half aloud.

Elsa, who had come after him to see that he found a rifle to suit him, stood in the doorway behind him. She had heard his words, which told her that the rifle with the initials "K. W." on it was his, and her lips pressed firmly together.

Unperceived, she drew back out of the doorway, and then turned and walked quickly away.

Her lips were still held in the same rigid line. She had vowed to avenge her husband's death by causing that of the man who had killed him when she found him, and he was found. She would keep her oath. The only thing to be decided was the means by which his death was to be brought about.

An idea entered her mind at length.

She went out through the back door of the farmhouse, and called one of the Kroo boys to her. She gave him to understand that he was to act as Kirke's gun bearer on the hunt next day. And then she gave him a few careful instructions in a lowered tone.

"Do that," she concluded, "and I will reward you handsomely—afterward."

The black, with a grin of comprehension, promised to obey her.

And then Elsa went back into the house and rejoined Kirke and her other guests. They all left soon after, agreeing to be at the farmhouse an hour before dawn the next morning, to start on the hunt.

At the time appointed, they set off. Elsa watched them go, the smile with which she had sped them on their way fading from her lips, which set in their former relentless line as her eyes rested on Kirke.

"An eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth!" she breathed vindictively. "That is no more than just!"

The hunting party spread out when the farmhouse had been lost to view, in order to cover a wider range of ground in the search for their prey. Kirke, with his Kroo boy at his heels, was soon out of sight of the others.

And then, a hundred feet in front of him, a clump of leaves parted, and a huge male lion reared up his maned head. With a growl, deep in its throat, the king of beasts sprang out on the trail to confront Kirke with bared fangs.



And there, in Kirke's path, a male lion reared his great maned head.

He reached coolly behind him and took the loaded rifle from the Kroo boy's hands. Drawing a bead on the lion, he pulled the trigger.

The cartridge that had been inserted in the breech was too large for it; it stuck as the hammer came down on it—and the weapon was useless!

Glancing back of him, Kirke saw that his black attendant had taken to his heels. And then he turned back to face the lion. At that moment it sprang. Kirke had just time to bring the rifle around in his hands, clubbing it, before the beast was upon him. One of its mighty paws struck his upflung arm, tearing his coat sleeve and that of the shirt beneath it to ribbons. He had stepped to one side, as the lion flung itself upon him, and so the animal had struck him but a glancing blow in passing. It wheeled, even as it struck the ground, to spring for him again.

His life at that moment, with the out-of-commission gun in his hands, was not worth a penny.

And then there was a shot from his rear. The lion turned over in mid-air, its paws outflung, and, with an explosive roar of mortal anguish, it smote the ground, dead. One of the other members of the hunting party, chancing that way, had dispatched the animal in the nick of time. As he came running up, Kirke, his mangled left arm bathed with crimson from shoulder to hand, collapsed in a dead faint in his tracks.

In the meantime, Elsa, back at the farmhouse, had begun to feel remorse for what she had done. She had instructed the Kroo boy, whom she had appointed to act as Kirke's gun bearer, to put a cartridge that was too large for the breech into the rifle when he handed

it to him in a moment of peril—hoping thus to leave him at the mercy of whatever wild beast might attack him.

That was the death she had planned for the one she supposed to be the slayer of her husband. It would assure her of the fulfillment of her vow of vengeance, in ample measure.

But now, an hour after the hunting party had set forth, she had come to the realization that her love for Kirke Warren was greater than her desire to carry out her vow. He must not be killed. She would not let him be. And, ordering her horse saddled at once and brought around to the veranda, in another five minutes she had mounted it and was galloping off in the direction the hunters had taken, in hopes of being in time to save the man she loved from the fate she had planned for him.

From either side of the lonely trail she was taking through the jungle, a half dozen black figures sprang up. They were members of a tribe of Zulus then at war with the whites in that region. Seizing her bridle, they pulled her from her horse, muffling her attempts to cry out for help, and carried her off a prisoner.

The man who had shot the lion as it was about to spring a second time on Kirke was a doctor. In addition to his rifle, his Kroo boy had been carrying his medicine case, which the physician had brought along in order to be prepared for an accident that might befall any member of the hunting party, as it now had to Kirke.

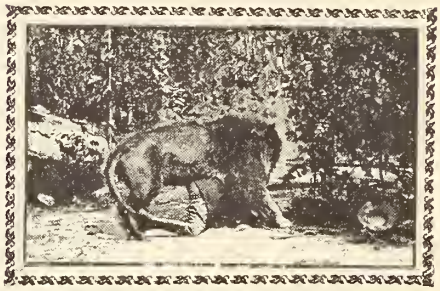
Kneeling at his side, he cut away the tatters of his coat sleeve and the torn linen of the sleeve of his shirt from his injured arm. The lion's claws had made two half-inch-deep furrows in Kirk's arm; but the wounds were not likely to prove dangerous, so long as they could receive the prompt attention which the doctor was able to give them.

Just as the physician put the finishing touches on the bandage around his arm, Kirke came back to his senses. He was helped to his feet, where he stood unsteadily for a moment or two. He was weak from the loss of blood, but otherwise he had come out of his encounter with the lion unhurt.

He thanked the doctor for saving his life by his timely shot, and walked back to the farmhouse by his side.

On the way, Kirke's brows were knit in perplexity. He could not understand why that cartridge which was too big to fit the breech had been put into his rifle by his attendant. The Kroo boy had had enough experience as a gun bearer for white hunters, to know how to load a rifle properly. Then there was the fact that he had run away as soon as he had handed him the gun. It was not by accident, then, that he had got a cartridge a size too large into the rifle. He had *known* Kirke would be unable to fire it, and at the mercy of the lion, which was why he had taken himself away from the dangerous scene as fast as he could leg it.

It looked as though some one had attempted his premeditated murder, by bribing the black to betray him. Who could have done it? That was a mystery to Kirke, who, so far as he knew, was without an enemy in that neighborhood. The Kroo boy was in Elsa's employ, however, and he determined to



Kirke went down from a blow of the beast's paw.

question her when they reached the farm as to whether or not she had seen any one conspiring with the black either the night before or on the morning of the hunt.

But when he arrived at the farm with the doctor, Kirke learned that Elsa was not there.

One of the servants told him that she had ridden off, a half hour before, with the expressed intention of catching up to the hunting party. Kirke was at a loss to understand what motive could have prompted her to endanger her life by going out where the "beaters" were trying to drive a lion into the open to afford the hunters a shot at it. But, quickly ordering a horse for the doctor and himself, he wasted no time in conjectures, but rode swiftly with the physician along the jungle trail she had taken, in hopes that they might be in time to turn her back.

At the point on the trail where Elsa had been taken prisoner by the Zulus, they drew rein. Elsa's Kroo boy stood there—the same one who had run away from Kirke.

The black was holding her horse, which he had found wandering riderless farther up the trail, and traced back to that spot by its hoofprints. Recognizing the roan mare, Kirke's face clouded with anxiety, and he swung himself quickly to the ground. The Kroo boy pointed in significant silence to the trampled earth of the trail at his feet.

"Zulus—bad tribe," he grunted. "Catchum lady. Take her mebbeso village of band for torture. This way," and he lifted his finger to indicate a fluttering strip of cloth which had been torn from Elsa's dress by the briers of the underbrush at the side of the trail through which the Zulus had dragged her, and that pointed to the direction in which her captors had made off with her. "Me know where their village is. You no afraid to come with me and try to get her back?"

Kirke ran back to his horse, his jaws grimly set. He swung into the saddle and looked inquiringly at the doctor. The latter's face bore the same worried but determined look as his own. Without a word, the two white men set off at a trot behind the Kroo boy, who ran through the jungle ahead of them.

As they came in sight of the round, thatched roofs of the Zulu village, an hour later, they themselves were seen by the natives. A dozen assagais whistled through the air about them. But through the hail of spears, Kirke, with the doctor at his horse's tail, rode forward at a gallop.

The physician fired, as he rode, at the lined-up savages who sought to bar their way into the village. Kirke was unable to shoot with his rifle which he had brought with him. But, as they charged into the ranks of the Zulus, he clubbed it and struck out right and left. One of the natives went down to the right of him from a blow of its heavy stock, and another fell on his left. A way through the howling savages was thus cleared for him. He sent his horse forward to where he had seen Elsa standing in the otherwise deserted clearing between the double rows of huts.

"Put your hands up over your head!" Kirke shouted, as he raced toward her.

She obeyed, standing erect, in the atti-

tude of a swimmer about to make a dive. Kirke, leaning from the saddle, caught her around the waist as he galloped past, and swung her up beside him without diminishing his horse's speed. Straight on through the village he sped with her, and so into the safety of the jungle beyond.

He looked over his shoulder to find the doctor right at his heels, he having likewise passed through the village unscathed.

It was not until he reached the farmhouse and set Elsa down upon the steps of the veranda, that Kirke was aware that the arm which the lion had torn had been bleeding all the way back from the Zulu village.

It was the one in which he had gathered Elsa up from the ground, and the effort had ripped open the wounds which the doctor had dressed.

As he stepped down from the horse, the loss of blood he had sustained sent him reeling, his head strangely light, to the veranda steps. And there he dropped, at full length, unconscious, at Elsa's feet.

It was evening. Higgens, who had heard the news that his master was lying wounded at the Birches' farm, had hastened there to be at Kirke's side, for he was sincerely attached to the young man. Now he sat at his bedside, where Kirke was getting back his strength which was the only thing he needed to make him whole again, the doctor having fixed up the damage he had done to his injured arm. Elsa came into the room, unnoticed in the dusk that filled it.

"Higgens," said Kirke weakly, "yesterday I found my rifle here in this house. Do you know how it got here?"

There was a full minute's silence.

And then Higgens broke down and confessed.

"I took it, sir," he told Kirke the truth, "to go hunting with, the day we were leaving for America, a year and a half ago. I shot at a leopard with it, and killed a man. I didn't see him. He was behind a thick cover of underbrush, sitting directly in line with the beast. It was an accident. But—but when I saw what I'd done, I was afraid. I dropped the gun on the ground beside him and came back to our camp. I didn't dare to say anything about it, for fear of what might be done to me."

"Who was the man?" asked Kirke.

On the silence of the room, the servant's voice came in reply:

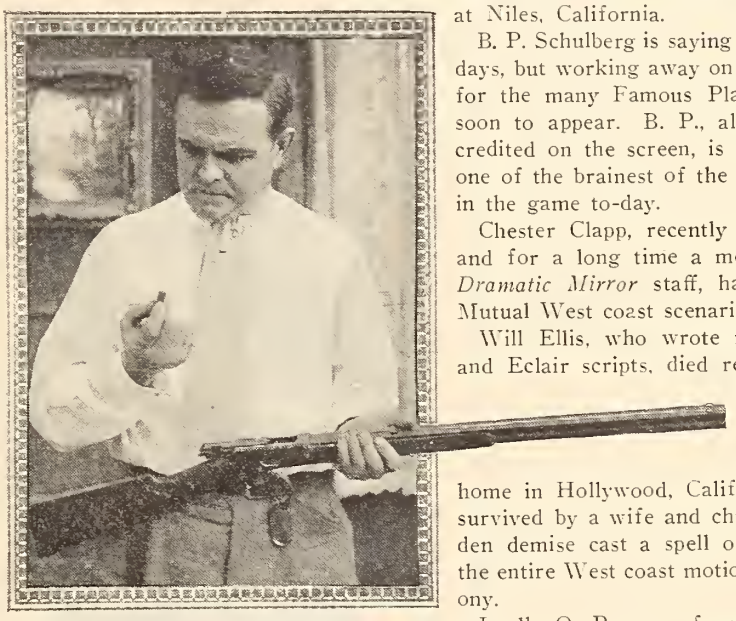
"It was Mr. Birch."

Kirke pulled himself up in the bed with an exclamation of surprise. There was another and a longer silence. Then——

"So that was how the way was cleared for me," Kirke said musingly, hardly aware that he spoke aloud. "I'm sorry Birch had to go, but how else could I ever have let her know that I love her? And to think that it was my father's rifle that did it!"

Higgens spoke again, his tone fearful.

"I don't know what she'd do to me if she knew," he said. "You won't tell her, will you, sir?"



It was a mystery to Kirke how the rifle could have been loaded with a cartridge too big for it.

Elsa, advancing out of the gloom, laid her hand on the servant's shoulder.

"He doesn't need to," she said quietly. "I have heard everything. And you may hold yourself blameless henceforth, as I hold you. It was an accident, as you said, and something you could not help."

She pressed Higgens' shoulder, with a meaning nod toward the door. He jumped up, taking the hint, and grinningly left the room.

Kirke reached up and took her hand when they were alone.

"You said you heard everything," he said. "That means you understand how I feel toward you. But there is something *I* don't understand yet. Why the cartridge that was placed in my rifle today was too big for it——"

Elsa hurriedly broke in.

"Some day," she said, "I will tell you everything. But isn't this enough for you to know now?"

And she bent and kissed him on the lips.

News of the Photo Playwrights.

The latest writer to be dignified by the title of editor is Nathan Anderson. He has assumed charge of the script department of the western division of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, at Niles, California.

B. P. Schulberg is saying nothing these days, but working away on the scenarios for the many Famous Players pictures soon to appear. B. P., although never credited on the screen, is recognized as one of the brainest of the script writers in the game to-day.

Chester Clapp, recently of Biograph, and for a long time a member of the *Dramatic Mirror* staff, has joined the Mutual West coast scenario department.

Will Ellis, who wrote many Mutual and Eclair scripts, died recently at his home in Hollywood, California. He is survived by a wife and child. His sudden demise cast a spell of gloom over the entire West coast motion-picture colony.

Luella O. Parsons, formerly scenario editress of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, is now conducting a photo-play department for the Chicago *Record-Herald*.

Julian Lamothe, formerly a free lance of New Orleans, La., is now scenario editor for the Western Lubin Company, at Los Angeles, Cal.

C. A. Frambers is president of the Photo-drama Club of Chicago, and, while not officially acting in this capacity, is busy turning out scripts for many of the leading licensed companies.

Mary Louise Farley, the New York photo-playwright, was the winner of a "finish contest" held by Edison recently in connection with an "Edison Night" at one of New York's photo-play houses. A part of a picture was shown, and all of the Edison guests were requested to finish it and supply a title.

Tom Powers in England

EVERY time we hear of an American making good abroad, it does our heart good. The "get-there" spirit is responsible for our overwhelming number of successes in all spheres of endeavor. Knowing Tom Powers to have made good, we were on his track for an interview.

Mr. Powers, as you are no doubt aware, won his spurs with the Vitagraph company. In the spring of 1913 it was rumored that he was to be associated with the Turner Films in England. At the time, however, there was no truth in the report. His advent into English films he tells himself:

"I came to England last fall, merely intending to stay but for a few weeks. My one object was to get on intimate terms with British admirers, from whom I had so often heard, but had never seen.

"I therefore secured a number of lecturing engagements at some of the picture theaters in leading English towns. There was nothing formal about my lectures—they were simply heart-to-heart talks on motion-picture matters in general and the acting side in particular. I wanted the great picture-going army to gain a proper understanding of our work.

"You may guess how glad I was when I found that my chats were hugely appreciated. Many exhibitors rebooked me, and I obtained engagements to last fully a year.

"Well, it struck me, that, as England had been so kind to me, I might as well stay with her for a while. I got back into harness by becoming leading man for the Turner Films, playing opposite Florence Turner. We produce in the Hepworth studio, and one day it got to my ears that the company was about to produce "Barnaby Rudge." This, to me, was good news, inasmuch as when I was with the Vitagraph I had the ambition to take the title rôle in the film version of this Dickens novel. So far, indeed, had my desire carried me that I designed and ordered my costume. But in the end I suffered a great disappointment when it was decided not to produce the picture.

"On broaching the matter to Mr. Hepworth, he was enthusiastic that I play my ideal part, and the Turner Films sublet me for this purpose. Now that the production is completed, I feel as happy as anybody at vacation time.

"The first raven we secured flew away after we had gotten it into training, so we had to begin over again with another. This bit me in several places.

"At Bristol one of my performances was interrupted by a number of suffragettes throwing leaflets about and acting like lunatics. I joined in their calls of 'Votes for women.' They soon retreated, however, when they were shouted down by the audience. Altogether, though, I had a splendid time. In Bristol, for example, the prominent



citizens invited me to attend teas, dinners, and suppers; so many, that I couldn't help reluctantly decline some of them.

"Everywhere picture enthusiasts showered questions at me, varying from the name of Maurice Costello's wife to the color of John Bunny's hair. At the end of my turn, the last Vitagraph film I appeared in, 'Let 'Em Quarrel,' is thrown on the screen. As it unfolds, I interpret the conversation and tell what the thoughts of the players are.

"To hark back, Mr. Hepworth seemed so pleased with my work that I became a member of the Hepworth Stock Company, though I am at liberty at any time to appear in the Turner productions."

The moment you meet Tom Powers, you realize that you have found a sincere friend. He has an extremely likable, boyish manner, and so modest is he that he refuses to believe he is famous.

Tom dabbles at sculpture work, and some clever models adorn the mantelpiece of his room. This talent he inherited from a relation, Hiram Powers, the maker of "The Greek Slave," one of our best-known statues. Tom hails from Dixieland, and is a typical Southerner. He comes from Irish stock, there being five generations of Powers.

This interview took place in the throes of the European war, and he gives an insight of producing in such troublous times.

"I happened," he remarked, "to be walking along the main street of Walton-on-Thames, attired as a British sailor for a film. To my astonishment a burly policeman approached, and, in a curt manner, accused me of being a deserter from the king's navy. I, of course, indignantly denied the charge, but the copper was evidently not to be done out of a promising case, for, although he failed to prove that I was a deserter, he nevertheless said I was guilty of wearing his majesty's uniform and bringing it into ridicule. As an American, I felt very fierce, but there was nothing for me to do but to accompany the obstinate bobby—as they call them in England—to the police station. I was released after paying a fine."

Mr. Powers concluded by saying: "Give my American admirers this message: I love England, but when the blinds are about to be drawn, I think of America, and the yearning comes to return to good old New York."

Prejudiced.

"YOUR majesty," said the chief cook timidly, to the cannibal king, "the new missionary is enveloped in a complete suit of armor from head to foot."

"Then send him away," returned his majesty indifferently, "I never could bear canned goods."

Fake Movie Thrills Are No More

WHO will devise an iron cross for the fearless film actor who jumps the hurdles with death and outgallops disaster?

Time was when the fake picture, cleverly devised, would satisfy the public, and a stuffed dummy went hurtling on to the seemingly certain doom of a tragic climax in the photo play. That day is fast passing.

The movie picture stars, and often, too, the men and women in humbler rôles, are to-day practically taboo as insurance risks, unless they can prove they are not in demand for the outdoor pictures whose gripping realism makes men shiver and cry out in the abodes of the silent drama.

In years gone by, the press agent found the task of keeping the legitimate actor before the public a labor often lost. He had to devise jewel robberies and outraged police and abandoned children on the dressing-room threshold, in order to keep his protégés from being entirely beyond the realm of the real. Always the shining row of footlights loomed, like a sort of psychic fence, between the public and the theatrical star. To keep the star truly human, for advertising purposes, was often a sore tax on the ingenuity of his advance agent.

If some poor peanut vender could be lured from his peaceful occupation to plant a tin can full of black mud at the star's door, the result would be "Bomb Outrage Thwarted" in the news next day, the press agent counted himself thrice lucky, and the actor, swallowing his pride in his art, consented in the name of the magic of the printed page. And now these days are past.

The moving-picture actor, as a part of the day's work, injects his personality, his hair-raising adventures, and often serious mishaps into the news of the day, time and time again. Only the precautions taken by his director keep the greedy press agent from feeding fat on the accidents—often classed as incidents—which fill the life of the hero and heroine of the screen.

The public demands that these men and women take chances, and so the fake picture has died away, and in its place appears the picture whose realism is sometimes the only plea, but a strong one, for its existence, while the tremendous effect of accurate detail in action under stress adds mightily to the big feature films for which the public now is clamoring. From aëroplane antics to plain, brutal slugging, the actor must be "there."

Well do I remember, as an instance of this, the terrific man-to-man battle in which William Farnum meets Tom Santschi in "The Spoilers," the big Selig feature. I saw the production of the stirring scene. It was much longer drawn out than appears in the finished film, and at the end of it both men were battered and bleeding and weak as hunted rabbits.

In the very start of the fight Farnum's eye and cheek were cut open with a blow from Santschi's fist. As they waded into each other, blood flowed freely, and there was no sparing of short-arm jolts or of vicious uppercuts in the serious effort to bring home the tremendous earnestness of the fighters. In the latter portion of the mêlée, when the bookcase fell upon them, Farnum, big, strong specimen that he is, shot upward from his knee a right uppercut that staggered even the brawny Santschi. It caught him with trip-hammer force, square on the jaw. Many a weaker man would have gone down and out then and there.

No more fearless film actor lives than Tom Mix, the Selig cowboy thrill maker. He must be made of steel and rubber, in some mysterious composition guaranteed to resist shock, for in no other way can his comparatively sound constitution and unshattered frame be explained to those who have seen him in action.

Mix once saw the famous Remington picture wherein a cowboy was dragged through the sagebrush by one foot, his crazed pinto beyond all control, and bound for destruction lickety-split. There was nothing for it but that Mix should do this same stunt in his next cowboy act; and he did, sliding one hundred painful and gravelly yards over an unkind landscape. He emerged, grinning, breathless, weak, with more of the marks of earth upon him than the most enthusiastic nature lover would care to carry.

His appetite for realism never seems to be satisfied. In another Selig release, as sheriff, it was up to him to be shot and to be saved by his watch. Now a real, good bullet, shot from a real, honest-to-goodness revolver, will not stop at any make of timepiece, not even to scrape acquaintance with an aristocratic Swiss repeater. For the first try-out, Tom got ready with a section of stove plate. Thus armored, the villain let fly at him. Whang! Out went the muddled Mix, with ribs that showed the bruising effect of that terrific jolt for weeks thereafter. Once more he tried the trick, this time using a sandbag to absorb the momentum of the bullet. Even then the drive of the leaden pellet was hard enough to floor him.

But Mix eats bullets and inhales the breath thereof. He hires an expert shot to lift his tousled locks with their breeze, where the camera must show a narrow escape. Real lead bites chunks from the earth on which he stands when the Indians are after him. In his daredevil riding he is no more sparing of his own safety.

With the camera turning constantly, so that there was no possibility of a fake being made, Mix once jumped into a prairie schooner, rode away at a gallop, which developed into a runaway, and man, wagon, and horses catapulted down into a steep arroyo. The cowboy rider will always carry the deep scars that record his terrible injuries to legs, chest, and arms. In similar fashion, his horse has failed him in a leap from a cliff into the water, and he has emerged from the gravelly surf staggering but game, only to mutter to anxious directors: "Gee, I got a jolt that time!" Bone after bone he has broken, but certainly not so many as would have almost any other living mortal.

Perhaps the narrowest escape was related to me while waiting for the stage builders from Chicago to get ready one of the imposing palace sets used in the "Adventures of Kathlyn," in which Tom Santschi, playing opposite to Miss Kathlyn Williams, was to appear. Santschi's close call was no accident, but it came through a peculiar coincidence, dating back to a sham battle in Chicago, from which Santschi was then far removed, at work in the Selig jungle zoo.

During the course of the battle, the supply of blank cartridges ran out, and some genius suggested soap for wad-

ding, to hold the powder in shells from which bullets had been extracted. The scheme was great. One year later, Santschi was playing in a Western picture. At the climax, he hid in a closet, the "heavy" hot after him with a six-shooter that fairly itched under his villainous finger. His part was to fire through the closet door to "get" his man. From this point Santschi relates the story.

"The minute I entered the closet, a most peculiar feeling struck me," he said. "Although I was positive they were using blank cartridges, still the presentiment of danger forced itself upon me to such an extent that I drew aside from the door. At that moment, what seemed to be a shower of bullets came tearing through the door, striking the back of the closet and splintering the boards there. If I had not withdrawn to one side, I would have been killed instantly.

"Believe me, there was some investigation right there on the spot. We then discovered that there were no bullets in the cartridges, but that each one of the so-called blanks had been wadded with soap, which had hardened to such an extent that it passed through two inches of wood, while the "heavy" was shooting at me. I wish to Moses I could find out who revived that soap-wad invention."

Then up spoke one of the crew from Chicago, right manfully and brave, telling of the exigency of the sham battle, the genius' suggestion, and the soap that became almost fatally solid when converted into bullet wadding. Many a narrative of Santschi's adventures has crept through devious channels into the press, but this one he accounts the closest call he ever had.

Not alone does your husky hero figure in the sacrifices made for realism nowadays. Miss Williams herself has gone through many a tight squeeze—squirmed through actual situations that would have grayed the hair of a policeman.

When, with Harry Lonsdale, the English actor, she was working in "The Ne'er-do-well," under the veteran Colin Campbell's direction, they made use of scenes along the Panama Canal. Governor Goethals kindly loaned them the use of his gas speeder, which ran on the rails along the canal, and which was capable of fully thirty-five miles an hour under full throttle. Spinning around a curve, they confronted, head on, a sand train whose momentum, at twenty miles an hour, was terrific. The situation was one which Miss Williams to this day will not allow to be discussed in her presence. Their driver shut off his throttle so suddenly that he "killed" his engine, and there was not the slightest chance of reversing and getting away from the approaching locomotive. Death was rolling down on them surely, swiftly. There was no chance to jump. They froze to their seats. As if in a dream, the pair heard the frantic shrieks of the locomotive whistle. Like a man in a daze, their driver worked in vain at throttle and battery, trying to reverse the stalled speeder. There was a squeal from the tortured brakes on the sand cars, and the train, with wheels locked, slid down on them, spitting sparks that glowed, though it was broad daylight, in brilliant showers of burning steel. A scant ten feet of saving distance was between them and the shuddering locomotive when that train had ground down its momentum to a standstill on the smoking track.

This is one of the "Adventures of Kathlyn" that has never been told before.

Eugenie Besserer, the brilliant French actress, appearing at the Selig mission studio, is another to whom death has come close, though perhaps never in such a harrowing adventure as that just related of the daring Kathlyn Williams. Miss Besserer was thrown from her horse, and when they picked her up it was found that both legs had been broken at the knee. So twisted and distorted were they that all hope of her ever walking again was given up. Months of agony in casts, with weights torturing the bones into place, followed. After a year she found she could walk, and to-day she has to her credit such performances as she made in the exacting "When a Woman's Forty" and "Phantoms."

Miss Stella Razeto, leading lady of the E. J. le Saint Company, was in the hospital this year with what was thought to be a fractured skull. She was a passenger in a covered wagon which was merely required to ride past the camera, but there was an upset as the wheels left the beaten trail, and turned a somersault which brought the photo play up short. Miss Razeto was the only one seriously injured, and for a time her life was in danger. At last she fought her way to consciousness and to health, and is now back at work.

Among other names might be mentioned Bessie Eyton, a Selig star who has to her credit some of the most daring swims ever attempted in the waters of the Pacific Ocean. Not content with this, she has driven breathless auto races against the lightning-speed Santschi, in the photo drama "Unrest." In this she urged her motor up to sixty-five miles an hour, curves and all, for several thrilling scenes of the play. Accidents, near accidents, and perils that would send ordinary women to a nerve sanitarium are passed up by this player as mere incidents. "I never had any escapes," she says, yet, when an actor was required to "drown" in one scene, and was on the verge of strangulation, having forgotten the proper time to inhale air and spit out water, the little lady, cool as a cucumber, swam up to him and supported him until a boat could come.

The veteran Frank Clark, of the same company, once thought he saw his finish when, at Lake Sisson, Mount Shasta, his horse dumped him off an incline into tangled reeds that made swimming an almost impossible means of escape. Herculean efforts landed him safe ashore, but had he not been a nervy man, of stalwart build, that episode would have ended his career.

Curiously enough, the happy-go-lucky movie actor laughs these things off, yet always his friends—or her friends—declare "Some day you'll take one chance too many." Even now Colonel Selig is strenuously on record as objecting to Tom Mix's love for real bullets. But the redoubtable Thomas still plays tag with powder and lead.

The Three Pickfords.

IN "Fanchon the Cricket," the Famous Players' recent release, the three members of the famous Pickford family are shown in one picture for the first time since they have been appearing on the screen. "Little Mary," who is the most popular motion-picture actress, without a doubt, plays the leading rôle in this production, and is supported by her sister, Lottie Pickford, and her brother Jack.

Eugene Pallette, the well-known actor, has become a Selig star. He is to take leading rôles with Selig Pacific-coast stock companies.

Fashions From the Films

THE moving-picture theater drew people at first out of curiosity—to witness the unbelievable spectacle of a fire engine dashing with breath-taking realism toward the spectators, on a white sheet.

Then people came to see the films that told a story—they were seeking amusement.



At present, not a few people patronize the "movies" to be instructed. And among these are women seeking instruction in—guess what? Why, nothing else than the latest styles. They have read that the moving-picture companies stop at no expense to make their productions perfect in every detail: Thus, if the play is one of so-called "high life," they know that the producer will have made sure that his leading lady wears the very latest creations. They have read, too, of the large incomes drawn by these stars themselves; they know that they can afford to dress in the most costly and up-to-date gowns and hats—and that they are likely to do so, too, at every opportunity!

So, women who would know what is being worn by the "best people" no longer peruse the fashion books, or the cable-news sections of the Sunday newspapers, as their sole guide. They go to the moving-picture theaters, instead, and there see the dresses and creations of the milliners shown front, side, and rear view—and on living models, too.

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY, following out its purpose of showing people what they are interested in in the moving-picture field, presents herewith two pictures of gowns that are being worn by the stellar favorites of the films.

They are the latest; there need be no question of that in the minds of any of our fair readers. For, as is well known, the "movies get everything first."



When Thrills Do Thrill.

IN a recent Reliance production, Raoul Walsh, fearless leading man of the Hollywood forces, made a forty-foot dive off a bridge into a river. "I sauntered along," said Walsh, "carelessly glancing, now and then, through the railing at the water below. It is one of the highest bridges near Los Angeles. A man behind me was walking at a normal pace, and another unsuspecting individual was approaching from the opposite direction. Suddenly, the director gave the signal. Before the two laymen could grasp its meaning, I had sprung upon the edge of the rail and flung myself headlong into the river. The fellow behind me started to run and shout for help. The other man, who at the time I leaped was scarcely five feet away, just doubled up and hung on to the railing with both hands, precisely as though he had received a blow in the pit of his stomach. It's worth the risks one takes to be able to thrill your audience from the screen. But," added Mr. Walsh, with an expansive grin, "after all, there's no sport like giving folks the scare of their lives in person."

Puzzling Fashion.

WITH Chaplin's baggy trousers,
And Travers' wear so grand,
And women loving both of them,
Pray, where does fashion stand?

Facts of the Silent Drama

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

What you know about motion pictures may be a great deal, and still there may be more that you do not know. Here are some facts of the silent drama with which few who are not closely associated with the industry are acquainted. This article also discusses the effects of pictures on those who see them, especially children, which is an issue of no mean importance.

THE invention of moving pictures is counted among the greatest discoveries of the wonderful nineteenth century. But the results following on this invention are perhaps more astonishing than those of any other.

Like the telegraph and the newspaper, the moving picture carries its message to and from every civilized or even half-civilized quarter of the globe. Whatever happening of historic importance takes place in any part of the world, the motion picture records it alive and actually as it happens, for us to-day and for the spectators of a hundred years to come.

Again the moving-picture invention has effected a surprising result in the influence it has had on the stage. The sharpest indication of this is the fact that in New York alone several theaters, formerly devoted to high-class plays, are now moving-picture houses. What we call the theater ordinarily has unquestionably been seriously rivaled in the past, and is suffering rivalry now from the motion-picture shows, not only in New York but throughout the country.

Finally, the motion picture as an invention causing surprising results, strikes our attention because it has become one of the great questions of the day to ask:

"Just how much moral injury and benefit does the moving picture cause to the young? And should the picture houses be limited in number and restricted in hours of opening, as are the saloons?"

The importance of the moral issue in connection with the motion picture may be judged from the fact that in our United States over ten million people spend approximately one million dollars every day to see moving pictures, and in New York alone seven hundred thousand persons attend these theaters daily, at the average admission of about ten cents each.

While we are talking in figures, it is of interest to note that the motion-picture business as an industry is entitled to some consideration in this land of big industries. It employs over two hundred thousand people, and produces more than seventy-five per cent of the world's annual output of picture plays.

Looking back over these figures, one fact that stands out saliently is the ten-cent average cost of admission paid in the million dollars spent each day. This low cost is what provides the easy opportunity for a boy or girl to become a moving-picture fiend. There is no question but that a picture show in a high-class theater is most desirable to be seen whether by the young or by adults. At the same time, if a person were to get the habit, so to speak, of going to a moving-picture show every night in the week, we could properly call him or her "a fiend." Boys and girls, especially in adolescence, are most liable to become "fiends," and it is just here that the religious press a year or more ago brought its foot down hard. In one of our Eastern cities a law has been proposed to protect the unescorted woman in picture houses from being subjected to the annoyance of what are known as "mashers." This law provides one section of seats in each part of the house for gentlemen and ladies in company, one for ladies without escort, one for men traveling in their own company.

As to the immorality in the picture plays, it is so largely in decrease, thanks to the efforts of the general press, the daily newspapers especially, and the work of the National Board of Censorship, that all companies are now cooperating for the production of only the cleanest and best pictures. The real immorality of moving-picture shows, when there is any at all, concerns killing people and stealing money. Murder is done so often in the melodramatic plays that a weak-minded youth of strong will and nature is liable to take a pistol as the surest argument the very next time he is charged with anything, or suspects anything. Then so often the whole sorry business of a defaulter or embezzler is shown as he steals little by little his employer's money. Yet he manages in the end somehow to repent, reform, be forgiven, and marry a nice girl. That kind of immorality is sickening. It shows stupidity on the part of the author of the play rather than bad intent, but may have an unhappy effect on the young man who is just beginning to be intrusted with large sums of his employer's money. This type of picture, however, is also dying out rapidly, due to the care of the producers in accepting scenarios.

On the other hand, the educational value of the motion picture is praiseworthy beyond words. It makes us see life from day to day in far Japan, and the natives, as we would see it there. It enables us to study life in the depths of the sea, in the wilds of Africa, in the whole world above and below; in a word, as if, like the magician in the old fable, we had eyes to penetrate walls of earth and stone and iron—eyes to see whatever we wish to look at, over miles of land and the leagues of the sea.

Possessing such a gift, all that we must do is to use it properly; and it may safely be stated that the majority of the public and of the picture producers have this intention and resolve.

Harry Sheldon, the playwright, is the latest addition to the scenario forces of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

A MODEL SCENARIO, SHOWING JUST HOW A SCRIPT SHOULD BE PREPARED, WILL BE PRINTED IN THIS DEPARTMENT NEXT WEEK.

THOUGHT.

IF the scenario writer, who has not yet registered his first sale, though he has been working along for some time, will look into his own heart and be fair with himself in every way, we believe he will find that no one but himself is to blame for his not achieving success.

There may be many reasons for this failure, far too many to attempt to list, but the principal one is probably the lack of thought in preparing each scenario submitted. It is a common fault and a hard one for the young scenario writer to master—the reason for this being that he cannot recognize his own weakness.

He gets an idea which appears to be a good one. He looks it over for plot possibilities. He finds what he considers a fine angle, and applies it. Then he adds motives, a little action, some suspense, and some heart-interest stuff, and "fires it along." In time it comes back; it is sent to another studio, and meets a similar fate, and then another, with a like result. He begins to think of the possible reasons for the rejection, but seldom strikes upon the right one, for he is certain that he has given the idea the best development it could have at his hands.

The place he should look for the weak spot is in his very first step after getting an idea of merit, for in ninety out of a hundred amateur's cases we believe this is where the trouble lies. The beginner does not like to discard his ideas when building up a plot, so, when a situation or incident pops into his head, he feels that it belongs to the story, and puts it in. Once in, he will seldom remove it.

Then, too, he often starts his idea off along a certain line of general development, without giving it proper consideration. This may result in the entire scenario being hopelessly bad, whereas, had the idea been thought over and considered from various angles, a viewpoint might have been secured which would furnish the main plot for a salable script.

To trained writers the creating of the main elements of the plot by which they are to present their idea on the screen is a most nerve-racking process. They think and think, select and discard, build up and tear down, until in their mind they have outlined what, in their judgment, is the best possible line of development. Even this they will alter if they later discover a more likely possibility, but the more thorough the forethought, the less the need there will be for changes later on.

The beginner will never lose by giving much time and thought to this part of scenario writing, for it is of extreme importance. Of course, the fact that a writer can learn to apply this to his scripts does not mean that he can sell all he writes, for very few do that, but it does mean that his chances to break through the line of rejection slips at very frequent intervals will be excellent.

FREE LANCES AND ADAPTATIONS.

Speaking of general conditions, there is no market at the present time for scenarios adapted from books or plays by free lances. Here and there one may be "placed" by an outside writer, but this should not lead the newcomer in the field to believe that he can do likewise, for there is a lot of work on a five—or more—reel adaptation, and to have it rejected time after time is anything but pleasant.

We cannot say that we blame amateurs for wishing to try their hand at adapting plays and novels for the screen after visiting picture theaters night after night and seeing so many of them on the screen, but it is the same with these as with serials, which we have treated before—the game is for the older hands. Every company turning out multiple-reel feature productions based on produced plays or published books has at least one, and, very often, three or four, experienced writers, who can give them all the material they need along the lines of working script adaptations.

The free lance must be content for the time being to do one, two, and possibly three or four-reel original scenarios—the length depending upon each individual writer's experience and ability. Things are bound to change, and when they do—— But that is looking too far into the future!

THE MAILING DEPARTMENT.

Every now and then it is advisable for the promising scenarioist to look over his mailing department and see that it is not getting into the rut. A writer striving to turn out too much salable material, is liable to overlook the importance of selling what he writes and become negligent in the matter of submitting intelligently.

This can never lead to success, for he must be on his toes all the time. From the moment he begins to create the script to the time he signs the dotted line on the release blank, he must watch every opportunity to reap financial reward for the product of his brain. He is an artist until the script is completed—

then he becomes a business man, and must use businesslike methods.

The "mailing department" of every writer should consist of himself and two or three books; one for keeping track of the exact wants of all the companies at all times; another for keeping track of where each script has been submitted, et cetera; and a third, which is really not necessary to a beginner, to keep track of expenditures in handling the scripts. We consider it highly important that a writer should always keep his "mailing department" up to scratch, for it corresponds largely to the advertising department of a newspaper—the end that brings in the money, though it cannot do so without the editorial department's product—the news.

EDISON'S SCENARIO EDITOR.

After having been without a scenario editor since that position was recognized



Arthur Leeds, Edison's Scenario Writer.

as being of great importance, Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, has appointed Arthur Leeds to look over all manuscripts submitted to it.

Mr. Leeds is known to most photoplaywrights, having been in the game for many years, both as a writer and as an actor. He has also served considerable time on the speaking stage as a player, and is one of the best champions of the actor-writer class in the world. When he started out to become a dramatist—he would probably have aspired to become a photo-dramatist had motion pictures been as important then as they are now—he determined to learn the game from the bottom up, and his first step was to become a scene painter in a theater. He worked at this until an opportunity offered itself, and then became a regular actor. For a while he gave the greater part of his time to the Thespian art, but never forgot that his future lay in literature.

Then came the day when he discovered that motion pictures were a means of dramatic expression which could not help but gain public favor. That discovery terminated his career on the stage. He entered the ranks of the Essanay company as an actor, and also wrote scenarios for them. Later he shifted from that company to Selig's. His writing attracted the attention of an Eastern publishing house, and he was asked by them to write a book on photoplay writing, which he did. He retained his connection with this concern as a teacher until he joined Edison, a short time ago.

His work at present, like that of his fellow editors, consists of reading all scripts submitted, and passing judgment on each. In addition to this, he finds time enough to turn out original scripts at his usual rate, which is—well, quite often.

DO YOU KNOW?

Do you know that no matter how many years you would work on a plot, it would never be anywhere near complete?

This may sound like a needless statement to some, but we believe that there are many amateurs in the game to-day who firmly believe that there is a certain mental rule which they must acquire somewhere which will enable them to mechanically turn out plots which are measured and tied up in neat packages of the same dimensions, and which are complete and unchangeable in every detail.

Writers laboring under this impression are handicapped. They may have a scenario which is perfectly balanced dramatically and artistically, and still feel that it is not worthy of submission because they have not yet acquired the "something" which will enable them to write salable scripts.

This feeling in writers certainly is not as common as the one which prompts them to believe that all they write will sell, despite the shortage of brainwork in some of it, but it is equally as fatal to success, and should be overcome.

It is very true that an amateur is more likely to underdevelop the idea which he gets because of the lack of experience, but there is no reason why he should not carefully study the screen and apply his studies to his own script, thereby getting a fair idea of how well he has treated his subject. As a writer gains experience, he is able to judge just how well he has done his own work with a little more accuracy, and it is because of this, doubtless, that the beginner feels he is out in the cold.

The wise writer, no matter how long he has been in the game, pays no attention to such "feelings" but goes right ahead and does his work to the very best of his ability, thinking out, in his own way, every difficulty which arises, and injecting his own personality into every typewritter line. That is really the only way a beginner can hope to cease being a beginner, and even then there is much between him and success—the reward is worth the effort.

SAVING POSTAGE.

We wonder how many of our readers are interested in the postage-expense-saving question?

Here is one way to cut it down: When your present batch of scripts are returned—one by one, of course—take each and look it over carefully. Study it and compare it to all the screened pictures you have seen lately.

Is it worthy of consideration? Is it fresh and strong enough to make an editor select it as acceptable from among a hundred others?

If you can truthfully answer "yes" to those two questions, send the script along on its travels, and it may bring back a check. If you believe in your heart that your answer to either of them should be "no," however, set the script aside for a time and do not waste postage sending it out. Do not destroy the script, for you may take it up in a week or so and, by revamping and rewriting it, make it into a scenario which would tempt any editor or director.

THE COMEDY WRITER.

Do not think that you have to be an undertaker to write comedy, if you are one of the class who believe only serious people can write nonserious stuff. Or do not think that one has to be a village cut-up to attain the same posi-

tion, as seems to be the popular belief among another class.

The man who writes comedy scripts for the screen is liable to be of almost any size or disposition. Among our personal friends are two scribes who sell almost all the comedy scripts they write, but of whom have still to register their first sale of a dramatic script. Their make-up is entirely different. One cares nothing at all for other people's society and likes to do serious things in his own way at his own pleasure, while the other fellow is never in greater delight than when surrounded by a party of his friends and telling funny stories. This is but one of the things in which they differ; there are dozens of others.

It all goes to show that humor is not something which is restricted to a certain type of persons, but which is lying dormant in all intelligent humans, and is merely more highly developed in some than in others. Perhaps you are a comedy writer and do not know it. We would advise all those who have considered comedy beyond their power to give themselves a thorough trial at writing it, and, if the work shows any promise at all, to try to develop the latent talent.

SERMONS AND IDEAS.

There is a great difference between photo plays which carry ideas and those which attempt to preach a sermon, but the beginner who attempts to write one of the former class is in great danger of unintentionally turning out one of the latter variety.

It is best for all but thoroughly experienced writers to avoid this class, but where an amateur wishes to try his hand, he should remember that the more skillfully he can hide the actual text of the idea he wishes to carry, the stronger the effect will be and the "bigger" the play will go.

AN EDITORIAL WEEK.

Some week put your pencil and pad—or, to be modern, typewriter—away and give yourself a little training in the editorial line. Just forget that you are a writer, and pretend that you are a "hard-hearted" editor, frowning upon all that comes before you, and rejoicing whenever you find anything of real worth.

Where will you find scripts to edit? That is where the benefit comes in. Just bring out your "dead" scripts from the storage vault and dust them off. Then secure one of the magazines devoted to motion pictures which carries the synopses of the various manufacturers. When these are at your elbow assume a dignified editorial position and begin work.

First read through a few of the synopses of films which have been released in the magazine, and then read one of your own synopses. Analyze them, and decide just why the "live" ones were accepted and yours was rejected. Maybe yours will be the best, in your honest opinion. That is possible, and if you find this to be the case, learn just why it is better, and then fix up the points that are weak and send it out again.

Follow this course all the way through your rejected scripts—if you have more than one—and you will probably learn many things which never occurred to you before. You need not consider the time wasted, even if you cannot find anything worth while in your "dead" scripts, for remember, you have received your first editorial training, which is worth something, and may prove beneficial in the long run if repeated often enough. There will always be a demand for editors, as well as for writers, you know, and it is well to be prepared.

HELPFUL TO DIRECTORS.

While we admit that many directors consider suggestions from the scenario writer a nuisance, we feel we are right in saying that the majority of *real* producers welcome suggestions from the man who has created the story. In the cast of characters, it seems to us that a line or two of condensed characterization is permissible. This does not mean physical description of a character, by any means, for almost any actor is liable to be cast for the rôle if the scenario sells to a big company.

We do think, however, that by giving some important physiological feeling of a character, or even telling what his purpose in the play is, proves very helpful, not only to the director but also to the player who portrays the rôle. This would necessarily be confined to the two or three leading rôles, and, as we said before, must be considered. If the writer feels he has drawn the character perfectly in the script proper, it is also unnecessary, though we think it a good plan to use it, anyway.

The writer may also help the director to "get" the meaning of the scenes. If a certain action by a player would spoil an effect the author is striving at, we think great care should be taken to explain, in brackets, within the particular scene, just what the author's purpose is, and why the specified action should not be allowed to creep in. A certain arrangement of the scenes to gain a desired effect is also worthy of a special explanatory note, telling the author's purpose, as are a hundred other things which will bob up here and there throughout a scenario.

Do not use these "extra notes" unless you feel they are needed; but never hesitate to put them in wherever they seem necessary, for if you can help an earnest director to understand a script by this means he will be sure to remember you as a writer whose scripts he likes to work from.

COMEDY AND ITS DIVISIONS.

We can only distinguish two classe of comedy on the screen at the presen time—straight and farce. Both burlesque and travesty have become merely essential elements to the farce, while the straight comedy is going along its own little way with few producers paying much attention to it.

It is of value for writers to know how to turn out all styles of plays, and, though many cannot enjoy farces at all, we would advise that they be studied. If an author can rise above fellow writers, who can give the motion-picture public, via the editors, something which is entirely different and genuinely funny, he will be very welcome right now. There also seems to be room for men or women who can write straight comedy which will draw real laughs. We think a change in the methods of screen laugh getting is soon due.

BEATING THE CENSORS.

While we at all times advocate the writing of scripts which, when they are made into films, will not offend those royal monarchs, the censors, we know that there are some elements needed now and then to make a film "go over."

These elements need not be used in every script which a writer turns out; in fact, they should be used in as few as possible; but where they are used, we think the writer should know just how to "get it by" the censors.

A long time ago, direct killing was placed under ban, and writers and di-

rectors began to employ the cut-back. This is the system which can now be used effectively to "cover up" any objectionable act. Not only will the film get by without being cut by the censors, but it will also be more artistic minus the actual showing of a questionable act.

We will not attempt to name any of the acts to which we allude, for the list would be a long one; but we think every writer knows just what he would be proud to tell his own family he created, and what he would not like to have them see. By judging things in this way he can best decide for himself just what should be "hidden" by the cut-back.

HOW TO CELEBRATE.

We think we are safe in saying that practically all the free-lance scenario writers have some way or other of celebrating their success when they register a sale. From personal experience we know that this celebration thing is liable to get the best of one, and as a result the size of the check received is reduced considerably before it reaches the bank.

Here is where the danger of too much celebration lies. When the letter accepting the script arrives, the author feels joyful. Result—first celebration. When the check arrives the author again feels joyful. Second celebration. When the play is released, and the author goes to see it with his friends, he feels joyful for the third time. Third celebration.

We are not mentioning any certain means of celebrating, but merely stating that a celebration takes place, and right here we wish to state that celebrations of any kind cost money. The moral is that every script which "lands" should be celebrated in some small way once, and the attention of the author should then be riveted on making another sale. The sooner a beginner or a progressing author realizes that scenario writing is a commercial proposition, the sooner he will advance.

While this talk is meant particularly for our brother writers, it also applies to sister scenarioists, though the latter, as a rule, are more thoughtful about the disposition made of money earned with their typewriters and brains.

When studying the screen, be sure to get both the good and bad points of a plot. If you only get one or the other your work is half done.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Universal Film Manufacturing Company, 1600 Broadway, New York City, N. Y., through its special-feature department, has announced that it is in the market for the photo-play rights to well-known books and plays, and authors of national reputation may make a permanent connection with them if they are able to turn out the material desired. This probably means the reopening of this market, though amateurs have not been invited to submit as yet.

Short Shots.

Playing the same tune over and over again on a phonograph makes you tired, doesn't it? Think of the poor editor and the hackneyed plot, then!

Don't trust to "luck." Be sure that your photo play is superior to its vast field of competitors before sending it out.

A writer with his heart in his work cannot enjoy loafing, while the person who writes a little now and then, just to be a "writer," is generally given over to the popular pastime of "resting."

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Vol. 1

No. 12



RICHARD TRAVERS' MOST EXTRAORDINARY LIFE IN THIS NUMBER

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. I CONTENTS FOR JUNE 26, 1915 No. 12

DICK TRAVERS' EXTRAORDINARY LIFE. . **Rex Berry** 1

If the experiences of Richard Travers had been those of almost anyone else, they would have appeared in public prints long ago. But Travers is conservative and modest. This article contains a brief history of his remarkable career which makes excellent reading.

SCREEN GOSSIP. 3

Notes of the film world and those who comprise it.

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Dick Travers' Extraordinary Life

By Rex Berry

Few people, either actors or otherwise, have a life that can equal that of Richard C. Travers, leading man with the Essanay Film Company. Travers was ten years old before he saw any white woman other than his own mother, and as soon as he went out into the world where he did see people whom he did not know, experiences, unusual to say the least, began to occur to him. In the following interview he himself tells the story of his life.

DICK TRAVERS is a real man. That is the first, last, and only impression I had after leaving him, and one which is shared by all who have ever met him. He is an actor by profession only, and the moment he walks out of a scene at the Essanay studios, in Chicago, he ceases to act, and is just an ordinary, everyday man.

Leading men are, as a rule, just actors, and their life experiences, though often varied, have come to them mostly by the way of their profession. Travers is different. His life reads like a page from a thrilling book of fiction. He has been a wanderer since he was a boy, and has done many kinds of work which most theatrical people do not know exist.

"The job I hate most," he remarked, as we settled down to "talk for publication." "It always reminds me of giving an obituary notice and using Richard Travers as a subject."

I consoled him as best I could by asking how his hockey team of Essanay folks had fared during the winter, and his attitude changed in a moment.

"That rink we fixed up in the studio yard," he said, with enthusiasm, "certainly gave us a fine place to practice, and all the boys around the plant took an interest in the game. It was difficult to secure contests with outside teams, though, as the sport does not seem to be very popular here in the Middle West. When I was in the East, and before that in Canada, I played four or five months every year. Now that summer is here, I have to turn to something tamer."



I saw an opening, and took advan-

tage of it, though I had to change the subject to do it.

"You were born in Canada?" was the question that did the trick.

"Yes, indeed," he replied.

If anything, he seemed even more willing to talk on his life in the great north country, so I made good use of the opportunity.

"Tell me something of your early career," I requested; "I am sure it would be very interesting."

"It's a wonderful country," he began, and I feared I would get a story on Canada, rather than on Dick Travers. "I was born about six hundred miles north of Winnipeg, in the Hudson Bay Trading Post country. For ten years I lived the life of a wild child, my only playmates being the little Indian children who visited my father occasionally with their parents. My mother was the only white woman I saw until I went to Toronto in search of adventure."

He paused a moment, and I played another card by saying: "Your father was a missionary, wasn't he?"

"He still is," the sincere man of the films replied, "and is just as active today as he was when I was born. I have been worried about him and my mother, though, as I have learned indirectly that food is very scarce in the part of the country in which they live, on account of the European trouble. I have tried to get word to them, and learn their exact condition, and, if I find they are in want, I think I will bring them here to Chicago, as they have worked all their lives, and I believe they are entitled to a rest."

If the readers will pardon my breaking into the interview at this point, I would like to tell them that Dick Travers meant every word of what he said about bringing them to Chicago, and less than a week after our talk, he received word from them confirming the report about the scarcity of food, and left for Canada almost immediately to get them.

"The governor and I are great pals," Travers continued, smiling reminiscently. "We worked and played together until I left home. Tennis was the favorite pastime at the little trading post, which we called our home, and the two of us had some hot matches. One year the men at the post decided to enter a team in the tournament at Niagara, and my father and myself won the elimination contest. We found that the men who opposed us in the real tournament were far faster than we had ever dreamed, but we managed to win that, too. Father was sixty-one at the time, but he looked forty and acted twenty."

"Do you do much tennis playing here?" I questioned.

"In the early spring," he replied; "but the summer months are too hot. You see, the climate in which I was raised was so different from this in the Middle West that at times I feel I cannot stand the heat. I like the winter here, though. The air from Lake Michigan supplies moisture to the atmosphere, and makes me feel at home. I suppose I am what might be called a 'man of the outdoors,' for there is nothing I like to do better than to wander in the open. I am out quite a bit while doing my picture work, and I always spend an hour or two motoring about in my car after work. Swimming is the only sport for me in summer. I learned to swim almost as soon as I did to walk, and have always enjoyed the water."

Being anxious to learn more of his career, I said something about the time he went to Toronto in search of adventure, and he smiled.

"You're sure to ring in my career, aren't you?" he commented. "I suppose I'll have to start at the beginning, and tell all I can think of, and then my conscience will be clear.

"As I said"—this accompanied by a general "settling down" in his chair, as though getting ready for a long grind—"I was ten years old before I knew any white people except my parents. During those ten years I did things in a primitive way. I could shoot accurately, and often went with the Royal Northwest Mounted Police on expeditions. They are wonderful men, and the people of that country either worship or hate them, according to their own conduct, for a lawbreaker receives no mercy at the hands of the Mounted."

"I suppose I was a born wanderer, for when I left home and went to Toronto, the big city held me in its spell for only a short time. It was interesting to see so many white people in such neat clothes, and I often laugh when I think of how I must have stared at them as they passed. From Toronto I went to the States for a few months, and then returned to the trading post. I soon tired of the life up there, after having had a touch of civilization, and persuaded my father to send me to St. Andrews College, at Montreal. He had tutored me himself from the time I was able to understand, and I had the advantage of the other pupils. School life didn't particularly appeal to me, and I felt I was wasting time, inasmuch as I was learning little that father had not already taught me. I stayed a couple of years, though—until the wanderlust got me again."

Again he caused me to become uneasy by pausing in the most interesting part of his career, for I feared some director would decide he was needed in a scene, and I wouldn't be able to "corner him" again that day.

He apparently noticed my anxiety, and smiled good-naturedly without referring to it.

Then he took up the narrative once more: "I drifted around here and there, and finally landed in South Africa, as a private in a troop of British soldiers. The life interested me, and I put my whole heart into it. When I was fifteen I became second lieutenant, though my age was twenty-one, as far as the others in the company knew. You see, I had always associated with my father, and he had talked to me as though I were a man of almost his own age, and this, plus my height and appearance, enabled me to pass for the age I gave. We fought through the Boer War, and were in one or two real hot places, but, strange to say, I never felt as though I were on the threshold of death, though I learned after one engagement that our company had been stationed within twenty feet of a mined underground passage, which would have been exploded if the enemy had not confused orders."

I was thinking, as he talked, that it was little wonder he was able to portray real "man" rôles on the screen in such a convincing manner. Not many of those who daily face "death" in reel life have been anywhere near the actual thing, but Travers has faced it more than once. Although he didn't tell of the time a member of the Royal Mounted and he were attacked by three drunken Indians in the Far North, and left for dead, I heard it from another source. Dick Travers is the kind of

man that feels such incidents are merely part of everyday life, and who tells only a few of them to others, and then only when urgently requested.

"After the close of the war," he was saying, when I brought my thoughts back to the interview, "I decided that I wanted to learn some trade or profession, and left the service, though I retained a full commission. I came back to America and met my father in Toronto. We talked the matter over, and decided I was fitted to be a doctor. Cornell College, at Ithaca, New York, looked the best to us, so I went there and studied for four years. About a week before graduating, I lost my diploma. Father was mightily disappointed when he learned that, but in his characteristic way he simply said, 'What next?' and appeared to forget all about the incident."

I began to wonder where Travers' stage career came in, and asked him if he had been behind the footlights during any of his wanderings.

"No," he replied. "Directly after this, I appeared before the public for the first time. Wandering westward from college with nothing special to do until I reached Chicago, I was offered an opportunity to join a stock company, which I accepted. I liked the work better than anything I had ever done, because it gave me a chance to portray the characters I had often met in real life. It took a little over a year of stock and road work to win the place of leading man, and then followed fourteen years straight of theatrical work. When I went into the profession I vowed that I would be an actor while on the stage only, and whenever our company arrived in a city I would sneak away and look for an athletic club, where I could indulge in some kind of sport during our stay.

"When motion pictures attracted my attention, I quickly realized their possibilities, and when an opportunity came to get into them I jumped at it. I remember the first picture I worked in as clearly as though it were just filmed. It was called 'A Race for Love,' and I drove Barney Oldfield's celebrated *Blitzen Benz* car in it. The Lubin company was my employer then. The same year I rode in one of the cars in the Vanderbilt race as a mechanic, though none of the members of the company with whom I was then playing knew where I was the day of the race."

Again the actor had treated something which most men would have talked of most of their lives, in a light manner, and I could not help but admire him. There is no pretense in his make-up. He is just plain Dick Travers all the time, and during our whole talk he was as earnest as though he were talking to an old friend. There is nothing he hates worse than what he terms "suave," and what is known in most places as "putting on airs."

Our conversation drifted toward general motion-picture topics, and he stated himself as being firmly impressed with the idea that practically every person in the various branches of the great industry should know something about all the other branches. He didn't say what he was studying, but I knew that the lighting effect at the studio and the various ways of securing camera effects were of more than passing interest to him. He has directed several productions himself, and each one has shown that he understands the work thoroughly.

In mentioning cameras, Travers again referred to his father: "The governor has a little camera up there," he said, "that gets some wonderful pictures." He dived down into his inside pocket and produced evidence of what he said. One picture showed his father and mother on a hillside, with the wonderful open country all about them.

"My father was one of the characters in Ralph Connor's book, 'The Sky Pilot,'" he offered, looking admiringly at the picture of his parents. "Mr. Connor and he were great friends, and often when he was writing one of his novels of the North the author would spend three or four weeks at our cabin. He thinks, as I do, that my father's life is wonderful. Father is a big man, one who knows life, and who has lived and is capable of living it in the right way. My mother, too, understands things that those raised in civilization never could. My one fear in bringing them here to Chicago is that they will never learn to live the life of the city. They belong to God's own country up there."

My fear of the director's summons became a reality at this juncture, for one of "Essanay's busiest" called Dick, and told him that a retake of three scenes for a production which had been finished the day before was necessary.

Travers left me and hurried to his dressing room, while I started back toward Chicago's loop district, contrasting this part of the great Middle West metropolis with the "God's own country" to which Dick Travers also seemed to belong.

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

Here is our choice of the five greatest film actors. The greatest the world has ever known is, in our opinion: Henry B. Walthal, of the Majestic company. His work in "The Birth of a Nation," "The Avenging Conscience," "Home, Sweet Home," and many other features, stamps him as the peer of all photo players. The next four artists are all wonderful, but their acting is so unlike that you can't rank one above the other. William S. Hart, Francis X. Bushman, William Farnum, and King Baggot are the men referred to. All are entirely different each from the other. Walthal, however, we think, is peer of them all.

Hart and Farnum have sprung to the top with a rapidity that is amazing. Hart's interpretation of Western characters is marvelous, while Farnum delights audiences whenever he gets a chance to fight. His facial expressions, like Hart's, are wonderful.

Kalem's reissues of the Carlyle Blackwell-Alice Joyce pictures are proving very popular.

Biograph has done a master stroke by reissuing the D. W. Griffith pictures. They rank far above the average picture of to-day. Just think, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Lillian Gish, Henry Walthal, Bobby Harron, and Mack Sennett are all together in some of the one-reel subjects!

The two-reel policy of the Keystone company is proving a huge success. They issue two two-reel funny features each week. Nothing else.

The censors in Boston have practically spoiled "The Birth of a Nation," which is showing there. They have cut out many of the dramatic parts.

The Regent films continue to produce their thrilling mystery dramas. This is the old Ramo company, and is capable of excellent work.

Charlie Chaplin is a very slow worker these days, producing only one comedy a month; but it must be admitted that it is for the best.

The Millionaire Baby

(V. L. S. E., Inc.)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

A millionaire and his wife were childless. They adopted a baby girl—but the millionaire in question believed it was their own. The mother, coming into a fortune, wanted to buy it back. Failing, she determined to kidnap it. So did the doctor who had sold it to the millionaire and his wife. So did the husband of the child's real mother, in order to force her into a reconciliation with him. Who stole the baby? If you can guess the answer, you will do more than we think you can before you reach the end of this story based on the Selig company's six-part picture comedy drama. The cast:

Philo Ocumpaugh.....Frederick Hand
Dr. Poole.....John Charles
Justin Carewe.....Harry Mestayer
Valerie Carewe.....Grace Darmond
Gwendolyn.....Charlotte Stevens

VALERIE, when are you going to give up this life?"

Justin Carewe, in the dressing room of his wife, the prima donna of "The Forty Thieves," a musical comedy that was enjoying a run on Broadway, addressed the question to her petulantly. Watching her make up her face so that the hearts of a hundred strange men in the audience would palpitate at sight of her beauty, his soul crawled with loathing for the profession she was in.

"When are you going to give it up?" he repeated, more sharply, as she did not reply. "I've told you a dozen times that I want you to leave the stage. Are you going to do it—yes, or no?"

She threw down the rabbit's foot with which she had been rouging her cheeks and turned to face him, with a gesture of impatience.

"We'll settle this, once for all," she announced. "By 'leading this life,' as you so disdainfully call it, I am earning four hundred dollars a week. Do you make that much—or a tenth part of it? You know that you don't. How long has it been since you sold a story to a magazine? And what was the amount of the check then? Twenty dollars—that was all. You're asking me to give up the stage to starve with you. That's what it would amount to. You've proved that you can't support me. Well, I'm not going to be so foolish. When you can show me that you can earn even the living of a clerk——"

"I could write stories that the editors would buy," he cut in hotly, "if you'd give up the stage and end my worry."

"You couldn't do anything of the sort," she retorted, with quiet scorn. "I may not be a literary critic, but I know what I like, and I don't think your stories are any good. They're so 'highbrow' nobody can understand them. I don't blame the editors for sending them back——"

"Valerie!"

His face had gone white.

"I told you," she said, rising as the call boy rapped on the door to summon her to the stage for the last act of the piece, "that we'd settle this, once and for all. I've told you the truth. You can't support me, and I'm going to continue earning my own living in my own way. That's final——"

"I shall consider it so," interrupted her husband stiffly.

But Valerie had gone from the room to answer her cue on the stage. When she returned, at the end of the performance, she found a note from Justin on her dressing table. In it he informed her that he had gone away. She would never see him again.

She screamed, and her maid ran in to catch her in her arms as she fainted.

The manager was summoned. He ran distractedly out into the street to summon a physician. A tall, dark-bearded man, who was just stepping into an automobile at the curb, outside the theater, from which he had come among the departing audience, stopped the manager as he was hurrying by him, muttering under his breath: "A doctor—a doctor! I must find one at once!"

"I am a physician," the bearded man informed him. "Can I be of service to you?"

The manager led him behind the scenes, to Valerie's dressing room. There, after he had brought her back to her senses, the doctor drew the manager aside.

"She has received a shock of some kind—bad news, perhaps," said he. "I am Doctor Poole. I will take her to her home in my car, if you will give me her address."

The manager did so, and, with her maid, Doctor Poole helped her out to his limousine in front of the theater. Fifteen minutes later he had brought her to the uptown apartment house where she lived. As he was leaving, he knocked over Valerie's workbasket from a table in her living room. A number of frilly little garments fell out on the floor at his feet.

"Ah!" said Doctor Poole softly to himself. "I understand why she fainted now. In her delicate state—yes, yes, any shock at all would affect her so."

It was two months later, when Doctor Poole received a call to the home of one of his millionaire patients.

She was Mrs. Ocumpaugh, the wife of a man reputed to be the third richest man in America. There was nothing the matter with the lady's health. But she and her husband did not get along well together at times; and, as a result of

their conjugal spats, she was frequently left in such a nervous condition that a physician's services were required to bring her around again.

The cause of these differences which arose between her husband and herself lay in a single quarter—the Ocumpaughs were childless. They had quarreled about the same old subject on the night before, as she explained to Doctor Poole when he arrived.

"I can't stand these nervous attacks any longer, doctor," she stated. "You have often questioned me, to ascertain their cause, before. But hitherto I have given you an evasive answer. Now I will make a clean breast of the situation. My husband berates me because we have no child. Last night we went to the theater, and as soon as we came home he started in on the same topic.

"The play was 'The Forty Thieves.' If you have seen the piece, you will remember that in the last act Miss Valerie Carewe, the prima donna, has a musical number, entitled, 'When I Rag My Rag Doll To Sleep.' As an accompaniment to the refrain, she throws rag dolls out into the audience. Well, when my husband saw the air literally filled with babies, it brought back to his mind the thought that he had none. That was what started him to complaining of me again, when we got home.

"But it was what also gave me my idea, which is why I have sent for you to-day.

"As I tell you, I can't endure this situation any longer. My husband wants a child. Very well, he shall have one. I mean to adopt a baby, without his knowing it——"

Doctor Poole broke in. "But that," he protested, "will be difficult, I should say."

"Not at all," resumed Mrs. Ocumpaugh. "Find me a baby—an infant baby—and I will claim it as my own, without my husband even suspecting the truth. I am willing to pay any price for a child. Say, twenty thousand dollars. That sum is yours, Doctor Poole, if you can supply me with a baby within the next two months. For I expect my husband to be gone at least that long, on his annual trip out West, to look after his mining interests, on which he departed early this morning, with the new private secretary he has just engaged."

The secretary was Justin Carewe. Angered by Valerie's taunt that he could not earn a living, when he had gone from her dressing room at the theater in which he had left the note to tell her that she would never see him again, he had determined to show her that he could support himself. An advertisement he had seen in the paper for a young man of education to act as secretary to a wealthy gentleman, had decided him to apply for the position. He had done so, and been engaged to fill that office for the famous multimillionaire Philo Ocumpaugh.



Justin Carewe hated to see his wife on the stage, and in the situations there which she was forced to occupy.

"Twenty thousand dollars," Doctor Poole mused aloud over the offer of that gentleman's wife. "And you say you would have to have the baby within two months' time?"

"So that my husband would not know that I had adopted it," Mrs. Ocumpaugh nodded. "yes. Will you undertake the commission for me, doctor?"

At her mention of the name of Valerie Carewe, the musical-comedy star, Doctor Poole's mind had reverted to

the evening when he had carried her from the theater to her apartment, and the discovery he had made there. Her baby would be born in another month. It might be possible——

"I think," he told the millionaire's wife slowly, "that I know of a baby I might be able to get for you. I will call again, and let you know for sure."

He drove to Valerie's apartment.

Studying her face intently, while he inquired whether she had wholly recovered from her experience on the night of their first meeting, Doctor Poole, who knew something of the art of mesmerism, thought that she would make a good subject for a hypnotist. As he talked to her, he began to try to put her to sleep.

In five minutes he had succeeded in doing so.

"You don't like babies," he conveyed the thought to her softly. "Repeat after me: 'I don't like babies. Other people's, or even my own. I don't like babies.'"

Obediently Valerie chanted the words. He made her do so three times in all; and then he brought her back to herself with a few deft passes before her eyes.

"You had another slight fainting spell," he answered the bewildered gaze she fixed on him when she came out of her trance, his tone reassuring. "That is all."

Valerie believed him. And soon after he took his departure.

But he came back in two or three days more. A second time he placed her under his hypnotic influence, making her repeat the assertion that she did not care for babies. The third time he called, he noticed that the infants' things were no longer in her workbasket—her maid told him that she had ordered them carried from her sight, and never brought into it again. He smiled with satisfaction; the spell had worked!

He was able to go to Mrs. Ocumpaugh and inform her that she would have her baby on time. Which was a promise he made good, two weeks later; having offered to buy Valerie's baby from her for one thousand dollars, which offer she gladly accepted, as she did not even care to look at it when it came.



Mr. and Mrs. Ocumpaugh gave a lawn fete for little Gwendolyn, who was the greatest joy of their lives.

A telegram was delivered to Philo Ocumpaugh, in Phoenix, Arizona, the day after Doctor Poole had earned his twenty thousand dollars.

"It's a girl," read the wire, which was signed with Mrs. Ocumpaugh's name.

Her husband wanted to go to her at

once. But that, due to the fact that he was then lying in a private room in a hospital, was impossible. The week before, while down in one of the mines he owned, he had been struck by a falling timber in the shaft. Justin and the doctors informed him that he could not think of getting out of bed before another three weeks at the earliest.

And so it was a full month before he took in his arms the little girl whom his wife placed there, and whom he believed was their own.

A year went by, another, and then three had passed. Gwendolyn, as the little girl had been christened, was the apple of both Mr. and Mrs. Ocumpaugh's eye. But the child seemed to love the secretary, Justin Carewe, better than either of the two. It was blind instinct—her tiny heart recognized him for her father, even though her eyes did not.

And as for Justin, he was never happy out of the little one's presence. Every day, in fair weather, and when his duties were done, found him romping with her, or poring over picture books, or telling her fairy tales, in the garden of the Ocumpaugh's mansion, which was located in one of the city's fashionable suburbs.

And then—Valerie Carewe decided to leave the stage.

The reason which prompted her to do so was that she had inherited a fortune. And the way of it was this: An old stage-door keeper, at a theater where she had been playing years before, had fallen sick. Valerie had come to see him. She was the only member of the company who had done so. The lonely old man had never forgotten her kindness. And, when he died, it was found that he had willed her all he possessed.

Out of his savings, it turned out that he had once purchased a number of shares of stock in a Western gold mine. Placing the certificates away in the tin box that held his valuables, he had forgotten their existence as time passed. Thus, he had never known that the mine had turned out to be a bonanza. The shares were each worth many hundred times the few dollars apiece he had paid for them.

But the lawyer who had the settlement of his estate in charge had recognized what the stock certificates were worth as soon as he saw them. He had sold them for Valerie, and turned the proceeds over to her—which meant that she was independently wealthy for the rest of her life.

Her first act, on coming into this legacy, was to buy a house in the country. The place she secured was the one that adjoined the Ocumpaughs' mansion. The millionaire being away at the time on one of his periodic trips to the West, and having his secretary with him, she did not know that she had come to live next door to her missing husband's place of residence.

Valerie's second act was to send for Doctor Poole.

"I long to recover my child," she told him, "which I sold to you in a moment of madness. Do you know where the people are to whom you gave her? So that I can go to them and offer to buy her back? Or, if you have lost track of them, do you think you could find them for me?"

Doctor Poole saw a chance to earn another handsome fee.

"I will see what can be done," he informed her, and went away—to pay Mrs. Ocumpaugh a call.

"My conscience," he told her, "is troubling me about the deception I helped you to practice on your husband. I feel that he should know that little Gwendolyn, of whom he is so fond, is not his own child. And I have about made up my mind to go to him with the truth. Of course"—he hesitated, looking at her with a meaning smile—"ten thousand dollars might quiet the voice of my conscience, and dissuade me from my purpose."

Mrs. Ocumpaugh had paled at his threat. But her husband was away at the time, which would make it difficult for the doctor to carry it out, even if he seriously intended to do so—which she decided he did not. He was trying to blackmail her, and she made up her mind to defy him.

"I have paid you once," she answered him firmly, "for what you did for me. And that is all I am going to do. You would not dare go to my husband with the truth—you know that as well as I do. He might, in his anger over the discovery of how he had been tricked, try to send you to prison for the deceit you helped to practice on him. So you can't force money out of me by threatening to expose me. Good day, doctor! And let me advise you that your visits to the house will not be desired in future."

Outside, Doctor Poole murmured serenely to himself:

"Well, it will have to be the retired musical-comedy star's money, then."

He went back to Valerie.

"I have found out where your daughter is," he advised her. "And I think I can return her to you—if you are willing to pay the price."

"I'll pay!" she eagerly assured him. "I'll pay anything—anything—ten times what I sold her to you for!"

"That would be ten thousand dollars," he impressed the amount upon her.

"It is yours!" she exclaimed. "Bring my baby back to me, and I will place the money in your hands five minutes afterward."

"That's a bargain," replied Doctor Poole laconically.

Valerie, meanwhile, had made friends with Gwendolyn—whom, of course, she did not recognize as her child—the little girl having been drawn to her with the same unerring instinct that had led to her fondness for Justin.

Watching the pretty ways of the Ocumpaughs' baby increased Valerie's eagerness to recover her own child, and she expressed her impatience over Doctor Poole's delay in bringing her daughter to him every time she saw him.

Mrs. Ocumpaugh, fearing what was a fact—that Doctor Poole meant to kidnap Gwendolyn, but for the only motive she could suppose he would have for such an act, in revenge for her refusal to pay him blackmail—had engaged a private detective to keep the child constantly under watch.

Worried over his persistent failures to seize Gwendolyn because of the sleuth's watchfulness, one day as Valerie was asking him what took him so long to get her baby, he made the blunder of speaking his thoughts aloud.

"I am afraid Mrs. Ocumpaugh has become suspicious——" he began; and the next minute bit his lip over the unfortunate slip of the tongue.

But the damage was done.

"So," said Valerie, in slow comprehension, "Gwendolyn is my daughter! And I never knew it!"

Doctor Poole took his departure, unheeded by her. Valerie had started across her garden into that of the Ocumpaughs, adjoining, to find and press to her bosom at last the child she had hungered for so long.

The next day Justin came back from

the West. He had left Mr. Ocumpaugh along the way, at a hunting party which some friends of his were giving. Going to look for Gwendolyn in the garden, he found her there with Valerie—with whom he found himself brought thus unexpectedly face to face for the first time in three years.

"My darling!"

He started forward to take her in his arms. But she stopped him coldly.

her in questioning amazement. "Three years ago—when you left me."

And then, without another word, she turned and went out of the garden.

Doctor Poole, after the exposure he had clumsily made to Valerie of her daughter's whereabouts, had decided that there was only one course left open to him. Mrs. Ocumpaugh was to give Gwendolyn a lawn party that night, he had heard. Now that Valerie knew

She realized that the Ocumpaughs were far too wealthy to make it possible that she could buy her child back from them, and so her only hope of getting her was to take her.

And Justin, seeing a way thereby to force Valerie into the reconciliation which she had withheld from him that day—he, too, planned to steal Gwendolyn that night.

And stolen she was, as it was discov-



"Baby Gwendolyn kidnaped!" Mr. Ocumpaugh read aloud the telegram that was delivered to him at the hunting camp. "Great heavens, she must be found—I offer fifty thousand dollars reward for her return!"

"You left me at a time—at a time when I needed you most, although you did not know it," she told him. "But that does not excuse you. And I haven't forgiven you for it. We are strangers to each other."

"Valerie—tell me what you mean?" he begged, mystified.

She took the child's hand.

"This," said she, "is my child—yours and mine." She nodded, as he stared at

where the child was, she might try to take her away from the Ocumpaughs herself. That would mean the loss of ten thousand dollars to him. She had made a bargain with him to give him that sum when he delivered her baby to her. Trusting that the detective's vigilance would be relaxed at some time during the lawn fête, he made up his mind to kidnap Gwendolyn that night.

So did Valerie.

ered after the guests had gone—but by whom? Was it Doctor Poole? Was it Justin, who could be found nowhere? Or was it Valerie?

The mansion was in an uproar. A wire was dispatched to Philo Ocumpaugh, the multimillionaire, at the camp of the hunting party, where he was holidaying. At once he offered a reward of fifty thousand dollars for her return.

The detective set to work on his clews—which were three.

One was a footprint in the moist earth of a path in the garden, which, on the test being made, corresponded exactly with the size of one of Justin's shoes, which the detective took from his bedroom.

One was Doctor Poole's eyeglass case, found beside a hedge in the garden to which, with the house, he had been forbidden—proving that he must have been a skulking attendant at the lawn fête.

And one was a torn fragment of lace from Valerie's evening gown, clinging to the briers of a rosebush.

The detective—letting Justin, whose whereabouts was unknown, go for the moment—set off for Doctor Poole's office. There he found Valerie, and, standing in the doorway unperceived, heard her address the words to the rascally physician which proved her innocent of the theft of the missing child.

"You have kidnaped her—my baby," she was charging the doctor. "Tell me what you have done with her—or I will expose you for the criminal I believe you to be. A blackmailer! I think I understand why Mrs. Ocumpaugh hired that detective to watch the child. You threatened to expose her to her husband for having pretended to him that Gwendolyn was her own daughter. When she refused to pay you to keep quiet, she was afraid that you might steal the girl for revenge. And so she had her guarded. That's the truth, I'll wager——"

Doctor Poole interrupted her—but his words proved him as guiltless as she was.

"Yes," he admitted, "that is the truth. I did go to Mrs. Ocumpaugh and threaten to expose her to her husband unless she would pay me ten thousand dollars not to. But I didn't kidnap Gwendolyn. If I had her, don't you suppose I would turn her over to you and claim the ten thousand dollars you promised to give me when I placed her in your arms?"

He turned, at that moment, and discovered the detective. From the latter's face he read the fact that he had overheard all he had said. He had confessed to being a blackmailer—a penitentiary offense. He sprang at the sleuth, to overcome him and escape.

There followed a short tussle, from which the powerfully built doctor came out the better man. Hurling the detective back, Doctor Poole leaped out on the balcony and jumped for the ground.

His foot caught on the balcony rail, and he plunged headforemost to the earth. When the detective, running downstairs, reached his side, he found that the law had been cheated of its quarry—Doctor Poole, his neck broken by the fall, was dead.

Yet, if he had not kidnaped little Gwendolyn, nor had Valerie, who *was* the child's abductor? There was only one suspect left—Justin Carewe.

And then Mr. Philo Ocumpaugh arrived by a special train. His wife led him to a secret panel in the wall of her bedroom, pressed it—and there was the "millionaire baby," with her nurse, where Mrs. Ocumpaugh, fearing lest she would be kidnaped despite all precautions, had hidden her!

Ten minutes later, she had made a clean breast of everything to her husband.

"Well," said he, "she's brightened our lives for three years, anyway. That's something. And now I'll tell you what I think you ought to do. I offered a reward of fifty thousand dollars to whoever returned her, and I'll pay the money to you. You give it to Justin Carewe. It will be a gift from me, in recognition of his faithful services as my secretary during the past three years. That will prove to his wife that he *can* support her—if he ever has to again. They'll go right on living next door, where we can see Gwendolyn every day, and it will be almost the same as if she was ours, after all. That ought to make everybody satisfied."

And it did.

The Omnipresent Director.

By E. W. Hewston.

THERE are certain individuals of whom the public knows little, whose features never appear in a motion picture, yet who have the most to do with the making thereof.

They are the directors, and they constitute the real backbone of every picture-producing institution.

"Give me a corps of experienced directors, and I will do anything in motion pictures that the public may desire, and do it right," said Thomas H. Ince, director general of the New York Motion Picture Corporation and one of the brightest producing lights in the business.

Ince has embraced enough motion-picture experience to know the ability of a director at first sight. In filmdom this producer is famous for his keen insight into the modus operandi of all things directorial. He can pluck a successful director from a battalion of job applicants and seldom miss the mark.

To picture fans, Ince is known technically as one of the world's leading producers. To those who know him he is more than that. He is one of the most successful directors in the business. By this is meant that he can secure the best possible results from his players because of a directorial introspection which comes as second nature to him.

Any one seeing Tom Ince at work must have a secret opinion that he is not only a human dynamo, but a human emery wheel run amuck. This is as near as can be approached to the Ince custom of doing things and getting results from players and knocking the ennui out of subordinate directors.

That last reflection might be temporized, however, by stating that Thomas H. Ince's directors are among the best experienced in the film industry because all of them, with the possible exception of Raymond West, the so-called "boy director," were recruited from the legitimate stage.

A word about the "boy director," young Raymond West. West had about as much idea, a few years back, of becoming a motion-picture director as Columbus had about flying machines. He had gone to college, and was graduated a full-fledged lawyer; but, instead of wading knee-deep through the intricate mazes of Blackstone, he came West, his cognomen, perhaps, having something to do with the migration.

Ince met and took a liking to him. He was put to work in the studios, and inside of twenty-four hours began to break out, according to the producer, with all the symptoms of directorship.

The other Ince directors are such mettle as West, with a fund of theatrical experience to draw from, and who take leading parts in, as well as direct, their pictures. Among these are the veteran Western character actor, William S. Hart, Walter Edwards, Willard Mack, Frank Keenan, Howard Hickman, Harry Woodruff, and Dustin Farnum.

The Failure

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

A story of theatrical and newspaper life from "the inside," is this intensely dramatic fiction-form version of the Mutual masterpicture of the same name. How a man who was a failure revenged himself on the villain who had made him so, is the climax to which the story works by stages, each more thrilling than the last. The cast:

Tom Warder.....John Emerson
Isaac Shuman.....A. D. Sears
Ruth Shipman.....Wahneta Hanson
Rose Beandet.....Olga Gray

AND when I get to be a famous actress——"

Tom Warder stopped his fiancée, Ruth Shipman, in the air castle she was building. They were sitting on a bench in the park, on a morning in June. Tom was a newspaper reporter, which is the same as saying that his experience of the world and its ways was vast, and his face had hardened as he heard the girl express her ambition.

"I hope you'll never be one," he told her gravely. "Not at the price you, and others in your profession, have to pay for fame."

"The price?" she repeated in surprise. "If you mean hard work——"

"There's another price," he informed her, with a grim tightening of his lips over her unsophistication, "as you're due to learn from the first dishonest manager you meet."

She rose huriedly.

"And speaking of managers," she exclaimed, with a glance at the watch at her wrist, "reminds me that I'm late. I've got to get to the Criterion for the rehearsal of the new play I was fortunate to land a two-line part in three days ago."

The young man reluctantly got to his feet likewise. "And I," said he, "have got to ride down to the office and grind out some copy. You'll take dinner with me to-night at the little Italian place, won't you?"

"I'll meet you there at six," she agreed, squeezing his hand in leave-taking. "By-by—I must fly, or the manager will give me a lecture on the virtues of promptness."

Tom stood looking after her as she went. His brows met in a disapproving frown, and he shook his head. She was all that a girl should be in her lover's eyes, but that was precisely why he shook his head—for her profession. He wished it was anything else than what it was.

Ruth's alarm lest her tardiness should earn her a rebuke, as it turned out, was groundless; for Isaac Shuman, the manager and producer of the play in which she had won her small part, had not yet arrived at the theater when she got there, nor did he show up for a half hour afterward.

The reason for his delay lay in a quarrel he had been having with his leading lady, with whom rumor, and rightly, connected him on a more intimate footing than merely that of manager.

"You took one of the show girls from 'The Golden Slipper' out to dinner last night," charged Miss Rose Beandet angrily, "and the ingénue from your comedy at the Lyceum the night before. If you think you can neglect me like this——"

"But listen, my dear!" the producer protested. "You know you're the only one I love——"

"I know that's as untrue as you are," she snapped. "You can't fool me, Shuman; and you'll either give up your chasing after each new girl with a pretty face you meet, or you'll give up me. I mean it. And there's another thing I want to tell you. You're neglecting your business with this sort of thing. You haven't put over a real success in the last half dozen shows you've produced. You can't judge a play any more—because all you think of is girls—girls!"

When she arrived at the theater, where the rest of the company was waiting for Shuman to hand out their parts, she glanced over the first few pages of hers and then threw it scornfully down on the prompter's table.

"This rôle is absurd!" she informed the manager. "I won't play it!"

In vain Shuman argued and pleaded with her.

"It's just as I told you," she declared, sweeping across the bare stage on her way out of the theater. "You can't judge a play. You can give my part to somebody else. I won't touch it!"

After she had gone, Shuman glanced around at the rest of the company. His eyes fell on Ruth, and they lighted with a shrewd gleam as he saw how pretty she was. He picked up the part his star had thrown down and went to her with it.

"I wonder if you could play this?" he said, with an ingratiating smile. "I believe you could. Wouldn't you like to try?"

Ruth gasped, hardly daring to believe the good fortune that had come to her. She nodded her head eagerly, and took the part which he handed her. It meant her chance to win fame at one bound, if she could make good in the rôle. Five minutes later she looked up from the pages of the part over which she had been poring to see that the other members of the company were departing, and she rose to follow them.

Shuman blocked her way.

"I can make you a star," he told her, taking both her hands, and bringing his face close to hers there on the deserted stage. "We're going to understand each other, aren't we? I'll make you famous; and in return—well, sup

pose you pay me a kiss now on account?"

Ruth tore her hands from his and drew back.

"We *do* understand each other, Mr. Shuman," she answered him, with loathing; "and to prove it—there's your part back again!" She hurled the book in his face, and ran by him across the stage and out of the theater. "I know what Tom meant," she murmured to herself as she hurried away along the street outside—"now."

At the first drug store she came to she went into the telephone booth and called him up.

"What's the matter?" asked the reporter over the wire, quick to detect from her tone the fact that something was amiss.

"Oh," she answered listlessly, for the realization had come to her that now her weary tramping for the past five weeks, from booking office to booking office, in search of a job, would have to begin all over again, "you were right about what you said this morning. Shuman offered me the star part in his new play, if I would pay the price."

The next moment she called anxiously into the phone: "Hello—hello, Tom!"

But there was no response. Tom Warder had hung up the receiver. His jaw dangerously outthrust, he had snatched up his hat and bolted from the city room. His goal was Isaac Shuman's office, and the time he set himself to get there in the quickest at which a street car could travel.

When he burst into the outer office of the theatrical producer's suite he was informed that Mr. Shuman was busy.

"I'll wait," said Tom, through his set teeth, and he planted himself in a chair that faced the closed door of Shuman's private office.

Behind that door, the person with whom the manager was busy was an innocent little country girl, who had wandered in some minutes before to lay bare her ambition to become an actress, and Shuman was impressing upon her his ability to realize her dream.

"I can put your name in electric lights on Broadway," he told her. "Will you take dinner with me to-night and talk it over? You will? Then I'll go and make a reservation over the telephone for a table, right away."

There was a phone on his desk beside him, but for some reason he preferred to use one in the outer office—where the girl could not hear him.

As he stepped out of his private room, Tom sprang up from his chair.

"I'm going to thrash you, Shuman!" the reporter cried, starting toward him with his fists doubled. "You insulted the girl I'm going to marry to-day——"

Shuman's secretary and the bookkeeper ran from their places in the outer office and grappled with Tom. They rushed him to the door and thrust him outside. Tom straightened his rumpled tie and coat in the hall. Then, with a shrug, he walked away.



"There are a million pitfalls," Tom Warder told his sweetheart, pointing toward the city, "down there, for a girl like you who wants to succeed on the stage."

"I'll lay for him," he muttered contemptuously, remembering the way he had seen the manager's face blanch with cowardice as he had started for him, before his two employees had intervened, "and when I get him alone I'll hand him what's coming to him!"

Eight hours later, that night, Shuman was seated across the table from the little country girl, in the private room he had engaged over the telephone, in a fashionable but notorious restaurant on the "Gay White Way."

He leaned toward her, with a meaning glance at the glass of wine before her, which she had not yet touched.

"Drink it!" he ordered.

She hesitated. But his narrowed eyes bored into hers, compelling obedience. She raised the glass to her lips and slowly drained it. That one glass was enough. There was something more in it than champagne, as he had arranged with the waiter beforehand over the phone that there should be, and soon her head nodded.

With a smile of evil satisfaction, the rascal rose, and helped her into her jacket. Then, half dragging her up from her chair, he tucked her arm through his and turned toward the door.

At that moment a gray-haired man, in ill-fitting clothes, paused uncertainly before the entrance of the restaurant. He was the girl's father, who had come to the city to see how she was getting along. They had told him at her boarding house, the address of which he had, that she had gone out. And so he had set forth on a sight-seeing walk about the city until it should be time for him to go back to her lodging house to see if she had yet returned to it.

As he stood there before the glittering front of the "lobster palace" Shuman passed, supporting his daughter by the arm to help her into a taxi at the curb.

Having recognized his girl in the half-conscious companion of the man who had departed with her in the taxicab, her father quickly summoned another and instructed its driver to follow the car.

As Shuman alighted from it in front of the building where he had his office, and led her through its entrance, Tom Warder, who happened to be passing, saw him. The next moment the reporter watched the taxi that bore her father draw up to the curb, and the old man spring out and run into the building after the manager.

"This may be worth looking into," Tom told himself, guessing something of the state of affairs from what he had seen. "I believe I'll trail along and see what happens. This might give me a better way of settling my score with Shuman than by punching his head—if I can get a story to print that will show him up."

No sooner had Shuman locked the

door of his private office than he heard a set of knuckles hammering on it.

"You've got my daughter in there with you," the girl's father called. "Open this door, or I'll go for the police!"

"Her father!" the manager faltered to himself, glancing hastily around him. His eyes lighted on a screen, and he swiftly picked it up and placed it around



Her father was just thinking of going back to her boarding place after her, when the country girl came out of the restaurant with her escort.

the chair in which the girl was sitting, with her eyes half closed, and breathing thickly. Then, stepping back, to make sure that she was hidden from view, he crossed to the door and unlocked it.

"I am all alone here," he informed her father, who brushed past him into the room, "as you can see for yourself."

"What have you done with my little girl?" the old man demanded, facing the suave villain, unconvinced. "I know you brought her in here a minute ago, for I saw you."

Out from behind the screen tottered his daughter, through whose drugged senses her father's familiar voice had reached.

"He—he gave me something," she gasped, pointing to the manager, "in a glass of wine. I haven't done anything, father. I swear it. He—he's the one to blame!"

Her father sprang at Shuman, with blazing eyes. The manager was more than his match in size, however, and he flung him back across the room; and then—Tom Warder sauntered coolly across the threshold.

"Get out of here!" Shuman, wheeling to recognize in him the same young man who had that day threatened to assault him, ordered blusteringly. "This is no concern of yours."

Tom leaned in the open doorway, his hands in his coat pockets.

"I'm going to make it my concern," he announced, slowly nodding, "and I'm not going until I'm ready."

"By what authority do you enter my office——" began the producer.

"This," and Tom withdrew one hand from his pocket to show him his reporter's police badge. "You didn't know I worked on a newspaper when you saw me this morning, did you?" he went on, with a malicious smile, as he saw the manager's face turn a shade paler at sight of the badge, whose possession proved Tom's calling. "And now do you know what I'm going to do? I'm going to run this story in to-morrow's paper. It will be something that will earn me the thanks of every decent theatrical manager in this city—to expose you for the despicable rogue you are!"

"If you dare!" Shuman, his eyes wide with dread of the ruin which that act would mean for him, took a step toward Tom with his fist uplifted.

"You can't scare me off," Tom told him scornfully, maintaining his same careless posture in the doorway, with both hands once more in his pockets.

"Nor bribe me," he added, as Shuman produced his wallet, with the obvious purpose of attempting to do so. The reporter looked him straight in the eyes to impress his next words upon him.

"I'm going to print this story," said he.

Then, with the girl and her father, he departed. He assured the old man that neither his name nor his daughter's would appear in the paper, and took his leave of them at the entrance of the building.

Down at his desk in the newspaper office, fifteen minutes later, Tom was rattling away at his typewriter, a grim smile playing about his lips as he wrote the story whose appearance in the next day's paper was to cause Isaac Shuman to engage passage immediately for himself and Rose Beandet for Europe. The scoundrelly producer feared lest the threat with which the account had ended —that the police were likely to investigate the manner in which he had been

running his theatrical office—might be carried out. And so he had deemed it advisable to take flight at once. But his hatred of Tom, who had driven him out of the country, was bitter.

He sent the young reporter a letter on the day that he sailed, which read:

"You think you have succeeded in ruining me, but I'll pay you back, Tom Warder, if it takes the rest of my lifetime to do it. If ever I have the chance, I'll kill you! ISAAC SHUMAN."

Three years had passed. Tom Warder and Ruth Shipman were married, her experience with Shuman having caused her to yield soon after to Tom's persuasions that she give up the stage and become his wife. They had a little girl of two, who had been given her mother's name, and they were as happy as any family to be found throughout the length and breadth of the city.

Then Shuman came back from abroad. He believed that the affair which had led to his flight, having blown over, he could take up his business again where he had left it. Rose Beandet was with him, and his first step on returning to Broadway, for which they had both been pining during their exile, was to find a play for her.

Now, Tom, in common with most people who earn their living by writing, had finished one. He believed that it would score a big success if a manager could be found to share his faith in the four-act drama to the extent of producing it, and Ruth was even more enthusiastic over its possibilities.

Meeting Rose—whose relationship with Shuman her own refusal to listen to gossip when she had been in "the profession," had left her ignorant of—on the street one day, Ruth informed her that she was married, and, when asked to whom, answered "to the author of the best play you ever heard."

She launched into a description of it. The leading lady was quick to see that the play was precisely the vehicle for which she was seeking, and, taking Tom's name, and the telephone number of their apartment, she hastened away to Shuman's office.

"Get this play for me," she told him, and sketched in the plot of it as Ruth had told it to her. Shuman listened with increasing interest as she did so. Before she had half finished he knew that she had discovered a "hit" for him.

"Who is the author?" he asked eagerly.

But when she gave him Tom Warder's name his brow instantly darkened. He smote the desk before him with his fist.

"I wouldn't produce a play by him!" he began fiercely.

"I didn't ask you to produce it," put in the star. "I said 'get this play for me.' Don't you understand? Have him bring the manuscript to you, and then——" She bent and whispered something in his ear. "Isn't that a better way of taking your revenge on him for forcing us both out of the country?"

A smile of cunning resting on his lips, Shuman nodded. He called up Tom, and greeted him cordially.

"Let bygones be bygones, old man," he proposed. "I've heard you've written a play, and a good one. Bring it to me, and let me look at it, will you?"

Tom hesitated; but he wanted the play produced, and here was a manager asking him to let him see it. Shuman might be sincere in his protestation that he harbored no ill feeling against him. Tom decided to believe him.

"All right," he replied over the phone. "I'll bring the play right down to your office."

But when, at the end of three weeks, Tom went back there for his answer, Shuman returned the four-act drama to him with the assertion that he could not produce it. Tom still had confidence in the play, however, and, as proof of it, he took it straightway to another manager.

Within five days the latter sent for him.

"My boy," said he, shaking hands with him heartily, "I think your play is immense, and I'm going to produce it. I have the contracts here all ready for you to sign."



"You've got my daughter in there," Tom heard the country girl's father say outside the locked door of the theatrical manager's office. "Let me in, or I'll go for the police."

Tom went home to Ruth, highly elated. The manager had told him that he would start rehearsals on the piece at once, and promised that its production would take place within a month. But before a third of that time had passed Isaac Shuman announced that he was presenting Miss Rose Beandet in a four-act comedy drama of everyday life. Tom went to the first night of the play, and so did the manager who had accepted his piece.

At the end of the first act it was apparent to Tom that Shuman had stolen

his play—and to the other manager that Tom had got his ideas from this.

"I want nothing more to do with you," the manager checked Tom coldly, when he tried to explain the circumstances to him in the lobby of the theater, between the acts. "You are a plagiarist, sir. Our business dealings together are at an end."

Tom, beside himself at the way he had been victimized, started for the stage door to hunt up Shuman and confront him with his dishonesty. But meanwhile the producer's secretary—the same one who had once helped to put Tom out of Shuman's office—had seen him in the theater, and gone to warn the producer that trouble was likely to ensue.

"But I've thought of a way to shut his mouth against your steal," said the secretary. "Let him come in here, and I'll fix it so that he won't be able to bother you again in a hurry."

At that moment Tom burst into the star's dressing room, where Shuman and his aid were standing.

"You thief!" he raged at the manager. "I see now what a fool I was to trust you when you said, 'Let bygones be bygones.' You read my play so you could steal it—that was all. But I'm going to put a stop to it. I'm going out on the stage now, in the middle of the performance, and tell the audience that it's mine—not yours—but mine, *mine!*"

Tom rushed from the dressing room to carry out his threat. He brushed by Rose, who was entering it just then. She turned from her dressing table with the cry: "My string of pearls—it's gone!" The secretary ran out and told the policeman who was on duty behind the scenes to seize Tom, who was just then struggling with the stage hands in an endeavor to get out on the stage. "He's stolen Miss Beandet's pearls," the secretary informed the officer, "from the table in her dressing room." The policeman dragged Tom back there, and, at Shuman's demand, searched him.

The string of pearls was found in his pocket.

The secretary winked at the manager. This was the way he had told the latter he had thought of to prevent Tom's successfully accusing him of the theft of his play. By discrediting him as a thief himself, with the leading lady's pearls found on his person, which he had deftly placed there while Tom was denouncing the manager.

Tom was taken to the station house, where he spent the night.

The next morning, Shuman and Rose appeared before the magistrate to press the charge of grand larceny against him. He was held for trial. The evidence was so strong that the jury's verdict was "guilty," and Tom was sentenced to serve from three to five years in Sing Sing. It had taken all their money to pay the lawyer, and the morning Tom went "up the river" Ruth had not a dollar left on which to face the world.

She tried to get work, while a kind-hearted neighbor let her have a room in her home in which she and her baby might sleep; but all her efforts to find employment were vain. Finally, her little girl fell ill.

In three days more the child was dead.

Ruth's spirit was broken, and soon she had to take to her bed herself. The woman under whose roof she had been living wrote to Tom at the penitentiary, where he had been made a trusty.

"Since the baby died," her letter ended, "your wife doesn't seem to care whether she lives or not. The doctor says that unless she takes a decided turn, it will only be a question of a few days more before she, too, dies."

Tom took the letter to the warden and let him read it.

"Can't you let me get away to see my wife, sir," he begged, "on parole?"

"I'm sorry, Warder," the head of the prison told him, "but that's impossible. I believe I could trust you to come back here, if you gave me your word to do so, but I can't break the rules. Perhaps your wife is not as ill as the doctor thinks, and she may recover, after all."

But Tom, as he went back to his post, which was that of a checker with the gang of convicts who were building a State road outside the prison, did not share that hope.

"The baby died without my seeing her again," he muttered, "and now my wife's going to go the same way." His shoulders drooped hopelessly. "I wish I could have made the warden let me go to see her—but I'm a failure at everything I try to do."

It was a half hour later, when one of the gang of convicts attempted to escape. He was promptly shot down by one of the guards. During the confusion which followed Tom found himself left momentarily alone and unwatched on the road where he stood.

Now was his chance to make a break for liberty himself, if he had the courage to try it, in the face of what he had just seen happen to one of his fellow prisoners who had made the same effort.

With the indifferent shrug of a man who feels that he has nothing left to lose, Tom turned and ran for the cover of the woods near by. He gained their shelter unperceived. It was not until he had pushed for some way into the forest that he heard the shouting of the guards in the road behind, which told him that his escape had been discovered. He burrowed into the heart of a clump of bushes, and there lay hidden while he heard the guards searching the woods on either side of him. At the end of an hour they had given up the hunt.

He was free—but he could not go far in the convict's garb he wore.

And then, as he went forward through the woods, suddenly he stopped short in his tracks. He had almost stepped on a man who was lying, half covered by the underbrush. The man was dead. A partially emptied bottle of poison in his hand proved him a suicide. He wore a suit of shabby, dark clothes and a soft, black felt hat.

Fifteen minutes later Tom had changed to his clothes and put the bottle, with the remainder of the poison in it, in one pocket. He came out of the woods beside the railroad tracks. When a freight came by, an hour later, he swung aboard it and rode away—toward the city where his wife lay dying.

She was dead when Tom reached the house of the neighbor who had written him the letter.

He took his head in his hands at the bedside.

"A failure," he repeated dully. "That's all I am. I got here too late." He groped in the pocket of the suicide's coat where he had placed the bottle of poison. Beside it his fingers touched a coin. He drew the silver piece out and looked at it. It was a quarter. "Enough for two drinks," he mused, rising. "They may make me forget for a while."

He went out, and his steps led him, through unconscious force of habit, into a Broadway café that was largely patronized by theatrical folk. As he poured his drink at the bar he heard a

familiar voice speaking in a group at its farther end.

He looked in the mirror, and saw—Shuman.

Gulping down the whisky, Tom shuffled hurriedly out of the place. He went back to the house where his wife lay—murdered by the manager's act in sending him to prison, as his baby had been.

"I'm going to make him pay," Tom whispered, drawing pen and paper toward him. "He killed them both, and he's ruined me. I've got the way to do it—I've got it! It doesn't make any difference about me—I'm a failure! I'll do it!"

He wrote:

"I've broken jail. My wife and child are dead. I've got no ties to hold me, and I want to get out of the country. Meet me in the back room, and let me have enough money to get away on.

"Tom Warder."

He folded the note and addressed it to Shuman. Then, from the tin box that held his private papers in the suit case under the bed in his wife's room, he extracted a certain letter, read it, and, with a grim tightening of his lips, folded it again and placed it carefully in his inside pocket.

He left the house and went back to the café. A messenger boy was passing along the street as he arrived in front of the place, and he paid him the ten cents he had left out of the quarter to go into the bar and "page" Shuman and give him the note. He entered the café at the boy's heels, passing straight through it to the room at the rear.

In a moment or two the manager joined him there, his cheeks ashen.

"Blackmail's your game, is it?" Shuman began, closing the door and coming to the table at which Tom sat. "You think you can bleed me to keep you from telling that I stole your play. But who'd believe you, if you did claim it? I'll tell you what I'll do, Warder—here's twenty dollars. Take it, and clear out. It's all I'll give you."

Tom took the money, his manner cringing.

"Have a drink with me," he invited.

Shuman refused impatiently.

"You don't want to make trouble, do you?" Tom suggested. "If I should go out there in the bar and tell those men that you stole my play, some of them *might* believe me, you know."

Shuman threw down his overcoat on top of the table and seated himself. He turned to ring for the waiter. As he did so, Tom slipped the poison bottle—which was now empty—into the pocket of the manager's coat. The waiter who had answered the summons, brought back a bottle of whisky and a siphon on a tray, and Shuman, handing him a dollar, rose as soon as he had departed.

"Now, drink yourself to death, if you like," he snarled. "I'm going."

The door closed, and Tom, with a grim smile for the man's last words—poured the poison, which he had transferred to a bit of folded paper in his pocket, out into the bottom of one of the whisky glasses on the tray. He pressed a little vichy into the glass, and then drained the dose.

Clutching at his burning throat, he rose and staggered to the door.

"Stop that man!" he croaked to the patrons in the bar, pointing after Shuman. "He—just poisoned me!"

Shuman, struggling and protesting, was brought back from the threshold of the café as he was about to leave it. A policeman ran in from the street. On the floor, where he had fallen, Tom reached into his pocket and fumbled forth the letter he had brought with him. He handed it up to the officer.

"Read it," he requested faintly.

Unfolding it, the policeman read:

"You think you have succeeded in ruining me, but I'll pay you back, Tom Warder, if it takes the rest of my lifetime to do it. If ever I have the chance, I'll kill you! Isaac Shuman."

The officer turned to the manager.

"Are you Isaac Shuman?" he asked.

A dozen voices from the crowd were lifted in assent. Tom beckoned the policeman to bend down. His voice was growing weaker, but a smile of contentment had begun to settle on his lips at the way he saw his plan of retribution succeeding.

"Look in his overcoat pocket," he whispered to the officer.

The latter did so. He found the empty poison bottle. And with it the note which Tom had sent, requesting to meet him in the back room to give him money. As Tom Warder saw the bottle produced, saw the note follow it, and saw the hand of the law descend on Isaac Shuman's shoulder, he closed his eyes in his last, long sleep.

The officer, glancing down at the dead man on the floor, tightened his grip on the cowering manager.

"Come along!" he growled to him. "You'll go to the electric chair for this!"



"It's no use!" murmured Tom to himself, as he turned away from the warden who had refused to let him go to his dying wife's bedside on parole. "I'm a failure at everything I try!"

Fine Feathers

(WORLD)

By Kenneth Rand

Jane Reynolds, the wife of a twenty-five-dollar-a-week analytical chemist, forced him to sell his honor to satisfy her love of luxury. The sorrow, instead of joy, their wealth brought them, is told in a way to bring home the truth that happiness cannot be bought at the price of dishonesty, in this story based on the World Film Corporation's five-part photo drama of the same name. Featuring Janet Beecher in the role of the wife whose love for fine clothes disrupted their once-contented home. The rest of the cast was as follows:

Bob Reynolds.....David Powell
John Brand.....Lyster Chambers
Dick Meade.....Henry Gsell

MRS. REYNOLDS turned away from the department-store counters, with their array of tempting feminine finery, and walked to the door, with a regretful sigh.

"If Bob only made money enough," she said to herself, "so that I could buy things like that!"

She was only twenty-three, though she had been married for five years. Young and pretty, she longed for beautiful clothes in which to further enhance her natural attractions. Vain? Yes, she was that. But, then, what woman isn't? Bob, her husband, was an analytical chemist in the city's employ, at a salary of twenty-five dollars a week. It was all he had been making for the past five years. It was all he could ever hope to make in the same position.

An hour later, Jane Reynolds let herself into their Harlem flat with her latchkey. And she sighed again. Her glance swept over the cheap furnishings of the small parlor, which was one of the four cubby-holes, miscalled rooms by an optimistic landlord, that comprised the apartment.

"Oh, I *wish*," she breathed, almost fiercely, "that we could live in a decent place, instead of this—this——"

She broke off, as the doorbell rang. Answering it, she confronted a man in a handsome, fur-lined overcoat, whose whole appearance radiated prosperity, in short—a man she had never seen before.

"This is Mrs. Reynolds, isn't it?" he addressed her smilingly.

She nodded, and stood holding the doorknob

"But," he went on, his smile giving way before an expression of surprise as she made no move to invite him in, "didn't Bob let you know I was coming? I'm John Brand, an old college classmate of his. I called on him at his office, not two hours ago, and he invited me to take dinner with you both this evening. He said that he would telephone and explain matters to you ——"

Flushing embarrassedly, Jane opened the door wider and drew back invitingly. She hesitated to confess before this well-to-do stranger, who by his own statement was an old friend of Bob's, that they had no telephone. She understood what Bob had probably meant, when he said he would let her know that the other was coming. He must have sent a messenger boy with a note up to the flat, and it had come while she was downtown shopping.

"Oh, come right in!" she urged hospitably. "I—I've been downtown, and that's why Bob's message didn't reach me. Let me take your hat and coat. It's almost time for him to get home, and he'll be in any minute."

Even as she spoke, Bob's key turned in the door, and he entered the flat. Looking from Brand to him, Jane could not help noticing how shabby her husband looked by comparison with his friend's well-groomed appearance. She wondered what business this Mr. Brand could be in, that permitted him to look so modish. Bob, after exchanging a hearty greeting with his old classmate, excused himself to him and led Jane out into the hall.

"Didn't the messenger boy get here with my note?" he whispered anxiously.

"I don't know," said Jane. "I was out, if he came. What are we going to do about dinner? There's nothing in the house that's worth setting before a guest. Have you——"

Bob ransacked his pockets, understanding her unspoken question, and unearthed a two-dollar bill.

"That'll be enough to do it, won't it?" he asked. "You run out to the market, and hurry up back, while I entertain him. Get a steak, and a few other things—we don't need to make a showing for Johnny Brand."

Nevertheless, Jane took pains to make the dinner as attractive as possible. Throughout it, she watched the visitor interestedly. The question of his occupation or profession, which was obviously so much better paying than Bob's, kept running through her mind. As he noticed her glance traveling over Brand's well-tailored clothes, the jeweled scarf-pin in his cravat, and the costly platinum-and-pearl watch chain that stretched across the front of his vest, Bob's brows met in a disapproving frown. He misunderstood Jane's innocent curiosity as to his friend's vocation, for something more. He could see himself that Brand made him look like a "piker"—to use his own word—by his clothes and general appearance of wealth. And he turned silent.

After the dessert, Jane withdrew to the kitchen to wash the dishes. A moment after she had left them alone in the dining room, she heard its door close. Through it, she could make out the murmur of Brand's voice. She withdrew her hands from the dish-

water, and stood drying them hesitatingly.

What could the man be talking about so confidentially to Bob? Why, now that she stopped to think of it, after he had seen him in his office, should he have come here to hold an interview with him?

She knew it was an unprincipled thing in her to do—but she crept on tiptoe back to the dining-room door and listened.

"I couldn't talk this over with you at the office," she heard Brand saying. "But here's the proposition: I want you to make—well, a partial test, that's all, of the cement my company's putting out. We're trying to land the contract on the new Pecos River dam. If you, as an analytical chemist, working in the city bureau, will say our stuff's all right, we'll clean up a fortune. Our bid's the lowest that's been turned in—we know that. It's just a question of whether our cement comes up to the standard requirements. If you'd make a report——"

"Certainly," Jane heard Bob say; "I'll examine your samples—to-morrow, if you like. And I'll do more than you ask, by giving them a thorough test——"

"No, no!" Brand interrupted, laughing. "You don't get the point. If you tested the stuff down to the core, you'd find out that it's worthless. I don't want you to find out that. *You* wouldn't want to, either. It might affect your conscience, when you passed on it's being O. K. Just make half a test, and report that you've found it all right. Then you won't be telling any lie. The price we'll pay you——"

Bob's voice cut in sternly:

"That's enough, old man. I don't do crooked work at any price."

"But there's forty thousand dollars in it for you!"

Jane, outside the door, clapped her hand over her mouth, and repeated the amount in an awed whisper. She strained her ears for Bob's answer.

"No," he said in a tone of finality. "I tell you there's nothing doing! That settles it."

Jane heard a chair pushed back from the table. But she stood where she was, realizing nothing but that she had just heard her husband throw away a fortune. It would have meant so much to them both! A better apartment to live in, clothes, all sorts of luxuries for her—her eyes smarted with hot, unshed tears of disappointment.

"Oh, why couldn't he have done it!" she raged inwardly. "It wouldn't ever have been found out to hurt him—all that money, that could have been ours just for his saying a few words!"

The door opened, and Brand stepped out beside her. He saw that she had been listening. And the light of a sudden idea came into his eyes.

"Mrs. Reynolds," he whispered, leading her away from the door behind which Bob was left sitting alone in the dining room, "I want you to persuade your husband to see things in a more reasonable light. And I—the company, rather, is willing to pay you for doing it." He had drawn a roll of bills from his pocket as he spoke. "Oh"—as she drew back—"it's a perfectly straightforward business proposition."

He stripped off five of the bills and pressed them into her hand.

"You're going to work for the company," he explained lightly. "I've put you on the pay roll at fifty dollars a week. All you have to do to earn the money is to try your best to make Bob consent to make a favorable report on our cement. Do your best. That's all I ask. I'll drop around in a few days to see what progress you've made. Good night!"

Picking up his hat and coat, he opened the front door of the flat, and the next moment it had closed behind him. Jane looked down at the bills in her hand. It seemed ludicrous to her that she should be paid—paid real money—to do what she wanted to. And that was to persuade Bob to accept that forty thousand dollars. With a smile, she dropped the money out of sight in the bosom of her dress.

The next morning, she began on Bob at the breakfast table by expressing the wish that they might suddenly fall heir to a sizable sum of money that would lift them out of the slough of near poverty in which they were mired.



"I'll tell you why I gave your wife the money," said Brand. "To pay her to persuade you to do your duty by her—to give her fine clothes and a luxurious home."

"Isn't there some way you can think of," she pursued, "to increase your income?"

Bob looked up at her sharply.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

She hadn't the courage just then to come straight to the point at which she was driving—by telling him that she had overheard Brand's bribe, and his refusal of it, and that she wished him to reconsider, and accept it. So she merely said, hoping that the hint would take effect:

"Nothing. Only I supposed that

most men in a profession like yours had a chance to pick up money now and then on the side. And I wished you knew of some way that you could do so."

But that night, when Bob came home, she frankly told him that she knew of the proposal Brand had made to him the night before. She added that she didn't see why he couldn't accept it.

"Just because I happen to be honest," he told her shortly. "That's all."

"I think the word is 'selfish.'" she retorted. "You don't think of me. With forty thousand dollars—why, we could have almost anything we wanted. If you cared for me any more, you'd think more of making me happy than of your old honesty. That's what keeps me in a last year's dress and hat, cooped up here in this miserable flat, washing dishes, drudging my life out ——"

She began to sob hysterically. Bob tried to soothe her, but she pushed him away, and ran from him into her room to lock the door, paying no heed to his pleading that she open it. The evening was spoiled for them both. But still Bob held firm in his intention of staying honest. And so he remained, in spite of all her arguments and appeals, throughout the next few days.

Then, late one afternoon, Brand called upon her.

To his inquiry, she explained that her efforts to persuade her husband to make the desired report on the cement for the dam had so far borne no result. Encouraging her to persevere, Brand remarked, after a shrewd glance at her face:

"You look tired. Come out for a spin in my car that's waiting downstairs."

Jane looked at him in quick alarm.

"Haven't you got a friend," he quickly reassured her that the invitation did not imply that he was attempting to woo her affections away from her husband, "who can come with you?"

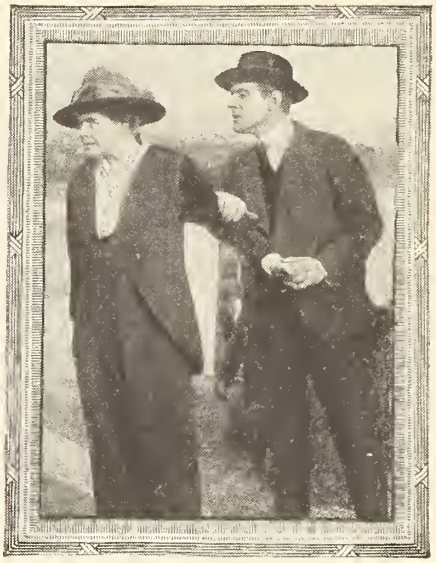
Jane's face cleared. She went next door, and asked the woman there with whom she was on friendly terms if she cared to take an automobile ride with her. Receiving her eager assurance that she would be ready in five minutes, Jane went back to put on her hat and coat.

"Oh—I was nearly forgetting!" Brand said to her, with a laugh, as she reappeared in the parlor, where he was waiting. He drew out a roll of bills. "Your salary is due to-day. And here it is."

As he handed her the money, the door opened, and in walked Bob. He had Dick Meade, a newspaper friend, whom he had brought home to dinner, with him. Drawing the unavoidable inference from the sight of Jane accepting money from the well-to-do Brand, with an oath he sprang upon him.

Dick Meade dragged him off.

"So, failing to make a crook of me with your money," Bob railed at Brand, struggling to free himself of the re-



"Come back to the flat; it's all right," Bob told her. "I'll—I'll take the bribe."

porter's restraining hold, "you're trying to break up my home with it?"

"Shut up, you fool!" his friend, who held him back from the second assault he was striving to make on the man before him, quietly counseled.

The woman next door, pushing open the front door, which Bob had left ajar, came into the room and dropped down unnoticed in a chair. Brand, straightening his overcoat, which Bob's attack on him had disarranged, echoed:

"Yes, you *are* a fool! I'll tell you why I gave your wife this money. To pay her for trying to make you see what your plain duty toward her is. To persuade you to accept what I offered you the other night. You owe it to her to take what you can get, so that you can place her in the environment she deserves. You don't half appreciate her—or you'd do that, without any one's having to urge you."

He walked out of the flat, and Dick Meade, a moment later, followed him. Before he could stay her, Jane had run past Bob, to go out and walk off her mortification for the scene he had made at her expense.

She had covered the three blocks that brought her to Riverside Drive and turned down it, before Bob caught up to her.

"I'll give in," he told her, taking her hand. "I'll—I'll make the report on Brand's cement samples to-morow. A —a favorable report, for the price he offered me."

Two weeks later, Bob and Jane Reynolds had moved into a fashionable elevator apartment overlooking Central Park.

Jane had all the clothes she wanted now, and she was happy. Bob had given up his job for the city, and all his days and nights were spent in idleness and in the dissipations which that breeds. His relations with Brand, after he had taken his bribe money, had naturally resumed their former cordiality.

Months went by. Suggesting to Brand one day that he would like to find something to occupy his time and his mind, Brand had advised him to play the stock market, as a means of increasing his newly acquired wealth. He had given Bob a "tip" on a certain stock, and told him how to play it.

By following his advice, in one day Bob had cleaned up fifteen hundred dollars.

It was more money than he had earned in a year at his old position. Another winning, a week or so later, and again on Brand's advice, convinced him not alone that stock gambling was a profitable pursuit, but that Brand's tips were infallible.

So, when Brand advised him to invest heavily in Consolidated Wire, he did so.

He bought twenty thousand dollars' worth of the stock. Brand, when he heard of the amount of his purchase, urged him to increase it. Bob drew out all the rest of his money from the bank, and put it into that stock.

He did not know that Brand, who

ew the stuff to be worthless, was loading" on him, and as many other suspecting acquaintances as he could suade to buy it.

For that reason, when Brand advised n to purchase still more of it, on assurance that the stock was go- to soar on the morrow to a point t would make Bob independently althy for the rest of his life, he fool- ly overdrew his account for ten ousand dollars to make the invest- nt.

He placed the check and the order buy with the brokerage firm ten nutes before the Stock Exchange s to close. And then he went home wait for the big rise that Brand had omised for the next day.

Dick Meade telephoned to him a half ur after he had reached his apart- nt.

"Heard the news?" the reporter in- ired. "The bottom dropped out of nsolidated Wire at five minutes of ree this afternoon. The poor fools at put their money in it are wiped t——"

Bob let the receiver fall from his rveless hand. He was ruined—and rse. He faced the prospect of going prison, through the ten-thousand- llar overdraft he had made.

Dick Meade came running in to him few minutes later.

He had heard the receiver drop, over e phone, when he had informed Bob the slump in that stock, and he had stened to the apartment to see if ything could be the matter. But, ter one look at his face, he did not ed to ask.

Bob told him everything—the fix he as in, and how he had got there.

"Brand's got your money," the re- orter informed him. "He's been sell- g Consolidated Wire stock right and ft for the past month. He's unloaded n you. If I were you, I'd go to him nd make him give back what you've st."

That was what Bob decided to do.

"I invested every dollar I owned on our tip," he told Brand bitterly, in he latter's bachelor apartment where e went to confront him with the harge of his underhandedness. "You aid the stock was going up, and you ed when you said it. You knew it as worthless. But I've not only lost everything I'd put away in the bank, but what I *didn't* have there, as well. I've overdrawn ten thousand dollars You're going to give me back all I've lost, that's gone straight into your pocket——"

"Oh, no. I'm not!" Brand corrected him scornfully.

"Or I'll prosecute you," continued Bob. "Which is it going to be?"

Brand bit his lip for a moment in indecision.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he said at last, taking out his pocket check book. "Because you're an old friend of mine. I'll give you ten thousand dollars to cover your overdraft at the bank, and save you from going to prison. For that's the best you'll get from me."

Bob, seeing that he meant his last statement, took the check which Brand offered him, without further argument, and mailed it to his bank as soon as he got back to his own apartment—thus removing the prison shadow from his shoulders, as he thought, for good.

And the next day the papers conveyed the news, in black scareheads across their front pages, that the Pecos River dam had burst.

The valley was flooded, homes had been ruined, and hundreds of lives lost. Inferior cement, it was charged, had been used in the dam's construction, and that was the cause of the disaster. A rigorous investigation was going to be made, and all parties concerned were to be dealt with by the courts.

Jane was conscience-stricken when she read the report. Bob's face had gone white, but its expression was grimly set.

Brand, who had also seen the news, burst in upon them.

"You've got to get out of the country!" he told Bob. "If you haven't got the money to go on, I'll give it to you. Only go—go, that's all!"



Bob and Jane were installed in a fashionable apartment, where Brand was a frequent visitor.

Bob sat looking up at him quietly.

"Why," he asked, "do you want me to go away?"

"Haven't you seen this?" blurted the other in amazement at his calmness, drawing a newspaper from his overcoat pocket and striking the headlines across its front page with his fist. "Our cement's given out! The dam's burst —and all this property, all these lives, have been lost!"

"I know all that," put in Bob, in the same even tone. "But why do you want me to run away?"

"So they can't get you, you fool, and force the truth out of you—that you knew the cement was rotten when you reported that it was of standard grade. So that you won't be made to tell, on the witness stand, at the investigation the authorities are threatening to make, that I bribed you to make the report, knowing the stuff was no good, myself. That's why I want you to go——"

"But I'm *not* going," Bob told him. "Neither to save you nor myself. I'm going to stay and face the music."



"We've sinned, and the payment for it has fallen due," Bob told the man who had bought his honor. "We're going to stay and meet it."

Brand stared at him, with hanging jaw.

"You——" he started to repeat the words after him dazedly. "Look here," he pointed out, shifting to an argumentative tone, "how about your wife? Have you thought of that? If you go to prison, she'll go with you!"

"I'm ready to, if the law demands it," Jane answered him, her head fearlessly erect. "I feel the same as Bob. We've sinned—and we must stay and face the penalty."

With a wrathful exclamation, Brand drew a pistol from his pocket.

"You won't stay and implicate me!" he told Bob. "I order you to go——"

Leaping up, Bob grappled with him. In the tussle, the gun went off. Bob reeled back, clutching at his shoulder, and fell to the floor. Brand, believing he had killed him, replaced the pistol in his pocket, and bolted from the room.

Bob had only received a flesh wound, and he soon recovered his senses. Jane, however, telephoned the police to go to Brand's rooms and arrest him for attempting to take her husband's life.

But when the officers arrived there, they found that Brand was gone—it was he who had fled the country, to escape the consequences of having imperiled the lives of hundreds through his greed.

More "Funny Drunk" Discussion.

THE long-distance debate between Billy Ritchie and Charles Chaplin as to who was the original drunk in "A Night in an English Music Hall" has now become three-sided with the entrance of Billie Reeves, leading comedian with the Lubin Company, who not only announces that he was the original drunk in the production, but offers to separate himself from one thousand dollars if his claim isn't correct.

"There has been a lot of discussion as to who was the original drunk," says Reeves, "but, after all the talk has simmered down, you will find that I myself played the part. I first played the famous drunk part in an act produced by Fred Karno. It was originally called 'Twice Nightly,' and later was called 'The Mumming Birds.' In this country, it was called 'A Night in an English Music Hall,' and I played the well-known part of the drunk in the stage box. This act was produced by Mr. Karno at the Star Music Hall, Bermondsey, London, England, in 1904.

"The cast at the time included Charles Bell, the noted 'boy in the box'; Arthur Gallimore, as the wrestler; Miss Imy Minster—now Mrs. Reeves—the original soubrette; and Billie Ritchie, who played the 'bum' conjurer—Professor Bunco—and the announcer for the wrestling match. The act was played throughout Europe, Australia, and South America, and I played the part of the drunk.

"In 1907, I had an engagement in Vienna, and I could not return to open in the act as the drunk, and my brother, Alf Reeves, the manager, appointed Mr. Ritchie to play the drunk. I returned to the States, and introduced the drunk character in the Ziegfeld Follies in 1908, and continued in the Follies of 1909, 1910, and 1911. Leon Errol played a drunk after I left the Follies.

"Charles Chaplin was brought from England by my brother Alf Reeves about five years ago. He was working in an act called 'Wow Wows.' The music-hall act was in demand, and my brother put Chaplin into the act in the drunk part. Chaplin played this part for about three years, and was very successful. He closed the act in Kansas City in November, 1913, and went into pictures.

"After leaving the Follies, I went back to Mr. Karno and went into the music-hall act. After that, I opened in an act called 'A Lesson in Temperance,' and again played the drunk. While I was playing this act at the Palais de Ete, Brussels, Belgium, war was declared, and I was given twenty-four hours to get out of the country. I returned to the States and opened at the Fifth Avenue Theater, New York.

"While playing the drunk at the Ziegfeld Midnight Frolics on the Amsterdam roof, New York, I received a very flattering offer from Mr. Siegmund Lubin to go into pictures. I could not cancel my engagement at that time, so every night after the performance my entire company and myself would take a train for the Lubin Studio in Philadelphia work as long as we could, and then return to New York. When my contract expired, I came to the Lubin Southern Studio in Jacksonville with my own special company, and am making comedies under the direction of Mr. Hotaling."

"Honor Thy Father—"

(KALEM)

By Roy Halstead

Roger Dayton had his heart set on going to college. His aged parents mortgaged their farm in order to send him there. He promised never to forget their self-sacrificial act. How he kept his word is told in this powerful story, based on the three-reel Kalem photo play of the same title. Featuring Harry Millarde as the farmer's son, the rest of the cast was as follows:

John Dayton.....Henry Hallam
Mary Dayton.....Helen Lindroth
"Chick" Fenway.....Robert G. Vignola
Alma Fenway.....Alice Hollister
Maggie, a newswoman.....Mary Taylor Ross

AMES DAYTON and his wife looked at each other in surprise. Their son ger had risen from the table, leaving dinner untouched, to walk moodily oss the kitchen of the farmhouse to window. Getting up from his chair, father went to him:

What's the matter, son?"

The young man shrugged the elder n's hand from his shoulder impatient- He continued to stare sulkily out ough the window for a moment or p. Then, turning to face both his ents——

"You know what's the matter!" he rted. "I told you, when I left high ool, that I wanted to go to college. ad my heart set on it. And you uldn't let me go. I'm ambitious—I nt to be something more than a farm- all the rest of my life. I want to a lawyer. And I can't without going college to learn."

The old couple exchanged a look. eir faces had clouded with sorrow at ir son's reopening of a subject that d caused their hearts to ache before. ey knew that he was ambitious, and y were proud of him for it. But they re unable to gratify his wish for a lege education. They hadn't the ney it would cost. They had ex- ined the circumstances to him before. d now James Dayton did so again.

"Your mother and I don't want to ld you back," said he. "But we can't ord to give you any more schoolin'. we had the money——"

"And if you knew how to run the m," his son broke in disrespectfully, ou *would* have it. After all these years, you ought to have more than the amount I need put away in the bank. If you haven't, it's your own fault. Don't come around me, trying to make excuses ——"

"Roger!" his mother pleaded.

"Oh, it makes me sick!" persisted the boy defiantly. "I could be famous, if I had the chance. I feel that I've got it in me. And—you won't let me have my chance. You say you don't want to hold me back. What else are you doing? The money it would take isn't so much. If you haven't got it, I should think you could find a way to raise it." He walked to the door as he spoke. "That's all!"

The door closed. James Dayton looked at his wife again. She shook her head, with a sigh, and beckoned him to come back to his place at the table. But, instead, he turned to the window beside him, to look out over the farm.

"Mother"—he came over to the table after some moments of silence had filled the room—"I guess we'll have to give our boy what he wants. Don't you think so?"

She looked at him in astonishment.

"But, James, we haven't got the money——"

"He said that we could find a way to raise it," he pointed out, with a patient smile. "And there *is* a way. I can mortgage the farm. I've always kept out of debt, before now. But if Roger's got his heart set on this, why——"

"Oh!" she exclaimed, an eager light shining in her eyes. "Do you think Mr. Ketchell, of the bank, would let you have the money on the place?"

"I guess he would. It's a hundred and eighty acres of as good farming land as there's to be found in a day's ride around the country, and most of it under cultivation. Last season, when the crops went back on me, he asked if the bank couldn't give me a lift with a mortgage. I turned him down then, and we struggled along the best way we could, as you know. But now—I'll drive in to town to-morrow, and arrange it, if you say so."

She laid her hands on his toil-worn one, as it rested on the table before her. Her tone was gently urging as she reminded him:

"It's for our son's sake!"

He nodded. "I thought that's how you'd see it—the same way I do. So it's settled. He goes to college."

At that moment Roger came back into the house. His father told him that he had decided to pledge the farm as security at the bank for the money his son wanted. At first Roger could not believe his ears. But his father and mother both smilingly assured him that it was so—he was to go to college, after all.

"I'm going to drive in to town tomorrow morning," his father told him, "and get the cash from the bank. Now, how much do you think it will take, Roger? As little as you can get along on—for the more money I borrow, the more interest I'll have to pay, you know."

Roger mentally counted up the cost of his tuition, and to it he added a comfortable amount to cover his living expenses in the city. His father looked

grave when he heard the total. It was more than he had expected. To keep up the interest on the sum would mean that he would have to have good luck with his crops—or lose the farm, that he had worked hard for years to pay for, by foreclosure.

"All right, son," he told Roger finally. "I'll get the money for you."

And the next day he handed the roll of bills to the young man. Roger had



Roger was ashamed of his mother and the basket of homely delicacies she had brought him from the farm

his trunk all packed, in readiness to go; for the college term—as he knew from the prospectus he had written for weeks before, to read as a hungry child looks through a bakery window at the array of sweet things inside which he hasn't the money to buy—was to open within a few days. His leave-taking of the parents who had imperiled the roof over their heads in their old age for his sake, was brief.

"Good-by," he said, kissing his mother and shaking his father's hand warmly. "I'll write to you every week, and let you know how I'm getting along. And —I won't ever forget what you've done for me!"

The future was to prove the extent of his gratitude.

The magistrate in a city police court was sentencing a thief, "Chick" Fenway by name, to a term in the local jail.

The culprit was an old offender. That was why the court's sentence was heavy. Chick's young wife, a darkly pretty girl not yet out of her teens, whose clothes were of an ultrafashionable cut that laid her appearance open to the charge of "flashiness," frowned as she heard the extent of the term her crooked husband was given—for she loved him with a devotion merited by a far better man.

"The hard-hearted brute!" she hissed disapprobation of the judge's ruling.

Her tone was loud enough to reac the bench. The magistrate, bringin down his gavel on the desk, leveled at her.

"And I'd like to send you to jail fo the same length of time, too," he in formed her. "I would, if the polic could get anything on you. I believ you're as bad as your husband."

"Is that so!" she retorted, rising fro her chair to face him with blazing eye "Well, whatever we are, we're both be ter than you. You——"

Chick, at the rail, shook his fist at th judge.

"You leave my wife out o' this!" h threatened. "You, nor the police, *ain* got nothing on her. Understand You've done enough to her, as it is, b soaking me with a sentence that mea she'll have to get along alone the be way she can without a cent, for montl ——"

"And you've got no business to ser him away at all!" broke in the gi shrilly. "He doesn't deserve the se tence you've given him. All tho months, just because you take a cop word for it that he stole the money. wish, some time, you'd get into troubl yourself, and see how you like it——"

The judge ordered an attendant: "P that woman out! I'll sentence you f contempt of court," he told her sternl "if you don't keep quiet!"

"You'd better shut up, Alma," her hu band sneeringly advised her. "If l sentences you for contempt, he's like to give you life! Forget it—and con around to the cell and see me on visiti day, to-morrow."

An officer led him forth from tl courtroom by one door, as the attenda who had grasped his wife unceremoi ously by the elbow escorted her up tl aisle toward the other.

The sordid little scene was over.

As Alma Fenway walked away fro the court building, she faced a futu that, if not quite so black as Chick h painted it, was nevertheless somb enough to cause a crease of anxiety rest between her dusky brows.

The rent was paid for the next s months at the apartment from which h husband had been taken away by t police. She had twenty dollars in cas And jewelry on which to realize a cou of hundred dollars more at a pawnsh She could live, therefore, without he from Chick during part of his senten

t when she had exhausted all of her esent resources——

"I wish," she mused to herself, as she med into the park to take a short cut ross the city to her apartment, "I wish ould run across an easy mark, and ark' him for something to tide me ng."

Glancing up, as she rounded a bend the walk, her eye lighted at that mo- nt on just such a person as she had en wishing she might meet. He was young man, who was standing on a idge that spanned the lake, looking wn at the swans that swam in the ter below.

Alma read him like a book, at a single ance. He was wholly unsophisticated the ways of the world. The weak e of his chin, however, showed that could be easily led astray. Selfish- ss and overweening conceit were his ief characteristics. She smiled to her- lf, and took the turn in the path that over the bridge.

Roger Dayton—for he was the young an in question—glanced up at her as e approached. Her prettiness instantly pressed him. With his lips parted, stared at her without realizing his deness in doing so. Alma, as she ssed by, turned her head and flashed m a smile.

He stood looking undecidedly after r for a moment.

And then he followed.

Roger had been working hard at his w course. He had told the truth when e had informed his parents that he was mbitious—he was, because he was also lfish. He wanted to make a name for imself, for the riches that would bring. nd he was on the road to success. At he graduation exercises, where he had cted the rôle of prosecuting attorney the mock trial that his fellow stu- ents had given before an audience of hich the mayor of the city had been ne, his handling the case had won him he hearty congratulations of that execu- ive. The mayor had taken his name, nd promised that he would hear from im later. Although Roger did not now it, the head of the city's govern- ent had about made up his mind to emove the district attorney on the rounds of inefficiency. And, despite Roger's age, he was considering install- ng him in that office.

Roger had gone to the park that aft- rnoon with one of his classmates, who had dragged him away from his books by quoting the old saw about "all work and no play," and its dulling effect upon the mind. While his friend had joined some girls and young men he knew on the tennis courts, Roger had strolled away to the bridge above the lake—on which he had seen the young woman, whose smile over her shoulder had drawn him after her.

Alma led him out of the park and to the door of her apartment house.

"How do you do?" She turned there to greet him with another of her allur- ing smiles, holding out her hand, which Roger took eagerly, though his cheeks were red with embarrassment at making the acquaintance of a girl unintroduced for the first time. "Won't you come in?"

Roger followed her into the house and up a flight of stairs to her apart- ment. Alma, bringing a bottle and glasses out of a cellarette, invited him to have a drink. It was something Roger had not learned to do. But he was ashamed to admit it—which would make him appear a "kid" in her eyes, he felt —and so he accepted the glass of whisky she handed him.

From that day forth their intimacy grew. Alma, true to her husband in prison, kept the young man at arm's length. But that, as she had shrewdly judged it would, served but to increase his mad infatuation for her.

One night, after they had known each other for five or six weeks, Roger gave a party for her in his rooms, to which he invited some of his classmates and their girl friends. Alma boldly lighted a cigarette, and some of the girls—most of them were of the flighty sort—fol- lowed her example. The punch Alma had offered to make for Roger was of a stronger sort than any the majority of the young people had been used to at such social gatherings; and presently the rooms were in an uproar of half- tipsy gayety.



"We're married," Roger was informed, as Chick Fenway covered him with the gun. "You were only being used for a 'good thing'."

At this point, Roger's mother entered unannounced.

She had come to the city from the farm, to surprise her boy with such homemade delicacies as pies, cakes, and preserves, all of which she carried in a basket on her arm. When his guests saw the basket's homely contents they burst out laughing. Roger, mortified, led his mother into an adjoining room.

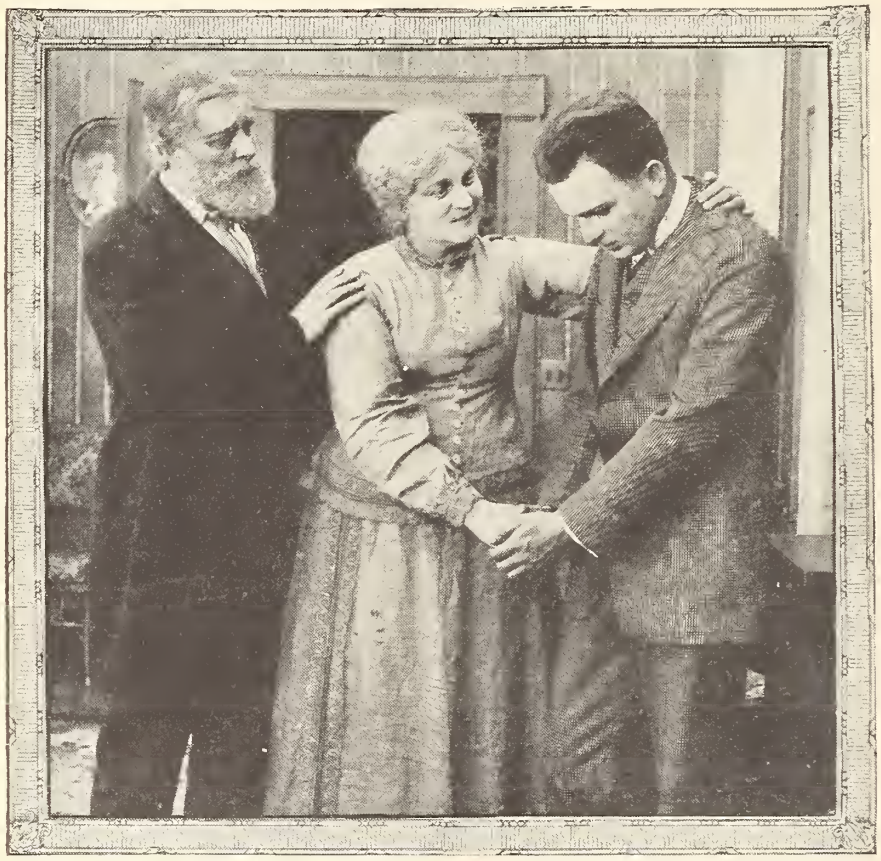
"What did you come here for?" he demanded. "You've shamed me before

all these people. If I were you, I'd take the next train back home—and take that stuff along with you."

His mother, hiding her sorrow at his brutal reception, did so.

Two days later the mayor sent for Roger and appointed him district attorney. He hastened straight to Alma to break the news to her.

In the meantime, the blow had fallen on the old couple back at the farm. The harvest had not yielded enough to pay the interest on the mortgage, which meant that the bank had been forced to foreclose, and Roger's parents were homeless. They put their personal belongings sadly into a single valise, and came to the city to ask their son's aid, for they had read in the papers of his appointment to the office of prosecuting attorney.



"Why, Roger!" his mother protested tenderly. "You haven't done anything. You've just been foolish, that's all."

A day later Alma called on Roger at his rooms. She found him scowling over an editorial in a newspaper that blamed the mayor for having appointed a youth of Roger's age to such a responsible position. He looked up, as she entered, and greeted her as he reached for pen and paper:

"Hello, dear! Just wait till I write the editor of this paper a letter, then I want to give you a little present I've bought for you."

The girl crossed to the window and looked out. She saw Roger's mother just entering the door of the building. From the old lady's poverty-stricken appearance, she guessed that her errand was to appeal to her son for assistance of a financial nature, and that, she realized, might interfere with his making her the present he had spoken of.

She looked quickly around at Roger, to find him busily writing. He was telling the editor of the paper that had printed the attack against him that he meant to show the public that he was an efficient public prosecutor by starting a campaign of prosecution against all the petty thieves in the city.

Alma stole out of the room, unperceived, and stopped Mrs. Dayton in the hall.

"Are you looking for your son?" the girl asked her.

"Yes," answered his mother.

"Well, he's not in just now," lied Alma. "I've just come from his rooms where he left a note for me on the table."

The old lady's face fell; then it lighted again.

"I'll go in and wait for him," said she, starting to pass by the girl, with a timid nod of thanks for having given her the information.

Alma stopped her again.

"He won't be back for two or three days," she insisted. "He's gone out of town."

His mother sighed heavily and turned away. She went back to the cheap room which her husband had engaged for them in a lodging house. James Dayton was out when she got there. He was looking for work, she knew; but he was old. What hope was there for him to gain employment of any kind? She removed her bonnet and stretched herself out on the bed.

And there her husband found her when he came home. She did not respond to his calling of her name, which grew so loud that they brought in an old woman who sold newspapers, and lived in the same lodging house, as she was passing the door of their room.

"Your poor wife's not dead," the woman told him, "but she soon will be unless she gets something to eat. She's fainted from hunger, dear soul. Go out and get some food for her."

James Dayton obediently left the room and the house. But a search of his pockets revealed the fact to him that they were empty.

He saw a baker's wagon standing before a store, and he approached it.

"My friend," he addressed the man who was filling a basket with loaves from the wagon's rear end, "my wife is starving, and I have no money. Will you give me a loaf of bread?"

The man looked around at him.

"Beat it!" was the answer he delivered out of the side of his mouth.

James Dayton did not obey the order. Instead, he stood where he was until the man went into the store. Then he helped himself to one of the loaves. Putting it under his coat, he turned away.

"Caught you that time," said a po-eman at his elbow, who seized him by coat collar. "Come on with me!"

And thus the father of the city's pros-ting attorney was arrested for steal-a loaf of bread to keep his mother e.

"Three days!" the judge sentenced n laconically, when he had heard the iceman's story.

ames Dayton was led away to the jail, the same one in which Chick nway had been serving out his time this while, and, because the prison s crowded, he was placed in the very l with that hardened criminal.

Meanwhile, the present which Roger l informed Alma he had purchased her—a bracelet, set with an emer-—he had given her that same day his rooms. It was followed on the rrow by a diamond brooch, which ne to her apartment in a box of flow-that held his card. The next day, en he called, he slipped a ring of ru-s and diamonds on her finger.

"Now we're engaged, aren't we?" he ispered to her softly.

She kept her face straight by an ef-t.

"If you say so," she whispered the ncommittal answer; but when he tried kiss her: "Not till to-morrow!" she d him.

That day, she knew, was the one set her husband's release from jail.

After Roger had left the apartment hastened down to the prison to Chick and arrange for their get-ay, which he had decided it would best for them to make as soon as sentence was up, as he had received ip from one of his crooked friends the outside that the police of the were going to keep a close watch him when he came out, in an effort bring about his arrest again, and so d him to the penitentiary as a third nder, for a long stretch of years.

"Where'd you get the sparkler?" was first question he asked her, seeing ring on her finger, through the s.

ames Dayton, standing at the win-v of the cell, with his back turned, rted as he heard her reply with a rnful laugh:

"Oh, I've been stringing the new dis-t attorney, Dayton, along. He thinks in love with him—as he is with me. e been using him for a good thing. gave me this ring, and two other pieces of jewelry besides. It'll give us a nice little nest egg, old boy, when we leave the city behind us this afternoon. We ought to be able to pawn the stuff for a good bit of ready cash."

Five minutes after Alma had gone, Roger's mother appeared at the door of the cell. She had learned from the kind-hearted neighbor in the lodging house who sold papers, and who had supplied her with the food which her husband had failed to get, that he had been arrested for stealing the loaf of bread, and she had come to the prison to visit him every day since.

"Listen, mother," James Dayton informed her hurriedly, and in a whisper, so that his cellmate could not hear him. "Go to this address"—he had heard Alma and Chick mention the street and number of their apartment, when the girl had spoken of sending for the expressman to take their trunk away that afternoon—"go there, and make the young woman you find give you back the jewelry she's got from our boy. Our money paid for it—the money he should have taken care of us with, instead of spending it on a criminal's wife! My time is up, and I'll be out of here in a few minutes more. I'll come right up to the place after you; but you hurry, and see that she don't get away with the stuff before."

Roger's mother hastened off to carry out her instructions.

"So it's you," she said, when she saw Alma open the door of the apartment in answer to her ring. "I've come here to get back the presents my son has been squandering on you."

Stepping into the flat, she stopped, with a gasp, as she saw Roger himself. He had arrived there only a minute before her, as the fact that he still wore his overcoat and held his hat in his hand proved.

"What do you mean, mother," he demanded of her angrily, "by speaking to my fiancée in this way?"

"Your fiancée?" she repeated indignantly. "Don't you know that she's the wife of a thief? If you don't—there's her husband now, to prove it!"

She pointed to Chick Fenway, who had entered the door. Alma flitted like a shadow to his side, and pressed something into his hand. It was a gun.

"The game's up," she said, looking at Roger as she spoke. "As far as the truth coming out is concerned. Yes, this is my husband. I've only been playing with you, for what I could make you spend on me; and now we're going."

But once more the door burst open, and Roger's father, with a policeman at his side, came in. James Dayton, fearing lest trouble might develop at the apartment, had brought the officer along with him on his way from the jail.

The policeman disarmed Chick Fenway at the point of the pistol which he had drawn on entering the apartment.

"What do you want done with these two?" he asked Roger, whom he recognized as the prosecutor.

He pointed to Alma and her crooked husband.

"Give me back my jewelry!" Roger ordered her. She stripped off the ring, the bracelet, and the brooch and handed them to him. Then he turned to the officer. "Let them go," he told him.

The next moment they had preceded the policeman from the room, glad to escape so luckily. Roger did not meet his parents' eyes. He crossed to them and held out the jewelry, and in a choking voice he said:

"Take them. They may help to pay back for all I've done——"

And then his mother, as mothers the world over always do, opened her arms to him in forgiveness.

"Why, Roger," she cried protestingly, "you haven't done anything! You've just been foolish, that's all."

And behind her, as she gathered the repentant young man into her embrace, his father smilingly nodded his assent to her words.

On a recent trip into the California mountains for some scenes, Irene Hunt and Margie Wilson found that they had forgotten to bring with them a curling iron. Miss Hunt, however, remembered being caught in the same predicament several years before, while trouping with a repertoire company in the legitimate, and recalled the way the difficulty was solved. When it came time to photograph the first scene, the two young actresses had their curls. Director F. A. Kelsey could not restrain his curiosity. He asked them point-blank how they had managed it. Then they laughingly confessed that when a curling iron wasn't to be had, a steel knife handle and a candle made a good substitute.

Plays and Players

Robert Warwick.

MUSIC was the first art which attracted Robert Warwick. He studied singing in Europe, but his voice "went back" on him, and he turned to the stage and made a success under David Belasco and other great impresari.

Robert Warwick is a product of the West, and dared much when he went East to make good on the New York stage. Determination is one of his characteristics; it has carried him through many hazardous enterprises. For "Bob," as he is known to his few



intimates, is a man of many parts and activities.

When the World Film offered him the position of star, and the play selected for his film début was George Broadhurst's "The Man of the Hour," with which William A. Brady had made so striking a success, Robert Warwick's life chance had come.

Under Maurice Tourneur's masterly direction, Mr. Warwick gave a delineation of the leading rôle which instantly established him as one of the best-graced actors in the motion-picture screen.

In "The Dollar Mark," Warwick has to evince some strenuous athletics, and risked his life in the bursting of a milldam. For the famous picture, "Alias Jimmy Valentine," he went to Sing Sing and lived there, in order to get into the skin of the part of the convict who wanted to reform. The same is true with "The Man Who Found Himself."

"Matinée idol" doesn't describe Warwick. He's a man, and a mighty good one, at that.

Which describes his personality: Gentleman, scholar, sport, popularity despising, but popular in spite of it. Such is Warwick.

He's just as nice off the screen as on it. Married? No; but he can pick and choose, if so minded, for his mail is crowded with letters from adoring admirers of the fair sex.

But Warwick knows his own mind, and nobody else does. He loves his work, and doesn't shirk it. He is conscientious and thorough in his impersonations. He acts first, last, and all the time—every instant he is on the film he is acting with his mind, his heart, and body—and his pictures show it.

George S. Trimble.

GEORGE S. TRIMBLE, of the Lubin players, who can step on a pair of scales any hour of the day and make the arrow spin around to the two-hundred-and-seventy-five-pound notch, is one of the most versatile of the character men in the studio, especially when it comes to comedy; and well he might be, for Trimble has a quarter of a century of theatrical and operatic experience back of him. The weight question never bothers Trimble except on rare occasions, and one of these occasions occurred last summer, when Trimble was doing a scene in the "Patsy Bolivar" series.

Trimble was playing the part of an innkeeper, and Peter Lang—who, by the way, weighs two hundred and sixty-five pounds—was an irate father, and the two started to chase and capture an eloping couple. The couple, both lightweights, waded across a swamp in part of the chase scene. Trimble and Lang floundered after them until they got into the middle of the swamp, and there they both stuck fast. The more they struggled the deeper in they sank. To get the pair of heavyweights out it was necessary to utilize a stout rope and a horse.

Trimble is an actor of the old school and played with such stars as Barrett Willard, Mansfield, Keen, and Lewis Morrison. His first engagement was with Haverley's minstrels as a bass singer, after which he took up the serious drama, playing the leads in an extensive repertoire. Returning to minstrelsy, he made the trip to England with Haverley's Mastodons, and came back to America to sing the bass rôles with Pauline Hall in the Gilbert and Sullivan operas.

Following this engagement, Trimble became associated with Dan Daly, Andrew Mack, and George Fortescue



played one season with Mansfield, played two seasons with Keen, and then made a trip to Honolulu with Nance O'Neil, L. R. Stockwell, and McKee Rankin. Upon his return, Trimble joined Lewis Morrison, then playing a repertoire of classical plays. He next made a tour of the world with Nance O'Neil and McKee Rankin, returning, after two years, to join Lewis Morrison again.

The following year, and for three successive years, he was featured in the rôle of *Mephisto,* in "Faust." For two years Trimble played in "The College Widow," and then followed seasons with "The Gay Hussars," Robert Mantell, "Three Twins," "The Red Widow," "The Girl of My Dreams," Richard Carle in "Jumping Jupiter," Eddie Foy

"Over the River," and "A Trip to ashington," at the La Salle Theater, hicago. During these different en-gements Trimble was stage director r Morrison, and produced the first rsion of "Frederick the Great." He as also stage director at Morrosces, in n Francisco; Stevens, in Oakland; d Forpaugh, in Cincinnati.

When Trimble gave up stage work he ined the Lubin forces, and has been ere ever since.

Maud Allan Before the Camera.

ANOTHER capture of unusual importance for the screen has been nounced by Bosworth, Incorporated, association with the Oliver Morosco hoto Play Company, in the person of aud Allan, the internationally famous ncer.

Miss Allan, who shares with her bo-m friend, Pavlowa, the leadership in odern classical dancing, is an immense vorite in London, both because of her atural genius and also because of her pularity with the late king and the esent queen mother. Her hold upon e royal favor largely came about rough a little act of graciousness of r own. During the dancer's first ap-arance in Paris, where her offerings ceived a historic ovation, she was ked by Madame Yvette Guilbert to ance at a charity matinée which the tter was organizing at the Theater arah Bernhardt.

Complying gladly, with little thought the good fortune in store, Miss Allan due time received an introduction to e Princess Murat and Mrs. Hall-Talker, both noted favorites in English urt circles, who took a strong liking the young American girl and who at nce made themselves instrumental in ecuring her the honor of a "command" dance before the late King Edward II., who was taking the waters at Marienbad.

The dancer's presentations so captivated the English monarch that he took personal interest in her forthcoming ondon début, and when through his in-uence she received a second "command" dance before both the late king and ueen Alexandra after a dinner in their onor by the Earl and Countess of Dud-y, the fortune of Maud Allan was ade in the British dominions.

Prior to her London appearance, Miss Allan scored wonderful success in other European cities. In Vienna, the pretty dancer became famous overnight. In Brussels, the verdict of Vienna was confirmed even more warmly, and word of it spread like wildfire over the Continent. A triumphant tour of cities of Germany, Switzerland, and Austria-Hungary followed. At Belgrade, she gave four recitals, and Budapest welcomed her with enthusiasm. When she reached Paris, a little on its mettle at having been held off till the last, the great capital quickly forgave her in the spontaneous Gallic manner and accepted her art with an enthusiasm that knew no bounds. Her successes in Prague, Hamburg, and Berlin were duplications of her reception in the other large cities of Europe, and her engagement at the Palace Theater, London, is now one of the traditions in the history of the stage of that noted theater.

Miss Allan has reached the Morosco-Bosworth studios, and is now at work on her initial motion-picture subject, "The Rug Maker's Daughter," which will include three of her most beautiful dances.

It was solely through a lucky circumstance that the Morosco-Bosworth interests were able to secure this star. On returning from an eighteen months' tour of Australia, India, and the Far East, Miss Allan stopped off in Los Angeles for a short visit with her mother, where negotiations for her appearance on the screen followed her inspection of the Morosco-Bosworth studios. The fact that she has repeatedly turned down offers to be screened, and only recently refused five thousand dollars to give one of her dances before the camera will readily dispel any idea that securing this star for motion pictures was a simple business transaction. Upon completion of "The Rug Maker's Daughter," Miss Allan will immediately depart for London, where she will again appear shortly.

Octavia Handworth.

OCTAVIA HANDWORTH, widely known for her good looks and versatility as an actress, is one of the latest leading women to join the Lubin players, and is to be featured in a number of dramas especially suitable to her type.

Miss Handworth has had a long and thorough training as an actress—six years of her professional life having been spent in pictures and thirteen on the legitimate stage. Miss Handworth was born in New York, but most of her girlhood days were spent in Copenhagen, Denmark, where she was educated in all the arts. When she returned to America, she took a postgraduate course at the Brooklyn Conservatory of Music, and then did concert work. Miss Handworth achieved quite a reputation as a soprano and concert pianist, and was making rapid strides ahead in her work when she was suddenly taken dangerously ill. It was months before she was able to leave her bed, and during those months she completely lost her singing voice.

Lew Fields persuaded Miss Handworth to go on the stage, and gave her a part in one of the Weber and Fields shows. From then on, she played in a long list of dramatic productions. Eight years ago, Miss Handworth was not only leading woman in, but directed the Dallas Stock Company, at Dallas, Texas. Six years ago, she went into pictures, and discovered that the screen was the best medium of all for the expression of her artistic ideals. She has been in pictures ever since, and has played leading rôles in a number of different companies not only in this country but abroad as well.

Miss Handworth is a type well adapted for photo plays. She is tall, gray-eyed blond, with unusually well-modeled features and a rhythmic grace that denotes much time spent out-of-doors in athletic pursuits. Miss Handworth is enthusiastic over golf, tennis, skiing, swimming, ice boating, and long-distance walking. As an actress, she has achieved success through her hard work, her enthusiasm, and her versatility.

The versatility of Thomas Commerford is well illustrated by the great variety of rôles he takes in Essanay photo plays, all of which he plays with equal cleverness. In many plays he takes the part of a minister, which part he looks, both with and without make-up. In his latest part, in "Frauds," he takes the rôle of a crook, and plays it with the same facility that he plays a minister, showing his complete understanding of human nature and all kinds of characters.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address: Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

A MODEL SCENARIO

BECAUSE of the many requests received from aspiring scenario writers asking for the correct form in which to lay out their scene action, we have decided to reproduce a script, and have selected a one-reel drama, entitled, "If I Were Young Again," written by Gilson Willets, and produced by the Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago, some time ago.

Mr. Willets is one writer who has risen to the topmost heights of his profession. His record of past achievements, including the origination of such photo plays as the "Adventures of Kathlyn" series, "The Days of the Thundering Herd," "Your Girl and Mine," et cetera, makes us feel safe in offering his technique as a good example of what is required.

Before the amateur gets into the script proper, however, we wish him to understand that this is printed merely to show the scene action and general make-up of the script. We have chosen the following scenario because it gives examples of many technical terms, and is well prepared, not because of the plot which it relates. As this particular script was prepared with several studio requirements in mind, the amateur should not consider the story, characters, or number of interior scenes used, but only the construction, which is excellent.

Following the script, we have several remarks which will explain various points and terms to beginners, who, judging from their attitude, are largely at sea when it comes to practical application of accepted principles.

THE SCRIPT AS IT SHOULD BE SENT TO THE PRODUCER.

"If I Were Young Again."

Drama of Symbolism in One Reel.

Synopsis.

Upon hearing of an opportunity to invest his money in an oil scheme, the old curator at the museum longs to be young again, that he might have the ambition and daring that go with youth. A mummy arrives at the museum of which he has charge, and in its wrappings he finds the elixir of life, one drop of which, if taken with the coming of each new moon, will restore his youth. He takes a drop, and becomes a young man in body, but remains old in mind. His disappearance—as the old curator—is mourned by his friends, especially his old landlady, for whom he cared much. He invests in the oil scheme, and loses all he has. He then tries to find work, but because of his queer combination of old mind and young body does not fit any place. His social life, also, is dreary, and he longs to be old again. His landlady inherits a fortune, and longs to be young again, that she may enjoy it. The curator returns to his room, and tells the landlady all about his experience. She begs him for a drop of the elixir, but he destroys it, telling her that the only true happiness is in going forward, and that the desire to be young again can only result in unhappiness. He returns to the museum, where he is welcomed by his associates. With his landlady, he finds happiness in the things that spell comfort to the aged.

Characters.

The Curator: Part to be played by a young man who, in the first and last part must make up as an old man.

His landlady: A sweet, old-fashioned lady.

Chief Director of Museum, Chief Clerk, and three other clerks, four or five girls for dance, one or two extra young men for same.

Boss of business firm advertising for salesman, and one or two applicants fc job, faker selling Mexican oil stocks.

Scene Plot.

Interior. Sets, 12. Scenes, 29.

Private office of Head Curator c museum—1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 23, 25, 32.

Private office of Chief Director, san building—2.

Clerk's office—4, 26.

Humble, but cozy, sitting room—1 16, 29, 33.

Landing at top of stairs, two doo seen—12, 18, 21, 30.

Curator's old-fashioned room—13, 1 31.

Close-up of "withdrawal" window bank—14.

Small, cheap-looking, but comfortab room—19, 22.

Office of fake oil company—20.

Office of business firm—24.

Public dance hall of dignified ty —27.

Another corner of same dance ha —28.

Exterior. Locations 1. Scenes 2.

Close-up of door of boarding house 10, 17.

There are also two close-range vie in the picture which require no bac ground at all, these being in scenes and 8.

Scenario.

Leader: AT THE MUSEUM C NATURAL HISTORY. THE HEA CURATOR.

Scene 1.—Private office of He Curator at Museum of Natural Histor Swinging door to office of directo swinging door to clerks' office.—He Curator at desk, absorbed in examin tion of the most curious of the spe mens.

Leader: THE CHIEF DIRECTOR.

Scene 2.—Private office of Chief Director; swinging door to Curator's office. Director, reading newspaper, sees something interesting; on screen—newspaper advertisement:

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS.
MEXICAN OIL STOCK.
WORTH DOUBLE IN 30 DAYS.

Director laughs—goes with paper through swinging door to Curator's office.

Scene 3.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curator's office—Curator with specimen (as before)—Director in, laughingly shows newspaper. Curator reads and says:

Cut-in Leader: "IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN, I WOULD RISK MY SAVINGS."

Curator produces a savings-bank book, but shows that timidity of old age will keep him from investing.

Leader: A MUMMY ARRIVES FROM EGYPT.

Scene 4.—Clerks' office. Swinging door to Curator's office. Several clerks at desks, writing. Porters bringing in an Egyptian mummy in case. Curator enters and is delighted with mummy—orders it carried to his own room office.

Scene 5.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Back to Curator's office.—Curator in—followed by porters, who deposit mummy in place and exit. Director in—and he and Curator open mummy case. Both delighted with contents. Clerk calls Director off (to sign a paper). Curator (now alone), running hand over swathings of mummy, becomes suddenly curious at what he feels.

Scene 6.—Close-up of Curator's hand extracting from swathings of mummy a metal vial.

Scene 7.—Back to *Scene 5.*—Curator in great curiosity examines ancient writing on vial.

Scene 8.—Close-up of metal vial, showing painted ancient writing in Arabic, Egyptian, or Sanskrit.

Scene 9.—Back to *Scene 7.*—Curator lifts and writes translation of ancient writing. On screen—written translation: "ONE DROP WITH EACH NEW MOON BRINGS BACK YOUTH."

Back to *Scene 9.*—Curator astounded—shakes vial at ear, noting it contains liquid; unscrews cap from vial, smells contents, looks at newspaper adv. of Mexican oil stock, brightens with resolve to test the elixir, and, if successful, to invest in the stock. Is suddenly afraid some one may enter. Looks to both swinging doors, restores cap to vial, and secretes vial and translation on his person. Turns to mummy just as director enters.

Leader: THAT EVENING.

Scene 10.—Close-up at front door of house in which Curator has lodgings. Curator entering house, using his latch-key.

Leader: HIS LANDLADY.

Scene 11.—Humble, but cozy sitting room in home of Landlady. Landlady sipping tea and petting cat. Curator enters. She invites him to have tea. He, in suppressed excitement, says he is tired and will go up to his room. She smiles, takes dish of fruit from table, and follows him off.

Scene 12.—Landing at top of stairs, with two doors. Curator up—opens door of his room with key, followed by Landlady with fruit.

Scene 13.—Curator's room—everything old-fashioned and comfortable. Window with withered plant in a pot on sill. Curator in, followed by Landlady with fruit, which she leaves. She gets his slippers and dressing gown. He thanks her. She exits. He now produces the vial and translation—reads latter again: On screen flash translation shown in *Scene 9* for a few feet. Back to *Scene 13.*—Curator raises shade of window, through which a new moon is seen (mechanical effect in studio). He consults translation, and is satisfied with moon. Resolves to test elixir on the withered plant on window sill. From vial he pours one drop on earth in the pot. The old plant in a Dissolve or Fade-in or Double Exposure changes into a new plant in full blossom. Curator delighted.

Leader: HIS LIFETIME SAVINGS.

Scene 14.—Close-up at withdrawal window of savings bank. Curator presents bank book and draws out his savings in cash.

Leader: THAT NIGHT. THE NEW MOON STILL SHINES.

Scene 15.—Same as *Scene 13.*—Curator's lodgings—Curator entering in suppressed excitement, followed by Landlady with tray of milk and crackers, which she leaves, says good night, and exits. Curator stealthily locks door. Lays the money (his savings) on table. Raises window shade, revealing new moon (as in *Scene 13*). He summons courage for the supreme test—pours one drop of the elixir on his tongue. A feeling of drowsiness steals over him; he lies on divan; sleeps. The metamorphosis takes place—in Dissolve, Fade, or Double Exposure. He changes to a young man in appearance, but retains old clothes. He awakes, rushes to view himself in mirror. In joy he pockets the money, produces a traveling bag, and begins packing a few belongings.

Scene 16.—Same as *Scene 11.*—Landlady's sitting room. Landlady by hearth with cat, reading Bible by lamp.

Leader: A NEW LODGER.

Scene 17.—Same as *Scene 10.*—Close-up a front door of Landlady's house—(Tint blue for night). Curator (as young man) steals out through door with his bag, softly closes door, then rings the bell. Landlady opens door. He says he is looking for lodgings; she bids him enter. He notes with satisfaction that she does not recognize him. Both enter house.

Scene 18.—Same as *Scene 12.*—Landing at top of stairs, with two doors. Curator (as young man) up, followed by Landlady, who opens door of the room next to one the Curator (as an old man) occupied.

Scene 19.—Small and cheap-looking, but comfortable, bedroom. Curator (as young man) engages the room, pays Landlady; is careful not to let her see his big roll of money. She bids him good night—exits. He joyfully capers in physical exuberance of youth.

Leader: HE REMEMBERS HIS DECLARATION: "IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN I WOULD RISK MY SAVINGS."

Scene 20.—Office of the fake Mexican oil-stock concern. Curator (as young man) showing the fake-stock dealer the newspaper ad. Scene on Screen: Flash few feet of newspaper ad from *Scene 2.* Back to *Scene 20.*—Faker says is it O. K. Curator hands over his savings, receives stock certificates, exits. Faker grins and looks at money.

Scene 21.—Same as *Scene 12.*—Landing at top of stairs, with two doors. Landlady from door of Curator's original room, with newspaper, weeping in sorrow. Curator (as young man) upstairs, asks what distresses her. She shows the newspaper. On screen—newspaper heading reading:

CURATOR STILL MISSING.
MUSEUM OFFICIALS MYSTIFIED.
NO TRACE OF DISTINGUISHED EGYPTOLOGIST WHO DISAPPEARED A WEEK AGO, et cetera—run off.

Back to *Scene 21.*—Landlady descends stairs weeping. Curator, keeping newspaper, enters his new room.

Scene 22.—Same as *Scene 19.*—Curator's new room. Curator (as young man) in with newspaper, which he reads again, and chuckles at news of his disappearance. Glances elsewhere at paper, suddenly appalled.

On screen, another newspaper heading reading thus:

MEXICAN OIL STOCK FAKE!
INVESTORS RUINED!

Curator realizes he is ruined—breaks down.

Leader: IN THE NEED OF MONEY, HE APPLIES FOR THE PLACE OF THE MISSING CURATOR.

Scene 23.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curator's office, director standing by Curator's vacant chair at Curator's desk. Curator (as young man) enters. He has temporary fear that director may recognize him, but finally breathes relieved as director asks what he wants. Curator begs director to give him the position of the missing Curator, denoting the vacant chair. Director, amazed at request, looks him over, then laughingly says:

Cut-in Leader: "YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!"

Curator insists he can fill the job; director curtly dismisses him.

Leader: ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

Scene 24.—Office of firm that has advertised for salesmen; rail with desk behind it. Boss at desk, examining applicants for job. Curator (as young man) applies. Boss snickers at Curator's old-fashioned clothes, and says:

Cut-in Leader: "THIS JOB CALLS FOR AN UP-TO-DATE DRESSER!"

Curator off, viewing his clothes in crestfallen manner.

Leader: UNDER HIS ASSUMED NAME, HE AT LAST SECURES A CLERKSHIP IN HIS OWN OFFICE.

Scene 25.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curator's office. Curator (as young man) in desperate need of employment, amazing the director by showing intimate knowledge of various specimens which he handles. By denoting swinging door to clerks' office he registers he is anxious to go to work as a clerk. Director decides to employ him. They go through door into clerks' office.

Scene 26.—Same as *Scene 4.*—Clerks' office, museum. A vacant desk in foreground—same young clerks at work. Director in with Curator (as young man), whom he introduces to chief clerk, telling of the applicant's amazing knowledge of specimens. Curator is given the vacant desk. Begins work as director leaves.

Leader: HIS FELLOW CLERKS HAVE INVITED HIM TO A DANCE.

Scene 27.—Corner of public dance hall of dignified type. Same clerks and others dancing with their girls. Curator crossing room, finds himself in the way—despondent, lonely, and brooding.

Cut-in Leader: LONELY AND OUT OF TUNE WITH THE YOUNG WORLD.

A vivacious and flirtatious girl is introduced to Curator. She learns that he does not dance, and induces him to follow her off to "sit out" the dance.

Leader: THOUGH YOUTHFUL IN APPEARANCE, HE STILL THINKS WITH THE MIND OF AGE.

Scene 28.—Another corner in dance hall. Dancers can be seen dancing past a wide doorway. Curator and same vivacious girl seated. She is exercising all her flirtatious arts on him, but he fails to respond. She is peeved and taunts him. Others enter, and to their merr ment she makes fun of Curator, mimicl ing his old-mannish ways and though ful manner. All exit, leaving Curat miserably unhappy.

Leader: THE NEXT NEW MOO HIS LANDLADY HAS INHERITE A SMALL FORTUNE.

Scene 29.—Same as *Scene 11.*—Lan lady's sitting room (now with all ne furniture as a sign of prosperity). Lan lady (in new clothes) seated by fir place with cat and Bible, reading l lamp. Curator (as young man) enter very unhappy. He sits, and landla tells him of her new wealth—looks lon ingly into mirror, saying:

Cut-in Leader: "IF I WER YOUNG AGAIN, I COULD ENJO MY NEW WEALTH."

Curator springs up with idea, lif window shade, revealing new moon (produced before), produces the vial, about to give it to her; suddenly shak head sadly, saying to her:

Cut-in Leader: "NATURE PRO VIDES THAT WE SHALL B HAPPY IN OLD AGE. TH YEARNING TO BE YOUNG AGAI BREEDS ONLY A DISCONTEN THAT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

Curator exits, leaving Landlady pu zled. She peers longingly into mirror

Scene 30.—Same as *Scene 12.*—Lan ing at top of stairs, with two door Curator (as young man) up—starts t enter his new room, but decides to g instead into his own original room, th door of which he opens by using h key.

Scene 31.—Same as *Scene 13.*—Cur tor's original lodgings. Everything ju as he left it in *Scene 15.* Curator (young man) in, brooding. Produces t vial; lifts window shade, revealing ne moon (as produced before). He pr duces the translation:

On Screen: Again flash few feet translation which is used in *Scene* Back to *scene.* He realizes that to-nig he must again take a drop of the elix if he is to remain young. Decides destroy elixir and be old. Opens wi dow, and is about to throw vial out wh Landlady enters. She, startled at seei him in old Curator's room, asks him explain. He takes newspaper clippi

om pocket, and gives it to her. She ads it.

On screen: FLASH NEWSPAPER EADLINES AS IN *Scene 1*—only a w feet.

Back to *scene.*—Curator tells Landdy he is the old Curator. She bewilered, unbelieving, he shows her the al and the translation, and explains ffect of elixir by showing her the plant blossom. She, dumfounded, begs him give her the vial in order that she ay be young again, in order to enjoy er new riches. He refuses, holding al aloft so she can't reach it, and says:

Cut-in Leader: "THERE IS NO JOY N GOING BACKWARD. ALL HAPINESS LIES IN GOING FORARD. I SHALL DESTROY THE UMMY'S SECRET."

In frantic desire to obtain the vial, andlady pleads with him—leads to vionent struggle with him, which at last aves her exhausted. He empties conents of vial into empty dish on table r dresser, touches a burning match to he liquid. It flames up with smoke. At he same time the Curator (by Dissolve, ade, or Double Exposure) changes ack to old man as at beginning of lay. Landlady astounded. Old Curaor, now very happy, indicates the plant, nd they watch spellbound as the blosomed plant (by Dissolve, Fade, or Double Exposure) changes back to the ithered plant.

Leader: "I HAVE BEEN ON A ONG JOURNEY, IN WHICH I AINED NOTHING AND LOST VERYTHING."

Scene 32.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curaor's office. The old Curator enters, angs up hat, goes to desk and to work s if nothing had happened. Director nters, thunderstruck; views Curator as he back from dead—then in great deight welcomes Curator's return. Curaor tells him words of above leader. Director mystified. Curator goes to ummy, examines it, and becomes again he old anthropologist, absorbed in tudy.

Leader: AND HAVING LEARNED THE FOLLY OF WISHING TO BE OUNG AGAIN——

Scene 33.—Same as *Scene 11.*—Landady's sitting room. Old Curator and ld Landlady sitting by firelight, he moking pipe. Both gaze to fire, happy in tranquillity of old age. As scene fades out, they clasp hands with smile of understanding.

NOTES.

These notes will explain, as has been said before, certain terms and methods which apparently puzzle many amateurs, and we advise all those who have studied the scenario to read these over carefully and apply what is in them to their own scripts.

Examples of "Leaders" will be found through this script, they being plainly marked in each case. These are also known by many other names, but leader is the simplest, and we advise our readers to use it at all times. One appears at the very opening of the story, another between scenes 1 and 2, et cetera.

Scene 3 furnishes an example of "cut-in Leader" and its use. There are others of this type farther on in the script, and by studying their purpose and seeing how they are used in this script and on the screen, the amateur can easily become familiar with their use.

Two scenes, 6 and 8, give us examples of the "close-up," and if the beginner reads the script over carefully he will find that they explain their presence themselves. They bring something close to the camera for identification if it is to play an important part in the plot.

"Insert," the magic terms which bothers the brains of beginners far more than it ought to, will be found illustrated in scenes 9 and 13.

Note the simple description of the scenes. Nothing more than a sketch of the setting is given, but much can be said in a few words—in scenes 19 and 27, for example. Where a part of the setting is vital to the action of the story, it must be described—as the flower in the window in scene 13.

In scenes 13 and 15, and again later on in the story, a double exposure is called for. We would simply tell the director that it was a double exposure in grammar-school terms—no technical words—but for the benefit of those who have learned the various terms, all are used. These scenes show how this artifice may be successfully used, but it behooves us to caution the amateur to use it sparingly, even though he knows how, if he desires to sell regularly.

The instruction to be given in order to obtain a night effect will be found in scene 17, and the manner to gain other studio effects is illustrated in scene 13, where a "new moon" effect is called for.

"Flash" scenes are represented by the inserts in scenes 13 and 20. While these inserts are not in themselves seen, nevertheless, regular scenes which require only a few feet—as in the cut-back—would be described the same way.

The final fade-out effect may be found in the last scene.

FIVE-REEL FARCES.

Whatever you do, don't try to write a five-reel farce comedy if you are a beginner, or unless you are a master of the *art* of writing this style of comedy.

We saw a beginner's effort along this line the other day, and it almost made us weep. He had taken "Way Down East" and "East Lynne," and tried to combine and burlesque them. The plot was a nightmare, and the scene action far worse. We told him we were going to write this after we had convinced him how wrong he was, and he gave us permission to make it as strong as we wished, if it would help others.

To begin with, he didn't have footage enough for one reel, there being one hundred and thirty-nine scenes, about fifty of which an experienced comedy director would "kill" on the first reading, and about fifty more of which would be found impractical for comedy purposes when production was actually begun. Then there was little real humor in the entire proposition. It was clearly strained from start to finish. He had started out determined to burlesque these two well-known plays, and had stuck to that idea through thick and thin. Worse than that, he had been unable to put in little bits of funny byplay even where opportunity offered itself, for he was laboring under the impression that the main idea would be funny enough in itself—which is at all times wrong.

We didn't try to find all the faults in the script, but he tore it up before we left him, and thanked us for the tip. We hope that readers who have been contemplating a plunge into the "feature farce" field will reconsider, for it is really almost impossible. There are only about three markets, at the most, and we know positively that one of these companies has a director who has made a six-reel farce without any semblance of a scenario whatever. He is a born

comedian, and no matter what idea comes within range of his mind he can present it in such a manner that it will draw a laugh. As far as the plot of the six-reeler mentioned goes—it wasn't. It was a laugh getter, and that was all it was meant to be.

THE MARKET CONDITION.

There can be no doubt in the mind of the photo-playwright who is alive to all that is happening in the game that the long-looked-for "survival of the fittest" is not far off. Changes are bound to take place in the future, and the scenarioist who has faithfully worked and studied with very little or no reward will then reap his harvest from the seed he has sown.

Just now the market is not overbright, but everything points to it picking up again in a very short time. Writers should learn to appreciate the fact that because they cannot sell is no reason why they should not write. Suppose a writer stops turning out scripts, and is found without any good ones to offer when eight or ten companies call for material in a rush. This is liable to be the condition, and our advice is to continue writing and submitting regularly, keeping your eyes opened for every possible market.

It is always difficult, almost impossible, to accurately judge motion-picture conditions; but we feel sure that the writers who are living close to the trade will agree with us that the present conditions are sure to make for better scenario-writing conditions, and that relief is not far off.

Short Shots.

We are still "strong" for the short-length comedy-drama.

Patience is one of the scenarioist's stocks in trade.

The dream of every director whose heart is in his work is to gather about him a staff of writers who can furnish him with sure-fire "working" scripts.

The cut-back system is a blessing or a curse, depending on how the writers use it. Editors will bear testimony.

Love of one's work is essential to success in photo-play writing, as well as in other lines of endeavor.

When the brain begins to tire it is time to quit, but this should not be taken as an excuse by writers who are trying to "square" themselves with their conscience for shirking.

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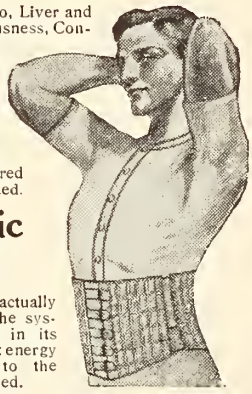
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Vol. 1

No. 13



EVELYN GREELEY

HEROINE OF LEADING STORY IN THIS NUMBER

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

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The Helping Hand

(ESSANAY)

By Katherine E. Marshe

How many girls whose parents are in comfortable circumstances have learned how to do anything for their own, or their family's support, in case the crash should some day come, which would make it vitally necessary for them to earn their own living? That the subject is one well worth thinking over, by girls everywhere, is a fact which has led the Essanay company to produce the picture on which this story is based. The cast was led by Miss Evelyn Greeley, pictured on the cover.

GOODNESS—look at the sunshine and the crowds of people!"

Adelaide Ashworth, society bud, descended the steps of the stately Van Deventer mansion beside Forrest Baxter, her fiancé, and looked with wondering interest at the street scene of bustling activity.

"What time is it, anyway, Forrest?" he inquired. "The lights were still blazing in the breakfast room and the ballroom, and I did not realize that the night was over."

The tall young man in the top hat, inverness cape, and evening clothes stifled a yawn; feeling no interest, apparently, in the sunlight or the passing crowds. He took out his watch and squinted at it sleepily.

"It's ten after eight," he answered. "Good Lord! We've been dancing and eating for nearly twelve hours. These dinner dances are getting to be regular house parties. Dinner, and then a lot of dancing; supper, and more dancing; then those who have been able to stand the racket keep right on till the sun rises, and have breakfast before they go home to bed. I fancy, you know, that Mrs. van Deventer prided herself on that seven-o'clock breakfast as something of a social achievement."

By this time they were seated comfortably in the Ashworth limousine, gliding swiftly up the avenue.

"I'm not a bit tired," said Adelaide brightly. "Mrs. van Deventer gives charming entertainments, and I am never ready to stop dancing. I slept nearly all day yesterday, to prepare for the dance, and now I'll go home and sleep until it's time to dress for the Folingsbees' dance this evening."

"That's right," drawled the young man approvingly. "That's what I shall do when I reach the club. What's the daytime good for, anyway? There's nothing to do here in town till after the lights are lit. I got up too early yesterday—I had to keep a stupid luncheon date at two o'clock—and now I'm suffering for it; I'm dead tired and sleepy."

"Look at all those poor people on the sidewalk, with the lunch boxes, on their way to work!" exclaimed the girl, with a whimsical smile. "I dare say they have to go to bed at ten o'clock and get up at seven. Fancy that! Working all day and doing almost nothing else but eat and sleep!"

Forrest Baxter looked bored, and dismissed the people on the sidewalk with a wave of his immaculately gloved hand.

"Poof!" he exclaimed; "they belong to a different order of existence! Matter of fact, I never think of 'em. I'm sorry for them, in a way, I suppose, but the world is full of them, my dear. It must be ghastly to be poor and common. I never ride in the street cars or subway trains because it's beastly unpleasant to rub elbows with a lot of creatures like that."

Adelaide was still looking at the hurrying pedestrians, and she grew thoughtfully serious.

"Really, Forrest," she said, "most of them look quite bright and happy. I dare say those young girls work for fifty or seventy-five dollars a week, and have to live on it, yet they go along laughing and acting as though they were perfectly satisfied."

"Haw, haw, haw!" Baxter guffawed, showing more animation than he had for several hours. "That's a good one, by Jove! Fifty or seventy-five dollars! My dear Adelaide, the poor things are deuced lucky if they get a ten-dollar bill for their week's work."

"You have been misinformed, Forrest," returned the girl positively. "That is too absurd; it wouldn't pay for a girl's gloves! I don't like the way you speak about those working people, either,' she

went on reprovingly. "They are just as human as we are—more so, perhaps—and I really think they deserve a lot of credit for working so hard for money to live on and spend. If you lost all the money your father left you, what in the world would——"

"Spare me!" cried the man in mock terror. "Let's talk of something more cheerful."

Adelaide frowned. "I think it is rather nice to talk of serious things once in a while," she said. "Father says I am nothing but a giddy butterfly, and that I haven't an idea about anything but clothes and jewels and dances; but I really think about practical things a good deal, Forrest. I believe it would do any girl good, no matter how much money she had, if she learned to do something useful—something that she could earn money with, if she had to, you know."

"Here we are, at your house!" exclaimed her escort, with a look of relief. "Better go right to bed, little girl, and sleep off your serious thoughts—such things are bad for the head."

When Adelaide awoke, toward evening, having slept away the daylight hours, she had not forgotten her serious thoughts, however. She asked her father at the dinner table that night if he had ever heard of any working girl receiving so small a salary as ten dollars per week.

He gravely informed her that four dollars was not an uncommon salary. And, further, that whole families lived for a year, in comparative comfort and contentment, on the ridiculously small sum of a thousand dollars, or even less. It seemed inconceivable to her, but she accepted the statements of her father as a fact, and her seriousness increased.

Her father, Robert Ashworth, was at all times a grave, reserved man, but habitually gentle and kindly in his manner. Sometimes, particularly of late, Adelaide had looked at him across the dining table and wondered if anything could ever happen to trouble his mind.



Pride and poverty did not conflict in Adelaide's nature.

It seemed utterly impossible that a man as wealthy as he could ever have so much as a dream of business troubles. But she had heard of rich men losing their fortunes. She wondered if they had to work, then, for a living, and if their sons and daughters became real working people, like those she saw in the streets and shops.

The subject of work became something like an obsession with her.

One evening she broke a dinner engagement and stayed at home to read a magazine article that she had found on the self-supporting women of the United States. The next morning she astounded her quiet and complacent mother by rising and breakfasting at nine o'clock.

At ten, she stole out of the house unobserved, attired in a plain little suit—as plain as a suit can be that has cost two hundred dollars—and enjoyed the unusual experience of riding downtown in a street car instead of a limousine.

She remembered a certain shop window in which she had seen a display of typewriters—it was next door to a fur shop to which she had gone for Russian sables—and she left the car near the place, and stood for a long time at the window, affecting to be interested in typewriters, but using the time to rally her courage to the point of entering the shop and asking the questions she had in mind.

She never could tell how she did it, but all at once she found herself leaning over a counter and asking a courteous man how a girl could learn to operate a typewriter so that she might eventually earn a salary as a stenographer.

The man smiled covertly, but hastened to direct her to the business-college department of the great typewriter company. She trembled and wavered between blind panic and reckless determination, but the determination won, and she went directly to the school of stenography.

The course which was calculated to fit a pupil for efficient service, the manager of the school told her, would take several hours of her time every day for four months. Instantly she saw a horde of obstacles rising between her and the new ambition, but she closed her eyes to them.

The manager handed her a registry blank and asked her when she would like to begin the course.

She felt like fleeing, she could hardly look the man in the face, but with a sudden wave of great resolution sweeping over her, she lifted her head and took a full breath.

"I will start to-morrow!" she declared bravely.

Adelaide found herself sorely put to it for excuses and explanations to give her parents for her daily absence from home between the hours of nine o'clock and three, but she finally put an end to their questionings by telling them that she had a secret which must be kept for a few weeks; later, she would share it with them.

The period of instruction dragged, and became seriously irksome at first, but after a month she was surprised to find herself becoming interested in it. Her fellow pupils were girls of various nationality and from divers classes of society. For a long time she did not know how to meet their overtures of friendship. Then she found herself fearful that she would betray to them some snobbish aloofness or superiority. After two months, however, she was positively startled to find herself eating lunch and exchanging trifling confidences with the pretty daughter of a truck driver, who hoped eventually to contribute as much as seven or eight dollars a week to the support of her nine younger brothers and sisters.

Near the beginning of the fourth month, Adelaide won a school prize—it was a morocco-bound notebook—for the best record at rapid and accurate typing while blindfolded.

Her father came home from his luxurious office one afternoon later than usual, and it seemed that old age had fallen upon him like a pall during the short day. His face was white, and drawn with new lines and furrows. To the anxious inquiries of Adelaide and her mother he was silent at first, but when they pressed him, he stood in the middle of the great library like a figure of Fate, and told them that he was a poor man. His business, his home, his beautiful country place—everything had been snatched from him during one single hour of terror on the Stock Exchange.

Two weeks after the crash, the Ashworths were living in a four-room apartment, for which they paid a rental of twenty dollars a month, in an unpretentious part of the city. It was furnished inexpensively, and almost the only relics of the sumptuous palace in which they had entertained so lavishly were a score of Mr. Ashworth's favorite books. Everything else had gone under the auctioneer's hammer. A small army of servants had waited upon them before; now Mrs. Ashworth and Adelaide learned to sweep floors, cook plain food, and wash. Robert Ashworth was as near penniless as a man can be and keep clear of the dreaded institutions of the charity organizations.

"What shall we do? Oh, what can we do to live!" he cried miserably, as he rose from his rocking-chair and paced the room one morning while his wife and daughter were washing and drying the breakfast dishes. He wore slippers and a bath robe, and with his drawn face and rapidly whitening hair he looked more than ever the hopeless invalid and physical ruin.

His wife hastened to him and strove to console and quiet him with gentle words, and while they talked, Adelaide caught up the morning paper from the table and peered hurriedly and furtively at the column of "Help Wanted" advertisements.

She paused over a score of commonplace offers which held no allurements, then her eyes fell with instant eagerness upon a six-line paragraph. An author desired the services of an efficient stenographer who could take dictation rapidly and do accurate typing.

She made a careful mental note of the address and replaced the paper on the table. An hour later, she put on her hat and coat and slipped out of the apartment with the semitruthful excuse to her parents that she was going for a walk.

She returned early in the afternoon, bright-eyed and jubilant. To her parents' mystified inquiries she breathlessly replied that she had secured a position as stenographer to Mr. Francis Carey Middleham, the author, and was to be paid ten dollars a week, with the prospect of an early increase in salary.



Adelaide hastily turned to the "Help Wânted" section of the newspaper, behind her father's back.

The secret of the four months of study was revealed at last, and the elderly people were as staggered as they were touched and delighted. Robert Ashworth was no longer the iron man of business that Wall Street had known, and he sank into his chair and wept silently.

Francis Carey Middleham was young, both in years and literary experience,

and a baker's dozen of magazine stories made up his record of achievement. In his roseate dreams he saw rows of handsomely bound books on the shelves of libraries, each one bearing his name, while publishers clamored to be allowed to put forth collected editions of his works, and distinguished journalists interviewed him on the future of letters in America.

In the midst of a season of encouraging success with magazine editors came a sudden slump. His manuscripts went forth with his prayers and good wishes, but they came back with editorial notes of polite but firm rejection. One friendly editor told him that he wrote too rapidly and recklessly on the spur of his inspiration, and that he treated certain details of his stories with too royal a disdain, evidently considering them trifling.

"It isn't so bad," said the editor, "to slip up on a historical date by a year or two; such things can be forgiven; but when you have Napoleon standing and looking calmly over a six-foot fence, that's too much, my boy! You might at least have given him a knot hole to peek through."

Similar strictures came from other editors, and Middleham decided, in a moment of low spirits, that his work was becoming "sloppy." He reviewed his writing carefully, and worked so diligently that he became nervous, and hammered his typewriter mercilessly, not always hitting the right keys.

Presently a story that had excited his own flagging enthusiasm by its novelty and brightness, came back with this penciled note from the editor:

> "Dear Mr. Middleham: If the story which we are returning to you could be typed in such a way as to render the manuscript legible, the editor would be pleased to read it and give you a more interesting criticism."

Middleham was hurt and disappointed, and the results of a half hour's profound meditation were the placing of an advertisement in the paper, and the consequent hiring of Miss Adelaide Ashworth as an amanuensis.

He had heard more than a few times of Adelaide Ashworth, the beauty and society favorite, but when the pretty applicant for the position gave him her name he did not dream of connecting her as the same.

He was half scared, at first, by her beauty, and asked himself if he was hiring her on that account; but when she met the test of taking his dictation without a slip, and showing him a typed page without an error, he was convinced that he was engaging a stenographer of exceptional ability.

Adelaide was delighted with the position. She had dreaded the routine and dry commercialism of a business office, but it was novel and pleasant to jot down romantic fiction in her notebook and type it at her leisure, with an agreeable young man of good breeding for a taskmaster.

The neatness and accuracy of typing in the first manuscript she completed was remarked upon by the editor to whom it was sent, and a check for an amount in three figures was all that came back with the note.

In the meantime, Forrest Baxter had called at the Ashworths' humble flat. He had heard that Adelaide had gone to work, and the bare thought of being engaged to a girl who would so far lower herself—as he looked upon it in his snobbishness—harrowed his effete soul.

"It is a crushing blow to me, of course," he said, without looking particularly crushed. "I expected to be so happy after our marriage, you know. But now, of course, you cannot expect to hold me to my engagement. I have my social position to consider. Please don't misunderstand me, my dear Adelaide; I want to——"

The girl regarded him coldly. "I understand you perfectly, Mr. Baxter," she said firmly; "far better than I ever understood you before!" And she turned and swept out of the room, while he muttered incoherently, and tried to assure himself that he did not understand her at all. It was beyond his comprehension that he could tell a girl that he did not wish to marry her, and that she could take it with such icy self-possession.

Adelaide was diffident and uncommunicative during the first week of her employment, but as her reserve was broken down by the good humor of the author, she found herself talking with him frequently in a friendly, unconstrained manner. He asked for her opinion of some of his stories, and she gave it honestly, with no suggestion of flattery.

He began a novelette of rather ambitious scope, and as his spirits rose with the flood of inspiration that came to him, he paced the room rapidly and gave her his dictation at a speed which kept her slender fingers flying with the pencil upon the pad.

She was disturbed once or twice by slight grammatical errors that he let slip in his torrent of words, but she hesitated to call his attention to them, and let them pass. Then, before she thought what she was saying, she exclaimed:

"Oh, but Mr. Middleham, I don't think that Brooklyn Bridge was built until after the period of this story; they had nothing but ferries in those days."

As soon as the words were out, she flushed rosily, and grew confused. He burst into a hearty laugh, and thumped the table with his fist.

"Good!" he cried jovially. "You're quite right, I'm sure. I let my imagination run away with itself. Thank you for the tip, Miss Ashworth, and please don't feel embarrassed about it. You have saved me, no doubt, from a wigging by some editor, and I'm more than grateful. Whenever I have General Grant marching an army against Cornwallis, at Yorktown, I beg of you to throw a paper weight at me, or do something to bring me back to earth."

The experience gave her a new interest in the work, and very soon she found herself typing from her notes with scrupulous attention to grammatical construction as well as accuracy of detail in the subject matter. She was still diffident about bringing mistakes directly to his attention, but she did not hesitate now to change a sentence here and there, or to refer to the encyclopædia for the substantiation of a historical fact or date.

In two months, the novelette was finished and placed in the hands of a publisher. A week elapsed, and then a letter came which caused Middleham to shout like a joyful schoolboy as he opened it.

"Miss Ashworth!" he cried wildly. "Look! Can you believe your eyes? That is a real check! It can be cashed at a bank for one thousand dollars. A thousand dollars, Miss Ashworth! Do you know what that means?"

Adelaide knew that a thousand dollars had once been something like a month's spending money to her, but she knew, also, that it was really a lot of money; that it meant real success to the young author. She laughed with

n, and took a spirited part in his jubi-ion.

"Listen to this!" he exclaimed a mo-nt later, and read aloud from a let-which he had just unfolded:

"'Dear Mr. Middleham: I am sending you a check for one thousand dollars for the novelette you so kindly submitted to us. I am happy to say that it is the best piece of medium-length fiction that has passed through my hands this year, and if you can keep up to the standard you have thus established, your success as a writer is assured. I speak particularly of the excellence of the story as a fiction novelty, but I must add that your use of English shows an authority and a finish which I really did not think you capable of, to speak frankly. I once accused you of carelessness and inaccuracy as to detail, but in this historical story I believe that a committee of historians would need to delve deep into their reference works to find you guilty of a single lapse.'"

Middleham indulged in another dance out the room. "That isn't quite all of " he said gayly, "but it's enough for ow. Your salary is doubled from to-ay, Miss Ashworth, but——"

He paused abruptly, and the girl, look-g up at him, still with laughing eyes, as half startled at the change that had ome over his face.

"Miss Ashworth," he said softly, "I an write, they say, but I have a lot of ouble in talking. I don't know how say, now, what I have got to say. I as just about in a hole when you came ere; my work had taken an awful ump; I was pretty near 'all in.' You ade everything brighter and clearer for e, and I know now that I was never appy in my life until you came."

"Why, Mr. Middleham, I'm very glad I have helped you," began Adelaide, lushing deeply, "and I——"

"Wait a minute! Please let me go n!" implored the young man. "I've got check here for a thousand dollars, so 'm rich! I'm going to write bigger, etter things, and I'll be more than rich n a little while. You're the cause of t all, you see, and I couldn't ever write r live without you again. This is a lumsy, stupid way of saying it, but I vant to ask you to marry me, and help ne spend this thousand and a lot of housands that are to come. There are icher men than I—a few of them," he added, with a playful smile; "but you've been working hard for ten dollars a week, you poor girl, and think what a lot of money a thousand is to folks that have to work for it!"

Adelaide was thunderstruck and helplessly confused, but his last remark seemed to take her attention.

"Yes," she said dreamily, "it is a lot, isn't it?—to people that have to work for it!"

He seized both her hands. "We won't switch the subject to labor and capital, my dear girl!" he cried. "That was a crazy digression on my part. The question is: Are you going to give up your magnificent salary and do all my typewriting for nothing?"

She met his eyes with sudden frank fearlessness. "I was never so happy before," she said softly. "I didn't know what it was to be happy and contented until I came here and worked—for you!"

On the following day, Francis Middleham called at Adelaide's home in the little four-room flat. Robert Ashworth and his wife had been informed by their daughter that she had promised to marry a man whose available fortune amounted to about one thousand dollars. Forrest Baxter's wealth had been rated at three million dollars, but the old people did not refer to that man's name because it had been dropped from their conversation by general consent. The one-time multimillionaire, Robert Ashworth, was now a penniless invalid, and a thousand dollars was to him a lot of money.

So they gave Francis Carey Middleham a welcome whose genuine warmth could not be questioned.

"I have come to ask you formally for your daughter, Mr. Ashworth," said the young author, with his habitual directness, "because I love her, and because I'm sure that I'll be successful enough to make us all contented and happy."



And then Middleham told her parents how Adelaide had helped him.

Then he added:

"My editors say that I'm a wonder for accuracy and elegance of English, but the accuracy and elegance were all hers, so you see how much I need her."

The smiling, but half-tearful Adelaide had not known that he had credited her with a practical part in his new success; and her cup of happiness brimmed over when she heard his words of praise for her—which proved that her happiness, and that of all those she loved, had been won because she had learned to work.

The Man Who Could Not Sleep

(EDISON)

By Robert Keene

Are you troubled with insomnia? Or do you know any one who does not sleep well? Tell them about this story—of a heartless judge who sentenced an old woman to prison for sleeping on a bench in the park, of the curse she called down upon his head, and of what happened then. It is based on the Edison photo play of the same title, of which the principals in the cast are:

The Judge.....Marc McDermott
An Old Woman.....Julia Calhoun
A Mother.....Florence Dover

JUDGE JEFFER had not been sleeping well of late, and the added testiness in his manner as he took his place on the bench that morning showed it.

The magistrate was known far and wide among criminals and their kind as a "hard judge." They were prejudiced, of course. But it was, nevertheless, true that Judge Jeffer was without mercy where lawbreakers, great or small, were concerned.

He believed in resorting to no halfway measures with wrongdoers. The more severely they were punished, the less likely they were to sin again. That was the theory on which he went. The law, as he saw it, was a thing to inspire respect by fear. Now he rapped for order with his gavel on the desk before him, glowering from under his heavy brows toward the prisoners' dock as he did so.

"What's the first case?" he snapped to the clerk of the court beside him.

An officer led a shrinking, halfgrown boy to the rail before the bench.

"Pickpocket, y'r honor," the policeman laconically entered the charge against him.

Judge Jeffer lowered his cold gray eyes on the cowering lad.

"Well," he barked, "what have you got to say for yourself?"

In a voice which fright had stifled to scarcely more than a whisper, the boy began the explanation of his side of his arrest.

"I was ridin' uptown on a street car. A big man squeezed into the seat beside me. I started to shove around, to get room to breathe. And——"

"And," broke in Judge Jeffer impatiently, "I suppose his pocketbook fell out in your lap?"

The boy nodded quickly.

"Y-yes, sir," he agreed. "That's just what happened."

"That's an old story," the magistrate informed him contemptuously. "Three years in the reformatory. Take him away," with an indifferent wave of his hand to the policeman.

Another officer took his place at the rail. He held the ragged sleeve of a man whose wide-open eyes revealed empty white sockets, and from whose neck hung a card with the printed appeal: "Please Help the Blind." No sympathy for the man's undoubted affliction softened the granite glint of Judge Jeffer's eyes as they rested on him.

"Well, well?" he demanded of the policeman who had brought the blind beggar to the bar. "What's the charge here?"

"Begging without a license, your honor."

Lifting his head in the direction from which he had heard the magistrate's voice come, the blind man spoke in quavering tones in his own defense.

"I lost it, a week ago. I didn't have the money to take out another one with. And I had to beg, or starve. I knew I was doing wrong, to ask for charity on the streets without a license——"

Judge Jeffer checked him, with a tap of his gavel on the desk.

"You knew you were doing wrong, did you?" he said impressively. "That you were breaking the law?"

"Yes, sir; I'm sorry," faltered the wretch, his knees beginning to shake at the menace he read in the magistrate's tone. "B-but I thought——"

"Six months in the workhouse!" Judge Jeffer cut him short.

A murmur of surprise ran through the courtroom. That such a sentence should be given for so slight an offense, and to a man whose infirmity ought to have made him an object of pity in the eyes of even the most hard hearted, seemed unbelievable even in a man with Judge Jeffer's reputation for ruthlessness. The magistrate was in a particularly ugly mood this morning, it was the consensus of opinion among the habitués of the courtroom.

The next prisoner to be led to the rail was a gray-haired woman. Her dress was of rusty black, and her bonnet of the same shabby hue. Her face, though lined with the misfortune which it was obvious had befallen her in life, yet retained a certain expression of sweetness.

She was by no means of the common type of aged female vagrant—as anyone could see at a single glance.

"Charge?" snapped the judge of the policeman at her side.

"I found her asleep in the park, your honor," the officer explained, "at one o'clock this mornin', and I run her in."

Judge Jeffer turned to her.

"Vagrancy case, eh?" he remarked as he sneeringly surveyed her.

"No, sir, your honor," she said, in a clear voice, and with a proud straightening of her thin shoulders. "I'll tell you what this case is. It's a mistake. My story—all of it, so you'll understand

what a blundering lot the police of this city are—is this: I was left a widow, a year and a half ago. My daughter was a stenographer in a downtown office, and between her salary and what I could earn by going out to do a day's work now and then, we managed to support ourselves. And then she took sick. She—she died a month ago. I was worn out from nursing her, and I had to be taken away to the charity ward of a hospital, for the last penny of the money we'd saved up between us for a rainy day was gone.

"I came out of the hospital yesterday morning. I tramped all over the downtown business section of the city, trying to get work as a scrubwoman in one of the office buildings. And at last I found one place where they needed extra help, and I was told to come back there this morning. But that was yesterday evening, at half past six o'clock. I had no place to go. I was tired out from walking all day long, and I knew I'd have to get some sleep, or I wouldn't be fit to work next day. So I went into that park, and sat down on a bench. I dropped into a doze, after a while. And the next thing I knew, this officer was shaking me, and telling me to come along to the station house with him.

"I thought the parks of the city, and the benches in them, were free to everybody. I didn't believe I was doing anything wrong by trying to snatch a few hours' sleep on one of them, and I don't believe it now. Now, I ask you, your honor, did this policeman have any right to arrest me, and lock me in a dirty cell for the rest of the night, and then bring me here this morning so that I couldn't go to take the work that had been promised me ——"

"Certainly," interrupted Judge Jeffer sternly; "he had every right to do so. Vagrants are to be arrested wherever they are found by the police. You have admitted that you have no home, and no money to pay for a lodging. Therefore, you are a vagrant. And I sentence you——"

"You *what?*" the old woman cried out in amazement. "You're not going to send me, a respectable woman, back to that cell, just for going to sleep on a bench in the park——"

The magistrate rapped with his gavel. "No," he agreed sardonically, "I'm going to send you to the Island for ninety days."

"Oh, where is your heart?" she wailed.

"Silence!" ordered the judge.

"To send me to prison," she wept on, unrestrained; "an old woman who's done nothing wrong—you *are* heartless ——"

"And ten days for contempt of court," added Judge Jeffer sharply.

"Have you no mercy in you?"

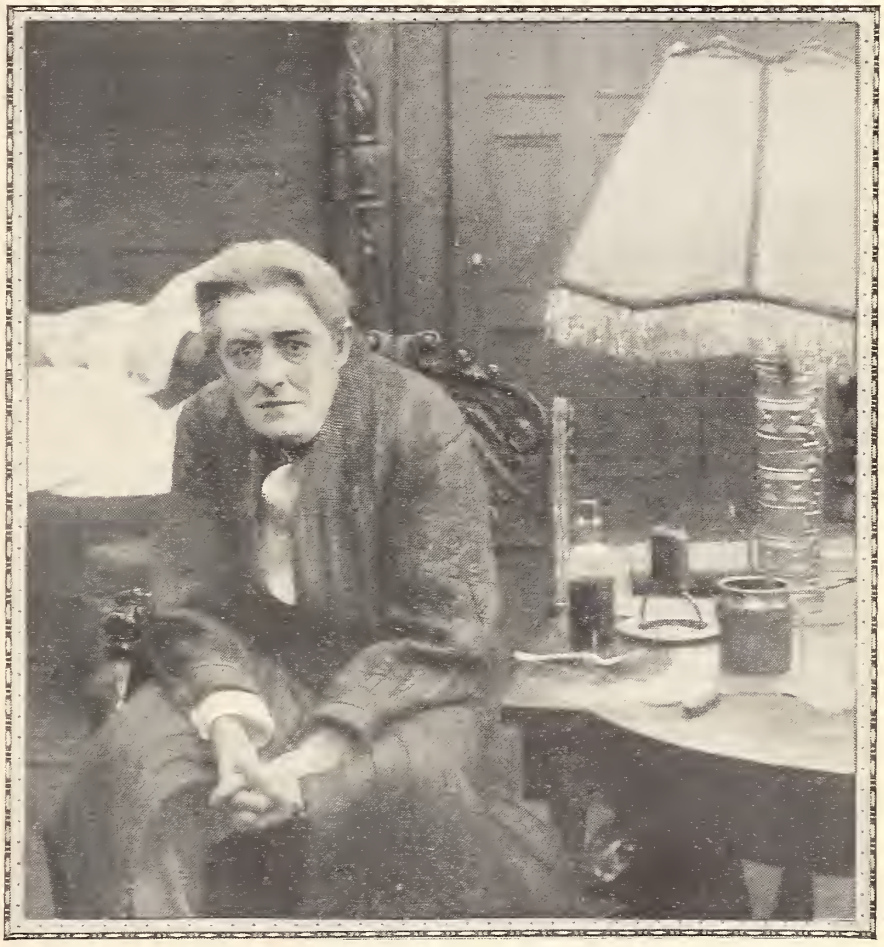
"Ten days more," he added grimly again.

She ceased her weeping, lifting her head. For a moment she stood as though mentally footing up the amount of her sentence. Meeting the judge's gaze squarely, fearlessly, she slowly nodded, her lips pressed in a thin line.

"And all for snatching a few hours' sleep on a bench in the park!" said she. "Then hear the curse I call down upon your head: May you never sleep again!"

The officer led her away. And Judge Jeffer called the next case. He had forgotten the old woman's words five minutes later. Nor did he think of them again throughout the rest of the day. But when he went home that night to the suite of bachelor rooms he occupied alone, they came back to his mind—for a reason.

The insomnia from which he had been suffering, in a steadily increasing degree of late, bade fair to continue for the major part of this night, too. He had never felt more wakeful—but nervously, not normally, so—than he did as he switched off the light and stretched himself out in bed.



"May you never sleep again!" the old woman had said to the judge when he sentenced her. And the curse had worked.

One hour passed. Then two. Still he had not been able to close his eyes in slumber. He shut his lids tight, and counted sheep. That failing in its fabled soporific effect upon the senses of the sleepless in his case, he tried reciting the multiplication table backward. As wide awake as ever, he sprang out of bed with a muttered imprecation, and turned on the light again, to pace the floor in his dressing gown.

He sat down with a book, as the gray dawn was stealing in at the windows, to try to read himself to sleep.

Never before had he been unable to get to sleep for as long a time as this. It began to look as though he was not going to do so at all that night. As he turned page after page, his mind, numb with exhaustion, failed to grasp any meaning whatsoever from the printed words he read, but his eyes remained as wide open as ever.

At eight o'clock in the morning, he closed the book and took his cold plunge, to begin dressing for breakfast, and after that his daily round of affairs. He had not slept at all throughout the night.

The next night the same thing happened.

He got up and dressed at two o'clock in the morning, after having tossed and twisted from ten o'clock until that time, and went out into the city. Block after block, mile after mile, he tramped in an endeavor to bring sleep to him by sheer physical exhaustion.



Judge Jeffer, as he listened to the woman's story, made up his mind to help her.

But when morning dawned, again he had passed a night without sleeping.

On his way home from the court, on the following evening, he called on his doctor. Explaining about the insomnia which troubled him, he requested that the physician give him a sedative.

The doctor sent him away with three powders. One, he was told, taken before he retired, ought, in the ordinary course of events, to insure him of a dreamless night's slumber. Judge Jeffer took the powder, but it did not make him sleep. In two hours he arose and took another. It had th same effect—nothing whatsoever. H took the third and last sedative. An —when morning dawned, he had no slept for the third successive night.

It was the curse that old woman h had sentenced so mercilessly had pu upon him—there was no other explana tion for it.

She had cast a spell of some sor over him. "May you never slee again!"—those were her words. An it seemed that they had the power t deprive him of slumber. Three solic nights of sleeplessness had proved it.

The next day, as soon as he reache court, he sent for the probation officer

"Do you recall an old woman I sen tenced to ninety days, plus twenty mor for contempt of court, on Blackwell' Island?" Judge Jeffer inquired of th officer. "Then I wish you'd go over there and find her for me. Bring he back here—I wish to have a talk with her.'

The probation officer departed on the mission.

The very first case that was brought before the magistrate that day was that of another old woman.

He let her tell her story through to the end.

Her husband—who was a bricklayer —had at last gone to work after the long "dull season" in his trade; only to fall from a scaffold, and break both legs, which had laid him up in the hospital.

The landlord had dispossessed her and her three small children, for the two months' rent of their tenement flat which was in arrears, and which she had had no means of paying.

Judge Jeffer told the woman to wait until the noon recess of court, when he would accompany her to the home from which she and her little ones had been cast into the street. True to his word, at twelve o'clock he went to the tenement with her.

"This woman can't come back into my house!" the landlord declared, blocking their way as they were about to enter the building.

"Why can't she?" demanded the magistrate, whose authority the landlord had no means of recognizing.

"Because her rent's not paid yet!"

From his wallet, Judge Jeffer extracted the amount the woman had told

him she owed, and handed it to the landlord.

"It's paid now," he told him. "Have your janitor bring her household effects in off the sidewalk, and replace them in her home. And let me give you a piece of advice, sir. You knew that this woman had met with misfortune. She has informed me that she told you her husband had been sent to the hospital, when she begged you not to deprive her and her little children of a roof over their heads. In future, be more lenient toward your fellow men."

The landlord demanded:

"And who are you?"

"I," said the magistrate, "am Judge Jeffer."

The landlord gaped after him as he went up the dark stairway after the woman whose home he had given back to her.

"Well, I'll be darned!" he whispered to himself; for, with nearly everybody else in the neighborhood, he knew Judge Jeffer's reputation as the most hard-hearted magistrate on the bench. "Talking to me of leniency, *him*—well, the world's eighth wonder has come to pass."

Before he left the bricklayer's wife, Judge Jeffer had looked into her pantry, to find that it was bare; and he had also ascertained that she was in need of coal and wood.

The fuel he paid for and ordered sent around to her, and he also sent a large basket of provisions from the grocer.

As he started back to his place on the bench, his eyelids began to droop. He was becoming sleepy! He was unable to throw off the languor which was stealing over his brain; so he telephoned to his clerk to adjourn court; and then he went home to his bachelor apartment.

There he flung himself across the bed and slept for sixteen hours straight through—the sleep of utter, dreamless exhaustion.

The next morning, when he arrived at court, the probation officer informed him that he had brought the old woman from Blackwell's Island.

The judge ordered her sent into his private office.

"Do you remember what you said to me," he asked her, when she stood before him, "the day I sentenced you? You cursed me with sleeplessness. I do not see how you could have known beforehand that I was troubled with insomnia, but——"

She interrupted:

"I didn't know it, when I spoke. But I don't wonder at it, from what I've heard of your reputation since. The harsh sentences you inflicted on people weighed on your conscience. And it was your conscience that would not let you sleep."

"I believe you are right," said he. "At any rate, I slept last night—after something I had done to help some one. You have shown me a light; that I have been too stern in administering the law heretofore. Henceforth I am going to temper justice with mercy. But first," he added, "I am going to do something for you: Give me the address of the office building where you were offered work, and I will use my influence to see that you are given employment. Your sentence is hereby suspended."



Judge Jeffer felt a strange sensation stealing through him after he had paid the woman's rent. He was getting sleepy!

"And yet," pursued Judge Jeffer, "you said to me 'may you never sleep again,' and for three solid nights I couldn't."

"As you lay there awake," she pointed out, "you were thinking of what I had said—you were thinking of me. And, in view of the sentence you had given me—was it any wonder you couldn't sleep?"

The judge, with a slow smile, held out his hand to her.

Billy Sunday, the celebrated evangelist, has caused a great deal of comment by his denunciation at picture plays. People were really worried about his statements, until—he recently appeared on the screen himself.

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

Despite the fact that over ten millions of people attend motion-picture theaters daily in the United States, very few—in fact hardly any—know where and how this wonderful invention, which has grown into one of the country's greatest industries, had its origin.

This article, complete in itself, is the first of a series to appear weekly in this magazine, following the evolution of motion pictures from their crude beginning.

They will be found not only very instructive, but also intensely interesting.

MOTION pictures with optical illusion had their origin in the primitive experiments of Edward Muybridge, who at the request of Governor Leland Stanford, of Oakland, California, made a series of snapshots of the governor's mare Occident, the first horse to trot a mile in two minutes and fifteen seconds. This was in 1871-72. Occident was the pride of the governor's heart, and he had Muybridge take countless negatives in an effort to discover if the mare had one foot on the ground always while trotting very fast. Muybridge stretched a score of cameras along the track at about a yard apart, a thread attached releasing the spring as the mare went by each camera. The negatives were then cardboarded, and by riffling the whole with the thumb the horse could be seen in motion.

It is a fact that from this experiment came most of the great efforts which finally resulted in motion pictures first shown in this country world's fair year —Chicago, 1893. This was the Edison kinetoscope—a nickel-in-the-slot device, later reduced to "a penny a peep." One saw crude but nevertheless concrete pictures of men and women moving about. It was enough to start the great photographic scientists of all Europe on the rampage.

Messonier, the great animal painter, was interested, he having seen the Muybridge photographs in Paris, where the latter was visiting. The two began to study the possibilities of projecting on a screen. Right here it should be said that Doctor Marcy, in 1882, invented a photographic gun with which he studied the flight of birds. Then followed, one after the other, a half dozen foreigners, each adding something to the development, until W. E. Greene, of London, amazed the people of that city by making a public exhibition of figures in motion in a Piccadilly store window. The crowds were so great that the police were called out to stop the exhibit.

Doctor Marcy's camera was surely the lead to all those which came afterward. Soret, of Geneva, and Anschutz, of Berlin, improved upon it. In the meantime Robert W. Paul had heard of the Edison device through two Greeks who saw the slot machine in operation at the Chicago fair. Paul and the Lumieres, of Lyons, France, then came into the limelight, the two working secretly and simultaneously. In February, 1896, Paul exhibited his animatograph at the Technical College, Finsbury, England. It created a sensation. Later he called his machine the theatrograph.

But before Greene projected moving pictures on a screen in England, the Edison vitascope and eidoscope were shown in Philadelphia and New York without creating a furor; in fact, the real history of moving pictures began to write itself from that day in July, 1896, when Lumieres' cinematograph was first revealed to an astonished audience at B. F. Keith's Union Square Theater in New York City.

Mr. Keith had seen both Paul's and the Lumieres' exhibition in London, and he arranged with the latter's representative for the New York rights, paying $350 a week for the use of the apparatus and films. The business at the Union Square Theater had averaged about $3,500 a week before the cinematograph came. Immediately the weekly gross exceeded $7,000.

In almost no time the cinematograph was installed in the majority of the vaudeville theaters of the country. Nevertheless, in a year's time the price of rental dwindled from $350 a week to $50.

Then came an epidemic of graphs and scopes, the first being the biograph, an invention of Herman Casler, of Canastota, New York, which followed the Lumiere invention at Keith's, and became for several years one of the greatest attractions in the history of vaudeville. Casler's associate was Henry Marvin, one of the few pioneers of the film industry to maintain his hold on the "game" to this day. Mr. Marvin is now a millionaire, with colossal interests.

About 1898 two men, now famous, started in a Nassau Street office—where they still hold forth—the Vitagraph company of America. These two were Albert E. Smith and J. Stuart Blackton. Smith was a Lyceum entertainer and an expert mechanic, with a knowledge of the technical side of photography. Blackton had been "playing dates" in vaudeville, and was already something of an artist. The two having acquired several cameras—then of tremendous value—and applying to them a number of improvements for which Smith was responsible—began to operate on a small scale. As Blackton is wont to say, they had everything but money.

It so happened that as early as 1896 —the very year that the cinematograph was started at Keith's—William T. Rock, now one of the Vitagraph's great triumvirate, became one of the first exhibitors of motion pictures, going about the country with his camera and exhibiting in tents and empty stores. Rock reached New Orleans in 1897, and, being something of a showman, he soon had a fat bank account. After two years, however, Rock aspired to enter the larger phases of the "game," so in 1899 he came to New York, where he met Smith and Blackton one night in Harlem.

From this meeting resulted the first expansion of the Vitagraph company. Even with Rock's capital as a new asset, the Vitagraph in 1899 was a small affair. All three of the heads were wont to act before the camera, the scenarios were written while the pictures were being taken, and the entire pay roll of the institution did not amount to as much as is paid now to any one of a half dozen of its leading players.

Over in Philadelphia Siegmund Lubin, erstwhile optician—who for sentimental reasons still maintains the little optical wareerooms on Eighth Street—was early on the field with the cineograph. Mr. Lubin was operating moving-picture theaters in the Quaker City before most of the present-day film magnates had entered the field in any manner.

In Chicago the two earliest in the the field were William N. Selig and George K. Spoor. Both started with projecting machines, afterward establishing studios. The Selig Polyscope Company has grown to amazing proportions, its holdings in Los Angeles alone being valued at over a million dollars.

The Essanay company (S and A) was the first to feature Western life on the screen, Mr. Spoor's associate being the "Broncho Billy" of to-day (G. M. Anderson) who was an old-time melodramatic actor. Both are now millionaires. Mr. Anderson recently erected a palatial playhouse in San Francisco costing about $500,000. There he has lost already a fortune, but he gives little thought to the financial results, still continuing to produce "thrillers" for the screen.

Another Chicago pioneer was George Kleine, who, like Lubin, was an expert optician. Kleine conducts in the Windy City the largest motion-picture supply house in this country. His great fortune has been made through this institution, and his colossal interests abroad—being a half owner of the Cines company of Rome, Italy. On "Quo Vadis?" alone Kleine made a fortune—in fact, the New Candler Theater, on West Forty-second Street, was built from the profits on this epochal production, Kleine owning sixty per cent of the stock.

The first studio worthy of the name was the Edison plant. There were no stock companies in those days, yet it is of interest to state here that the stage folk were in evidence years before it was discovered that stories of fiction and fact could be visualized on the screen. May Irwin and John C. Rice and Marshall P. Wilder acted before the camera in 1898, and accepted the invitation to do so with such alacrity that the stars of to-day who are demanding fabulous sums for the same service will be surprised to learn that not one penny was paid to these celebrities. Recently Mr. Rice informed the writer that he, as well as Miss Irwin, considered themselves lucky at that—for they received prodigious advertising. How different to-day! Miss Irwin was paid recently $10,000 to act in one of her stage successes before the camera.

There was a lapse of nearly ten years between the advent of the Lumiere cinematograph and the first concrete photo play. Curiously enough, it was Edwin H. Porter, now the artistic head of Famous Players Film Company, who first produced a picture which indicated to other producers that the greater function of the new act was yet to be utilized. This production was called "The Great Train Robbery," and there are many who believe that this primitive effort of a decade ago has not been surpassed to this day.

Certainly the simulation of realism was well-nigh perfect—few photo plays have ever had as prolonged a vogue or created as great a sensation as this, the first of motion-picture thrillers. Moreover, with all the progress and vast improvements that have come since, it is doubtful if any director of to-day could evolve a picture that would impress the public as to its verity as this one did in the days when motion pictures were still relied upon as an effective "chaser."

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

The most interesting topic first—namely, the five best actresses in moving pictures. 1. Mary Pickford. 2. Mae Marsh. 3. Marguerite Clark. 4. Lillian Gish. 5. Blanche Sweet.

Mary Pickford is, of course, without a peer. Mae Marsh is a marvel. Her work has become famous the world over. Marguerite Clark is on the Mary Pickford type. Although she has been in the films but a short time, she has shown that she classes with the best. Lillian Gish and Blanche Sweet are known to all "movie" patrons. Lillian, however, is more emotional than Blanche, and every bit as dainty. She therefore deserves the fourth position. Her work in "The Birth of a Nation," "Captain Macklin," "The Lost House," "Enoch Arden," and many others, has been a revelation.

Harry Spingler, the juvenile lead of the Fox Film Corporation, has just returned from Georgia, where he has been appearing in a picture with Big Bill Farnum. Spingler has been selected to play opposite Farnum in all his pictures, and has just signed a contract for another year, calling for three hundred dollars a week.

Thanhouser's "Patriot and the Spy," a four-reel Mutual masterpiece, contains some wonderful night photography.

With D. W. Griffith producing "The Quest of the Holy Grail," he has made a very wise choice. There is not much in this story that the censors can find objectionable. Mr. Griffith will have his domestic animals in this picture. They always make a hit.

Lillian Gish, the leading woman of the Majestic company, has so many gowns that she has an indexed record of them, with photographs in colors. She simply looks at the photos, and decides what dress will go best in the picture.

Walker Whiteside is to be featured in the next release of the Cort Film Company.

Edward Jose will present his first picture for Pathe shortly, entltled "The Beloved Vagabond," by an all-star cast, including Edwin Arden, Bliss Milford, and Will Rex. The fight in which a lamp explodes is very good.

Edwin August, the jumping jack of the films, is now working with his own company for the United program. Edison, Biograph, Bison, Powers, Lubin, Vitagraph, Eaco, and Kinetephone are some of the companies with which August has starred.

George Ade's fables for the Essanay are still as popular as they were when they were first brought out, and deserve to be.

Fay Tincher writes that she received fifty dollars for winning first prize in a beauty contest. She wore a one-piece bathing suit (red) that just fit in her vanity case. Who wrote beauty is only skin-deep?

Next week the five leading slapstick comedians. Of course, every one knows who comes first, but can you guess who the other four are? Watch for them.

The Crooked Path

(KALEM)

By Morton P. Hobes

Two boys set out in life along two paths. The way one took was the hard, but straight, road of honesty and toil. The other had found it easy to steal and not be caught, from his earliest boyhood; and he elected to follow the crooked trail through life. Where each path led in the end, is told in this story based on the Kalem picture drama of the same title, which points a moral in a tale adorned with many thrills. The cast:

Mary Deane.....Alice Hollister
Alan Fuller.....Harry Millarde
Lynn Burnett.....Arthur Albertson

FATHER, let me have five dollars, will you?"

Alan Fuller made the request of his father, who owned the grocery store against whose counter the young man lolled.

"What do you want it for?" asked Mr. Fuller.

Alan, his rather small, furtive eyes turning toward the cashier's desk, gave a meaning jerk of his head in that direction.

Within the "cage" sat Mary Dean. She was two years younger than Alan, or fourteen. Graduating from public school six months before, she had gone to work in Roger Fuller's grocery store to earn her own living. Her parents had both died of typhoid, within a week of each other, a month after Mary had finished with the grade school, and she had thus been thrown on her own resources in the world.

She had always been quick at arithmetic in school, and there was no question whatsoever of her honesty; and so, young as she was, Mr. Fuller had offered her the position of cashier in his store. A position she had filled with perfect satisfaction to him ever since.

"The circus is coming to town to-morrow," explained Alan, "and it's going to be a half holiday, you know. I want to take Mary. And that's why I wish you'd give me five dollars."

"But I gave you your allowance," objected his father, "only yesterday. What have you done with it?"

"Two dollars!" scoffed Alan impatiently. "What's that? I want to give her a real good time, so—so she'll like me better. Come on, dad; give me the five."

But his father shook his head firmly.

"If what I give you isn't enough," said he, "you can go to work and earn more. Look at Lynn Burnett. There's a boy you ought to pattern after. Helps his widowed mother by selling papers, and ——"

At the mention of the name, "Lynn Burnett," Alan's face had instantly clouded. Outwardly, the two youths were friendly enough. But secretly Alan hated Lynn. He believed the latter was also in love with Mary Dean—which was a fact, he was.

But, as Mr. Fuller had said, Lynn had to help his mother earn a living for them both. Her income as a seamstress was small; by selling newspapers after he came home from high school, he was able to add his mite to it. But that also prevented him from seeing as much of Mary as he would have liked to. As well as the time, he lacked the money to take her places.

He had hopes of winning her consent to let him take her to the circus on the morrow—and this Alan knew, for Lynn had told him of his intention to ask the girl to allow him to escort her there.

And it was for this reason, more than any other, that Alan Fuller had tried to wheedle more money out of his father. He wanted to show, by spending more on Mary in a few short hours than her other suitor could make in a week, how far superior he was as a steady beau than the other.

Now, as the prosperous groceryman walked away to wait on a customer who had entered the store, Alan scowled after him, disappointed in his effort to get the money by asking for it. But perhaps, he thought, a crafty look coming over his face, there was another way he might get it. It was a way he had tried before—and never bee caught at.

He cast a stealthy glance around hi to make sure nobody was watching hi and then he reached across the count er and slyly pulled open the cas drawer in which his father sometime dropped the bills and coins his customer handed him, when he was too busy t carry them up to the cashier's desk a the front of the store.

Taking out a five-dollar bill, Alan slipped it into his pocket and shut the drawer as he had found it. Then whistling indifferently, he walked out o the store.

"I'm going to ask Mary to go to the circus with me," he informed Lynn whom he sought out on the corner where he always stood with his bundle of papers under his arm at that hour of the afternoon. "You'd better not ask her—she'll have a better time with me. I've got seven dollars to spend on her. Have you got that much?"

Lynn decided to follow Alan's advice —not to ask Mary to accompany him. He realized, unselfishly, that Alan, with all that money in his pocket, *could* give her a better time; and her pleasure counted more with him than his.

He did not know that Mary, though she went to the circus next day with Alan, was disappointed that he had not asked her to go with him, which she would much rather have done—for, of the two boys who loved her, it was for Lynn she cared the most.

Three years had passed by. Alan, having won his father's consent, if he could gain hers, had asked Mary to marry him. She had been waiting for months for Lynn to ask her the same

question. Now it seemed hopeless that he would ever do so. Which it was.

Lynn had reasoned it all out with himself. Though he loved Mary dearer than life or all else in it, he had his mother, whose eyesight had gone from constant sewing, dependent upon him for her sole support. On the salary he was making at the bank—where Mr. Fuller had used his influence to get both him and Alan a job—he could not take care of a mother and a wife both. It was no use—Alan would have to win her, as he knew the latter meant to if he could.

And so Mary said "yes," and she and Alan were married.

Lynn came to the wedding, and sat through the ceremony with a breaking heart. But he left as soon after as he decently could. And thereafter he avoided meeting Mary, for fear she, or any chance beholders, might read his secret on his face.

To his petty stealing—which he was still keeping up in the bank—Alan added the vice of drinking soon after his marriage. The rumor ran that he had found out after he got her that his wife did not love him, and thus he had taken to drowning his sorrows. But it was not because Mary had failed to exert every effort to make him a kind and loyal wife, that he took no pleasure in his home.

One night, as Lynn was on his way home from the bank where he had been working late over his books, he found Alan lying helpless on the pavement outside the door of a saloon in a squalid, alleylike side street, through which Lynn had taken a short cut toward the cottage he shared with his mother.

Knowing that it might lead to his dismissal from the bank if he were seen in such an open state of intoxication, he picked Alan up and carried him to his home.

He came face to face with Mary there for the first time since her marriage.

After having reassured her that her husband was not hurt, but in a condition no less appalling to any woman of delicate sensibilities, Lynn bore Alan into his own room and laid him on the bed. Then he came back to Mary, to find her in tears.

"Don't take it so," he gently soothed her, laying his hand caressingly on her bowed head. "He's just been foolish, that's all. I'll have a talk with him at the bank to-morrow, and I think this will be the last time it will happen."

"The last time?" she repeated bitterly, looking up. "Do you think this is the *first* time? Oh, Lynn, Lynn, why was I ever so foolish as to——"

He checked her quickly. His hand, slipping down from her head, patted her shoulder reassuringly. And at that moment Alan, who had awakened from his drunken stupor and got up from the bed in the next room, appeared in the doorway behind them.

"So!" he addressed Lynn thickly, advancing unsteadily toward him with his brows threateningly lowered. "You're around again, are you, trying to make



The guilt for Alan's theft was fastened upon Lynn.

up to Mary? She's my wife. Do you understand that? And I want you to keep away from her——"

"Alan!" Mary cried out protestingly.

Lynn caught up his hat and turned to the door.

"It's all right," he reassured her again. "I'll go. Don't think anything about it, Mary, please."

And the next moment he was gone. On the following day, though he meant to carry out the promise he had made Mary to speak to Alan about his drinking, Lynn was not going to say anything to him about his jealous outburst of the night before, believing that the other had been too drunk then to know what he was talking about. But Alan brought up the subject of his own accord.

"What I told you last evening goes," he snarled at him in an undertone, as he took his place in the receiving teller's cage, beside the paying teller's inclosure where Lynn worked; "remember that. I want you to keep away from my wife. You were in love with her before I cut you out. But the best man won her. And what I get I hold on to. Do you understand?"

An angry retort rose to Lynn's lips, but he kept it back—thinking that the least he said the better it would be for Mary.

From that day forth, Alan's hatred of him was open. He was only waiting, he told himself viciously, for a chance to vent his spite against him. And a few weeks later that chance came.

Alan's thefts from the bank's funds had reached a considerable sum by that time. As a matter of fact, they were too large to escape detection much longer. As he was preparing to leave one night, after working late, he noticed that the door in the grillework that separated his cage from the paying teller's, was not locked. Passing through it, Alan spread open Lynn's books upon the desk and pored over them. He straightened, at the end of a half hour, with a triumphant smile. He had discovered

a way to cover up his thefts by transferring them to Lynn's ledger.

The next day the bank examiner dropped in.

And at four o'clock that afternoon the president summoned Lynn into his private office. To his speechless amazement, the guiltless young man was told that he would be given one chance—to put back the money he had stolen. Failing that, he would be placed under arrest.



Mary was not dead—Lynn quickly ascertained that.

Lynn could only protest what was the truth, that he had stolen nothing. The president thereupon telephoned for the police. Lynn was handcuffed, and led away, a prisoner, to await his trial.

The books which Alan had skillfully falsified, and the absence from the bank's vaults of a thousand dollars that should have been there, pointed with the strongest of circumstantial evidence to the fact that Lynn was a thief.

So the jury thought. And the verdict it returned was: "Guilty."

For the crime which Alan had committed, Lynn was sentenced to serve three years in the State's penitentiary.

The chaplain of the prison was talking with the warden in the latter's office.

"There's an interesting case among the short-term men," he informed the head of the prison. "A young man named Lynn Burnett. I've had quite a few talks with him. If you remember, he's the one who persistently declared himself innocent of the charge on which he was sent here, all through the last two years and a half. He seems to be remarkably well read, and he has the gift of eloquence. I think it would be a good idea to have him address the men at the Sunday meetings. He'll be going 'out' in a short while; and, being one of them, the prisoners might listen to him. His advice to them will be of an uplifting character, I can assure you. Have I your permission to try the experiment, warden?"

"Go ahead," the latter assented indifferently.

And so, on the following Sunday, Lynn, in his convict's garb, stood up to talk to the five hundred men in stripes like his own who were seated in the chapel. The subject he took was the Eighth Commandment: *"Thou shalt not steal."*

As the chaplain had said, he spoke well, This was because his words came straight from his heart. He told of the folly of those who preferred the crooked path to the narrow one of virtue. Wrongdoers were always punished in the end. And then he referred to his own case. He was a man wrongfully accused. Doubtless, he said, there were others among his hearers who were the same victims of circumstances.

"Let the *law* find an innocent man guilty, if it must. It does not *make* him guilty. Let the *law* declare the guilty man innocent. It does not *make* him innocent. The heart of the man and God *know*. Some day the truth must come out—right always triumphs in the end."

A burst of impulsive applause greeted him as he sat down. Only one convict's lips bore a sneer, as he remained untouched by Lynn's words. He was Dade, a hardened criminal.

Six months later, Lynn's term being up, he was discharged from the prison. He went straight back to the town he had left in disgrace, to win back his place in the eyes of all who had known him from his boyhood. It was night when he reached his mother's cottage, and he went up the front walk unperceived. Entering the humble dwelling, he gathered his mother into his arms, and then turned to confront—Mary.

She was the only one in the town, his mother told him, who had come to see her since he had been sent to prison.

Lynn took both Mary's hands in his, and tried to thank her for her kindness to a lonely old woman. But he broke down; and it was her turn to soothe him by laying her hand on his bowed head.

A figure stole up the walk toward the house. It was Alan Fuller. Discovering the fact of his wife's regular absences from their home to visit Lynn's mother, without knowing the cause, he had followed her on this night to see where she went. Peering in through the lighted window of the living room of

the cottage, he saw Mary and Lynn together. He suspected that their meeting was prearranged.

With a muttered curse he staggered toward the door—he had been drinking again—and burst in upon them.

"So this is where you came?" he flung at Mary, glaring wrathfully at her from the threshold. "To meet your jailbird! Well, it's a lucky thing I followed you. A lucky thing for me. But it's going to be mighty unlucky for him. It's not enough for you that he's disgraced for life in this town, but you've got to disgrace me by meeting a man who's not your husband——"

Lynn sprang at him, all his self-control swept away at the insult he had offered to his own wife. His fist shot out, meeting Alan's face squarely, and the scoundrel went down.

He had scrambled up from the floor the next moment, and pulled a revolver from his pocket.

"You——" he choked over his rage, leveling the pistol at Lynn.

Mary screamed and darted forward. She seized Alan's wrist. And at that moment he fired. Reeling back, Mary brought the back of her hand to her brow in a dazed gesture, and then, with a little sigh, she dropped to the floor and lay senseless.

She was not dead. Lynn, falling to his knees beside her, ascertained that. He ordered Alan, whose wrath had been wiped out by fright, to help him, and together they lifted and carried her back to Alan's home.

When he had made her comfortable on the bed—her wound amounted to scarcely anything, it being largely shock that had caused her to faint—Lynn gripped Alan's arm and led him out of the room.

"Now, you're going to listen to me," he said grimly. "You've accused me of being in love with your wife. I am. I always have been. And I always shall be. Is that plain enough for you? But she *is* your wife—you were lucky enough to marry her. So I'll tell you something else. You take care of her, or you'll have me to settle with. I'm going to hold you responsible from this hour, for her welfare."

It was six weeks later.

Lynn had found work, of a poor-paying sort, in the town, while Alan had been made the cashier of the bank.

And then Dade, released from prison, turned up there for the purpose of looking over the bank and estimating the chances for and against its successful burglary.

It was night, and all but Alan had left the institution of which he was temporarily in full charge, the president having departed on a business trip which was expected to last for a fortnight. As he sat in his private office, the man's brows were knit in thought. All his life he had been a thief. And here was his big chance confronting him—to steal



Dade and Alan began a fight to the death for possession of the bag.

what would be enough to keep him in luxury for the rest of our days.

It would be easy to do. All that was required was for him to fill a valise with bills of large denomination, and walk out of the bank. The following morning he could catch a steamer bound for Europe. And then, in some remote corner of the globe, too far for the arm of the law to reach, he could sit back and take it easy as long as he lived. It would be easy.

Alan rose, his lips set in a determined line, and opened his traveling bag on his desk. Then, going into the vaults, he returned with an armful of bills in stacks, with which he proceeded to fill the valise.

Outside, Dade stood looking in through the window at him.

When, five minutes later, Alan came out of the bank and started toward his home, he was unaware of the shadow that followed, at a discreet distance, on his heels.

The shadow was Dade, and he saw an easy "haul" in prospect—to deprive the man who had robbed the bank for him of the satchel that held a fortune in fresh, new bills.

"I'm going away on a little trip," Alan explained to Mary; but he avoided her eyes as he did so. "I've come to get some clothes and things."

Mary started to open the valise he had brought in with him, thinking he had carried it up from the bank in order to pack it with what he would need on the trip he spoke of, and meaning to assist in getting him ready.

"Don't touch that!" he cried out sharply.

So sharply, in fact, that, from his tone and furtive manner, she became suspicious.

"What have you got in this bag?" she inquired.

"None of your business!" he snapped, his voice ugly.

"I'm going to make it my business,"

she retorted firmly, "and find out." As she spoke, she opened the satchel. At sight of the money it held, she drew back, her eyes widening with the terrified knowledge of what the stacks of bills meant. "Alan!" she gasped. "You don't mean to steal this?"

He confronted her, his jaw outthrust.

"Yes," he sneered, "that's just what I mean to do. I'm going to take it, and clear out. After I'm gone, you can go to Lynn. He's honest enough, and maybe he'll suit you better. If you want to know the whole truth, it was I, not he, who took the money for which he went to prison. Now, give me that bag, and I'm through with you!"

He snatched it out of her hands, and turned to the door.

Dade, crouching for an instant on the threshold before him, sprang at his throat.

Mary cried out in alarm. But the two men paid her no heed, grappled in a silent struggle to the death for possession of the bag.

Turning, Mary ran out of the house to summon help. Her first thought was naturally of Lynn, and she sped off for his home. Bursting in upon him and his mother, she explained as well as she could under the circumstances what had happened at her house—and what was even then happening there.

Lynn rushed back there. Meeting a policeman on the way, he brought him into the house with him.

But there they discovered that they had come too late.

Dade and Alan Fuller lay locked in each other's arms on the floor—both were dead. The satchel, with the stolen money intact in it, rested beside them.

Lynn shook his head gravely.

"He has come at last," he murmured, looking down at Alan's strained, white face, "to the end of the crooked path."

Then he went slowly back to his mother and Mary, to break the news to her. He did not need to tell her. She read the tidings in his face. Turning, she buried her own on his mother's shoulder. A moment Lynn hesitated. And then he went softly forward, to raise Mary's hand to his lips—with hope.

A recent addition to the Thanhouser (Mutual) studio, is George Foster Platt, well known for his many successful productions, notably that of "The Blue Bird," which had such a wonderful run.

Selig Directors and Their Work.

THE directors of motion pictures now employed by the Selig Polyscope Company are leaders in this most important and difficult art. There are many men and women who have been honored with the titles of "directors," or "producers," but there are not many who have really earned the title or deserve it. A motion-picture director assumes great responsibility; every little detail connected with the production being filmed must not escape his notice. The versatile director must not only possess imagination, a strong sense of the artistic and the appealing, but he must have knowledge of how to best direct the work of the players; must have knowledge of costuming, making up, lighting effects, cutting and trimming, must be an accomplished writer of picture-play plots; and it is also essential that the director be a man of broad education.

Into the keeping of an accomplished director goes the pocketbook of the manufacturer. Thousands of dollars may have been invested in a certain picture play in the course of making. One or two blunders may mean the loss of a small fortune. So it has become necessary for the managers of the higher-class concerns to weed out the incompetents, and to employ only those directors who, through experience and knowledge, have qualified for the most important work.

The Selig directors are: Colin Campbell, Giles R. Warren, E. A. Martin, Norval MacGregor, Edwin J. LeSaint, Thomas Santschi, Tom Mix, and Laurance Marsten. Of these directors, Thomas Santschi and Tom Mix star in the picture plays they direct.

Colin Campbell has been affiliated with the Selig Polyscope Company for many years, and is known as one of the most careful and artistic directors in motion pictures. He produced such magnificent specials as "The Spoilers," "The Rosary," and "The Carpet from Bagdad," and conducted his company of players to the Panama Canal Zone, where he directed the production of Rex Beach's great story, "The Ne'er-do-well." The name of Colin Campbell is synonymous with beautiful pictures, complete as to story, scenery, and action.

To Giles R. Warren has been intrusted the Selig Spectacular Specials, in which Tyrone Power, the great American actor, is featured. Warren directs the Chicago company of Seli players, and at the Chicago studios ha produced such great picture plays a "Your Girl and Mine," presented t Mrs. Medill McCormick by Mr. Selig and which gives powerful argument for the cause of woman suffrage; h also directed "A Servant in the House, "A Texas Steer," "The Crisis," an other great multiple-reel Selig plays Warren formerly directed such artist as Florence Lawrence, Owen Moore Fritzie Brunette, and is known as a director of unusual ability. He is als a successful playwright.

E. A. Martin is another versatile di rector who likes to chum with the wil animals at the Selig Jungle-Zoo at Los Angeles, California. He specializes i picture plays in which the wild beasts take leading rôles, and he is never so happy or enthusiastic as when engaged in that hazardous occupation. Mr. Martin is also a director having a large number of other popular dramas to his credit. His true artistic touch unfolds in his film stories, and his wild-animal picture plays a very high class, and has won deserved popularity with the picture-play public.

The work of Edwin J. LeSaint has long been known to and admired by followers of the animated screen. He is a director who has been in harness many years, and has many beautiful picture plays to his credit. He is particularly good in the directing of Civil War dramas. These productions require very close attention to detail, the handling of large bodies of troops, and other difficult features. He is also a general all-around director, all of his work being of high class.

The name of Tom Santschi is almost a household word. He started to work at the Selig Chicago studio six or seven years ago, and by true art and conscientious work arose, until now he is among the most popular of picture-play "leads" in the business. When Mr. Selig instituted a studio on the Pacific coast, Thomas Santschi was sent there, and he enacted almost many important features. As a director of motion pictures he was unusually successful from the beginning, and directs all the Diamond S. Specials, starring in them himself.

Tom Mix directs the pictures in which he stars.

Laurence Marsten has just begun his work with Selig, but is expected to show some big pictures.

The Test

(EDISON)

By Robert Keene

Can a man who confesses that he is a thief win back the world's respect? That was what the hero of this story set out to do. The girl he loved believed in his honesty, and she proceeded to put it to the test so that all the world might share her faith in her lover's integrity. How it worked out is told in this story based on the Edison three-reel picture drama of the same title. The cast:

Helen Poindexter.....Louissita Valentine
John Burly.....Herbert Prior
Robert Poindexter.....Charles Sutton
Tom Neil.....Frank McGlynn
District Attorney Wallace.....Carlton King

"WHAT does this mean, Neil?" John Burly, returning from having taken Miss Helen Poindexter, the niece of the senior member of the law firm by which he was employed, on a sight-seeing trip about the business section of the city, and afterward to luncheon, spoke sharply to the clerk at the desk in the outer office.

The young man, whose sharp nose and receding chin gave his entire face a ratlike appearance, hastily crumpled up the newspaper "racing chart" he had been perusing, and tried to hide it under the desk.

He grinned sheepishly, seeing that he was caught, as he mentally described it to himself, "dead to rights."

"I was just seein' if I couldn't dope out a winner," he explained, "down at the track this afternoon."

John Burly regarded him coldly.

"Are you paid your salary to do that?" he sternly inquired. "If you *must* gamble, Neil, confine your interest in the doings of the race track to outside office hours in future. Don't let this happen again."

He passed by the mortified clerk, and entered his private office. Tom Neil looked after him with malice glowing in his close-set, shifty eyes, and hatred in his heart.

"I'll fix you for that!" he muttered under his breath. "Giving me a call-down like that! I'll fix you, if I have to wait a year for the chance."

As events were to prove, he had not that long to wait.

John Burly, in his office, sat figuring on the back of an envelope. He drew a line, added up the figures above it, and stared moodily at the total. Three hundred dollars. It was just what he owed. And it was also the amount he had spent within the past four weeks in entertaining Miss Helen Poindexter.

He had saved up the money by the stern sacrificing of many small pleasures, so as to return the borrowed sum without more delay to the friend who had loaned it to him to take a "flyer" on a stock-market tip he had received. The tip had gone wrong, and he had lost the borrowed money. Straightway, he had set to work to save up the sum to pay it back as soon as possible. He had finally succeeded in accumulating the amount. And then Robert Poindexter, his employer, had introduced him to his niece, who had just arrived on a visit to the metropolis from the West.

John Burly had fallen head-over-heels, crazily in love with her. That his head had been completely turned was proven by the fact of his having spent every cent of the money he had saved to buy her flowers, candy, theater tickets, suppers, and luncheons, and automobile rides at five dollars an hour.

Now, the question was, how was he going to pay George Laughlin back? It would take him two months, maybe three, to get the sum together again. He would have to write and ask George to wait a little longer, that was all. John Burly had just drawn pen and paper toward him to do so when an office boy entered.

"Mr. Laughlin's here," the boy informed him. "He wants to know if you'll come out and see him right away."

John rose, wondering a little at the reason for his friend's reported haste to see him, and went out into the reception room of the office suite.

"For God's sake!" Laughlin greeted him, springing up to clutch him by both hands, his own shaking, while he fixed his eyes wildly on John's face. "Can you give me back that three hundred at once?"

John faltered:

"I—I was just going to drop you a note, old man, asking you if you'd mind waiting for another month or two——"

"A month or two!" blurted the other. "I can't wait a week, a day, or an hour! I've got to have the money—*now!* I hate to dun you like this, but I'm helpless under the circumstances. I haven't more than thirty or forty dollars in the bank. And my wife's got to be operated on this afternoon. The surgeon won't postpone another case he's got and take mine first unless I'll pay him double rates—it comes to just exactly three hundred dollars. My wife's life is at stake. Come, you've *got* to give me the money——"

"But I haven't got it!" put in John hopelessly.

"Then get it for me!" his friend persisted. "You must!"

John looked in through the open door of the cashier's office across the reception room. He saw the cashier's wallet from the safe lying on the ledge of the cashier's desk. The office was temporarily deserted. And there was many times the sum that his friend was begging him to get for him—to pay back what he honestly owed him—in that

wallet. If he took it, John reflected, it would only be making one loan to pay off another. He could put the money back. He *would* put it back.

"Wait!" John murmured sharply to his distracted friend, and walked by him into the cashier's office.

He took three one-hundred-dollar bills out of the wallet, and came back and gave them to the man.

"God bless you!" the latter breathed, stuffing the bills into his pocket; and, without another word or a look behind him, he ran out of the office on his life-and-death mission.

"They've caught Neil!" he announced. "Three hundred dollars is missing from the cashier's till, and Neil's supposed to have taken it. The fact that he plays the races has been found out. He's up on the carpet in Poindexter's office now. Unless he gives up the money, which he swears he didn't take, they'll send for the police——"

"No!" John had risen, his face white. He hesitated, as he saw the man before him staring at him in amazement. "Er—I'll go in and see Mr. Poindexter myself," he weakly ended, slowly sitting down at his desk once more.



"Somebody has stolen three hundred dollars from this wallet!" declared John's employer.

John walked thoughtfully back to his private office, and lowered himself slowly into the chair before his desk. Whatever had possessed him to do such a foolish thing? he asked himself. He had stolen three hundred dollars. And all he needed to have done was to go to Mr. Poindexter and explain the circumstances, to have his employer either loan him the money or advance it on his salary.

An hour later, one of his colleagues in the law firm walked in upon him with a broad grin.

When the other had gone, John picked up his pen and scrawled a few lines across a sheet of the firm's paper. Then, with the paper in his hand, he stood up once more. But this time his shoulders were squared, and his chin determinedly set. He walked out of his office, and into that of Robert Poindexter, before whom Niles, flanked on either side by the cashier and the bookkeeper, defiantly stood.

"I took the money, Mr. Poindexter," John admitted frankly. He laid the paper before the head of the firm on his desk. "There is my written confession, which exonerates Neil of the charge that's been made against him."

At first Mr. Poindexter could not believe his ears. Nor his eyes, when he read John's confession of the fact, as it seemed to his employer, that after all his years of faithful service he had turned thief. But at length the elderly man's mouth grew stern.

"You may go, Neil," he informed the clerk. "With my apologies."

When the rat-faced Neil, with a glower of malicious satisfaction at John, had gone from the office with the cashier and the bookkeeper, Robert Poindexter turned to him:

"Why did you do it?"

"I meant to put the money back. Of course, I realize that is the usual excuse. It was a theft, just the same——"

"Yes," cut in his employer, "it was a theft. You will understand that your services are no longer desired by the firm. I will keep this confession. In view of your long term of service here in the office, I will not send for the police. There is nothing to detain you any longer."

And so, for having acted on a moment's rash impulse, and taken what did not belong to him, John Burly found himself discharged from his position, in disgrace, and without a recommendation to help him find another place.

He counted over the money in his pocket. He made up his mind that somehow he would prove to Mr. Poindexter that he was honest, by returning every dollar of the three hundred, as he had said he meant to do when he took it. Helen he would not write to or see again until he had rehabilitated himself in her uncle's eyes.

That night John Burly rode away from the city toward the West, to begin his life afresh.

Six months later, he alighted from a freight train in a Middle Western city of some sixty-five or seventy thousand population.

In the interval since he had left New York, fortune had used him indifferently well. He had been unable to find an opening in a law firm wherever he went. He hadn't the money to hang out his shingle, and wait for clients to come to him in private practice. The living he had contrived to pick up until three

weeks before had been strictly a hand-to-mouth one. But out of whatever he had earned, he had sent back half to Robert Poindexter, thus reducing the debt he owed him by a fifth in all so far.

But three weeks before his real misfortune had set in. He had failed to find odd jobs of any sort to do. His last cent had been spent the night before. That was also the last time he had eaten. When he climbed down from the freight car, with his clothes dusty and shabby, his hat irreparably dented and his shoes split and frayed, he looked enough like a veritable tramp to be one.

Perhaps that was why a genuine hobo, descending from the car next to him, addressed him over his shoulder as he was hurrying off:

"If you want to eat, pal, follow along after me. There's a young woman who hands out hot coffee and sandwiches to the poor, up at the public square in this burg. Nobody knows who she is, 'cause she wears a thick black veil. But it's nothin' in my life *who* she is, so long as I can work her for a hand-out. Better come along."

John took his advice, and followed him. But when he reached the square in question, and saw the mysteriously veiled Lady Bountiful handing out food to the hungry unfortunates who crowded around her, he lingered on the outskirts of the gathering, unable, hungry as he himself was, to do what he had never done before—beg.

The last sandwich and cup of coffee was given out while he stood hesitating at the curb. And the young woman with the heavy black veil concealing her face passed by him on the way to her automobile, which stood not three yards away from John.

She recognized him, if he did not know her!

The veiled woman was Helen Poindexter, whose home this Middle Western town to which John Burly had come by accident happened to be. She had heard John's story from her uncle's lips. How, though confessing to having taken three hundred dollars of the firm's money, he still professed to be an honest man. And now she determined to put him to a test.

From his appearance, it was plain that he was down on his luck. She would cast temptation in his way, just at a time when force of circumstances would make his yielding to temptation a hard thing to resist, and see how he bore himself through the ordeal.

As she stepped into her motor car, she dropped her purse in plain view of John. With a few bills and some loose silver, her cards with her address on them were in the pocketbook, she knew.

Three-quarters of an hour after she had got home, the doorbell rang. In a moment or two the maid appeared before her in the living room to announce that a man who looked like a tramp had asked for her at the door.

Helen told the wondering maid to show the caller in. As soon as the servant had gone, Helen snatched up her veil and concealed her face with it once more. Then John entered.

"You dropped this pocketbook, I believe," he said, in a tired voice, holding the purse out to her. "I tried to stop you as you were driving away from the square in your machine, but it was no use. So I got the address from one of the cards that were in it——"

"Didn't you look at the name on them?" Helen eagerly broke in.

"I didn't," John shook his head; "no. I knew from the location of the address that this was probably a private house, and that you must be the mistress of it. That was who I told the maid at the door I wanted to see. The purse *is* yours, isn't it?"

Helen swept off the veil from her face.

"Don't you remember me, Mr. Burly?" she asked smilingly.

But even as she had raised her hands to remove the veil, John Burly had slipped out of his chair onto the floor in a dead faint from lack of food. When the doctor, who came to see John after he had been put to bed in an upstairs room of the house, thus diagnosed his case, Helen's eyes shone with a soft light.

"And he brought the purse here to me!" she murmured under her breath. "He's stood the test! I shall write to uncle, at once, and tell him all about it."

And so she did.

When John came back to his senses, he recognized Helen at his bedside at once. She informed him that he was to stay right there in the house until he had got back his strength—she wouldn't listen to his protestations. The letter, meanwhile, that she had mailed to her



And then John Burly, swinging around in his chair, confessed that *he* was the thief!

uncle in New York had reached its destination. Robert Poindexter wrote back to Helen at once, telling her that, in view of the experience she had related to him, as well as the fact of the payments that John had been sending him to clear off the amount of his indebtedness, he believed in his honesty once more. And he added that he was writing to ex-Judge Gary, a warm friend of his who had a law office in Helen's home town, recommending that he engage John's services. When Helen read the letter to him, John's eyes grew damp with happiness and gratitude for what she had done for him.



—And it was more than twenty-four hours since John had eaten!

What Mr. Poindexter neglected to mention in his letter to Helen was the fact that he had also torn up John's confession.

But Neil, looking through the keyhole of his employer's office, had seen him do it. Still bent on carrying out his spite against John Burly, his grievance against whom he had by no means forgotten, the clerk slipped into Poindexter's office after closing time that night, and removed the torn scraps of the confession from the wastebasket.

He worked until long past midnight, carefully pasting them together once more. When at last the job was done, he laid the document away in a safe place with an exultant chuckle.

From Mr. Poindexter's private letter file he had also taken and read the carbon copy of his letter to Helen and to ex-Judge Gary; and thus he knew where to find John when he was ready.

"But I guess I'll let this plum ripen a while," he commented to himself, "before I shake it down."

Another six months, passing, found John Burly firmly intrenched once more in a position from which his own false step had previously thrown him. He had made himself invaluable to his new employer, ex-Judge Gary, and the salary the latter had raised him to amply attested his appreciation of the fact.

But a piece of still greater good fortune had fallen to his lot.

Through ex-Judge Gary's influence, John had been nominated for district attorney at the coming election. His opponent, the present holder of the office, who was campaigning for re-election, was his rival in still another direction. He, too, was in love with Helen Poindexter. Both young men seemed to feel that whichever one triumphed at the polls on election day would be the winner of a prize each esteemed far more than the office he was seeking, with all its honors attached.

And then Neil arrived in town, and immediately called on John at ex-Judge Gary's office. He spread out a sheet of paper on the desk for John's inspection, and the latter's cheeks blanched as he recognized his confession. Neil tapped the document with a confident smile.

"How much?" was all he said.

John realized that with this paper in the hands of his opponent, District Attorney Wallace, his chances of election would be hopeless. So he offered the grinning blackmailer before him a considerable part of the savings he had accumulated since his arrival in the town for the surrender of the confession. Neil insisted upon receiving cash, and when John sent a check to the bank and the currency was brought back, the clerk stuffed the roll of bills into his pocket, and then contemptuously tossed the paper over to John.

Mr. Neil, who had heard of John's candidacy since he had come to the town, and ascertained the address of his rival in the forthcoming election, next paid a call upon District Attorney Wallace.

And to him he offered the *real* confession John Burly had made and Mr. Robert Poindexter subsequently torn up —the one he had sold John being merely a clever forgery of the original.

Wallace's eyes lighted with triumph as he read the document which promised to deliver his enemy into his hands, and he paid Neil the sum he demanded for it without argument.

The next day, meeting Helen on the street, the district attorney invited her to come up to his office, saying he had something there that she might be interested in.

He handed her John's confession to read in significant silence. A gasp of alarm escaped Helen's lips as she saw what the document was. Just then Wallace was called out of his private office for a moment. When he returned, he found Helen arranging her muff and fur neck piece on her lap.

She handed the paper back to him, and rose to go.

"Thank you for giving me the opportunity to see this," she told him, seemingly having difficulty in stifling an emotion of some sort which threatened to

get beyond her control. "You were right. I was interested in it—exceedingly so."

She almost ran from the office.

It became noised abroad that the district attorney had a bombshell which he was ready to throw into the opposition's camp when the time for it was ripe. As the election date drew near, and still the nature of the said bombshell had not yet been disclosed, the public became skeptical of its very existence. And then, when least expected, it came. The occasion was a joint political meeting, held in the city's opera house, on the stage of which both John and the district attorney were to set forth their claims to the support of the voters.

John addressed the packed house first, confining himself to a discussion of political policies only, and sat down without having made any personal reference to his opponent.

In marked contrast was the district attorney's speech From the outset, it was a personal attack on John. From the rear of the audience hissing arose, in protest against Wallace's unfairness in maligning the man who had left his personal character untouched. Stepping forward to the footlights, the district attorney shook his fist out over them.

"I am trying to impress upon you people," he shouted, "that John Burly is not fit to be the district attorney of this city. Not politically unfit. But *personally* unfit. I am going to prove it to you." He paused impressively, and drew from his pocket a folded sheet of paper. "He is a thief," the prosecutor continued, slowly and distinctly, "an acknowledged thief. I hold here in my hand a confession which he wrote and signed with his own hand. I will ask ex-Judge Gary, here behind me on the stage, a warm friend of Mr. Burly's, and a man you all know and whose word you will respect—I will ask him to take this paper and look at it."

He stepped back and presented it to the gentleman he referred to.

"You are familiar with Mr. John Burly's signature, are you not, sir?"

Ex-Judge Gary nodded gravely.

"I am."

"Then," requested Wallace, a note of triumph in his voice, "will you tell me—tell the audience—whether the signature on that paper and John Burly's are the same?"

The ex-judge looked down at the paper. Then he lowered it and looked up at the district attorney.

"I am sorry I can't accommodate you," said he, in a voice which carried clearly to every corner of the theater, "but there is no signature on it!"

Helen, sitting beside John on the stage, giggled.

He looked at her in perplexity, while the theater shook with laughter over the way the district attorney's much-heralded bombshell had fallen and failed to explode.

"He showed me that confession in his office," Helen explained in a laughter-choked undertone. "When he stepped out of the room for a moment, I cut the part with the signature off with the shears from his desk. He never noticed till now that it was gone!"

John leaned toward her impulsively.

"You darling!" he whispered. "You've saved me. Oh, I know this is neither the time nor the place for it, but—will you marry me?"

Helen reached down between their chairs and took his hand.

She nodded with sparkling eyes, and squeezed his fingers.

"Th' rat-faced sneak that sold Wallace that bit av pa-aper, I just heard him sayin', was Neil—the fellah that blew into town a coupla weeks ago!" John heard a brawny building contractor, of Irish extraction, who was one of his stanchest supporters, remark to a number of his constituents on the stage near him. "I just seen him sneakin' out of the theayter; but if we was to skip off through the side here, and out t'rough the stage door, I'm thinkin' we could get around to the front in time fer to head him off. D'ye think he has a coat av tar and feathers and a ride out av this town on a rail comin' to him for what he tried to do to our Johnny Burly? Ye do? Then come on—and we'll give it to him!"

The Work of Movie Acting.

By Bessie Eyton (Selig Star).

IT is the pleasure of the motion-picture actors to make others happy. No one in the world does this more willingly, more patiently, and with more self-sacrifice than the people of the motion-picture studio. They very frequently teach a lesson or a moral while they entertain.

The life of the motion-picture actor or actress is just hard and precarious work. There is none of the stimulating applause found on the speaking stage; the glare of the footlights is absent; the fascinating atmosphere created by the presence of a large audience is found missing.

And yet the artists must have inspiration; they must throw their very soul into their work in order to make the action convincing, in order to tell an appealing story, so that the motion-picture audiences will sympathize with the hero or heroine.

There is no economy of time or trouble, no economy of nerve force; no other employment that more severely taxes the endurance than the labor of creating rôles before the motion-picture camera lens does.

Thousands of details must be carefully noted; many hazardous risks must be cheerfully taken almost every day; and all is performed cheerfully and conscientiously for the most part.

If those young men and women so ambitious to become actors or actresses in the motion pictures could accompany the players for a day or so, and see the risks taken, the hard labor employed, the nerve-racking strain sometimes undergone, the long, long hours sometimes without an opportunity for food, they would soon forget their desire for motion-picture work, and would be content with their ordinary employment.

The people who work in motion-picture plays—the majority of them, I mean—originally came from the stage. They are unfitted by temperament or training for any other employment. They appreciate that while motion-picture acting is hard work, yet there are no "one-night stands," and no strange hotels; and no living in a trunk or suit case. The actor or actress is a home-loving individual, and the opportunity for employment in his or her profession in one locality is a reward indeed.

Actors in motion pictures must put all of their art into their work. They cannot "let down" for a moment. The eye of the camera is quick to detect any weaknesses which are glaring to the lens.

The people of the silent drama have the pleasure, however, of knowing that their work brings pleasure to others, and if just one picture play in which I take a part is the means for causing some world-sick soul to forget for an hour its manifold burdens, I shall deem that fact a sufficient reward.

The Lonesome Heart

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

The county did not know how Sara Prue, the superintendent of the Orphan Asylum, misused the fatherless and motherless children it sent her—nor did the county care. Samanthy was one Miss Prue singled out for special abuse. What happened when Samanthy ran away to escape a life of drudgery and beatings, as told in the Mutual masterpicture upon which this story is based, makes a tale of laughs and tears. The cast:

Samanthy.....Margarita Fisher
Sara Prue.....Lucille Ward
Tom.....William A. Carroll
George Stuart.....Robyn Adair
James Stuart.....Joseph E. Singleton

SAMANTHY!"

Miss Sara Prue, the superintendent of the County Orphan Asylum, grasped by the pigtails the fourteen-year-old girl whose name she had just shrilled, dragging her back from the rail of the veranda.

"Didn't I tell you," the woman hissed through her clenched teeth, shaking the girl until the keys at the end of the chain that hung from her own belt jingled discordantly—"to get your work—done?"

She emphasized the last word by striking the girl on the head with her open but heavy hand. The blow was entirely uncalled for. Samanthy had merely stopped for a moment to look down over the railing of the porch at a toad that was hopping among the roots of the rosebushes. But that was Miss Prue's way—ever a stern one, with the little waifs who were placed in her charge.

The county did not know how she treated the motherless and fatherless children it sent to her. Nor did the county care. If Sara Prue ran the asylum within the sum annually given her for that purpose, the county was satisfied. And Miss Prue knew how to do it. If the children were half starved and poorly clad, the county was saved money—and Miss Prue managed to keep quite a little for herself out of the amount that was given her.

Now she let go of Samanthy's braids, and sent her stumbling along the veranda of the institution with a shove.

"Pick up that mop," the woman ordered, "and wash down the floor of this porch, as I told you to. And don't let me catch you shirking again. Remember!"

Samanthy waited until Miss Prue's back was turned. And then she stuck out her tongue at her. The screen door banged. Samanthy was alone on the porch. Alone—but was she unwatched? Miss Prue had an unpleasant habit of keeping a furtive eye on those she left with unwelcome tasks to do. Samanthy soused the mop up and down in the bucket beside her. There was a wet spot on the veranda's floor that bore a faint resemblance to Miss Prue. Samanthy brought the dripping cloth of the mop down viciously on the spot, and scrubbed at it as though she wished to obliterate it altogether.

Samanthy could not remember a time when she had not lived in the asylum. She could recall neither her father nor mother. But she had made up a story about the latter. Her mother was a very beautiful lady, with golden hair and a ring for every finger of her hands. She was still living, and some day Samanthy was going to find her. Then her present lonely, misused life was all going to seem like a nightmare in the bright sunshine of the new existence that would begin for her. She was just a romantic little girl, with a head full of ideas that her drab surroundings had done nothing to put there.

Harsh words and blows from Miss Prue, as far back as her mind could go, were all she had ever received. And she hated her with all a child's blind hatred of a cruel oppressor.

"Samanthy!"

At the whispered sound of her name, Samanthy turned her head to look toward the rail of the porch behind her. Tom, the aged gardener, stood there stealthily beckoning to her. The old man was the only friend she had. Standing up the mop in the bucket, she tiptoed over to him.

"Did she strike you again?" Tom asked her, speaking under his breath.

"And pulled my hair," Samanthy nodded, her own voice lowered to a confidential whisper. "She caught me looking at a toad down there among the rosebushes. Did you see him, Tom?"

He did not answer her directly, shaking his head.

"The way she abuses you is shameful!" he declared with righteous indignation. "She'd ought to be brought to account for it—I'd like to tell her what I think of her! But I don't dare. I've got to keep my job. Yes, I saw your hop-toad, dearie. I watched you looking at him, so I caught him for you. 'Fraid to touch him?"

With sparkling eyes, the girl held out her hands toward the gardener's closed one which he raised above the rail toward her.

"I should say I'm not!" she exclaimed. "Oh, let me have him, Tom!"

"Don't let Miss Prue know, mind!" the old man cautioned, as he opened his hand over hers and let the toad fall into them.

At that moment Miss Prue was sitting before the desk in her room. Her straight, black brows were lowered in frowning thought. Lifting the bunch of keys that hung from her belt, she se-

lected one and unlocked a drawer beside her. From its hiding place, she took out an infant's shawl. She looked at the name embroidered on its hem, and the thoughtful crease deepened on her forehead. Smiting the desk before her with her palm——

"I'll do it!" she murmured, and replaced the shawl in the drawer, locking it again.

Then she drew pen and paper toward her. She looked reflectively into space for a moment; after which she dipped the pen and wrote:

"Do you want Dorothy Loomis to know the truth? You had better send me another check—or I may speak."

She signed her name to the letter and sealed it in an envelope, writing a certain address upon it. After which she rose to go out and post the epistle.

"If she asks you where you got it," Tom was saying to Samanthy across the rail of the veranda, "you can tell her I gave it to you. I don't want you to tell a lie. But maybe you can keep her from knowing——"

He broke off, with a gasp of alarm.

"Samanthy!" Miss Prue had stepped out onto the porch at that moment, to catch the girl in idleness once more. "You shiftless, good-for-nothing little baggage!" she raged, bearing down upon her. "I'll teach you——"

Samanthy, wheeling from Tom, had placed both hands behind her back.

"What have you got in your hand?" demanded Miss Prue, halting before her.

Slowly Samanthy presented one hand—empty.

"What's in the other one?"

Samanthy, both hands behind her once more, drew forth the other—empty also. Miss Prue snatched at her wrist and held it in a viselike grip.

"Now show me your other hand," she sternly ordered.

Samanthy brought it into view, closed.

"Give me what you've got there," commanded Miss Prue—"at once."

Giggling, the girl obediently dropped the toad into the woman's outstretched palm. With a startled scream, Miss Prue shook the loathsome thing to the floor of the porch. She rubbed her hand against her skirt. And then, with blazing eyes, she fell upon Samanthy.

"To let me touch a thing like that!" she shuddered, as she rained blow after blow on the child's head. "You go upstairs, this instant, and take a bath. Let me find you in it by the time I come back from the post box. Go!"

She sped the girl on her way with a parting blow. Samanthy, flinging the screen door open and shut, had raced up the stairs, and in another moment she stood beside the bathtub into which she had started the water running. Then she stuck out her tongue again in the direction in which she had last seen Miss Prue. Going to the door, she bent down and looked through the keyhole. No prying eye met hers. With a smile of satisfaction, she straightened and turned the key in the lock. And then she returned to the tub and perched herself beside it on a chair from which the back had been broken.

Reaching down into the front of her dress, she pulled out a paper-covered novel, thumbed its pages hurriedly until she found her place, and soon was lost in the throbbing heart romance of the beautiful Lady Evelyn, and her stalwart lover, Ronald Macaire.

To time and tide—especially tide—she was oblivious. There was only a faint gurgle, instead of the rush of water on water, from the tub beside her now. But still Samanthy read on—unconscious that the tub had overflowed.

A pounding on the door, and Miss Prue's voice raised in irate tones, suddenly aroused her.

"Don't come in!" cried Samanthy, hastily replacing the book in its secret repository. "I'm taking a bath!"

Miss Prue's pounding on the door was redoubled.

"You're not taking a bath," she called wrathfully, "or I could hear you!"

Promptly, Samanthy jumped into the tub with all her clothes on. She splashed about, reiterating shrilly what the noise she was making gave ample proof of, that she was taking a bath. Miss Prue's pounding on the door ceased. It was



In another moment the heavy hand of Miss Prue was to descend upon Samanthy.

replaced by a series of dull, heavy thumps as she flung her weight against it. The door burst open, and she floundered in—up to her ankles in the water with which the floor was flooded.

She dragged Samanthy up out of the tub by her ear.

"You'll go to bed for this without any supper!" promised Miss Prue. "I've a good mind to put you on bread and water for a week, as it is. It's what you deserve. And, mark my words, if you go one step farther, it's what you'll *get!* Off with you, now!"

Later, Samanthy sat propped up against her pillow, laboriously writing



Samanthy started off with her "Fairy Prince" for the cottage of his old nurse.

on a cheap pad of paper with the stub of a pencil. She was writing a letter to her mother—the mother she had never seen. And this is what she wrote:

"My Beautiful Mother: I feel very lonesome to-night. I got three beatings and a bath to-day. Your loving daughter, Samanthy."

A pebble dropped on the coverlet beside her. Turning her head quickly, Samanthy looked toward the open window. Then, jumping out of bed, she ran to it to lean out into the night.

"Oh, Tom!" she exclaimed, in a glad whisper. "I'm so glad you came! I was feeling terrible lonesome!"

"I thought you might be," answered the old gardener, patting her hands. "So I brought you *this.*" He gave the toad into her unshrinking clasp. "I picked him up after Miss Prue threw him down on the porch. Maybe he'll be some company for you."

"Indeed, he will!" she heartily assented. And then, in impulsive gratitude, she added: "You're so good to me, Tom!"

He replied, with a sudden fierce huskiness in his voice:

"No, I ain't! I wish I could be, but I can't. Nobody ain't good to you—you poor little dear!"

Samanthy added another line to the letter to her mother:

"P. S.—And I've got a toad."

And then, placing the letter and the toad under her pillow, with an almost happy smile she closed her eyes, and so fell asleep—to dream that she was herself the beautiful Lady Evelyn, the beloved of a young man with dark, expressive eyes, who just didn't care *how* many times he saved her life at the risk of his own.

The next day, being Monday, was wash day at the asylum.

Samanthy was scrubbing at a tub in the yard next to the side porch. All at once a cry from that direction caused her to look up. Miss Prue, making one of her usual unexpected appearances, had caught one of the more juvenile inmates—a baby girl of three—in the act of pilfering an apple from the basket that the groceryman had delivered at the kitchen door. Putting down her pet black cat, the woman had swooped upon the child and rudely shaken her, taking the apple away from her. Crying, the little one came toddling down the porch steps and ran to Samanthy for sympathy.

Samanthy caught her up in her arms and placed her in the clothes basket before her, unseen by Miss Prue, who was tenderly setting down a bowl of milk on the porch for her cat.

"She's a mean, hateful thing!" Samanthy told the baby. "But don't you cry, darling—show her you don't care what she does to you, the same as I do when she beats me."

But the tiny girl went on crying. It was not for the shaking Miss Prue had given her, but for the apple that had been taken away from her, for she was hungry. Samanthy looked up at the porch, to find that Miss Prue had gone. And Samanthy's eyes fell on the cat lapping the milk. She left the washtub, creeping toward Miss Prue's pet with a fearsome scowl and her hands threateningly outstretched.

"Skat!" she hissed; and the cat sprang back from the bowl in fright.

Samanthy picked it up and brought it back to the child. The little one greedily began to drink the milk. And at that moment Miss Prue returned to the porch. She saw the cat disconsolately sitting on the top step, and discovered that the bowl she had placed before it was gone. And then, glaring down into the yard, she saw where it was. Samanthy was just tipping over the bowl at the baby girl's lips, to give her the last drop of milk in it.

With an inarticulate exclamation of fury, Miss Prue rushed down the steps.

"You wretched little thief!" she shrilled at Samanthy, seizing her by the pigtails and yanking her away from the child in the basket. "To give my precious cat's milk to that brat——"

"She's not!" Samanthy, jerking free, turned to face the woman with her temper up. "She's not a brat! And you're a wicked woman, to let her starve while you feed that hateful black beast of yours. I'm glad I gave her the milk ——"

"I'll whip her first for taking it," announced Miss Prue grimly. "And then I'll attend to you——"

Samanthy, forgetting herself completely, caught up the washboard from the tub and flew at her with it.

"You won't touch her!" she cried, half sobbing. "You won't—do you hear?" She struck Miss Prue's uplifted arm with the board. And the board broke. Seizing her, the woman tore the thing from her hands. "You let me go—I hate you!" Samanthy shrieked.

With her lips set in a thin line, Miss Prue marched her in silence across the yard to the steps of the porch, up them, and into the institution. She stopped at her office to get something. And then she went on with Samanthy to her own room.

Flinging her down on the bed, the woman began to thrash her with a thick whip.

As the blows fell, steadily, relentlessly on her poor, half-starved and thinly clad body, Samanthy was unable to keep from showing her indifference to Miss Prue's punishment, as she had boasted of doing. The whip was heavy, and Miss Prue wielded it with all her strength, and as it stung and seared her flesh, Samanthy screamed aloud in anguish. Only when she herself was exhausted, did the woman desist. She looked down at the writhing girl on the bed, and panted:

"Not another mouthful but bread and water do you live on for the next week! You're the worst girl that ever came into this asylum! But I'll make you learn to show me obedience—before I get done with you!"

That night, old Tom looked up from the book he was reading in his two-room gardener's lodge on the asylum grounds. He had heard a stealthy tap on the door.

"Samanthy!" he exclaimed, in surprise, at sight of her on the threshold. Cautioning him to silence with a finger on her lips, she entered the lodge and hastily closed the door behind her. In one hand she held the paper-covered novel, and in the other a tomato can, over whose brim the toad was peering with his goggly eyes.

"I'm running away!" Samanthy whispered to her friend. "I'm not going to stay here to be beaten any more."

Tom nodded thoughtfully.

"Perhaps you're right, dearie," he told her. "You've had hard knocks enough, dear knows, since you've been here; and you're sure to take more, if you stay. You might as well take the only way you've got to leave the place—by running away from it. Here's an apple to take with you. I wish I had something else—yes, and take this." The kind-hearted old man took two worn dollar bills from his pocket and gave them to the girl. "That's all I've got to give you. Except this. Read them over, and always try to live according to them."

Samanthy took the card with the Ten Commandments printed on it which he picked up from the table and handed to her. She read them all slowly, and then looked up at him wistfully.

"It doesn't say, 'Thou shalt not run away from an orphan asylum,' does it?" she asked.



"I forbid you," George's father told him, "to take this step!"

Old Tom stooped and kissed her cheek.

"No, dearie, it doesn't," he answered reassuringly. "The Lord loved little children too much to want to see them suffer—and you're doing right in running away."

When Samanthy had put the asylum behind her by more than a mile, she

came to a wood. Entering it, she stopped in its heart. This, she decided, would be a good place to hide, until morning came and she could see her way. She scooped out a place for herself in the autumn leaves with which the ground was thickly piled, and lay down. Then, covering herself over with the leaves, the paper-covered novel and the toad, which were her sole possessions, clasped to her heart, she was soon sound asleep.

The sun had barely risen, when George, the only son and heir of James Stuart, retired mining capitalist, swung down from his horse and entered the wood with his gun under his arm.

A movement in the leaves on the ground ahead of him caught his eye. He leveled his rifle at the spot, and cautiously advanced. The leaves had not moved again. The young man stirred them with his foot—and Samanthy sat bolt upright, to stare at him with round eyes.

"Well——" George began, in surprise, lowering his gun.

Samanthy scrambled to her feet.

"I won't go back with you!" she blurted, backing away from him. "Don't you try—don't you try to take me back!"

"Take you back where?" questioned George, laughing.

But Samanthy was running off through the trees. The young man followed her, to find her standing at the edge of a pool. She warned him to keep off, threatening to walk into the water if he came nearer. Laughingly, he kept on toward her. And Samanthy walked into the pool up to her waist, and stopped.

"Come out here, you little, wild thing!" the young man called to her from the bank. "And tell me where it is you don't want to go back."

"To the orphan asylum," answered Samanthy, suspiciously regarding him from the water. "I ran away last night, so I wouldn't have to be beaten any more."

The young man's expression became serious at once. He was about to speak, when Samanthy warned him not to.

Her eyes going round again with fright, she pointed through an opening in the trees. Along the road, which could be seen there, a buckboard was driving. One of the two men who sat in the conveyance, on one side of which the words "County Orphan Asylum" were painted, was the hard-faced supervisor of the poor. And the other was Tom, the gardener of the asylum.

"They'll be sure to look in the woods for me!" Samanthy whispered, torn between despair and terror. "I'm caught!"

Even as she spoke, the buckboard stopped. George stepped out of the wood and greeted the supervisor cheerfully as the latter was about to descend from the vehicle.

"Seen anything of a runaway girl in them woods?" the supervisor inquired.

"A runaway girl?" Samanthy, wading out of the pool to stand listening on its brink, heard the young man repeat in a tone of surprise. "Oh, from the orphan asylum"—in sudden comprehension, as though he had just seen for the first time the words on the buckboard's side. "No, I haven't seen her. And I've been all through the wood, so I'd have been sure to run across her if she was there."

Samanthy gasped with relief. He had saved her! It was just like something the heroic Ronald Macaire would have done for the lovely Lady Evelyn. Samanthy groped in the front of her dress and pulled up the paper-covered novel. She dipped into it at random. This line met her eyes:

"Lady Evelyn's hair fell in ringlets about her face."

Samanthy bent over and looked at her reflection in the pool. *Her* hair was straight and stringy; but perhaps she could rectify the mistake. She frowned thoughtfully for a moment. And then, with a quick smile as an idea occurred to her. She stooped and extracted from her stocking the two one-dollar bills Tom had given her. She used them for "curlers" on which to do up the two front locks of her hair.

When George Stuart came back, he was amazed at the apparition which met his eyes—a ragged girl, with money tied in her hair.

"What is your name?" he asked her; and when she told him, he continued gravely: "Listen, Samanthy: Have they really beaten you at the asylum?"

By way of reply, Samanthy pulled up her sleeve and showed him the red welts on her arm, which remained there after the whipping she had received from Sara Prue on the foregoing day.

"What a shame!" cried George Stuart indignantly. "But you're not going back there. I'll see to that. Come, I'll take you with me on my horse to the cottage of my old nurse, and she'll be glad to give you a home with her."

Samanthy fell in love at sight with the dear old lady to whom George brought her. She made the girl go upstairs and get into one of her own old-fashioned dresses, while she took her wet clothes out and hung them up to dry on a line in the yard.

And thus it was that the supervisor, driving along the road in the buckboard with Tom, was able to go back to Miss Prue and tell her where Samanthy was.

That same evening George came back to the cottage with a number of parcels. They were a dress, a pair of patent-leather slippers, stockings, and other articles of apparel for Samanthy. When she put the finery on and stood before the mirror, she did not know herself.

George, when he saw her, was surprised at the change in her, too. She was really pretty. It set him to thinking, and the result of his thought was a talk he had with his father a day or so later in the latter's library.

"I want to have myself appointed her guardian," George explained, after he had told his parent all about Samanthy. "The poor little thing has been abused all her life long. And I want to fix it so that I can protect her in future."

But Mr. James Stuart, who was known as the richest man in the State, was proud of his social position, and, fearing that the step his son planned might endanger it if he was allowed to carry it out, he refused to let him do so.

"I will adopt her!" George declared, who had a mind of his own and meant to prove it. "What harm would it do if I became the guardian of a poor little orphan waif like that? None in the world. And I am going to do so—this very day!"

He flung himself out of his father's house and onto his horse, to ride to the county seat in the next town and make application for the papers. On the way he stopped at the nurse's cottage. He wrote the following note, and sent it upstairs to Samanthy:

"Dear Girl: I am going to take a step that will enable me to protect you for the rest of your life. I want to see you when I return. Faithfully yours, George Stuart."

The romantic girl, when she read the lines, pressed the note to her heart with shining eyes. "He means," she murmured to herself, "that he wants to marry me!" She sat right down and wrote a letter to her mother. It ran:

"My Beautiful Mother: I am not lonesome any more. I have a fine new home, and I am going to get married. Your loving

"Samanthy."

Meanwhile, James Stuart, having failed to persuade his son to give up his mad intention of adopting a foundling, had determined to try the girl herself; and for that purpose he had ordered his motor car brought around, and set out for the cottage where George had told him Samanthy was housed. He arrived there a half hour after his son had left.

Samanthy, hearing the millionaire's voice from her room upstairs, thought it was George who had come back again. She opened her door and listened.

"George has a foolish idea about this girl," she heard the young man's father telling the nurse; "but what he plans to do would prove utterly ruinous, not alone to him, but to my standing in the community. Therefore, it must be stopped before it goes any further. Bring the child here to me, and I will talk to her."

Samanthy stood bashfully in the bearded, stern-visaged gentleman's presence, two minutes later.

"You must understand," James Stuart told her, "that your station is beneath my son's, and consequently you must not allow him to make this sacrifice for you. You *do* understand that? Very well. Then, when he proposes the arrangement to you, you will refuse it. Can I count on you to do so?"

Samanthy nodded, blinking back her tears.

"Y-yes, sir," she frightenedly assented.

She went up to her room and took off her dress—all her newly acquired finery. Then she got out her own ragged clothes, and put them on. She wrote another letter to her mother:

"My Beautiful Mother: I am not going to get married, on account of my station, and I am going back to the orphan asylum to get beaten for running away. But I don't care. Your lonesome little girl, Samanthy."

When James Stuart reëntered his mansion, a servant handed him a letter on a silver salver. As he recognized the handwriting on the envelope, the capitalist's face changed color. The letter was from Sara Prue.

It informed him that Dorothy Loomis was at large. And of her whereabouts. The communication from the grasping superintendent of the County Orphan Asylum wound up with another demand for money, to seal her lips against making a certain piece of information public.

James Stuart ran back to his automobile, and ordered the chauffeur to return with him to the nurse's cottage with all possible haste. But there he learned what George, coming back with the papers which made him Samanthy's duly authorized guardian, had already found out—that the girl had run away a second time.

The letter Samanthy had written to her mother, and forgotten to remove from the top of the dresser, the nurse had found in her room and shown to George; and he had hastened off to the asylum after her, on horseback.

Samanthy was just going reluctantly up the steps of the institution toward Miss Prue, who stood waiting for her at the edge of the porch, with her arms folded and a threatening frown on her dark brows, when George dismounted before the building.

As he ran up the steps, after her, a powerful motor car raced up the driveway and came to a halt. George's father stepped out.

As he ran up the steps, Miss Prue intercepted him.

"Quick!" she said, in an undertone, with a meaning nod toward Samanthy. "I think I can make her hold her tongue—if you will pay me for it. You don't want your son to know——"

Thrusting her aside, Mr. James Stuart's laugh rang out with the heartiness of a man who has at last decided to remove a weight that has long lain heavily on his conscience.



It all came out for Samanthy "just like in a book!"

"Indeed," he exclaimed, "that's just what I *do* want! He, and the whole world, as well, is going to know the truth at last. Especially this little girl whom I have wronged all these years."

Turning to Samanthy, he took her hand.

"Samanthy—as I believe you are called," he addressed her, "let me be the first person so far in all your life to tell you who you really are. Your name is Dorothy Loomis. Years ago I had a partner. He was your father. We struck it rich together, but before he could enjoy the fruits of all his years of disappointment and toil, poor fellow, he was stricken with a mortal illness. He gave you into my care on his death-

bed, making me promise to turn his share in our good fortune over to you. He died. In a moment of madness, the thought occurred to me: Why should not I be the only one to reap the golden harvest of our combined efforts? You were all that stood in the way. And I determined to remove you from my path.

"In the dead of night I brought you here and laid you on the doorstep. Then I turned and fled. I thought no one had perceived me. But this woman, Sara Prue, had seen and recognized me—and she has been blackmailing me ever since. Now you know the truth. Half of my entire fortune belongs to you."

Samanthy blinked dazedly.

"Am I dreaming?" she appealed to the millionaire.

He smilingly reassured her with a shake of his head.

"Well, anyway, if I am," said Samanthy, drawing a deep sigh of contentment, "I don't want anybody to wake me up!"

That afternoon Samanthy gave a party for all the inmates of the orphan asylum at the soda-water counter in town, each little foundling being given to understand that he or she might have all the ice cream and sodas that he or she could possibly eat and drink.

And of all the sweet things in sight, there was nothing to rival the smile with which Miss Sara Prue regarded the girl over whom her cruel reign was ended.

Thomas Santschi, the popular director-leading man of the Selig Polyscope Company, was deeply grieved by the death of Charles Klein, the playwright, in the *Lusitania* disaster. Though they had met but a few times, Mr. Santschi was an ardent admirer of the dramatist, and the latter thought much of the actor. When Santschi was struggling for a foothold on the legitimate stage, before entering motion pictures, and Klein had not yet written any great success, they met during a rehearsal.

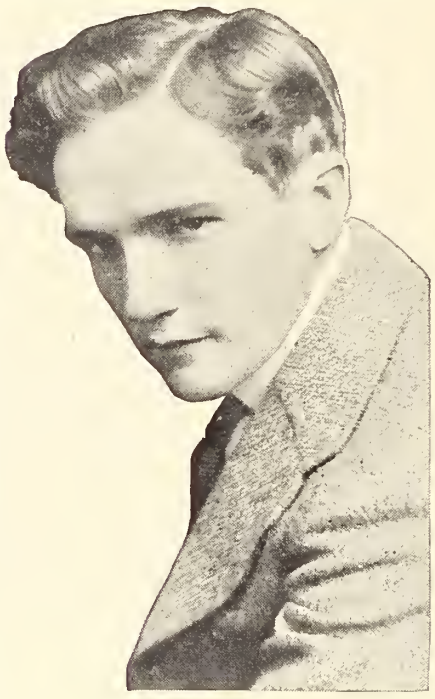
After that Klein often offered Santschi bits of advice on how to improve his work, and up to the time he entered motion pictures and found himself struggling to master a new art—one which had no recognized technique—the actor always found the playwright's hints to be of great value.

Plays and Players

Tom Forman.

TOM FORMAN, the young actor who has been making such a good impression with the Jesse L. Lasky company, was born in Texas, and received his education in that State and then in California, where his parents came to settle down after years spent on the cattle ranges of Texas.

Tom was an excellent athlete in his school days, and is an all-round sportsman, particularly addicted to shooting and fishing. He is the possessor of prizes for long-distance running and



shot putting, and is a fine swimmer and rider.

Mr. Forman played with stock and repertoire companies for some years, and finally went on the road in the Middle and Far West with his own stock company, playing leads in dramas and light comedies.

His picture career started with the Nestor company at Los Angeles, and from there he went to the Kalem company to play leads opposite Helen Holmes. An engagement as director with the Lubin company followed, which lasted for eight months when he left to conduct his own aggregation, and failed for want of capital.

Forman next joined the Universal, where he acted with Pauline Bush, and wrote a series of excellent photo plays which increased his usefulness and popularity. An offer coming from the Lasky people decided him to throw his fortunes that way, and he is glad he did so.

Some of the most noteworthy pictures he has appeared to advantage in are "Young Romance," in which he played opposite Edith Taliaferro, the juvenile lead in "A Gentleman of Leisure," which starred Wallace Edinger, "The Governor's Lady," which featured Edith Wynne Matthison, "The Woman," "A Wild Goose Chase," where he appeared opposite Ina Claire, and "A Puppet Crown."

"Rich-art" Ridgely, Edison.

RICHARD by name he's known, but by fame he's "Rich-art" Ridgely, and his pictures tell the reason why. Never exhibiting any cheap reaching after theatric thrill, but manifesting in themselves better than can words of description a true sense of dramatic, mirroring life with an artist's conception, Director Richard Ridgely, Edison, during his three years' connection with that company and motion pictures, has been a felt force for the uplifting of the film into its rightful dramatic and pleasure-giving plane.

With the intensity of a true son of Kentucky that he is, he puts all of himself, and the best of himself, in every picture he makes, so that "It's a Ridgely picture" has a meaning of its own.

He came to New York as quite a young man, and by chance joined a school of acting, which at that time numbered many actors since noted. His first outside theatrical venture was with "The Geisha," at Daly's, where in three weeks he jumped to a principal rôle. The second year he was in the lead. Then came three years which brought distinction in grand opera at the Metropolitan with H. W. Savage, when the opera was done in English.

As a director, Mr. Ridgely has kept up this reputation for excellent work made when he was himself on the stage.

British Pictures in War Time

By Ernest A. Dench

THE average British picture-play fan has never been as enthusiastic over notion pictures as his American cousin. Few things in Britain take quite a long period before they gain a firm hold, and it was generally presumed when war broke out that the photo play would be deserted. Nothing of the kind happened, however.

The hard times, on the contrary, introduced a further army of motion-picture admirers, for many hardened theatergoers who had hitherto regarded the screen as an inferior form of amusement were glad to spend an enjoyable evening within a stone's throw from their homes for twelve cents instead of having to pay two dollars; go to the trouble of evening dress and a journey to town.

The nerves of the masses had been highly strung by the war, and they found the photo play to be the ideal form of relaxation.

The womenfolk, before the war, were accustomed to accompany their husbands or sweethearts to a favorite theater after dark. Now, however, the streets in London and coast towns are plunged in almost total darkness through the Zeppelin peril, and they naturally do not care to expose themselves to risks.

The result is that some of them contrive to attend the matinées instead. It is, to a mere man, a puzzle how they manage to knit socks and such things for the "Tommies" in the darkened hall, and watch the screen at the same time, yet they do accomplish it.

Of an evening the men predominate, and there are more clad in khaki than in civilian attire. The former are members of Britain's new army in training, and they find the animated newspapers dealing with the war most instructive.

Britain, like America, is now strong for home-made goods. So when a patriotic fan sees a notice outside a motion-picture theater reading as follows: "Only British films shown. Support British labor," he expects to find it to be true. Then, when he discovers that many of the photo plays hail from America, he is naturally indignant at being imposed upon in this manner. The exhibitors who resort to this despicable method greatly underestimate the intelligence of their patrons at imagining that they cannot recognize the various brands of motion pictures.

Those who attend, in spite of the sky fever, remain unmoved at watching spy films. Perhaps the reason is that they watch the pictures more intently, and intend to apply the hints they have gleaned to good advantage should they personally encounter such a case.

There is, in each audience, a fair sprinkling of Belgian refugees, whom the British pity in a practical manner by contributing to the various relief funds gotten up at the picture-play theaters.

The Belgians know only too well that their homes have been ruined, and almost every Englishman considered it was a mistake reminding them of their troubles by showing them in films. There was a great surprise, therefore, when it was learned that they seemed to prefer seeing the destruction their little country has suffered. It serves to make them hope that better days are in store.

The presence of so many Belgians has compelled the exhibitors to write their announcements in both English and French.

This was the cause of a humorous incident. An Englishman was puzzled to see *"Ici on Parle Français"* head the program bulletin board several days in succession. At length he approached the manager, and said that he understood the program was changed daily, and he had noticed the same film advertised twice in succession.

The British fan, before the performance starts, is given an opportunity to display his respect for his own country as well as the Russian, and French allies, for the national anthems of those three nations are played in turn by the orchestras, during which every one rises.

There is quite a difference of opinion regarding war dramas and topicals. Some folks prefer them, while others shun them as they would the plague. The animated newspaper, however, comes in for the greatest share of praise. Those who evidence a liking to having the war visualized for them, wonder, as do even Americans, how the operators succeeded in getting pictures at such close quarters without being killed.

It is the women who resent war films of any description most. Many, it is explained, have their husbands, sons, or lovers in the army, and do not wish to have their thoughts brought to the horrors of war, so they favor the theaters showing only the ordinary dramas and comedies.

In the east coast towns the Zeppelin peril has been brought close to home on several occasions, and the attendances at the motion-picture theaters have suffered in consequence at their harvest time—after dark.

When, for instance, Great Yarmouth was invaded by the air, the audience in one of the halls was not even aware of the enemy's attack. The tactful exhibitor first went round and quietly told the soldiers in his theater that they were wanted outside. This passed off as of no consequence. Then, when the lights went out, and no films appeared, the pianist entertained the audience with several lively songs. The spectators, by this time, commenced to show signs of restlessness, but no one could inform them that bombs were exploding only five hundred yards away, and that the people outside were fleeing to their homes in terror, for the exhibitor had taken the precaution to allow no one to enter from outside under any circumstance.

The manager next addressed his patrons quietly, explaining that airships had been reported several miles away, and the light had been cut off as a precaution. The spectators left in an orderly fashion, but the chances are that they would have been panic-stricken had the exhibitor told them the truth.

Tom Wilson, a member of the Reliance-Majestic studios, was well known in professional pugilistic circles before entering motion-picture work. He is still a wonderful boxer, and several chaps who have attempted to test his ability insist he even now packs a "kick" in either hand.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

SYNOPSIS.

SHALL I write one synopsis to cover the entire story of a multiple-reel scenario, or shall I write a separate synopsis for each reel?"

That seems to be one of the many "eternal questions" which bothered the amateur photo-playwright. Like other questions of its kind, this is easily disposed of by the older writer, but is not such a simple matter for the beginner to answer.

Let us consider the thing from a "horse sense" point of view.

After you have written your scenario, you know that you must write a synopsis to tell the editor briefly what its plot is about. If the scenario is for a one-reel subject only, there can be no doubt in your mind but what it will run right through to the finish. Now, why should two, three, or more reels cause a writer to pause and wonder "how it's done?" The idea is just the same in both cases. You wish to briefly outline your story for the benefit of the reader or editor who has to read it along with hundreds of other scripts. The answer is: "Write your synopsis straight through, regardless of reels."

While some editors may prefer to have a division made, we think the majority simply want an outline of the story in as concise form as possible, and told without a break. It saves space, and does away with something which is not really essential. For the free lance it is better, therefore, to make no division in the synopsis of a scenario written for the general market.

LEADERS.

Lubin recently inaugurated a new way of "getting over" a statement without using a leader, the style used being to insert the words spoken by a character in the scene itself by means of double exposure. This is indeed an enterprising move, but we doubt if another company would like to do the same thing, especially since it is not their invention. Therefore, the amateur who, after seeing one of these pictures, hurried home and rewrote a script he had on hand so that all leaders appeared in this way, will doubtless find some trouble in finding a market for his product.

It is not because it is not a good scheme, or because no company but Lubin are at liberty to use leaders in this way that it would be rejected, but because it has not been accepted as standard technique, and is rather expensive to handle. What is wanted from the outside writer is new ideas for plots. The writers and directors in the studios are in better position to supply new ideas on technique, for they know the exact policy of their company, and also just what material is available.

It is well for the person not in close touch with some single company, for which he writes most of his scenarios, to use accepted technique except in special cases, where nothing else seems available. Then it is permissible to wander off the main path, but his script is subject to change at the hands of the man who produces it. We think the best thing for a beginner to do is to throw open the throttle when searching for new plot ideas, and to apply the brakes when it comes to "playing horse" with technique.

TRAINING.

Of course, we all know that training is necessary, no matter what we try to do, and that the more pretentious our task is, the harder we will have to work to prepare ourselves to equal it.

Now, while many writers know this, not all of them fully appreciate its application to themselves. A scenario writer is producing images from his mind which are intended to amuse and educate the entire world. Some may not consider this a "life-size" job, but we do. Granting that you get our point of view, let's consider the man who is doing this writing. Has he equipped himself, by vigorous mental training, with enough knowledge to permit him to face the work with an even chance of making good?

We fear that many of those who are trying to sell scripts to-day are not able to say that they are equal to the task of writing "stuff" that they would be proud to tell the world was theirs. On the surface they may believe that it is good, but a writer should not live entirely on the surface for the simple reason that he is a writer, and that writers are supposed to analyze.

What the majority of those who are not selling at the present time need is training. Long, hard hours of study and work—done with enthusiasm and intelligence—is what will bring any writer with ability through the masses, and place him on the pinnacle he wishes to reach.

There is no set rule by which a writer may train. Scenarios are created by the writer, and he must therefore have initiative to hit out along untrodden paths, if he wishes to turn out something that is "different." It is the same with his training. He must create his own course, and he must see that he works out his plans for this course, and then fills them to perfection. It is an individual affair with each writer, and, while much help may be gained from outside suggestions, the actual value of the training—from the knowledge-absorbing point of view—depends on the writer's individual effort.

Are you, scenario writers, big enough

to look past the surface appearance of your work, and see its weak and strong points? Are you big enough to map out a course of training for yourself, whereby your weak points may be brought up to the standard of the rest of your work, and by which the worth of your output may materially increase with each production of your brain? It is up to you, for we—or any one else—can merely give you suggestions here and there, which, when applied to your own work, will awaken new thought in your mind and help you in your training.

UNIQUE ENDINGS.

For a long time the progressive critics and writers on motion-picture subjects have advocated unusual endings, and we firmly believe that the majority of writers, amateur and professional, agree with this movement.

The "nigger in the woodpile," however, is the application of this theory, for it seems to be a habit with scenario writers to forget all about it when they reach the last few scenes of each script they turn out, and go right through to the ending which every one was expecting.

In the amateur's case this is easily explained, for he is so busy visualizing his action into scenes that he forgets all about the ending. In the case of the professional, however, it is different. He should see that every play's ending is given more than a little consideration, and, while it is impossible to make each end every one startling, it is easy comparatively to make them "different."

We use the words amateur and professional in this case in a broad sense, including those who are not sure of their footing in the first class, and those who understand the work in the last. The "amateur" should seek to learn just what would make his ending "different," while the "professional" should make it his duty to give every scenario he turns out a little twist at the end.

It may seem like a lot of wasted space to point out this single weakness, but it is a fact that an audience can "sense" the end of an average film three or four scenes before its arrival, because they have seen the same finish many times before. This surely is significant, for in time it will have its effect on the entertainment value of motion pictures.

THE FUNERAL MARCH, PLEASE.

Those who are wont to go back into the days gone by and dig up material from some ancient play which they believe every one has forgotten, were handed a bit of worth-while advice by William Lord Wright recently. He selects the mortgage plot—that famous stand-by of writers dead and gone—as the special point of his attack, but that there is a deeper meaning to it can easily be seen by those who "look behind the type."

Here's what he says:

"That good old stand-by of the spoken drama of the thrills classification—namely, the mortgage and the shyster lawyer, are barred from picture-play plots purchased by leading film companies. The mortgage plot was thought to have died a natural death in melodrama when the 'papers' were worked overtime by the villain. Not so, Hortense, not so! With the advent of the motion-picture play all the timeworn tricks of the spoken drama were lugged to the animated screen, and presented to the people as 'new stuff.' There was invariably the unjust travesty on the legal profession, the 'shyster' lawyer, who held the mortgage on the old home farm, and who threatened to foreclose the same unless the farmer's beautiful daughter, in love with the honest young husbandman on the adjoining 'forty,' was given to the said lawyer in marriage. The 'shyster' lawyer, so-called, always appeared in an office in which there was a small safe in one corner, and he always visited the safe, produced the papers, and then rubbed his hands in fiendish satisfaction as he gloated over the documents. Certainly he met with a timely punishment, but in so doing the members of the legal profession were frequently presented in an unfavorable light. The script editors are refusing to buy mortgage plots any more, and it is high time. So mote it be!"

STOLEN SCRIPT TROUBLE.

A correspondent in Nashville, Tennessee, wrote us recently and complained that he had submitted a script to a "certain individual" of a well-known concern, and that the script had never been returned. A production which almost exactly followed the scenario he wrote has been put out by this company, but letters to the "certain individual" asking for an explanation bring no reply. He wondered if he could resubmit the script to another company, providing he secured witnesses' signatures to prove it was his, and if the first company could take any legal steps in case the play was again produced. In his letter was also the question: "Is there any way that an author can protect fraud concerns from taking and producing his submitted scenarios?"

The writer didn't tell us the name of the company, or even hint at the identity of the "certain individual," but it makes little difference, for we will consider the principle of the thing only. To begin with, we doubt if it was one of the established companies, for the last question he asks makes us believe that it was a "wildcat" concern, with a name gained through "stock sale" advertising.

Granting that it was one of the big companies, however, and that the play was produced from his script, we will work it out for the benefit of the writer and others who may have similar troubles.

The weak spot, as all those who have been in the game for any length of time easily realize, was the fact that the writer submitted the a "certain individual" rather than to the scenario department of the company. We are in position to state that had he submitted in the correct way to any of the established companies the letter would never have been written, for there would have been no need for it. Editors and readers are responsible, and are carefully chosen for their position by the various companies. We must admit that once in a while a black sheep creeps into the fold, but the few who have tried stealing the work they were supposed to pass judgment on met with anything but an enjoyable fate.

In submitting to the "certain individual," whom he probably knew or felt he "stood in" with, the writer took the future of his script in his own hands, for the company was in no way obligated. It was the same as though the writer met an acquaintance on the street and gave him the script to sell. He wouldn't be able to do much to a company if the stranger sold the script as his own, and pocketed the money, so why should he even mention the company in the present case?

If the matter was brought to the film firm's attention through the proper channel, the officials would undoubtedly do all they could to punish the "certain individual," for he doubtless claimed it to be his own work when he sold it to

them. As far as reselling the scenario goes, though, we fear the writer is trotting along the wrong path. The company which has already made the subject certainly could make a fuss if it again appeared on the screen under a different trade-mark than their own, but this is almost impossible, for the editors of the various concerns would probably "spot it" before they finished reading the synopsis. Then the writer would be the only one to lose, for the editors would believe that he was the one who was stealing another's work.

We hope that amateurs will profit by this writer's trouble. There is only one way to do a thing, and that is the right way. That statement applies to any kind of work, but when focused on scenario submissions it means: Send in your scripts in the regular manner, addressing them to the scenario department, and not to an individual, and inclosing a stamped, self-addressed envelope for its return if unavailable.

USING A DUMMY.

While we still see a dummy dropped from a cliff, or made do some equally "thrilling" things in films occasionally, it seems safe to say that the day of the "substitute" is fast nearing its close. Writers who have said that the public are "picture wise" have spoken the truth, for a motion-picture theater audience is no longer shocked by the realism of a figure—apparently of a player—being dashed to death. The time has passed, so the wise photo-playwright now watches himself closely, and sees that the "dummies" he calls for in his scripts are few and far between.

DIRECTORS AND REJECTIONS.

Why does a director reject a script after the scenario editor of his company has accepted it?

That is the question which has been fired at us by one of our correspondents, and one which we have often heard amateurs ask when they received a rejection slip from a company with a comment by a director attached.

Certain companies will not allow their directors to select their own material, but many another will; and it is with the latter that the answer must deal. In such companies, the scenario editor is told to see that each director is given enough good material to put on so many scripts per month, and the editor proceeds to turn over all passable scripts to the directors whose requirements they seem to fit. When the script reaches the director, that worthy has many things to take into consideration. It must fit his company, give a good part to his star, be appropriate, not cost too much, and be producible. There are many other little things that would effect the acceptance or rejection of a script in the director's hands, also, such as a production in the course of making where similar props could be used, et cetera.

In cases where the scenario editor's O. K. merely indicates that the plot of the story is acceptable, the matter of acceptance or rejection is up to the director to whom the scenario is handed. We cannot say that we exactly like the "director final system," but we know that some companies have worked it out successfully, the directors being the final judges of all submitted material that showed promise.

Live-wire Market Hints.

It will be well for writers to prepare for the future, for we believe that within a short time market conditions will require quite a number of superior one, two, and three-reel scripts. It is just a surmise on our part, but writers who are watching the game closely, and who think likewise, stand better than an even chance of profiting by it.

Look carefully over, correct and revise the scenarios of this length which you have on hand. Then watch this column for notes on open markets.

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CHARLIE CHAPLIN AGAIN

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STORY OF ONE OF HIS COMEDIES

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Another one of Charlie Chaplin's comedies told in story form. A fifteen-minutes' cure for the blues. This time Charlie Chaplin applies for a job as a hero in a drama—and the result is a scream.

THE MOONSTONE. . . . . . **Kenneth Rand** **8**
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His New Job: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

Can you imagine Charlie Chaplin, in his baggy suit and battered derby, playing the lead in a serious drama? Of course it's only a story—of one of his best Essanay films—but that's what makes it all the funnier

Chaplin gets a "new job" as a movie actor, and if you want a hearty laugh read the fun that he finds in the studio, between the manager's office, the property room and the floor of the studio itself.

Everybody can laugh at Charlie Chaplin on the screen, but only the readers of Picture-Play Weekly can laugh at his antics and droll sayings in story form—for this magazine has the exclusive rights to fictionize these Charlie Chaplin comedies.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN walked into the office of a moving-picture concern.

And the first thing his eyes lighted on was a pretty girl. She was sitting on one of the chairs outside the manager's door: waiting her turn, apparently, to apply for a position as a moving-picture actress. Charlie walked over to her, on his heels, and with his little cane under his arm. He tipped his hat. The girl looked up at him, with her brows lifted and the corners of her mouth drawn down, as if to discourage such familiarity in a stranger. And then Charlie Chaplin smiled. It did the trick! For who could resist that smile of whole-souled good-fellowship? The pretty girl smiled back, and Charlie Chaplin sat down beside her.

And then she burst out laughing. For, pressing down the brim of his derby hat with both hands, Charlie had released it, to let it fly straight up from his head—this, in belated recognition



"Schuyler, 00419," called Charlie Chaplin.

of the clerk who sat frowning at him at the desk, by which Charlie Chaplin had walked without the formality of presenting his card.

Turning to the girl beside him, Charlie's laugh rang out with hers. He pushed the end of his cane against her ribs. Then he apologized by raising his hat. And then he began to talk.

"What happened," he asked, "when all the matches struck in the East Side factory?"

"Why——" she began in surprise.

"You're quite a comedian, aren't you?" laughed the girl.

"Hist!" Charlie caught her wrist, drawing down his brows and shifting his little, black mustache fiercely from side to side as he leaned toward her. "The old mill, at midnight! Have the papers with you, or I swear that Lord Helpus shall know all—you hear me, girl? *All!* The gypsy's secret was not lost with her death. I, Humphrey Opdyke, know the truth. You are in meh power—har! har! har!"



Charlie Chaplin, seizing the end of the cigarette between his teeth, took it away from the Englishman.

"The proprietor said, 'For dot you shall sulphur.' When is a gate not a gate? When it's a-swing—that was an easy one. But what is it that walks everywhere on its head?"

"I don't know," she giggled.

"The nail in the heel of your shoe. Caught you that time!" and Charlie Chaplin was about to give her another playful dig with his cane, but he remembered himself in time. He raised its crook handle to the back of the brim of his hat and tipped the battered derby to her instead.

His expression of mock ferocity lifting from his face, Charlie leaned back to smile reassuringly at her.

"You're a tragedian, too!" she exclaimed in admiring awe. "My, but you're versatile! Did you come here to see if you could get an opening to playing the villains in the pictures?"

"No," said Charlie Chaplin, shaking his head, while a noble, an inspired, look overspread his countenance; "no. I want to play the part for which I feel that I was intended at birth. The hero —ah, that is the rôle for me! I will show you that I know how to play one. Ah, Gwendolyn—or whatever your name may be—fly with me!" He had seized her hand again, this time in both of his, to fold it to his vest, on the wrong side, but he quickly righted the mistake. "Let us leave this place, and go hunt up a soda-water fountain. I will buy you all the strawberry sundaes that ten cents will pay for. Come where the sirup is thick and they give the most ice cream——"

"You'll have to excuse me," interrupted the girl, rising. "The manager isn't busy now, and I can go in and tell him how much I want to be a moving-picture actress—though I never have acted before. Wish me luck!"

Charlie Chaplin looked after her as she walked toward the door of the manager's office.

"I wish you luck," he murmured obediently—"and I'll have a little of the same."

The outer door opened, and a man came in. He was tall and thin, with a ruddy complexion and a bushy, blond mustache, and his two front teeth protruded. A piece of bark between them, and he would have looked like a beaver bringing home wood for the dam. He was a would-be moving-picture actor, too, it seemed; for he came over and sat down in the seat beside Charlie Chaplin. With the girl's departure, Charlie had moved into her chair, nearest the door, for it was his turn to go into the manager's office next.

"My word, but the day makes one languid!" murmured the arrival in an accent seldom heard off Piccadilly. "A bit of a snooze is in order. Right-o!"

Stifling a yawn, he slid to a half-recumbent posture in the chair. And then he draped one foot carelessly across Charlie Chaplin's lap. Charlie shoved it off. The man put it back again. Charlie threw it off once more, this time with such force that the Englishman, rousing, sat bolt upright in the chair and turned to look at him.

"Thanks, but I already have a valise," said Charlie Chaplin politely. Then, looking down at the other's feet, he corrected himself in a tone of surprise: "Oh, that's your foot!"

The man had taken out a cigarette and placed it between his lips. Now, while he groped for a match in his pocket, he thrust his face into Charlie's to glower at him. Charlie frowned back at him just as fiercely, bringing

his face closer to the other's. And, seizing the end of the cigarette between his teeth, he drew back suddenly—thus depriving the Britisher of his contemplated smoke. Charlie lighted the cigarette instead, and blew a tantalizing cloud of the smoke under the other's nose.

"Look hyar!" expostulated the Englishman. "What is a bounder like you doing in a place of this sort?"

"I'm going in to see the manager," explained Charlie Chaplin, "as soon as he's disengaged."

"I jolly well think you'll wait for me," said the other stiffly.

"You're right, you're jollying yourself when you think that," responded Charlie, with cheerful firmness. "My turn comes next."

As he spoke, the door marked "Manager" opened, and the pretty girl with whom Charlie had chatted came out. He rose, raising his hat to her. Simultaneously, the outer door opened, and a long-haired, typical actor of the "old school" entered. Charlie Chaplin, exchanging a smile with the girl, who looked back over her shoulder at him as she passed out, did not see the newcomer stalk majestically toward the swinging door of the manager's office and pass through it—thus depriving him of his turn.

But the Englishman had witnessed it. He gave Charlie an impatient shove, as he stood bowing and scraping to the girl, and tried to run by him to forestall the aged tragedian's entrance of the private office.

"No, you don't!" cried Charlie Chaplin, thinking he was the one the other wanted to beat to the door, and running toward it ahead of him.

The door, through which the veteran Thespian had passed, swung back and hit him. He fell against the Britisher, who had followed at his heels, and they both sprawled on the floor. "You won't get there first!" shouted Charlie. "You're bally wrong—I will!" shrilled his rival. The private office beyond the door was in pandemonium. In thunderous tones, the actor who had gained access to the manager, and begun demonstrating his ability, was declaiming: "To be or not to be? That is the question!" While over and over the manager's voice, lifted in a vain effort to drown the tragedian's, was repeating, "Get out! Get out!" Charlie Chaplin picked himself up and again started for the door. The Englishman came after him.

And through the door, which suddenly flew open, the old-school actor came sailing. He landed on Charlie and caromed to the floor on all fours. Charlie Chaplin went back once more against the Britisher, and a second time they both lost their balance.

When Charlie got to his feet, the "ham actor" had gone. On his way to the door, Charlie spied a coin on the floor—it was a dime that had been shaken out of the Thespian's pocket by his violent dismissal from the manager's presence. Charlie bent over to pick it up. "And ten makes twenty," said he.

The Englishman "leap-frogged" over his back and took hold of the handle of the manager's door.

Charlie Chaplin caught one of his feet and pulled him back. The man fell to kicking to free his imprisoned foot, and Charlie, stooping down, set his teeth in his ankle.

With a moan of pain, his persistent rival subsided on the floor, and Charlie walked across his prostrate form and into the manager's office.

The latter was a short, middle-aged, bushy-haired man. He paid no attention to Charlie Chaplin, as he stood beside his desk. Charlie coughed, to attract his notice. Still the manager went on writing furiously in an engagement book, without looking up. Charlie Chaplin reached across the desk and took the man's head in his hand, turning it around in his direction.

"I'm a surprise for you," he said, with his winning smile.

The manager picked up a long, black rubber speaking-tube, put one end of it to his ear, and presented the other to Charlie in significant silence.

"Schuyler 00419," Charlie Chaplin called absent-mindedly into the contrivance. Then, realizing his blunder, he wriggled his shoulders in confusion over his own stupidity. "This isn't a party wire, is it?" he spoke into the mouthpiece of the tube, endeavoring to make amends for the slip by treating it jocularly. "Nobody else can hear what I say to you, can they?"

The manager's face, as he held the receiving end of the tube to his ear, bore the same stony expression. Evidently he himself had not heard what Charlie said. The young man blew into the tube to attract his attention, as though it had been a dumb-waiter whistle. The manager lowered the apparatus and looked up at him, with the same blank expression.

"I can't hear you," he commented. "The thing must be stopped up."



She paid as much attention to Charlie Chaplin as though he had been a hole in the atmosphere.

"I'll fix it!" hastily offered Charlie Chaplin, eager to be of service to the man of whom he expected to ask a favor. "This ought to clear it out!" As he spoke, he picked up the inkwell, the first thing on which his eyes had chanced to light, and poured its contents into his end of the tube.

"I'll blow through it," said the manager, who had not heard what he said nor watched what he had done.

Charlie put his eye to his end to witness the possible removal of the obstruction in the tube that might result from the manager's promised experiment. The latter blew, as he said he would. And Charlie Chaplin received about two fluid ounces of ink in the face.

"Don't apologize!" he reassured the manager, as the latter attempted to do so. "It's the first painless black eye I ever got!"

The door opened. A tall, stately, gorgeously attired young woman came in. Two sandwich men, one preceding and the other following her, could not have heralded more plainly than her bearing did the fact that she was a "leading lady." Charlie Chaplin, flashing her his ever-ready smile, tipped his hat to her. She paid as much attention to his presence in the room as though he had been a hole in the atmosphere. The manager, who had turned back to the engagement book on his desk, was unaware of her arrival. Charlie picked up the tube, the other end of which the manager still held to his ear, and blew a tremendous whistle into it to notify him that she was there.

And then he wandered out of the office.

The Englishman, outside, was just coming to from the bite on his ankle. Charlie slapped him on the head with his foot, making him lie down again, and walked over his body once more.



"Do you happen to need a hero?" Charlie Chaplin asked pleasantly of the irate director.

Out onto the studio floor Charlie Chaplin sauntered, and into a scene that was being taken.

"Get out of here!" the director roared at him, stopping the camera. "What do you mean by butting in here like this and spoiling my scene?"

Charlie tipped his hat to him.

"I've come here to work as an actor," he explained. "Do you happen to need a hero?"

The busy director, thinking Charlie meant that the manager had engaged him, told him to go back to the latter's office and get a part. Charlie Chaplin, returning to the manager's room, picked up from the desk the thickest part in the pile he found there. If size counted for anything, he told himself, he had the leading part in his hand. He went back to the studio and up to the director.

"Do you know what this is, you chump?" the director demanded, after a glance at the twenty-odd typewritten pages Charlie had handed to him. "Look! It has written on it, plainly enough for you to see: 'Property Part; A King's Ransom.' That's where you belong, I guess, at that—the property room. Go in there and tell the carpenter to give you a plank, and bring it back here, in a hurry."

Charlie Chaplin picked up a board in the property room, without asking the permission of the carpenter, whose back was momentarily turned.

"Hey!" the carpenter called after him. Charlie turned around, and knocked him down with one end of the plank. Then he turned again to continue on his way, and the other end of the board which protruded from under his arm knocked down the Englishman, who had followed him to the property room.

"Pardon me, Matt!" Charlie Chaplin murmured, as he walked over the latter once more. "You don't mind my calling you Matt, do you, old rug?" And he passed on into the studio.

"Now, go back and get me another side for this set," the director ordered.

Charlie dropped the plank on the director's toes, and waddled away on his heels. He removed his coat, and swung it around and around in preparation to cast it aside. When the garment left his hand, it struck the Englishman, causing him to fall back against the carpenter, as they were both starting out of the property room to look for Charlie Chaplin. They went down in a heap. Charlie seized the piece of upright scenery the director had sent him after, and returned to the studio with it.

There, the first person he saw was the pretty girl, with whom he had struck up an acquaintance in the office. Resting the piece of scenery against the director, Charlie leaned on it and began to hold a conversation with her.

"So the manager gave you a job, did he?" he greeted her.

Taking out a cigarette, he lit it—being careful to blow the smoke away from her. But unwittingly he blew it into the face of the leading lady, who was standing on his opposite side. Look-

ing disdainfully down at him, she began to stiffen with indignation.

"I see the manager hired you, too," the pretty girl returned, regarding Charlie Chaplin's shirt-sleeved appearance in surprise. "But you don't look much like a hero in a play."

"Ah," Charlie explained, with a smile and an airily reassuring wave of his hand, "I am only waiting for my chance. That is the way for any one to succeed in the movies. Just wait around until the chance comes to break through——"

He staggered off his balance. He had broken through the canvas side of the piece of scenery against which he was leaning, as he spoke. He collided with the director, who in turn bumped into the leading lady, almost causing her to fall. She turned on the director, leveling an indignant finger at Charlie.

"Put that person out!" she ordered.

"I don't need to try *her* on a daisy," Charlie murmured to himself, as he moved away to stand looking on outside the studio set. "She loves me not!"

The director was having trouble with one of the "extra" men in the scene. It represented, he had explained to the performers, the queen's dressing room in the palace, on the eve of a grand ball.

The villain, a colonel of the Palace Guards, was to enter in haste, to inform her majesty that her royal spouse was impatiently awaiting her presence in the ballroom. The hero, a member of the colonel's regiment, the man she really loved, was with her. The extra man was playing the hero's part. The leading man having not yet arrived, it was necessary to have some one take his place for the rehearsal. The colonel, who suspected the love of the queen and the soldier, and who had determined to break off the affair, was to read him an order to ride forth on a dangerous mission that same night.

Twice the director had explained how the hero's leave-taking of the queen was to be acted, and twice the extra man had done it wrong. In desperation, the director looked around him, and his eye lighted on Charlie Chaplin.

"Here, you!" he ordered Charlie. "Go to the dressing room and get into a uniform, and come back here and see if you can play this part."

Charlie went off obediently. He came to the leading man's dressing room, and hesitated for a moment before the door at sight of the star it bore. Then he shrugged his shoulders, and went inside. Five minutes later, he had put on the leading man's uniform, his sword, and fur hat. The things were much too big for him—especially the shako, which came down so far on his head as almost to cover his eyes. But he drew on the star's gloves, the fingers of which flapped emptily for a full inch, and went back to the director, with the sword clanking along the floor behind him.

On the way, Charlie Chaplin found the carpenter shooting craps all alone on the floor of the property room, for "mind bets" with himself.

"I shoot a dime," said Charlie Chaplin, laying the coin down on the floor as he spoke. "Give me those bones!"

As he shook them, the carpenter sawed the air with his hand, crouching over the money. And as Charlie rolled the dice out, the carpenter snatched the coins up. The dice had not yet stopped rolling, so that their numbers could be read, and the fact of whether Charlie had lost or not ascertained. A bewildered expression on his face, Charlie started to protest.

"You lost, you lost!" the carpenter told him. "Roll again."

Charlie Chaplin laid down his last ten cents. Again, as he shook the dice, the carpenter's hand sawed the air above the money, like a referee's as he "counts out" a vanquished fighter. And again, as Charlie Chaplin made the motion to roll the dice out, the carpenter swept up Charlie's dime, and the one he had bet against it, from the floor.

"Say, what——" began Charlie, the bewildered look returning to his face.

"You lost, you lost!" repeated the carpenter.



Charlie Chaplin laid down his last ten cents and again prepared to roll the dice.

Charlie opened his hand and showed him the dice in it.

"I haven't rolled them yet," he pointed out. "Now, put down that money!"

Sheepishly, the carpenter did so. Charlie picked up both dimes, the candy away from little children, or rob blind beggars of the money in their tin cups. But I've had enough, thanks. If I stuck around with you long enough, I'd go walking out of here in a barrel."



Clutching the pillar in both arms, Charlie Chaplin attempting to replace it on its pedestal.

amount with which he had come into the game, and handed the dice back to the other.

"Come on, shoot again!" urged the carpenter. "I love to gamble."

"You mean," Charlie Chaplin corrected, shaking his head in refusal of the man's invitation, "you love to take

He continued on his way to the director on the studio floor.

"Now," said the director, "you and the leading lady walk in together. Try it!"

They did—four times in all. Toward the end, the director very nearly had apoplexy. Charlie's walk was a thing no other human being could keep step with. And his entrance of the scene with the leading lady on his arm was anything but the poetry of motion.

"Come on!" the director called to the villain to enter the scene.

"Why don't you salute him?" the director shouted at Charlie through his megaphone. "He's your superior officer. Salute him with your sword!"

Charlie drew the weapon, and presented the hilt to his lips. Then he tried to put it back in the scabbard. It persistently resisted his efforts to fit it into the opening of the sheath.

"Somebody's been rubbing butter on it!" Charlie protested to the director.

"Go on, go on!" the latter called to the actor who was playing the part of the colonel of the Palace Guards. "Take out the order for him to ride into the next kingdom. Never mind reading all of it. Finish with, 'And if you refuse to undertake the mission, you will be shot at sunrise, as a traitor to your country.'"

Charlie fell on his knees and lifted his clasped hands toward the villain. He thought the piece of acting was what the situation demanded. The director held a different opinion.

"Don't take it like that!" the director raged at him. "You're not a coward, man—you're the hero of the play. Act more like one. Be calm. Now," to the colonel, "read it to him again."

"'And,' the actor obeyed, "if you refuse to undertake the mission, you will be shot at sunrise.'"

Charlie lifted his shoulders, and brought his hands down to his sides in a highly indifferent gesture.

"Well, whatever's the rule!" he remarked.

The director tore his hair.

"No, no, no!" he bellowed. "Nothing like it at all! Is that the way you'd hear an order that threatened you with death? Take it seriously—seriously, but nonchalantly."

"Oh!" said Charlie, in the tone of one on whom a great light has dawned. "Nonchalantly! Of course—why didn't you say so before? Try me again; I know what you want now."

As the actor spoke the line to him once more, Charlie Chaplin summoned a look of pained amazement to his face—the expression that would have been registered there, say, if he had unexpectedly been kicked by a mule. And then, with a snap of his fingers, he

crossed his feet and put out his hand to lean against the pillar beside him. The pillar slipped from its base, and Charlie almost fell on his nose. He clutched the pillar in both arms, attempting to replace it, and it left the pedestal altogether. He staggered forward, he staggered back, and then he lost his footing, and fell with the pillar on top of him.

"And you said," the director addressed him scornfully, when the pillar had been lifted from his neck and replaced on its base, and Charlie Chaplin dragged to his feet, somewhat dazed, but unhurt, "you said you had come here to work as a hero! *Some* hero you are! But I'll give you another chance. You're going to ride on this mission. Lead the queen to the stairway, and take your leave of her."

Charlie pulled down the coat of his uniform, and offered the leading lady his arm. And, turning his back on the camera with her, he started toward the staircase that had been built at the rear of the studio setting, waddling slowly on his heels.

In the meantime, the leading man had arrived at the studio. He had hunted high and low in his dressing room for his uniform, sword, and hat. Failing to find them anywhere, he had rushed forth toward the studio floor in a towering rage.

At that moment, Charlie Chaplin had reached the stairway with the leading lady. She mounted a step, and he fell on his knees at her feet. Lifting the hem of her skirt to his lips, he pressed it there. Then he dried his imaginary tears, at their parting, from his eyes, on it. She mounted another step. Charlie held on to her train, ardently kissing it again. There was a ripping sound, but he was carried away by the emotion he fondly hoped he was registering at their separation, and he gave no heed to it. In blissful ignorance, also, of what had happened, the leading lady went on up the stairway—in a skirt which ended halfway to her knees, and whose train remained tightly clutched in Charlie Chaplin's hands.

The director, seizing him by the collar, dragged him to his feet.

"You're fired!" he roared. "It's a lucky thing for you there's a law in the land—or you'd be killed! Get out of here!"

He aimed a blow at Charlie's head as he spoke. The leading man came running up to find out who had stolen his costume, at that moment. Charlie ducked. And the star got the blow, instead.

Charlie Chaplin ran in the only direction that was open—the property room. He met the Englishman with the bushy, blond mustache and the prominent front teeth, coming out of it. He took a punch at Charlie. And again Charlie ducked. The blow hit the director, who had run after him. The carpenter rose in Charlie's path, and swung for his head. Ducking once more, Charlie allowed the punch to swing harmlessly over his head and meet the leading man, who had pursued the director. Running out of the property room, Charlie looked back through its door. The Englishman and the director, the star and the carpenter were all rolling about the floor, pummeling each other.

"You can fight it out among yourselves!" Charlie whispered, with a smile, turning away. "May the best man win! I'm going to get out of this costume, and see if I can find that pretty girl. And some soda-water counter is going to be twenty cents richer!"

$25,000 for Two Weeks.

THE value of Charles Chaplin's time to the exhibitor can easily be estimated through the recent offer of twenty-five thousand dollars by the management of Madison Square Garden, New York, for a two weeks' engagement.

The offer has been rejected, but the famous comedian loses nothing thereby, for George K. Spoor, president of Essanay, presented Mr. Chaplin with a check for the same amount, drawn on the Fort Dearborn National Bank of Chicago. This was a bonus, and entirely out of Mr. Chaplin's regular salary.

It was figured that Mr. Chaplin's time was entirely too valuable to the exhibitor even to spare him from his regular work for that short length of time. Consequently the offer was not considered.

The result is that the exhibitor will not be deprived of any of the Essanay-Chaplin comedies.

Mr. Chaplin has worked like a Trojan on his latest fun producer, "Work." He has put more time and care into this two-reel comedy than any previous one, and it surpasses anything else he has ever done. It is a scream of laughter from start to finish. This comedy has just been completed, and will be released shortly.

Mr. Chaplin has already started work on other great comedies, which exhibitors will receive in rapid succession.

Chained Lightning.

AND now real lightning has been harnessed by moving-picture men!

The picture of a blue-green flash from the sky, apparently dealing death to a man in a terrific thunderstorm, was obtained by a "Flying A" camera man recently, as a part of the two-reel subject, "Peggy Lynn, Burglar," to be released soon by the American Film Manufacturing Company. Fourteen futile attempts were made to photograph the flash and the simultaneous fall of the man struck down. On the fifteenth effort, success crowned the photographer's perseverance, and the picture of the flash now stands a monument to his ability.

The storm scene in the "Flying A" drama is considered by S. S. Hutchinson, president of the American, the most complete scene of its kind ever shown in pictures. A literal cloudburst, such as seldom is experienced in California, is shown in all its fury, raging and roaring mercilessly upon the heads of the film actors who were abroad in it. The lightning effect is great. In addition to the realistic scene above described, interior pictures are embodied in the film, showing a room lighted at spasmodic intervals by forked streaks of spitfire from the clouds.

It has been years since such a storm descended on Santa Barbara, where the American studios are located, and the "Flying A" directors were quick to take advantage of it. Probably years will pass before such an opportunity again is presented.

The greatest privately owned collection of wild animals in the world is at the Selig Jungle-Zoo at Los Angeles.

Movie hint: An educational film on the proper method of eating corn from the cob.

Relics of the Past: Motion-picture megaphones.

The Moonstone

(WORLD FILM)

By Kenneth Rand

"On him who possesses, or who seeks to possess it, disaster will fall." That was the curse of the Moonstone, which Captain Herncastle defied by stealing the jewel from the forehead of an idol in India. Two months and two weeks later, he was dead. But where was the Moonstone? Who took it? That is the question you will find yourself asking a dozen times throughout this story, based on the World Film Corporation's five-reel detective play—and you can't guess the answer until the last line is read. The cast:

Franklin Blake.....Eugene O'Brien
Rachel Verinder.....Elaine Hammerstein
Rosanna Spearman.....Ruth Findlay
Godfrey Abelwhite.....William Rosell

A DIAMOND as big as the top of a drinking tumbler!"

Captain Herncastle repeated the words to himself half aloud. His bags were packed; he was leaving India on the morrow.

"I wonder if there could have been anything in Chilchester's yarn, after all?" he continued musingly. "Let's see how the story went. I'd had a bit too much to drink at that farewell mess dinner, but I believe I can patch the facts together—if facts they are. The Temple of the Moon God. That's where the thing is supposed to be. Four generations ago, it was placed in the forehead of the idol by the high priest of the temple. 'On all who possess it, or who seek to possess it, disaster will fall!' So the high priest decreed, when he set the jewel between the image's eyes. Chilchester declared he'd seen it, on a visit he made to the temple, disguised as a native. It was as big around as the top of a drinking tumbler, he said. A diamond like that would be worth—it would be worth *having,* that's sure! I've half a mind to make a try for it!"

The English officer paced the floor, his brows knit in thought. "I'm leaving for home to-morrow," he muttered. "It might just be my luck to get away with it!" He smote his fist against his palm, in sudden decision. "I *will* make a try for the prize—if it exists!"

Disguised as a Hindu, three hours later, Captain Herncastle entered the Temple of the Moon God. All his doubts were swept away, as he saw the marvelous stone that glowed in the forehead of the idol on the temple's altar. It was as big as his friend Chilchester had said. A diamond, the like of which probably existed nowhere in all the world.

Kneeling on the temple's bare stone floor, Captain Herncastle seemed to be praying to the Moon God with the other worshipers around him. In reality he was waiting—waiting for the others to leave, and for the three guardian priests of the idol to fall asleep.

The hours passed, and still he knelt there, with his forehead pressed to the cold stone pavement. But he used his ears to check off the number of worshiping natives his eyes had counted upon entering the place. Now there were only three left besides the priests and himself in the temple. Now only two. A longer interval and then the last pair of worshipers departed together. Captain Herncastle waited a full hour more. And then, slowly, silently, he lifted his head and looked toward the three priests.

They were fast asleep!

He stole forward on the balls of his feet, drawing out a dagger from under the native robe which he wore. Between the sleeping priests he picked his way, and mounted the altar. Then, working swiftly but soundlessly, he proceeded to carve the diamond out of its setting in the forehead of the idol.

The stone dropped out at last into his hand. He put the knife away, and turned to descend the altar. One of the priests rose, and, with a warning cry to the others, sprang upon him. Captain Herncastle struck out with both fists, and scored two clean knock-downs. The third priest he met, football fashion, with lowered head and shoulders, as he sought to stop him in his rush for the door. The Hindu sprawled head over heels on the temple floor. And the next moment Captain Herncastle was gone, and the precious Moonstone went with him.

One of the three guardian priests of the idol, rising, struck a gong that hung beside the altar. It had scarcely ceased reverberating when the high priest appeared in response to the alarm. He saw the despoiled idol; he heard the story of the three priests, and his lips set in a thin line.

"Go!" he ordered. "Recover the Moonstone. Wherever it has gone, there ye must follow. Until the diamond is replaced, ye three are without caste!"

Two months later, Captain Herncastle arrived in England. He reopened his bachelor apartment, which had been closed during his three-year sojourn in India, and renewed his acquaintance with all his old friends. But to none of them did he make any mention whatsoever of the Moonstone. Not even to Franklin Blake, the young lawyer who was his attorney and his closest friend, did the captain speak of the matchless diamond that he had brought back with him as the result of a theft.

It was a fortnight after his return, when one morning Captain Herncastle called his valet to him. He showed him the Moonstone. Then, placing it in a jewel box and locking it in a drawer of

his bureau, from another drawer he took out a legal-looking document.

"This is my will, Parker," said he. "I am showing it to you, and I want you to observe where I place it, in case anything should happen to me."

At that moment three Hindus had stopped on the street outside, and were looking up at the number above Captain Herncastle's door.

"In case something should happen to you, sir?" repeated the valet, surprised. "Why, sir, what could happen to you? Unless you're not feeling well——"

"I have a presentiment of evil, that is all," said Captain Herncastle, with a shrug, though his face was set in the same sober lines. "Fill my bath for me."

The valet did so. Captain Herncastle entered the bathroom, and closed the door behind him. His manservant went downstairs, and entered the dining room to set the table for his master's breakfast. The door leading out into the hall was open, the valet noticed; frowning in perplexity—for he distinctly remembered to have closed it not a half hour before—he crossed the room to shut it again. The hall into which the door gave was that into which the front door of the house opened; and Captain Herncastle hated a draft.

A pair of sinewy arms encircled the valet's waist, and he was jerked backward and thrown at full length on the floor. In a twinkling, almost, so expert were his unknown assailants at the work, Parker's mouth was gagged, his hands tied behind him, and his legs bound tightly together.

Five minutes later there was a ring at the doorbell. Franklin Blake had come to pay a call on Captain Herncastle.

Receiving no response to his repeated ringing, Blake, perceiving of a sudden that the door was not latched, pushed it open and entered the hall. He passed down it to the dining room. And there he discovered the mute and helpless Parker.

"Quick!" the young lawyer commanded, when he had freed the valet of his bonds and his gag. "Where is your master?"

Parker stopped to work the stiffness out of his jaws before he could speak.

"He—he's in his bath, sir, I believe," he stammered out at length. "At least, that's where I left him when I came down here, to be attacked—by what parties I don't know."

Blake ran upstairs, through his friend's bedroom, and knocked on the bathroom door. There was no response. He seized the knob, and turned it. And then, standing on the threshold of the bathroom, he gave a gasp of horror at the sight that met his eyes.

Captain Herncastle lay queerly doubled and half submerged in the tub, the water around and over him pink from the deep slash across his throat, extending from ear to ear, through which his life's blood had long since flowed away.

"Captain Herncastle showed me this," said he, holding out the Moonstone for Blake's inspection as he spoke, "just—just before it happened. And here is his will. He wanted me to see where he put it, he said, in case anything should happen to him. He even said he had a presentiment of evil. Those were his exact words, sir."

Blake stared at the diamond which the valet had placed in his hand, in speechless amazement at its size. Then he read the will, doing so perfunctorily,



Captain Herncastle, disguised as a Hindu, had joined the worshipers in the Temple of the Moon God—to watch for a chance to steal the diamond from the idol's forehead.

With Parker to help him, Franklin Blake carried the dead man to his bed and laid him on it.

"The same parties who attacked me," said the valet, "must have done it. Don't you think so, sir?"

"It's quite possible," answered Blake, looking sorrowfully down at his departed friend. "But I can't understand it," he muttered. "He didn't have an enemy in the world, that I know of."

Parker touched his arm.

since he himself had drawn it up. He knew that it left everything Captain Herncastle possessed to his niece, Rachel Verinder, when she should reach her twenty-first birthday.

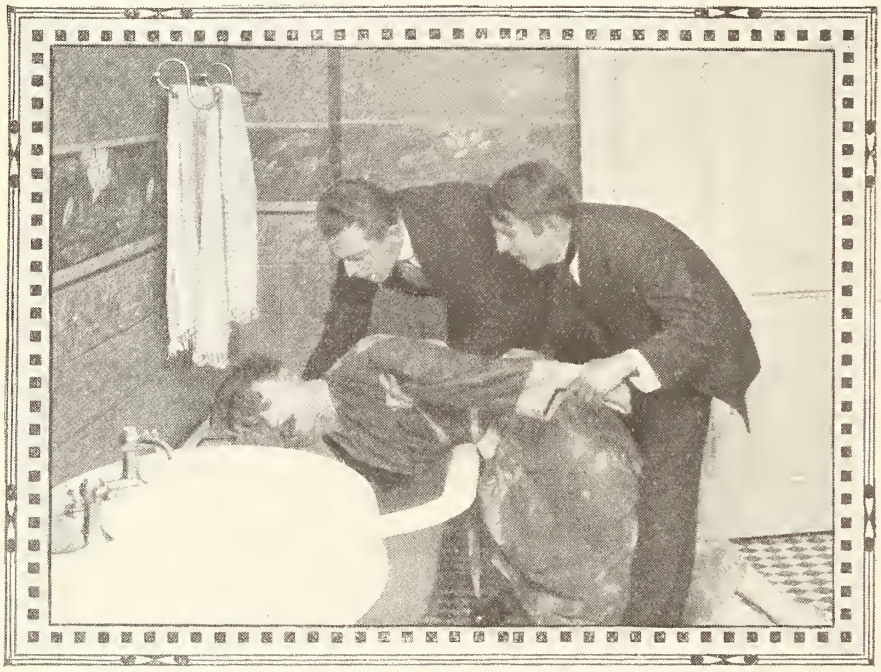
This diamond, then, had become her property—or it would be hers, in less than two months.

An examination of Captain Herncastle's room showed plainly that a search had been started in it, probably after his murder, but also that Blake's ring-

ing of the doorbell must have scared the would-be pillagers away, for nothing had been taken.

Blake telephoned to the coroner, and then returned to his automobile, in which he had driven to the captain's house, to ride out to Lady Verinder's suburban estate and break the sad tidings to her and Rachel.

Blake did not show the Moonstone to the girl, but he let her mother see it. He told the latter that he had thought of waiting until Rachel's birthday, so soon to arrive, before he let her know that she possessed such a treasure. She agreed that it would be better to surprise her with it then. And Blake explained that on his return to London he would place the diamond in the safe-deposit vault in his bank.



Franklin Blake and Captain Herncastle's valet lifted the lifeless body from the bathtub.

Then he went for a stroll with Rachel through the garden.

She and Franklin Blake were engaged —a fact which was unknown to a young girl who that day set eyes on Blake for the first time in her life. The girl was Rosanna Spearman, a new maid in the Verinder household.

And, no sooner had her eyes rested on Franklin Blake than she fell madly, hopelessly in love with him.

While Blake was at the Verinder estate, with the Moonstone in his pocket, three Hindus were kneeling on the floor of a cheap furnished room in the East End of London. One, in the center of the trio, had a squat, earthen vessel before him. He raised and lowered his hands, with the long, brown fingers touching, slowly three times over the mouth of the vessel. A puff of smoke arose from it; then another and thicker puff; and last of all a dense cloud of the grayish-white vapor. Into this the three Hindus peered. The lips of the one in the middle moved:

"Oh, Ashayi, reveal to us where the Third Eye of the God of the Moon reposeth at present!"

Gradually a figure began to take shape in the heart of the vapor cloud. It was the figure of Franklin Blake, walking in the garden of the Verinder mansion. He was talking with some one who was evidently walking at his side. But who that person was was not revealed in the smoke cloud. Franklin Blake alone appeared in it.

The vapor faded away. The Hindus exchanged satisfied glances, and hastened from the room.

An hour later, hiding behind the hedge near the gateway of the Verinder estate, the three turbaned East Indians watched Franklin Blake drive away in his automobile. One of the dark-skinned trio followed the motor car, at a tireless dogtrot, all the way back to London. And he watched him enter the bank for the purpose of placing the Moonstone in its safe-deposit vault.

From that day forth Blake was a marked man. Wherever he went, one of the three Hindus followed him. It is safe to say that he was not out of their sight for a moment, except while he slept. And even then he was watched more than once or twice.

Rachel Verinder's twenty-first birthday arrived. A house party was arranged in celebration of the occasion by her mother. Franklin Blake was, of course, invited. So was another young man, a friend of the family, named Godfrey Abelwhite. Another guest was one Doctor Candy, a white-haired and testy old practitioner of the neighborhood.

Blake, who was an inveterate cigarette smoker, was complaining, in Doctor Candy's hearing, on the night of Rachel's birthday, that his nerves were in bad order. The physician suggested that he try cutting out cigarettes for a while. Blake replied that he had already determined to do so, not having smoked at all that day. And, he added, instead of feeling better for it, his nerves were troubling him worse than ever.

"Then let me prescribe for you," Doctor Candy offered. "A few drops of ——"

"No medicine!" Blake had protested, lifting his hands in mock horror. "I don't believe it's ever done anything for anybody—except harm."

Doctor Candy, his white beard bristling with indignation, turned on his heel and walked away.

Later, Rachel received her presents from the guests. Franklin Blake presented her with his last of all—a finely wrought gold bracelet, set with a single sapphire, in proof of the steadfastness of his love.

"And this," he added, handing her another, and larger, jewel box, "is from your uncle, Captain Herncastle."

An awed hush fell on the assembly, as Rachel opened the plush box. There lay a diamond larger than any one there had ever seen, or dreamed of seeing, in his or her life before.

Rachel looked up from the Moonstone in silent wonder at Blake.

"Where did he get it?" she voiced the question that was in everybody's mind.

"I don't know," Blake answered what was the truth. "But he willed it to you,

with everything else he possessed. So you've a clear title to it. Where are you going to put a treasure like that when you go to bed to-night?"

"Oh, in the jewel case on the dressing table in my bedroom," Rachel replied indifferently. "That will be safe enough, I fancy."

But the next morning she reported that the Moonstone was gone!

And, strangely enough, when Frankline Blake, her fiancé, of all others, tried to question her about the diamond's disappearance, she refused to answer any of his inquiries, but ran by him in a sudden hysterical outburst of sobbing to lock herself in her own room.

The theft of the Moonstone was not the only discovery made in the Verinder house that morning. Rosanna Spearman came upon another which to her was equally startling.

In making up one of the guest's beds, she found a garment on whose sleeve was a smudge of fresh paint. Rachel's bedroom door had been freshly painted on the inner side on the day before. The owner of the garment had obviously gone into her room some time during the night. Rosanna rolled the garment up and hid it under her apron, going on with her work without saying anything to anybody about it.

And then Detective Cuff, of Scotland Yard, arrived to solve the mystery of who had stolen the priceless Moonstone.

He asked to be shown Rachel's bedroom, the scene of the theft, first. And the first thing he discovered there was a smudge against the still-damp paint on the inner side of the door. The detective examined the spot under a microscope. Then he announced the result of his minute inspection.

"That smudge was made by a sleeve in passing," he declared. "We'll look for a garment with a smudge of paint on its left sleeve, first."

Rosanna, listening outside the door, hastened away with something clutched out of sight under her apron. Hastily donning her hat and cloak in her own room, she stole out of the house and set off at a rapid walk for the village.

Detective Cuff saw her go, and he followed her. The maid entered a small dry-goods store, and made a purchase there. As she stepped out of the store, she came face to face with Detective Cuff.

"What brought you here to the village this morning?" he drawled pleasantly. "Anything special?"

Rosanna stepped by him to the letter box.

"Yes," she answered. "Lady Verinder asked me to post this letter for her."

She was about to drop a letter which she produced from under her cloak into the box. Detective Cuff seized her wrist, stopping her before she could drop the epistle through the slot.

"I'd like to look at that," said he, "if you don't mind."

Rosanna relinquished the letter. She had told him what was partially the truth of why she had come to the village. The letter was one Lady Verinder had written, and asked the maid to mail in the village some time during the day. Recognizing her ladyship's handwriting on the envelope, the detective returned the letter to Rosanna, and rubbed his chin as he regarded her.

"Thanks," he said.

Rosanna dropped the letter in the box.

"You're quite welcome," she answered cheerfully. And, turning, she walked back to the Verinder mansion. In her own room once more, she locked the door and pulled down the shade. "If he only knew!" she murmured to herself, with a smile. From under her cloak she drew out two bundles—one that she had bought at the dry-goods store, and the other that she had used as a sample in making her purchase there. Getting her workbasket, she drew up a chair to the fireplace and began to sew.

Late that same afternoon, she left the house again. This time she went down



"I'll trouble you to let me see that letter," Detective Cuff said to the maid.

to the seashore. Walking out on three rocks which stood before a dead pine tree, she removed an emptied cracker tin from its hiding place under her cloak, and with it a stout line. One end of the rope she tied around the tin. The other she fastened to a good-sized stone. Then, lowering the tin into the water, she placed the stone, as an anchor, upon the rock, covered that portion of the line which showed with seaweed, and went back to the house.

That evening Godfrey Abelwhite sought out Lady Verinder, his traveling bag in hand.

"I have to return to London on important business," he explained. "But, due to the unfortunate situation which exists here, I shall of course insist upon having my luggage thoroughly searched before I leave."

Detective Cuff, who was present, stepped briskly forward to perform the search. But Lady Verinder stopped him.

"The very idea of doing such a thing in your case, Godfrey, is ridiculous," she warmly declared. "You are my daughter's guest, and mine. Do you suppose for one moment that I would subject you to such an indignity? Sorry as we are to have you leave, you are at perfect liberty to do so, and to take your luggage with you, unquestioned."

An hour after Godfrey Abelwhite had taken his departure, Franklin Blake appeared before Lady Verinder to inform her of his intention of leaving the house, also.

"I think you ought to know," he informed Rachel's mother, "that Rachel has given me back my ring, and broken her engagement to me. I can't for the life of me understand why. And she flatly refuses to discuss the matter. So I am going."

As he was about to board his automobile at the foot of the mansion's front steps, Detective Cuff hurried up to him.

"I beg pardon, Mr. Blake," apologized the sleuth, "but would you answer just one question for me? I may tell you that, due to a sudden whim of the young lady who owned the diamond that was stolen, I have been called off this case. She asserts that the loss is hers, and she wishes the matter dropped. I have nothing to do but to obey her orders in the matter. But there is one thing I should like to find out, for my own satisfaction, before I go. Do you mind? Well, the question I wish you would answer is this: What is Rosanna Spearman to you?"

Blake's eyebrows lifted in surprise over the mention of the maid's name.

"She is nothing whatsoever to me," he answered candidly.

"Thank you," said Detective Cuff, stepping back from the automobile. "That's all I wanted to know."

It was enough for Rosanna herself, who had overheard the sleuth's question and the answer that the man she loved gave to it. Unperceived by either Detective Cuff or the young lawyer, she stole into the house and mounted the stairs to her own room. There she wrote a letter—only a brief one—and addressed it to Franklin Blake at his law office in London.

She took the letter to the village and mailed it. And then she walked slowly away in the direction of the seashore.

Franklin Blake, arriving at his office, repacked his bag, gave his office boy and his stenographer a vacation on full salary, and then, pinning up a card on the outside of the office door which read, "Will be Back in a Month," departed from London—to try to forget his inexplicable jilting by Rachel.

Thus, it was four weeks later before he received the letter which Rosanna had written to him. He tore open the envelope with its unfamiliar handwriting in surprise, to read, with increasing perplexity, these lines:

> "If you care to know why I have done away with myself, come to the three rocks by the dead pine tree, and lift the stone which you will find there. I overheard you tell Detective Cuff that I was nothing to you.
>
> "ROSANNA SPEARMAN."

The spot mentioned in the letter was a familiar one to Blake. Summoning his motor car, he drove out to the Verinder estate and walked down to the seashore. On the rocks before the dead pine tree he found the stone, and lifted it. The line attached to it was revealed. He pulled the cracker tin at the end of it up out of the water, and pried it open.

He found his own pajama jacket rolled up inside, with a smudge of paint on its left sleeve.

To the garment was pinned a note. He read, in Rosanna's hand:

> "I was making up your bed, the morning the diamond was stolen from Miss Rachel's room, and I came upon this paint stain on the sleeve of your pajama jacket. I knew then that you had stolen the gem. But I wanted to save you because—I loved you. So I bought material just like this, and made you another pajama coat, to put in place of this one, which I hid here so that no one would suspect you——"

Blake lowered the letter, his brows uplifted in utter bewilderment. Had the girl been mad? And yet this *was* his own pajama jacket, right enough. Pressing his lips together in sudden determination, the young man turned and walked back to the Verinder mansion. He found Rachel seated on the bench of the sundial in the rose garden.

He told her of the two letters he had received from Rosanna, and of finding his pajama jacket with the smudge of paint on its sleeve where the maid had concealed it.

"What does it all mean?" he questioned Rachel. "And has this anything to do with why you broke our engagement?"

"Yes, it has," Rachel answered. "I saw you come into my room that night and take the diamond out of the jewel case on my dressing table——"

"But——"

"You don't deny that you did it, do you?"

"Deny it? Why, I never stole anything in all my life. If I came into your room, as you say I did, and as this smudge of paint from your door on my pajama jacket seems to prove that I did, I must have been walking in my sleep. And yet that's something I've never done in my life. Nor has there ever been the slightest trace of somnambulism in my family. I know enough about medicine to know that a man who's never walked in his sleep up to the time he's reached my age, doesn't start in ——"

The voice of Doctor Candy, who had approached them unnoticed, cut in:

"What do you know about medicine, young man? Nothing at all. I'll tell you how you could have walked in your sleep, easily enough. Do you remember what you said to me on the night of Miss Verinder's birthday? That you believed medicine could not help your nerves? You may also remember that you told me you had stopped smoking

cigarettes that morning. Well, I wanted to show you what medicine *could* do for you. And so I watched my chance, and dropped a little laudanum into a glass of wine you were holding during the evening. The drug, and the fact that you were unaccustomed to going without the other narcotic, tobacco, had its effect on you. Which may have been to make you walk in your sleep——"

"We'll prove whether it did or not!" cried Blake, springing to his feet. "I won't smoke another cigarette between

It was he who had stolen the Moonstone.

But—where was it now?

The day before this happened, Godfrey Abelwhite met in front of a bank, by appointment, Isaac Luker, a money lender.

The loan shark handed Abelwhite a roll of bank notes, in return for which the latter stealthily passed a small package to him. Luker stepped into the bank, to reappear within five minutes.

the same small boy was delivering another to Abelwhite. It contained the same message—he was to go to No. 688 Newberry Road immediately, to learn something of importance.

Luker reached the house first. As he stepped inside, the Hindus grappled and threw him, swiftly searching him—in vain.

Abelwhite was seized and searched upon entering the house, the same way. But neither on him did the Hindus find that for which they were seeking.



Tommy, watching, had seen the Hindu discover the number of the bearded man's room in the lodging house. A moment later, the urchin had run to inform Detective Cuff.

now and midnight. Then you give me the exact amount of laudanum, and in a glass of the same kind of wine, as you did before. We'll see what happens then. If I walk in my sleep, it will prove that I stole the diamond, and didn't know it."

The test was carried out. And, sure enough, Franklin Blake rose in his sleep and walked into Rachel Verinder's room, to open her jewel case, take out a ring, and walk back into his own room again.

Then he and Abelwhite walked away in opposite directions.

But their transaction had been witnessed. The three Hindus stole around the side of the bank building. One, stopping a small boy who was passing, gave him a note with instructions to run after Luker and deliver it to him.

The note which the money lender read ran as follows: "Important. Go to No. 688 Newberry Road at once."

While Luker was reading that note,

So deftly had the East Indians done their work of throwing, binding, and gagging the two men they had lured to that house, that neither Abelwhite nor Luker had caught a glimpse of whom their assailants were.

Escaping from their bonds only after hours of painstaking effort, they had turned the story over to the newspapers. And thus Detective Cuff heard of it.

The sleuth had in his employ a ragged gutter gamin named Tommy, whom he

had picked up in the slums and made his office boy. Tommy was as sharp as a steel trap; Detective Cuff had often turned over minor parts of cases on which he was working to him, and Tommy had proved by the capability with which he had handled these assignments that one day he himself was going to make a first-rate detective.

Now Detective Cuff told the urchin to go to No. 688 Newberry Road, and see what he could find out there that might lead to the discovery of the identity of the mysterious assailants of Abelwhite and the money lender.

Three hours after Tommy had departed, Franklin Blake and Rachel Verinder called on Detective Cuff. They had come to inform him of the result of the experiment they had made, which had proved that Blake was the innocent thief of the Moonstone.

"Then you have recovered the diamond?" the detective inquired of Rachel.

"No," she replied; "I have not."

And at that moment the door of Detective Cuff's private office flew open, and Tommy burst in. The boy's eyes were shining with excitement, and he was breathing as though from a hard run.

"Guvnor," he blurted to Cuff, "come along with me, an' in a 'urry, if you wanter be in at the finish. There's somethin' comin' orf—I found out who them men was as trussed up Abelwhite an' Luker in that 'ouse in Newberry Road. They was 'Indus. An' here's how I got on to it. I spied a footprint in the dirt on the doorstep o' that 'ouse. It wasn't made by no shoe, 'cause there wasn't no heel mark, an' no nail marks, neither. So what kind o' footgear *did* make the print? That's what I couldn't figger out. An' then, as I was on my way back 'ere, I 'appened to get a flash at three dark-skinned fellers walkin' along the street in their long coats and turbans. I looked down at their feet—an' I had the answer. The kind of a foot-coverin' that wouldn't leave no heel or nail marks was a *slipper!*

Tommy stopped for breath.

"I saw that these 'Indus was trailin' a man with a beard and a satchel in his hand," he continued. "They follered him to a water-front lodgin' house, an' I follered *them*. The room he got was No. 10. One o' the 'Indus had follered him into the place, and he spied the number of the room on the brass tag of the key the owner of the lodgin' house passed to him over the bar. That room's on the top floor of the 'ouse, and with a skylight in it, o' course. And when I come away, to give you the tip, them dark-skinned heathens was climbin' across the roofs to get to that skylight. One o' 'em had a blowpipe in his hand—and they're bent on murderin' that man, whoever he may be, as sure as you're born!"

Detective Cuff, followed by Blake and Rachel, ran out of the office after Tommy, who led them to the lodging house in question. But when they entered the door of room No. 10 they found that they were too late—Tommy's prophecy that the Hindus meant to murder the occupant of that room had been fulfilled.

The man was not yet dead, though he had only a few more minutes to live, it being a poisoned arrow with which the Hindus had shot him through their blowpipe.

"They got the diamond," he gasped out his story to Rachel, Blake, and the detective. "I expected to take a boat for Amsterdam to-morrow morning, where I was going to have the stone cut up. A money lender—but I won't mention his name—to whom I showed the diamond, advanced me a sum of money on it yesterday which I had to have at once; he placed the stone in the safe-deposit vault of a bank as security for the loan. I paid him back to-day, and he returned the diamond to me. Those Hindus must have seen him give me the thing, and they followed me here, and—and got the stone—and got me."

He struggled for breath with which to continue. "You—you took the diamond in your sleep, Frank," he addressed himself directly to Blake. "I came out of my room, and saw you walking out of Miss Verinder's door with it in your hand. Your eyes were shut, and I knew you didn't know what you were doing. So—so I just reached out and took it from your hand. You were a thief, and didn't know it.

"But it was I who really stole the Moonstone—I, Godfrey Abelwhite!"

Eight Thousand in Masterpicture Cast.

EIGHT thousand persons were used by Director W. Christy Cabanné in the staging of several scenes in "The Failure," the four-part Mutual masterpicture produced by the Majestic studio. In one scene, showing the inside of a theater, fourteen hundred persons were necessary, while in another scene, showing a street parade, more than four thousand participated.

John Emerson, former star of the legitimate stage, is featured, playing the part of an aggressive reporter, directly responsible for the exposing of an unscrupulous theatrical manager. Supporting him are such noted stars of the screen as A. D. Sears, playing the part of the crooked theatrical manager, Olga Grey, and Juanita Hanson.

"Enoch Arden," "The Outlaw's Revenge," and "The Absentee," Mutual masterpictures, were also produced by Director Cabanné.

California and Movies.

SO popular have the various motion-picture communities that have sprung up lately in southern California become that it is reported steps are to be taken by the railroad companies with a view to handling the tourist traffic.

Within two years half a dozen moving-picture "towns" have mushroomed up in the immediate vicinity of Los Angeles and the beach cities. The originator of the town idea was Thomas H. Ince, the Mutual directing genius, who five years ago "located" on a promontory on the coast, near Santa Monica, and evoluted it into a town of five hundred inhabitants.

Ince's village soon became by-talk over the country, and created such interest in motion-picture circles that other companies followed suit, and began laying out film subdivisions. Then along came Universal City, the latest addition to the Los Angeles suburbs.

The "film town" idea traveled with such speed that the southern California "real estaters" saw an excellent chance of exploiting their subdivisions to motion-picture people. One enterprising town builder coaxed a motion-picture concern to locate on his tract, conveying a free location for the purpose. A studio was erected there for experimental purposes, and was no sooner up than the real-estate people advertised broadcast that such and such a place was to be the motion-picture center of the world, and lots went fast at fifty dollars each.

Life's mysteries: A seat in the motion-picture theater.

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

II.

IT is often, in these days, a source of wonder that actors and stage folk generally were so reluctant, and so late to capitulate to the lure of the motion-picture art, yet few there are who fully comprehend that there was a lapse of nearly ten years between the advent of the cinematograph and what is now called the photo-play era. It took a full decade to discover that somewhere lurking amid the maze of scientific phenomena were the outlines of a new art which was destined to create the greatest boon in the history of public entertaining.

One must understand that as recently as 1908, which was the red-letter year in motion-picture history, when the two big groups of licensed and independent producers organized, the productivity of the screen was of so primitive a quality that the very first theater solely devoted to film had not yet been established, while as for stage folk, the few intrepid players who dared to seek conquest in the new field were as a rule men and women who defied the wrath of the theatrical powers, who were wont to threaten an embargo if they—the players—would attempt to degrade themselves by posing before the camera.

Yet it is a fact that not a few of the great celebrities of yesterday and to-day not only bestowed of their genius for the screen fifteen years ago, but they did so without a penny of compensation, regarding the innovation as a splendid advertisement. May Irwin and John C. Rice posed for the Edison company in the late '90's for probably one hundred and fifty feet of film. The subject was called "The Kiss." More money was made on this release than is made to-day on some of the biggest successes shown on Broadway. Nevertheless, both Miss Irwin and Mr. Rice made a half dozen trips to the Edison studio, then at Orange, New Jersey, giving practically ten days of their valuable time, and expecting and receiving absolutely nothing for their services.

Last year May Irwin was paid a small fortune by the Famous Players Company to appear in a picturized version of "Mrs. Black is Back," while Mr. Rice has just been engaged by the Lubin company for a prolonged period to be featured with Marie Dressler in special productions. It took fifteen years for this comedian to realize financially from the doubtful fame of being the very first actor to act before the camera.

In the same year that the Irwin-Rice films were released all over the world, the late Marshall P. Wilder, who was one of the shrewdest and most provident of public entertainers, did not hesitate a moment when he was invited to pose in his monologue, for which vaudeville managers were then paying him five hundred dollars a week. Wilder jumped at the chance, paying his own expenses, and asking not one cent for services that enriched film men all over the world for more than two years. But, like the other two stars mentioned here, Wilder saw the light a decade later, when he went to the Vitagraph company on a contract involving thousands of dollars, and at the time of his demise, a few months ago, Wilder was planning to invest a portion of his vast fortune to enter the producing field himself.

It was when the "Imp" brand of picture plays was first released from a studio in One Hundred and First Street that the real rush of actor folk began, though then—1910—the names of players were not even advertised. In that year Mary Pickford, Florence Laurence, Owen Moore, and King Baggot were just as clever as they are to-day, yet no one knew their names. If Miss Pickford was paid more than fifty dollars a week in that year it did not come in her pay envelope; now her weekly salary is forty times as much.

There were about twoscore of men and women in the big studios in 1910 who represented then the very best in film productivity. It is only a truth to state that these twoscore still represent what the new art stands for. Here are their names: Arthur Johnson, Henry Walthall, Romaine Fielding, Charles Kent, G. M. Anderson, Mack Sennett, Edwin August, Thomas Ricketts, Carlyle Blackwell, King Baggot, Owen Moore, Herbert Brenon, Mary Pickford, Florence Turner, Florence Laurence, Marion Leonard, Lottie Briscoe, Gene Gauntier, Alice Joyce, Edith Storey, Miriam Nesbitt, Octavia Handworth, Helen Gardner, May Hotely, Mabel Normand, Blanche Sweet, and some others, not one of whom has had anything to fear from the onrush of stage stars in the last two years.

The writer does not pretend to name all who helped to make the vogue of photo plays what it is to-day, but enough are here presented to convince the most skeptical that the players of those early days of the photo play came seriously to their work, content to blaze the trail for the gold-laden new era when, through advertising the actors, authors, and directors, salaries increased by leaps and bounds. Moreover, not in all filmdom may one to-day point to two score of players who earn as much and achieve as much as do these survivors of the days of "the chase."

The great directors, too, were then the same men—and not a few women—who now look on in complacency at the newcomers, who owe their present prosperity to the "pioneers." Men like D. W. Griffith, Sid Olcott, Otis Turner, Al Hoteling, and women directors like Lois Weber and Gene Gauntier had to originate. After them came directors who helped the camera man to his goal, such as the brothers Ince, Hobart Bonworth, J. Searle Dawley, and others who have contributed to the uplift.

Not the least factor in the amazing development of the photo play has been one of whom we hear altogether too little—namely, the camera man; one of whom—William Bitzer—is entitled to figure conspicuously in any recital of progress in the motion-picture art and industry. It was Bitzer who, alone of the old Biograph staff, recognized the ability and influence of the master, D. W. Griffith, and it was he, too, who helped to make possible such productions as the epochal "Birth of a Nation."

Her Shattered Idol

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

The professor's heart was set on having his niece marry the son of his oldest and best friend; but one day, on a horseback ride through the country, she saw and fell in love with a handsome young blacksmith. "The best way to cure a woman of something that isn't good for her, is to let her have it," said the professor. The plan he evolved for bringing the lovers together again, and how it worked out, is told in this story based on the Mutual masterpicture of the same title. The cast:

Mae Carter.....Mae Marsh
Tommy.....Robert Harron
The Blacksmith.....Elmo Lincoln

PROFESSOR AITKEN, in the garden of his country home, stood looking after the young man and the girl as they went down the lane of rosebushes.

The professor was very old, as his silver locks and his thin, slightly stooping frame showed; and also very wise, as the fact that he was known as the foremost living authority on insects, their habits, and ways, attested.

Wherefore, as he watched his niece and her fiancé, Thomas Wentworth, junior—who, as the son of the man who had been the professor's dearest friend, he loved as though the boy had been his own—walking away together, hand in hand, the professor's smile of satisfaction faded before a frown of doubt. He shook his head.

"It's running too smooth," he murmured under his breath; "too smooth. True love was never like that. I'm afraid—I really *am* afraid, that something is going to happen. And it has been the dearest wish of my life that they should marry. H'm! I shall have to be on the watch, and hold myself in readiness to take a hand in the game."

Mae Carter, the professor's niece, and Tommy, as all who knew and loved Thomas Wentworth, junior, called him, mounting their horses at the stable in the rear of Professor Aitken's mansion, cantered away for a ride through the surrounding countryside.

And they were riding, though neither of them knew it, toward just such an interruption to the smooth flow of their love as the professor, in his wisdom, had foreseen.

Mae had known Tommy ever since she was a little girl in knee-length frocks, and he a slim boy in short trousers. Tommy was slender of build now, at twenty-four. They had grown up together, save for the four years Tommy had been away at college. He had come back, six months before, to fall in love with his boyhood's sweetheart, now grown into a young lady of surpassing charm and beauty, all over again. He had pressed his suit ardently and to such good effect that Mae had at last permitted him to encircle the fourth finger of her left hand with a thin, platinum band on which was set a pigeon-blood ruby surrounded by diamonds. And they were engaged.

But to Mae, of late, considering Tommy in the light of one with whom all the rest of her life was to be spent, had come a certain vague doubt as to whether she had chosen wisely.

There was nothing heroic about Tommy, in appearance or manner. He was just a straight, clean young man, with a knack of saying things to make people laugh that made him good company. And Mae was romantic enough to have always imagined the knight who should one day come riding into her life, to carry her heart by storm, as a Hercules of strength and a D'Artagnan of courage. It was not that she loved Tommy less, because he failed to measure up to this ideal. But that she believed she could have loved him more if he had done so.

Suddenly, as they were riding along a woodland road, Mae's horse stumbled, with a whinny of pain, and went lame. Dismounting, as did Tommy, she looked over his shoulder as he lifted the horse's right foreleg, to perceive that a pebble had become lodged between the horse's hoof and its shoe.

"Pull it out, Tommy," Mae directed.

Tommy tried to do so. The pebble had become so firmly wedged under the shoe as to leave too little of the stone for his fingers to get a secure purchase on, which was one reason why he failed to dislodge it. Another was the fact that it requires a good set of muscles to draw out a stone that a horse has driven under its shoe. Tommy, red-faced and breathless, gave it up, after five minutes.

"I can't budge it," he confessed.

Mae, looking around them, spied a thin plume of smoke rising above the treetops straight ahead. The town was only a short distance away; the smoke, and the musical *clink-clank* of hammer blows on iron which rose upon the still air with it, proved that the village blacksmith was at work before his forge.

"Come on!" said Mae, starting forward with her horse's reins in her hand, her brows drawn down in a little pucker of impatience over Tommy's failure to remove the cause of the animal's suffering; "we'll go to the blacksmith and have him take it out."

"Big Ben" was the significant title by which the smith was known to his fellow townsfolk. In appearance, he was all that the name implies; three inches above six feet in height, with massive shoulders and arms and a barrellike chest, he would have brought joy to the heart of a sculptor seeking a model for a figure of Strength.

He was only a year older than

ommy. And, in addition to his strik- g physique, he was decidedly good king. As Mae led her horse up to n, and explained the service she de- red of him, her glance traveled from e young blacksmith's stalwart frame Tommy's, comparingly. And Tommy ticed it.

Big Ben, lifting the horse's foreleg, garded the stone in its hoof r a moment, and then, with single wrench of his hand, e tore off the shoe, and the bble fell out.

Mae gasped, her eyes wid- ing with admiration for the an's feat of strength as they ntinued to rest on him in sort of fascination. Tommy rowned. The burly rough- eck, as he mentally charac- erized the blacksmith, had nade his own effort to re- nove the stone appear as the xhibition of a puny weak- ing. Frowning still, as he tood waiting while Big Ben reshod the horse, when the work was done Tommy dropped a coin into his hand with scant courtesy; but all might have been well, if in departing Mae had not flashed a half-timid smile over her shoulder at the grime-streaked, handsome young Vulcan, with the words:

"You're very strong!"

Tommy lost his temper. During the ride back to Professor Aitken's, he had a good many disagreeable things to say about young ladies who forgot their station, and openly showed their admiration for people far beneath them. Mae, who was nothing if not high-spirited, would not have let him go as far as he did—had she been listening to anything he said.

She was thinking about the young blacksmith. She paid no heed to Tommy's sulking, with which he replaced his angry tirade of the ride home after they reached the professor's house, for the same reason. Big Ben filled her thoughts, to the exclusion of all else.

He was the last one of whom she thought as she fell asleep that night. And probably that was responsible for the dream she had.

It seemed that the centuries had rolled back, and she was dwelling in the cavemen days. Tommy was sitting on a rock, dressed in a skin, with his hair falling in a wild shock to his eyes. He was gnawing at some roots in his hands, while she was gathering more in the field near by. She was Tommy's mate. She brought him the roots she had dug up. They were not big enough, or the wrong kind, or something, and he flung them away, ordering her to go and bring him more. Obediently she set forth to carry out his bidding, wandering farther afield.

A caveman who would have made two of Tommy, spied her, and rushed upon her to carry her off. She ran, but her pursuer was fleeter of foot, and he caught her up in his shaggy arms. Looking back over her captor's shoulder, she saw Tommy cowering in fear behind his rock. He saw his mate being taken away from him before his eyes, but he was afraid to interfere.



Big Ben pushed back his neck until the cave man's spine snapped.

Another who had witnessed her capture was not, however. There was a great, bellowing shout at a short distance behind her. Then the pound of running feet. The man who had seized her dropped her to the ground, rudely. Scrambling up, she was just in time to see, brushing her own long tangle of hair away from her eyes, the huge caveman who had attempted to make off with her grappled by a man who was even taller and brawnier. It was Big Ben, the blacksmith.

Watching, she saw him encircle his opponent's waist with one of his mighty arms. Then his other hand came up and gripped his adversary's neck. He pushed his head back, and back. With a snap, the man's spine broke. And Big Ben indifferently flung him down, a limp, lifeless heap, at his feet. He looked around triumphantly at Mae, and stood waiting.

She looked back at Tommy, still cowering behind his rock. And then, shyly lowering her head, she walked into the blacksmith's arms.

Mae awoke with a start. It was only a dream—she realized it, with something like a twinge of disappointment. A dream, however, in which Tommy had again come off second best. And in which the blacksmith, she had seen that day for the first time, had once more played the part of a stalwart hero.

Mae determined to see him again next day. While she was out for a walk through the woods with Tommy, she sent him away on a pretext of gathering some wild flowers. Then she hurried off in the opposite direction, which brought her in a few moments within sight of the blacksmith's forge.

Big Ben was tiring a wagon wheel, with great blows of a sledge that it would have taxed the strength of an ordinary man even to lift from the ground, as Mae approached.

He stopped his work, at sight of her. Mae had brought her kodak with her, and she asked him to pose for his picture. Big Ben, flattered, did so; inflating his chest, he folded his arms over it, and stood waiting for Mae to snap the camera.

And at that moment Tommy arrived on the scene.

"What does this mean?" he demanded of Mae, when he had drawn her out of earshot of the blacksmith. "I believe you only sent me away to get those flowers for you so you could come here and flirt with this fellow."

Mae caught the note of angry rebuke in his voice, and her head came up in a minute.

"I did," she coolly acknowledged. "But I have no intention of flirting with him."

Tommy stared at her, the color slowly fading out of his face.

"What do you mean?" he asked her.

"This," and Mae took his engagement ring from her finger and held it out to him. "I realize that I love another more than you. Though he is only a humble toiler, earning his bread in the sweat of his brow, he is a *man*—and that is why I love him. I'm sorry, Tommy. But I'm glad I found out that our engagement was a mistake in time. Take back your ring—you must!"

Tommy took it; there was nothing else for him to do. Leaving Mae and Big Ben together, he walked away. Fifteen minutes later, he was pouring out the story of his jilting, and the reason for it, to Professor Aitken.

"What shall we do?" Tommy appealed to the professor. "It's impossible that she can be in love with the man——"

"It is possible," corrected the professor, "that she *thinks* she is."

"But you don't mean to say you'd let her marry him?" Tommy blurted in amazement. "I tell you, he's nothing but a blacksmith! Lord knows, I'm not a snob who looks down on a man who earns an honest living with his hands. But for a girl like Mae to marry anybody of that sort——"

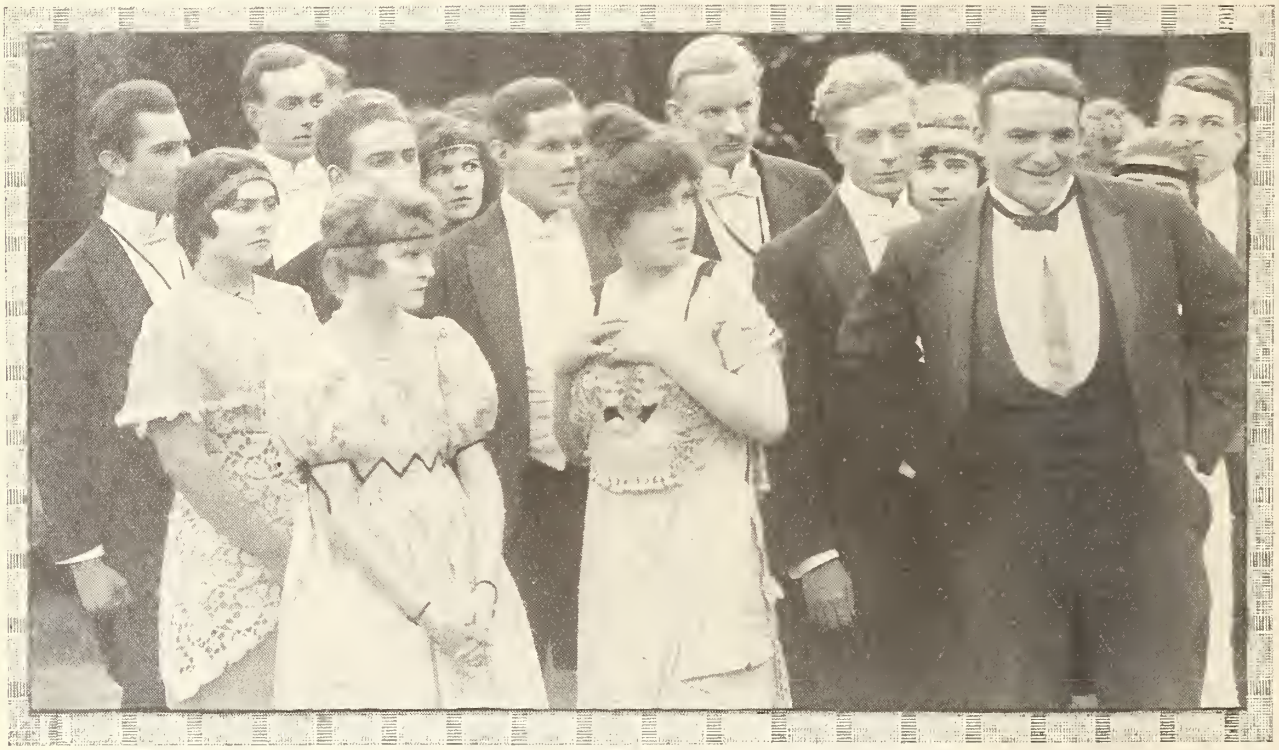
"I don't want her to marry him," the professor checked him quietly; "or anybody else, for that matter, but you. And, if I can help it, she's not going t I believe I *can* help it. Leave the ma ter in my hands, Tommy. I think know how to cure her of this infatu tion, almost as quickly as she contracte it. The——"

"But *how?*" broke in Tommy impa tiently. "How are you going to do it?

"As I was just about to remark," th professor smilingly answered, "the be way to cure a woman of what isn good for her, is to let her have it."

With which enigmatic statement, th professor closed his lips on the subjec of the plan he had thought of whereb Tommy was to be reunited with his Mae; and all Tommy's persuasions could not tempt him to say another word.

"Leave it to me," was all the old professor vouchsafed. "If you aren't engaged to her once more, and the date set for the wedding, in another fortnight, I'll miss my guess."



The blacksmith's conduct at her party killed all Mae's love for her fancied idol.

How Professor Aitken found out that Mae and Big Ben were planning to elope, must ever remain a mystery. But find it out he did. And at once he went to Mae—not to forbid her to carry out her rash intention of wedding the black-

nith—but to suggest that she abandon er plan to do so by stealth, and have he ceremony at the house in full view f all their friends.

As far as having any objections to her arrying the man was concerned, the rofessor said, he wanted her to choose homever she thought would make her appy, and her choice would be per-ctly satisfactory to him.

Accordingly, the professor invited ig Ben to his house for a dinner ance, at which his engagement to Mae ould be announced. The professor so invited Big Ben's mother.

The old lady appeared in a wrapper. n addition to which, instead f a hat, she wore a cloth ap. And she was smoking pipe. Watching Mae's face, the expression of dismay hich overspread it as she aught sight of her future other-in-law for the first me, Professor Aitken huckled. But there was orse and more of it to me. The guests went in to nner.

Big Ben was "strong" for ating, too, it soon developed. he way he and his mother, ho had been placed beside im, attacked the food, re-inded the onlookers vivid- of all they had read of ungry wolves. Mae, watch-g the exhibition of bad ble manners of which her fianced lover was guilty, on lowered her eyes to her wn untouched plate, and ept her gaze religiously xed there for the remainder f the dinner, her cheeks ink with mortification. And again rofessor Aitken, observing her, chuck-d to himself.

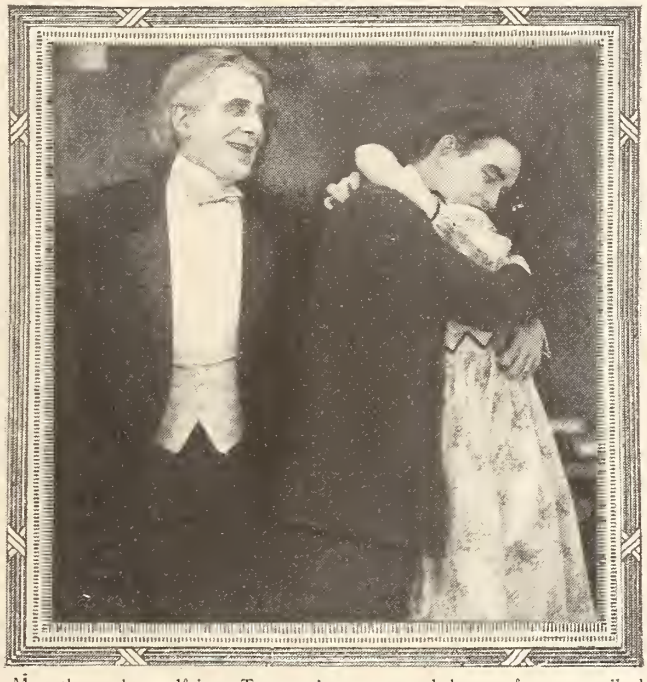
Big Ben rose from the table with the st of the guests, and went into the rawing-room, from which the rugs had en removed, converting it into a ball-om. Full of food, and feeling frisky, e seized the first girl in sight and pro-eeded to "one-step" her through the ther dancers. The exhibition would ave passed as harmless, perhaps, in an ast Side dance hall; but at that par-cular time and place it was received y all those present as the limit of un-ardonable horseplay.

Mae herself felt that way about it, and she requested the professor to bring the blacksmith to her. When Big Ben stood before her, she drew off the imitation-diamond ring which she had worn upon her finger in token of their engagement and gave it back to him.

"I don't want to marry you," she told him, in a tone whose finality was unmistakable even to one whose wits were as slow as Ben's. "I don't even want to see you again—ever!"

And then, without another word, she ran toward the library and—Tommy.

He had been sulking there throughout the dinner and the dance which had followed it. But he sulked no longer,



Mae threw herself into Tommy's arms, and the professor smiled at the outcome of his plan.

when Mae threw herself into his arms and begged him—yes, literally *begged* him!—to take her back again.

The professor's plan had worked.

A kind friend brought Big Ben the news at his forge, that Mae and Tommy were to be married at Professor Aitken's mansion, three nights hence.

Now, the blacksmith had truly loved Mae, and her jilting of him had hurt him fully as deeply as Tommy when the latter had filled the rôle he now occupied of a lover scorned for a luckier rival. And Ben swore a mighty vow that she should be his still.

On the night set for the wedding, he hired a light rig and with it drove to the professor's. Previously, he had held a brief conversation with the justice of the peace of the next township, who was a personal friend of his.

Looking in through the French windows of the professor's residence, Ben saw Mae and Tommy in the act of taking their places in front of the minister before a roomful of invited guests. And the blacksmith, flinging open the window, rushed in, and, before any one could stop him, grabbed up Mae and ran off into the night with her.

Into the buggy he piled with her, and set off in the direction of the justice of the peace, whom he had told to be on the lookout for them.

The house was in an uproar behind him. The professor's plan had *not* worked. And it was up to Tommy.

He, the minister, and all the other male members of the wedding party—with the exception of the professor, who had fainted dead away—set off in automobiles after Mae and her kidnaper.

Big Ben heard them coming after him. He realized that to make a race of it was hopeless. So, abandoning the buggy, he pulled Mae out in his arms and ran for a near-by inn. Into an upper room of it he ran with her, and then turned to barricade the door with a table, on which he placed a chair, and on top of that a barrel. For by that time Tommy and the others were pounding on the door.

Leaving the barricade in place, Ben caught up Mae once more and rushed her to the window. He looked down upon a hay wagon below. Thrusting Mae through the window, he threw her down upon it. Then he climbed out of the window, to hang for a moment at the length of his arms from the sill, and then dropped down beside her. Dragging her off the wagon, he ran with her to the automobiles in which the pursuing party had driven up to the inn.

Throwing Mae into the rear seat of one motor car, and clambering in beside her, he ordered the chauffeur, under pain of having every bone in his

body broken if he refused, to drive off with them as fast as he could make the auto travel.

Out of the inn streamed Tommy, the other wedding guests, and the minister. They spied the stolen car as it was racing away, and in the remaining two automobiles they immediately took up the pursuit.

Big Ben's luck was not with him, for he had taken the least powerful of the cars in which to continue his flight with the girl he was carrying off by brute force, in true caveman fashion.

The pursuing autos were steadily cutting down the headstart he had gained in his stolen machine. In another five minutes or so, they would be certain to overtake him along the road that stretched straight ahead as far as the eye could see. Big Ben ordered the chauffeur to stop the car. And then he dragged Mae out and ran to the left with her.

There was a wood there, and Ben had figured on cutting through it, where his pursuers could not follow him in their machines. Through the trees he charged, with Mae half hanging over his shoulder, where he had thrown her, and with the wedding party led by Tommy—and with the minister, who could not be shaken off, still tagging along in the rear—running at his heels.

And then, at the farther edge of the wood, Big Ben stepped up to his knees in a bog. He let go of Mae at once, and used both his hands to try to pull himself by the surrounding branches out of the morass.

Mae, fortunately, had been pitched forward over her captor's shoulder by the jolting force with which he had come to a standstill in the bog, where his feet had sunk, and she landed on the solid earth at the edge of the roadway beyond.

The next moment, Tommy and the others, skirting the marsh in which Ben had come to grief, had surrounded her and lifted her to her feet. And then all eyes were turned upon the blacksmith.

His eyes wild, his mouth gaping open between ashen cheeks, he was bellowing for help at the top of his lungs. He had sunk by that time up to his hips in the ooze. And panic fear had seized him by the throat. For he believed his plight to be far worse than it was, as his cries attested.

"It's quicksand!" he fairly screamed in his fright. "I'm sinking in it! Help! Oh, save me! Save me!"

Tommy seized Mae with one hand, and the minister with the other. Leading them both to the other side of the road, he called back to the other members of the wedding party:

"Let him stay where he is until Doctor Bradstreet has married us. If he gets out before, by his own efforts, push him back again!"

And thus, to the accompaniment of Big Ben's piteous wails for help, Tommy and Mae were married there at the roadside.

Tommy lent a hand, with the others, to pull the blacksmith out of the bog. If anything further had been needed to cure Mae effectually of her one-time admiration for the giant, she had it now. By the blubbering cowardice he had displayed in thinking himself stuck in quicksand, he could never again appear in her eyes as a hero; and, watching the others drag him out of the mud onto the solid ground at the roadside, she turned away, with a shudder of disdain—as she saw her idol's feet of clay.

Famous $75,000 Rug In Film.

THE famous Shah Abbas rug, the masterpiece of the noted two hundred-and-fifty-thousand-dollar collection of Frank L. Loftus, of Los Angeles, though famed for years in the rug lore of this country and Europe for its wonderful beauty and history, has been seen by but few people. It is kept in a vault under lock and key, which the discovery of certain mysterious conspiracies in time past has rendered advisable, and the visitor whom the owner honors with an invitation to see it may count himself lucky, indeed.

It is this wonderful antique that has been loaned to Bosworth, Inc., the Los Angeles film producers, to play a prominent part in a forthcoming release, "The Rugmaker's Daughter," for which picture the famous classic dancer, Maud Allan, has been engaged.

The rug is a great, magnificent mass of pure silk, warp, woof and knot, eight feet four inches wide, and ten feet four inches long. In every one of the twelve thousand four hundred square inches are eight hundred and ten tiny, hand-tied knots, a total of ten million forty-four thousand knots in all, which o man tied by hand one at a time. Th weaving of this masterpiece, over thr centuries ago, took one expert r maker over seventeen years to complet At least two of the dyes displayed this rug are lost to the world. Th are a rich Tyrian purple and a roy blue. The central inscription presen the private sign manual of the Sulta of Turkey, and stamps it as a person gift to one mighty potentate from a other in days long past.

The Loftus collection of Los Angel presents some exceptional specimens the early art of the Orient, and i values, particularly in the case of th Shah Abbas rug, are difficult to comput without underestimation. In 1906 a eight-by-ten Persian silk, owned by wealthy New Yorker, was valued forty thousand dollars. It is probabl worth three times as much to-day. I the sale of the famous Yerkes collectio some time ago, under the auspices o the American Art Association, on small rug about six by seven fee smaller and not the quality of the Sha Abbas, brought thirty-seven thousan dollars. The Shah Abbas rug, there fore, is worth a fabulous sum, and thos who have often expressed their hope of viewing this wonderful antique wi soon have the opportunity of seeing i in the Bosworth film.

Stanner Taylor, director of the Mar ion Leonard studio, is still telling story he picked up on the other sid just before the war started, driving al Americans to this country.

A big Irish soldier was standing i front of a public building in London doing sentry duty, and had been im pressed with the necessity of keepin both hands on his gun.

Two costers started a young rio which soon grew to larger proportions despite all that the soldier could say t stop it.

The sergeant of the guard came run ning, and laid on the private in choic cockney. "W'y the devil didn't you sto hit?" he bellowed.

"Sure, I could have stopped it aisil wit' me hands free," returned the sol dier, "but wot can I do whin me tw hands were wrapped around this bloom ing gun?"

Betty in Search of a Thrill

(BOSWORTH)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

When Miss Betty Hastings came out of convent, she wanted to see the world. Her uncle her aunt, and Jim, her fiance, wouldn't let her do so. One thrill, to break the monotony of her sheltered life—that was all Betty wanted. She found a dozen, when she ran away to see the world, "the great, big, beautiful world." Her adventures, and where they ended, are told in this story based on the Bosworth five-reel picture play written by Miss Elsie Janis herself, who also played the role of *Betty*. The rest of the cast:

Jim.....Owen Moore
Betty's Uncle.....Herbert Standing
Her Aunt.....Vera Lewis
Maizie Follette.....Roberta Hichman

MISS BETTY HASTINGS came out of convent on her twenty-first birthday. Her uncle took her home to a great mansion, surrounded by acres of gardens and velvety green lawns, which was all her very own. Betty had supposed that when she came out into the world the restrictions that had been placed upon her in the convent would be lifted; but alas! she found that this was not so.

Her uncle and her aunt guarded her as closely as the Sisters had done. She was not allowed to go to the theaters or the gay restaurants in the near-by city, nor to read any but the most carefully chosen books, selected for a young lady of her years who had been brought up in the seclusion of a nunnery. In a month Betty was thoroughly bored with her existence. She told herself that she had been better off in the convent, for there she had had her daily duties to perform, while here, as an heiress, work of any sort for her was not to be thought of.

And then she met Jim. Jim was the young man next door. He had fallen in love with Betty at sight. And in the course of a month she had confessed to him that she loved him in return. But Jim, it seemed, was in the conspiracy to keep her from seeing the world, too. When she asked him, seeing that they were now engaged, to take her into town, where she could watch the cabaret performances in the fashionable restaurants of which she had read, he refused to grant her request.

"You don't want to see the world, Betty," he told her. "Believe me, when I tell you—you're better off just as the sweet, innocent girl you are. The world isn't the fairyland you seem to have pictured it. It's a seamy place, which you don't want to know about."

Betty pouted.

"Here's a book I've brought you," Jim continued. "Read it, and forget your desire to know what all of us who love you want to shield you from."

Betty took the book and looked at the title. It was "Beautiful Thoughts for a Young Girl." Jim had gone, and she threw the book from her impatiently. Then, curling up in her chair, she took her chin in her hand, and looked out across the sunlit lawn of her estate. Presently her head nodded, and she slept.

That night Betty left the house.

In a simple frock and hat, and with a satchel which held her toilet articles and little else besides, she climbed through her bedroom window and descended to the ground by the drain pipe.

She had left a note on her dressing table, which read:

"DEAR AUNT: I am going out into the big world. Forgive me and forget me. BETTY."

Leaving the grounds behind her, she reached the road along which the trolley line ran to the city. Boarding a car when it came along, Betty paid her fare from the roll of bills she had brought with her in her hand bag; and, an hour later, she had reached the great, glittering, mysterious metropolis. Across the street from the corner on which she had alighted from the trolley, she saw the sign of a cheap hotel. With a pleasurable little thrill of excitement for the adventure of what she was doing, she crossed to the place and engaged a room.

The next morning, after she had gone out and eaten her breakfast in a dairy lunch room near by, she returned to her room in the hotel with a newspaper.

Turning to the "Help Wanted" section, she eagerly searched the columns of fine print under the heading "Female." The third advertisement she read was an announcement to the effect that a department store was in need of young ladies of good appearance to act as saleswomen.

Betty, folding the paper and tucking it under her arm, went out again. She boarded a downtown surface car, and rode to the address of the store which had been given in the advertisement. Approaching a floorwalker, she handed him the newspaper, pointing to the store's announcement in the want columns.

"I'd like to apply for one of these positions," Betty told him.

The floorwalker, who had at first hastened deferentially toward her as he saw her enter the store, mistaking her for a customer, and a prosperous one, from her appearance, now drew back and looked her over with an appraising light in his eyes which Betty did not in the least understand.

"All right, little one," he addressed her softly. "Go to the manager's office, fourth aisle over, at the rear of the store. He'll hire you on sight, I'll bet

my month's salary. And say, I'll be waiting for you outside the store at closing time to-night, to take you out to dinner."

Betty, in her vast innocence, thought he was extremely kind to offer to take her, a total stranger, to dine, and she said so.

"But I'm awfully sorry that I can't accept," she added, remembering that if she was engaged to Jim it would not be right for her to accept the attentions of another man, however disinterestedly they might be offered. "You see, I'm engaged to be married."

She saw a blank look—almost of fright for the consequences that might follow his bold invitation—overspread the floorwalker's face, as she hurried away from him toward the manager's office.



"All my life I've never known a moment's real excitement," complained Betty, "and it's what I long for!"

As the floorwalker had predicted, she was engaged at once. The manager led her to the dress-goods counter, and instructed one of the saleswomen there to show Betty her duties. And then he left her. But he came back, on two separate occasions during the course of the day, to see how she was getting along—or so he said.

In reality, he had been struck by Betty's beauty, as the floorwalker had been. And, like the latter, he sought to ingratiate himself with her. On her second day at the store, he surreptitiously presented her with a fancy box of bonbons. On the third day he invited her out to dinner with him that evening, an invitation that Betty declined as she had the other's. The following afternoon, when the other saleswomen at the counter had their backs temporarily turned, the manager tried to hold Betty's hand.

She was not so innocent that she did not understand and resent the liberty, and she promptly slapped his face.

"You're discharged!" the manager told her angrily. "Get your hat and clear out!"

Back at her room in the hotel, an hour later, Betty flung herself across the bed and sobbed with mortification and disappointment over the way her first attempt to make her own way in the world had ended in failure.

There was a knock at the door.

Betty went on weeping, unheeding. And the door opened, and in walked, unbidden, the girl who occupied the next room to hers. Maizie Follette was her name, and her profession was that of a chorus girl. She crossed to the side of the bed, and laid her hand on Betty's shoulder.

"What's the matter, kid?" she questioned.

Betty sat up, dabbing at her eyes, and looked at her. Maizie had a kind face, for all that her eyes and her mouth were hard from long gazing on the seamy side of the world. And Betty made a clean breast to her of how she had been dismissed from the department store.

"Gee, ain't you ever been fired before?" Maizie asked incredulously. "It's nothin' to make a fuss over. But I'll tell you what you ought to do. Instead of tryin' to work behind a counter in a store, you ought to go on the stage. You're pretty enough to land a place in the chorus of 'most any show. I'll bet you could get into the one I'm with right now. If you like, I'll take you down to see the manager, and get you a try-out. What d'ye say?"

Betty, her tears forgotten, said "yes" enthusiastically. To go on the stage *was* a better way of seeing life than by trying to support one's self by working in a dry-goods' store. Accordingly, she went along to the theater at which Maizie was working, when the latter started off for the evening performance there, three hours later.

"This is a friend of mine," Maizie generously introduced Betty to the stage manager. "She wants to get into the chorus with me."

The manager took Betty in from head to foot with a practiced eye.

"Can she dance?" he inquired of Maizie.

"Dance—well, I guess she can!" was Maizie's reply. "Say, she'd make Pavlowa look like a street car!"

"Stick around till after the show," the manager curtly ordered Betty, "and I'll try you out then, and see what you can do."

Maizie bore her away toward the chorus girls' dressing room. Betty passed a young man, as she followed her new-found friend across the stage, which the scene shifters were setting. He was one of the chorus men, as she later found out. And, by a coincidence, he was stopping at the same hotel where Betty and Maizie roomed. Recognizing Betty as the pretty young girl he had noticed coming in and out of the hotel, he stood staring after her as she passed.

I guess," he murmured to himself. ll wait around till after the show, and if I can't get acquainted."

At the close of the performance, izzie departed with two of her ends among the chorus girls to meet ee young men in evening clothes who d been flirting with them from a box ring the show.

Betty went to hunt up the manager r her try-out.

She found him on the cleared and erwise deserted stage, waiting for r in a plain pine chair beside the "T- ht."

"Now," he greeted her, "let's see hether you can dance or not."

Betty, walking to the rear of the stage, pped him a low curtsy. And then e began to dance. After watching her r a few moments, the manager leaned rward in genuine interest from his air. For Betty *could* dance; there as not the slightest doubt of that. hen she stopped, the manager jumped and came toward her with his arms en.

"You're the prettiest and the most aceful thing I've ever seen!" he ex- aimed ardently. "And you're going to e me a kiss. And to-morrow night u join this show at a salary——"

Betty, struggling out of his embrace, apped his face as she had the depart- ent-store manager's. And then she n off the stage and out of the stage or—right into the arms of the young orus man who had been waiting for r.

"I saw you dance," he told her, in rcere admiration. "Say, you're great! know a cabaret where you can make n dollars a night with that turn. Will u come with me and let me introduce u to the manager of the restaurant? ou won't land a job with Callahan ow, after slapping his face. But I can t you a better one, if you'll come ith me."

Betty agreed to accompany him to the staurant. It was only a ten minutes' alk from where they stood, and a arter of an hour later she had been troduced to the manager in his pri- te office.

"I'll give you a trial at once," he told etty, when the young man had finished is recommendation of her as a dancer. One of my performers has disap- inted me to-night, and you can take er place on the bill. If you make good, u can have a permanent engagement."

Betty was led out into the restaurant, and presented to the orchestra leader. Then, as the musicians began to play a Spanish air, Betty descended from the platform and began to dance among the tables.

From one of these, at sight of her, rose Jim!

He had wandered into the restaurant that night, in hopes of being able to for- get amid the gayety there the heartache Betty's running away had caused him.

As she finished her number, and bowed to the applause of the diners, an- other man rose from one of the tables.



"Come," said Jim firmly, in the coatroom of the restaurant, "I'm going to take you out of this place."

He had been drinking, and he seized Betty in his arms. The next moment Jim, springing forward, had snatched her out of his embrace, and knocked the tipsy individual down.

"Come on!" Jim ordered her, taking her hand and pulling her after him as he ran toward the door. "Let's get out of here!"

In the coatroom in the vestibule of the restaurant, he snatched his overcoat and opera hat from the attendant. Wrapping Betty, who had left her own jacket and hat behind her in the man- ager's office, in his coat, Jim bundled her out of the place and into a taxi that stood at the curb.

"Where are you stopping in the city?" he asked her.

Betty gave him the address of her cheap hotel, and Jim repeated the street and number to the chauffeur, and then got in beside her and the machine jolted away.

When he had helped her down in front of the door of the hotel, and dis- missed the taxicab, Jim turned to her and took both her hands in his.

"Come back to me again, Betty!" he pleaded. "I want you; I need you! You're all there is in life for me. Give up this mad escapade of yours, and be content to forsake the world for my love and kisses——"

Betty pulled her hands from his.

"Oh, Jim, you're just like all the rest!" she said impatiently.

And then, turning, she ran up the steps. Rolling up his overcoat, which she had taken off, she flung it down to him. And the next moment the door of the hotel had opened and closed, and she was gone.

The next morning, the sergeant at the

desk of one of the city's police stations handed a paper to the patrolmen who were lined up before the railing in readiness to depart for their individual beats.

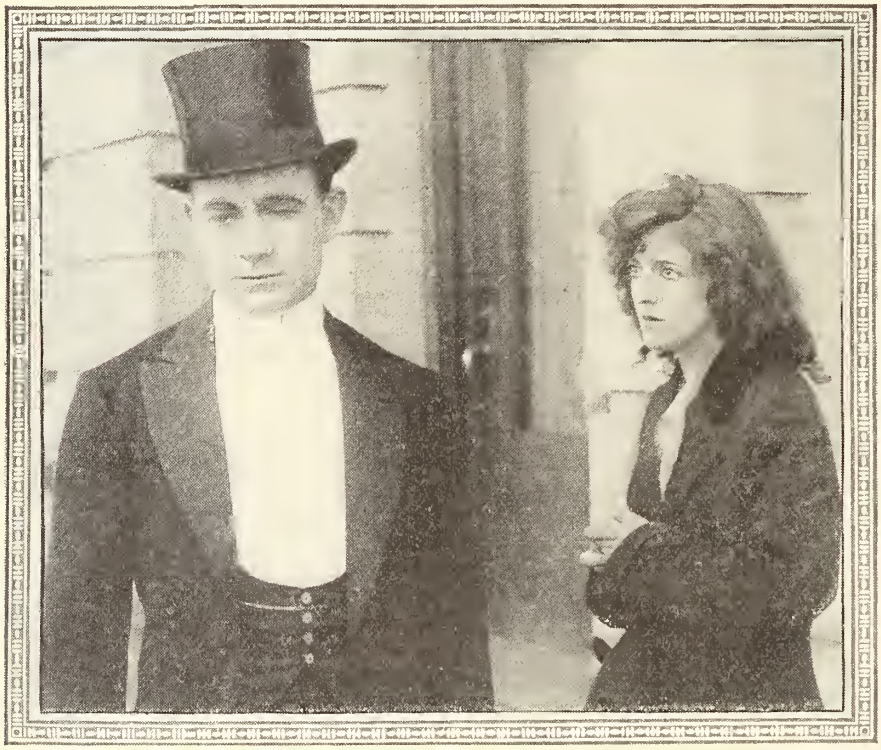
"Be on the lookout for this man," ordered the sergeant. "He's a wife murderer. That's his description—short and slim of build, good looking, with a smooth-shaven face and small hands and feet. Take a good look at his photograph. And if you should happen to set eyes on him, you're to arrest him on sight."

The policemen, passing the paper among them, noted the dangerous criminal's printed likeness for future reference, and then they marched away from the station house.

Meanwhile, Betty had been awakened that same morning by Maizie, who had brought a newspaper into her room. The show with which the chorus girl was performing had suffered a change of management overnight. A ten-line statement to that effect was printed in the paper; but to Maizie it was the most important thing in all the day's news. Betty saw something in the newspaper which interested her more, however.

It was a front-page account of the fight which had taken place in the restaurant on the preceding night between Jim and the tipsy stranger from whose arms he had rescued her.

That befuddled diner was the fourth man who had tried to make love to her since she had started to make her own way in the world. If only there was some means by which she might put a stop to these annoying attentions from all the men with whom she came in contact! Her glance wandered to the next column of the newspaper. And her face lighted with a sudden idea. It was the very thing!



"Oh, Jim," said Betty impatiently, "you're just like all the rest!"

The headline she had just read that a woman had worn man's clothing for eight years, and never been found out.

Five minutes later, Maizie having left to go downtown and talk over the change in the management of her show with her friends in the company, Betty rose and put on her wrapper, and tiptoed to the door. She looked out into the corridor, to find it deserted. And then, still on her tiptoes, she stole to the door of the next room and entered it.

It was the room of the young chorus man who had tried to befriend her on the previous evening by recommending her to the manager of the restaurant a dancer in his cabaret.

Betty helped herself to a suit of h clothes, a pair of his shoes, a shirt, collar, and a necktie, and last of all h cap. And then, leaving money on th bureau to pay for all she had taken, sl slipped back into her own room.

A half hour later and her metamo phosis was complete. All but her lon curls. She bravely cut them off. An then, stuffing the cap out of sight und her vest, she put on a long coat whic concealed her masculine attire, and he hat, whose heavy veil hid all trace o her shorn hair.

Picking up the satchel with which sh had arrived at the hotel, she went dow stairs and settled her bill, and walke out of the place.

Five blocks away there was a vacan lot, with a high billboard fence standin in it. Behind that fence, Betty decide would be a good place to cast aside th long coat and the veiled hat, in whic she was to all outward appearances sti a woman.

She entered the lot, and started u its rising ground toward the fence. Sh was unaware, as she did so, that at eac step she took up the slope the ends o the mannish trousers under her coa were revealed.

A policeman had started stealthil after her, attracted by the sight of thos trousers—and something else as well— the fact that Betty was short and sle der of build, and that her hands an feet were small.

Just as she threw down the coat an hat behind the fence, and pulled on th cap, the cop appeared with drawn clu before her.

"Running away in the coat and hat o the woman you murdered, eh?" growle the policeman. "It's a clever dodge, bu it won't work, my friend. And now I'l just take a look in this bag of yours, an see if you're not carrying away the evi dence——"

He broke off, with a gasp of amaze ment. He had opened Betty's valise a he spoke, to find that it contained noth ing more incriminating than a numbe of toilet articles and a letter.

"Where's the body?" he gasped at her

Betty had caught up her atomizer ou of the open satchel. By way of repl to the bluecoat's query, she squeezed th bulb, spraying the perfume blindingl into his eyes. And as he staggered back

e dodged to one side and ran at full eed out of the lot and away.

When the policeman could see again, found that Betty was gone. But he ad her bag. He took it to the station ouse, and gave it to the sergeant with e statement that he had all but caught e wife murderer for whom the alarm ad that morning been sent out.

The sergeant looked at the letter in e valise. It was one Betty had writ- n to Jim, addressing it to his office one of the city's downtown skyscrap- rs, and forgotten to mail.

Two policemen were sent to bring Jim the station house to tell what he new of the supposed "man" in whose ossession the letter addressed to him ad been found. As soon as he looked the envelope, Jim recognized Betty's andwriting. It was a simple matter or him to set himself straight in the es of the police, with a score of rominent people who could, and who d, vouch for his exemplary character er the telephone. But the story the olice told him, of how Betty's letter ad been found in the valise of a man ho was suspected of being a criminal f the worst sort, at once filled Jim ith apprehension lest something might ave befallen her.

Finding out over the wire from the erk at the hotel to which he had driven er in the taxi on the previous night, at she had left there, his alarm grew harper.

The sergeant ordered one of the de- artment's automobiles brought around the station house, and the officer who ad almost captured the supposed crim- al to go back in the machine with four her policemen, and Jim, to the point here his prisoner had given him the ip, and try to pick up the trail.

After putting ten blocks between her- lf and the policeman who had seized r, Betty ceased running. She walked owly along a side street, struggling to gain her spent breath.

She took her roll of bills out of her ocket, and counted it, to ascertain hether any of it had been lost during r run.

"Where'd you get all the coin?"

Betty turned at the question, to find a harp-featured man walking along at r side, with his eyes fixed in wide onder at the size of the roll of bills her hand.

"How would you like to double all you've got there, inside of a couple of hours?" asked the man, in an eager, confidential tone. "I can show you how to do it."

"How?" Betty questioned him curiously.

"By playing poker," the sharp-faced stranger explained. "I know where there's a game we can get into. It's going on now, in the back room of that saloon on the corner ahead of us. Will you sit in for a while? It's a chance to double your money, you know."

Gambling would also afford her another chance of seeing the world, Betty thought to herself. And so she told the man that she would gladly accompany him to the poker game.

As Betty and her new acquaintance walked along the street together toward the saloon the latter had pointed out to her, the automobile with Jim and the policeman passed by.

"That's the man!" the cop from whom she had escaped cried out.

And Jim, who could have recognized the girl he loved in any disguise, exclaimed to himself at the same moment: "There's Betty!"

The car was instantly stopped. Jim and the policemen piled out and ran back along the street toward the saloon whose door they had seen close upon Betty and her escort.

The startled saloon keeper who opened the door a crack at the pounding of the officers' clubs on its panels was rudely pushed aside, and Jim and the policeman surged into the dive. As they ran into the back room where the poker game had been in progress by one door, Betty ran out through another. She had heard Jim's voice among the officers at the outer door of the saloon, and it was the fear of being confronted by him in her present costume that had prompted her to take flight.



Betty's eyes lifted from the paper her chorus girl friend had given her. There, on the front page, was the story of the fight in the cabaret on the night before.

As she darted out of the saloon, she saw the police department's car standing empty at the curb. Leaping into it, she seized the wheel, and in another second had made off in it.

Jim and the policemen came streaming out of the saloon in time to see her speeding away in the stolen car. They requisitioned another, which was passing with only the chauffeur aboard, and gave chase.

Ten minutes later, turning to look over her shoulder, Betty perceived that it was only a question of time before

she must be overhauled by the more powerful auto in her rear. Already it had cut down half the distance between them which she had gained by her head-start.

There was a bridge just ahead of her. She rode onto the middle of it, and then stopped her car. Then, springing out, she ran to the rail, climbed over it, and jumped into the water below.

As she struck out for the farther shore, she heard the other motor car strike the bridge and rush across it. Its occupants were shouting to her. Then, in the water behind her, she heard some one swimming with swift, powerful strokes after her. She looked over her shoulder—and saw Jim.

A dozen yards from the shore that was her goal, he caught her around the waist with one arm. Then he swam with her to land, and lifted her up to the outstretched hands of the waiting policemen.

As she was dragged, half drowned, from the water, Jim leaped out on the shore ahead of her. He took his coat from the policeman to whom he had given it before he dived off the bridge after her, and wrapped it around her shoulders.

Betty awoke. Jim was placing his coat about her shoulders, for she had slept the whole afternoon away, and there was a chill in the evening air.

"I came back to tell you that perhaps you are right," said Jim. "Maybe you ought to see the world."

Betty clutched him tightly, to see if he were real. Then it had all been a dream!

"No, no," she said, with a little shudder. "I was wrong. And, Jim—if you don't marry me to-morrow, I'll never speak to you again!"

Makes $2,000 by Mistake.

MACK SENNETT, widely known as the producer of Keystone comedies, and reputed to be worth a million dollars as a result of his activities in the film world, is about two thousand dollars richer as the result of his buying up a score of old and battered-looking violins in local pawnshops. Sennett now has in his possession a genuine Cremona violin, declared by experts to be worth several times its weight in gold. The instrument cost him two dollars. Already he has refused an offer of fifteen hundred dollars for it.

A setting in which an old violin maker is shown at work in his shop is primarily responsible for Sennett's acquisition of the Cremona. Several old violins were necessary to give desired "atmosphere" to a picture. Sennett bought all the cheap violins in a half dozen downtown pawnshops. The Cremona was among them. Its value was not discovered until an actor, attracted by its unusual tone, discovered the name of it maker, together with the date of its manufacture, inside of it.

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

As promised last week, I shall name the five greatest slapstick comedians on the screen. These are hard to judge, and opinion must be based, to a certain extent, on popularity. Here they are: 1. Charles Chaplin; 2. Ford Sterling; 3. Chester Conklin and Syd Chaplin; 4. Roscoe Arbuckle; 5. Billy Ritchie.

Charlie is, of course, far above them all. It is doubtful if there was ever a photo-play comedian as popular as he is. Ford Sterling a year ago was considered the best in the business. Chester Conklin and Syd Chaplin, although newcomers in the film game, are immense. Their style is so different that I can't rate one above the other. Everybody enjoys Fatty Arbuckle, and Billie Ritchie always amuses.

It seems to be a habit with all the comedians to claim that they played in "A Night in an English Music Hall." Here are the names of the ones that really appeared in that comedy: Billie Reeves, Charlie Chaplin, James Aubrey, and Billie Ritchie.

Tom Ince has struck the right idea. He is using all his stars in one and two-reel pictures, as well as in features. This is the kind of policy that pleases.

Director Charles Hutchison, of the Superba company, is featuring "Patrice," the famous vaudeville star in his comedies.

Colin Campbell's "The Rosary" has an all-star cast, including Kathlyn Williams, Charles Cleary, Wheeler Oakman, Gertrude Ryan, and many others.

Tom Ince is preparing several masterpictures that should equal "On the Night Stage," "The Darkening Trail," "Cup of Life," and "The Devil." Billie Burke will appear in a Mutual master picture directed by Ince shortly. Rea the stories of the masterpictures i PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY.

Raymond Hitchcock, the comedian admits that acting in pictures is far fro being easy, but he declares that he like the experience.

Selig is cornering quite a collection o stars for their several companies. Mar shal Neilan, Eugene Pallete, Gypsy Ab bot, and Henry King are a few recentl signed by this company.

Bill Baily, the former Essanay lead, i assisting Edwin August in producin films for the latter's company.

Charlie West, the former leading ma of Biograph for over six years, is now at work for D. W. Griffiths in the Ma jestic studios.

Tom Mix, the Selig cowboy and di rector, is rapidly recovering from his ac cident at the Cowboy's Fair, and will b able to leave the hospital shortly.

Irving Cummings, lead in the "Dia mond from the Sky," was injured again the other day. This makes the tenth accident that has happened to Cumming since he began playing in this serial Let's hope the worst has come.

Fay Tincher is gaining in popularity every day. If she keeps it up, Fay wil be "reel" popular. That is a fact, not a joke.

Director Devon, of the Starlight com pany, must be given credit for "Matri monial Bliss," a one-reel comedy. It is as good as they make them. James Au brey, Al Ray (please notice), and Wal ter Kendig are featured.

Helen Holmes, the daring railroad actress of Kalem, is performing more hazardous stunts every day. She has ventured almost everything already ex cept marriage.

"Up from the Depths" is the name of the first Mutual masterpicture with Courtney Foote, and is very good Thomas Jefferson and Gladys Brockwel are also in the cast.

Harry Kelly, the comedian until re cently with "Watch Your Step," has joined the United forces, and is playing opposite Dan Mason in some very good comedies. Harry's dog acts, also.

Chester (Walrus) Conklin, the Key stone funny man, is being featured in several multiple-reel comedies.

Edwin Thanhouser is introducing a new brand of comedy in his *Falstaff* films. They live up to the Thanhouser standard perfectly.

Plays and Players

Yale Benner.

YALE BENNER'S versatility got to work early in life, allowing him to make many entrances and exits from the stage—playing a sort of hide-and-



seek game with business and the profession, until his success tied him down to the stage—what he is born to by natural gifts.

About twenty years ago—who'd think it to look at him—he was industriously clawing his way to success in the electrical business, when the dramatic bug hit him, and he forthwith developed a dwelling which he called "The Brooklyn Dramatic Society." With such managerial success, he provided more infectious material in the shape of other amateur societies, and his name spread, until he just couldn't help chucking his job and taking to a repertoire company playing the smaller towns of the Eastern States. He languished in these confines until he found vaudeville, which, slowing up, he jumped again, and went into the natural-gas business in West Virginia.

A number of years spent there, and the old longing for the grease paint was too much. He was off again to play with his brothers as *Linton*, the reporter in Jesse Lynch Williams' romantic play, "The Stolen Story." James Lee Finney's part, *Captain Arnold Sylvester*, fell to Yale in the Zira company, and in it he did some of the best work of his career. More versatility—he left this to play the trying part of the absinth fiend, *Raoul Burton*, in "Leah Kleschna," later, with characteristic nimbleness of adaptation, becoming one of the triplets in Harry Winters in "The Three Twins," with Clifton Crawford and Bessie McCoy. Then came two seasons in vaudeville as Miss Hope Booth's leading man, playing the dramatic critic in a sketch, "The Little Blond Lady."

But it was not until Yale entered motion pictures that his marked comedy was signally registered. He came East to visit his parents in Mount Vernon, when he, out of curiosity, wandered into the Edison studio, and there he has remained, true to his first motion-picture love.

Ethel Grandin.

ETHEL GRANDIN, the pretty little lady of the Grandin films, on the United program, has had a remarkable career. Although she is but twenty



years old, Miss Grandin has been on the stage, and in motion pictures, since she was six. When she arrived at that youthful age she played *Meemie*, in "Rip van Winkle," with Joseph Jefferson. Her last stage appearance was with Chauncey Olcott, in the "Ragged Bobbin," for three years. She then went to the Imp studios, and played extra parts for three days. The director saw that she had ability, and let her take Mary Pickford's place in a picture, as little Mary was sick at the time. By making good, she played leads with Imp for four years, appearing first in that capacity in the "House that Jack Built." From Imp Miss Grandin went to 101 Bison, with Thomas Ince. After eight months, she returned to Universal, where she played in their first six-reel picture, "Traffic in Souls." Ambitious and confident, Miss Grandin formed her own company, and since then has been appearing in two-reel comedies and dramas, under the Grandin brand. She will leave her Cliffside studios shortly and journey to the coast for the summer.

Do You Know—

DO you know that——

Kathlyn Williams has played leads in various stock companies throughout the country?

Bessie Eyton has Titan hair?

Tyrone Power has had a book written about his career?

Harry Mestayer is a member of a theatrical family which has been famous for several decades?

Thomas Santschi studies every character he portrays for several days?

Tom Mix was one of Roosevelt's Roughriders?

Wheeler Oakman is a master of the art of make-up, though he generally plays his parts straight?

Grace Darmond is one of the youngest leading ladies appearing before the motion-picture camera?

In a recent issue a caption was placed under a picture of Clara Kimball Young which might lead a reader to believe that Miss Young was connected with the Selig Polyscope Company. She is, however, appearing in releases of the World Film Corporation.

In the Villain's Den

By Carl G. Rich

SO this was the house! I felt sure of it, for it fitted the description perfectly, and the number corresponded with the address noted in my memorandum book; it was the lair of the plotter—the villain's den.

The neighborhood was deserted, or, rather, seemingly so, but the quiet was the solitude of aristocratic residential sections, and on this magnificent, sunny morning an air of rest and security, of peace and innocence appeared to surround the house in front of which I had halted. In fact, the retreat of the "Villain" looked more inviting than any of its beautiful neighbors; it indicated refinement and culture, and in no way resembled a house that one would suppose was the home of the greatest knave in all the world; but, remembering that appearances are often misleading, and that many clever ruses are used by scoundrels to cover up their hiding places, I was not for a moment deceived.

Feeling sure of my ground, and having reason to believe that the quarry was at home, I unhesitatingly rang the bell; a wait of a few seconds followed, during which I heard fumblings at the inner bolts, and the door was opened; not a few inches, as I had expected, but thrown wide, in the most brazen and defiant manner, for all the world as though honest people resided within, and the maid who stood there and looked questioningly at me wore that noncommittal air and manner worn by all good maids and thoroughbred, honest domestics.

Without a word I stepped in, and, as the latch clicked in the door as it closed behind me, a shriek rent the air. It was followed by a burgling sound, and came from far down a long hall, dimly lighted by an Oriental lamp, and through slightly parted portières at the end of the corridor, two human forms seemed to be engaged in a struggle on the floor.

I looked sharply at the maid, but not a muscle in that mobile face moved. I started down the hall, and as she attempted to stop me I brushed her aside and as rapidly as possible in the semi-gloom I made my way to the source of the commotion.

Thump! thump! thump! came muffled bangs on the floor, and as I drew near the velvet hanging that hid the scene one word "Stop!" came clear and sharp. It was in a small, feminine voice, but there was a note of imperiousness in it, and instantly the thumping ceased.

My hand gripped the draperies, and I waited; the next sound that greeted my ears was "Giddy-yap," "Whoa!" Cautiously I peeked into the room, and there, on all fours, was the "Villain," Paul Panzer; the big, powerful knave, known throughout the civilized world as the scoundrel whose scheming mind had made life perilous for poor Pauline. The man who holds the world's long-distance record for plain and fancy, high and lofty plotting of dastardly deeds, was playing at horse, and being bossed and bullied by his charming little daughter.



PAUL PANZER

As I stepped into the room, he sprang to his feet, swinging the laughing little tyrant up on his shoulder, and, with a shout of welcome, he gripped my hand; the grip was not at all after the accepted manner of villains, but was a warm, hearty handshake of genuine greeting—villains are real human beings when the public isn't looking.

When most of the theatrical profession looked upon the "movies" as a novelty designed for the amusement of children and weak-minded adults, and considered it had no place in regular theaters, except to entertain the ushers while the audiences were going out, Paul Panzer was one of the very few actors who foresaw a future in the art, and abandoned the footlights for the screen. That was about ten years ago, and it was a hard struggle at first for the pioneers from the speaking stage; but the fair face of the goddess, Prosperity, was even then turned in the direction of the picture play, and soon the faint twitchings at the corners of her mouth spread into a full smile, and the day of envy had dawned for those who had sneered.

"Rigid economy was necessary in those early days, and everybody helped at keeping down the expenses," said Mr. Panzer, and he laughed as he related how, in the old Vitagraph studio on Nassau Street, in New York City, he worked with hammer and nails on the "props" and scenery, and when the settings were ready donned velvets and silk costumes and acted in classic dramas. "Between times," he said, "we straightened out bent nails and did odd jobs about the studio, all to the end that the business might live and prosper."

Mr. Panzer has appeared in many rôles in a great number of screen plays, but the work he most enjoyed was in the recent "Perils of Pauline" series, in which he gained wide fame. He recently made a tour of the principal picture theaters in the Eastern cities. He displays, with the pride of a small boy, several hundred souvenirs of the receptions tendered him on the trip, and, strange as it may seem, he prizes them, not as evidence of his dramatic ability and its appreciation, but as evidence that the public know him as he is. He is keenly sensitive, and, after having appeared so long before the people as a villain on the screen, he was most anxious to appear before them in person and in his real character, for it is a psychological fact that audiences, through seeing an actor in any particular character for a length of time, regard him as being in real life as presented in the characterization.

"No," said Mr. Panzer to a question,

e lure of the footlights is not strong ugh to win me back to the stage. To e audiences in person is very fine, and appreciation they express is most tifying and stimulating, but in pic- e work an actor may enjoy a home a settled place, something that is ied the star of the speaking stage, this more than makes up for the s of the applause of the audience. r as it is to the heart of the artist."

n the comparatively few years that e elapsed since that day on which the nzer family in the celebrated univer- town of Wurzburg, Bavaria, cele- ted the arrival of a son and promptly ned him Paul, many things have hap- ed, and this boy had his share in m. His parents wanted him to be a ggist, and started him on the study pharmacy. As a side issue, and pure- that there might be some amusement gled with the dry work of pill mak- , they threw in a course of vocal cul- e, and, being patriotic, military train- was added.

The military training was an excellent ng, viewed from any angle, and stands n in good stead now, when he is re- red to fight duels or ride a horse r a hurdle, but the vocal culture ved the undoing of the plans of the ents. It led to amateur theatricals, l eventually caused a loss to the noble of drug compounding, and enriched dramatic arts; but, as people often more interested in good plays than good drugs, it is not to be regretted.

After completing his education, Mr. nzer went to Brazil, and thence to w York City, the home of all things atrical. Here he became a member Augustin Daly's company, and shortly ame stage manager for the famous oducer. From this position to a con- tion with the "movies" appeared to fellow players like a step backward, at it was in the right direction will be ested to by millions of picture fans. Mr. Panzer remained for several years th the Vitagraph company, and then ned the Pathé players, where for four ars he has been popular with the pub- through giving them thrills instead of ls. He has letters from South nerica, from Russia, from New Zea- d, from China, and from practically ery place in between; the latest ones press the pleasure they felt when he d in the last episode of the "Perils of uline," thereby receiving his just de- serts, and they inquire when will they have the pleasure of seeing him on the screen again. Possibly they want him back on the screen to be killed all over again for their pleasure. Such is the penalty of being a good villain. Picture-play patrons are not satisfied until their villains are killed, and then they are not satisfied until they are back again, and so it goes on in an endless chain—that is, if he is a favorite, and Paul Panzer is.

What is Comedy?

By Bennie Ziedman

SHAKESPEARE was known to have said that "all the world's a stage" to him, and Edward Dillon, producer of Mutual-Komics, goes Shakespeare one better by contending that "all the world's a comedy" to him. Perhaps that is why he is so well qualified for his position as producer of humorous subjects.

There have been so many unsuccessful comedy photo plays issued in the past year that it is a difficult task for a director to determine whether or not the planned action will be laughable when projected in the silent theater.

"Just what is Comedy?" is the subject Edward Dillon was requested to discuss.

"Logical surprise for the participants in the play is really the backbone of comedy; the unexpected always is good for a laugh—something at which even the audience will be surprised in the outcome. But yet it must be absolutely logical and make them think: 'Well, who would have expected that? But, still, it is possible.'

"The fellow who stands directly in front of the lens and makes faces, without any specific reasons for same, means absolutely nothing to the intelligent audience, which are the present-day theatergoers. The serious situation to the players usually affords humor to the audience.

"The actor or actress who endeavors to appear funny on the screen without the aid of the humorous situation is working for naught. It is absolutely imperative that the situation in itself lead to a laughable climax.

"There is another thing that the present comedy producer doesn't realize is imperative, and that is a well-worked-out, plausible scenario to work with. There is where some of the boys fall down—they work hard to make something out of nothing, and when it is projected on the screen, it looks just what it is—a painful effort with a narrative theme.

"There is as much work attached to the producing of a comedy, or I might say at times more, than the average drama. It is not the easiest thing in the world to give your audience adequate cause to laugh. Slapstick comedy is all right for a certain element of people, but the clean-minded young girl, the tired business man, the faithful wife, the more intelligent class of motion-picture attendants in general are more in favor of the clean, refined, light comedy than the riffraff or slapstick kind, although, at times, one must resort to this class of picture for peculiar reasons, and then it takes the master hand to force a look of refinement in that particular situation. I suppose that 'most every producer of comedy subjects looks at this stated situation in a different light, and it would be very interesting to me to become acquainted with the various views.

"Speaking of multiple-reel comedy subjects, it is much more difficult to hold the attention of an audience with a comedy than the drama, for the simple reason that you haven't the dramatic characters to get sympathy, and arouse curiosity as to the outcome.

"I trust that my views on comedy will be understood—whether they will be appreciated is something that is foreign to me."

The above statements of Mr. Dillon's seem to ring true to the writer, for the fact that he has proven by some of his past efforts that he knows comedy. It is a known fact that Dillon is never without a smile, and "kids" his company into being serious in scenes. He employs a capable set of players who understand him like a book, and consequently interpret his directions almost immediately.

It would be an interesting discussion for the people in filmdom if other comedy producers would state their views.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

THE QUESTION OF REALISM.

SOME time ago we cautioned script writers not to overdo in injecting realism into their scripts, and this little warning brought a howl from certain quarters. A man who is in position to know claims that what many films lack is realism, and we heartily agree with him. However, we are sure he stopped reading our "wheeze" on the subject before he reached the end, for we were not trying to advocate inconsistent plots—far be it from such.

The point of our previous writing on the subject was "eliminate the gruesome details which, while they are true to life in every respect, are not entertaining." A correspondent writes in that he recently saw two films by a well-known company in one of which a frail woman easily overcomes a band of Japs in a struggle, while it takes a husky man some time to down them; in the other one man steals a letter from another's pocket without any one of a group, who are standing about, noticing him. Inspired by these two far-fetched bits of action, the correspondent winds up his letter by saying: "Don't you think there ought to be enough realism to make a plot look reasonable to the average mind?"

Our answer to his question is obviously in the affirmative, and we go much farther, and say that in order to meet with public approval it is absolutely necessary for a production to be logically developed. This is an entirely different issue from the one we treated, however. Realism is one thing, overrealism another. As we said before, a film which is so realistic in the little touches of human interest it contains "goes big" no matter what sort of audience views it, while a film which is given over to detail or gruesome realism generally "falls flat."

There is a happy medium which all writers must seek. If you are writing a drama of business life you can increase its value by giving your characters natural situations and human-interest bits of by-play, and you can handicap your chances of sale by carefully working out in detail a business deal, with all its cumbersome "ins and outs." While you doubtless can make the latter action fairly interesting, we doubt if it would compare at all with a picture in which the business deal was merely sketched for the benefit of your audience and the real interest focused on the actions of your characters.

Another place where overrealism frequently crops out is in detective, police, et cetera, plays. Things which offend many, and shock very few less often, appear in this variety of plays, and, though logical and correct in every way, would be better left out, and merely suggested. Incidentally, if less realism were used in plays of this class, we would have less trouble from our well-meaning but misguided friends, the censors, for there would be little chance for them to do any "clipping."

The scenario writer should always see that the action in his script is logical befor it is mailed out; he should also see that he has not mistaken realism for overrealism.

CUT-IN LEADERS.

A beginner in the scenario-writing game seems to take a great delight in breaking "cut-in leaders" into scenes just to show that he can do it. Perhaps there is no phase of photo-play technique which can so easily make or mar a script as this, and yet it is as loosely handled as though it were thing of minor importance.

A script writer should make it a po to see that wherever a leader is brok into a scene it is not only absolut necessary, but also somewhat of a h to the artistic value of the scenar The mere fact that a cut-in momentar halts the action within a scene cou against it, so there must be good reas for its use or it will be sure to dr a frown from the critical ones who p judgment on the script.

Short conversation is the best form use in a cut-in, and this can generally worked out satisfactorily, though th are exceptions. The leader must fitted to the action regardless of wheth it is a "quote" or a "straight," and mu state, in as brief a manner as possib the idea the author wishes to conv and which he cannot conveniently "p over" through the actions of his cha acters.

A SCENE PLOT.

A scene plot is something which m or may not be prepared by the amate It is a help to the director who produc the script—if it sells—and in one really necessary, while in another it not.

We think that all those who can co close to writing a working script shou supply a scene plot. If used, it shou follow the synopsis and cast, separati these from the scenario proper. Judgi from our beginner friends' effor many of them are a little bit at sea to what a scene plot is, so we will an lyze it.

The object of a scene plot is to t the director just where the action tak place. It should be divided into interi and exterior classes, the former bei

lled sets and the latter locations. If ou have four scenes in a parlor, three a kitchen, and two in the back yard, ou would write your scene plot thus:

Interior—Sets, 2; Scenes, 7.
Parlor—1, 4, 7, 9.
Kitchen—2, 5, 8.
Exterior—Locations, 1; Scenes, 2.
Back Yard—3, 6.

The numbers tell the director just hat scenes are laid in the particular set location, so that they may all be med at the same time, while the set up in the studio, or while the com- ny is on the location. If the writer's ript undergoes very many changes in e scene action the scene plot is worth- ss, of course, but we think it a good an to put it in, anyway. Each writer ould be able to tell himself honestly hether or not his work is good enough be put on with but few changes, and he decides it is the scene plot is ap- opriate.

WRITER'S INSTINCT.

The person with latent talent does ings by instinct which another person ould spend months learning.

That may seem like a pretty broad atement, but it is true, nevertheless, r without that queer inborn something at seems to ever guide those who are stined to make their living with their n—or typewriter—much tedious labor ust be gone through to learn even the ndamentals.

Of course, there are no writers born hose work will prove acceptable as on as they turn their hand to it, but ey will reach the selling point much oner than one whose brain does not em to absorb things pertaining to lit- ature. They, like all others, must gain perience, for the more of this they t the better they are. The point we e making is that they have the jump other writers from the start, and with rd and earnest work are sure to suc- ed.

We firmly believe that there are any beginners—perhaps working on eir first script—who are convinced that ey belong to this class, and we do not ubt but that many of them do. As s been our habit, though, we wish to arn those who are inclined to place o much confidence in themselves not think they are in this or another ass unless they truly feel they are, for ey are doing themselves a great harm nless they are self-honest.

IDEA—PLOT GERM—HUNCH.

The first inkling you get for your scenario, the flash which comes to your brain one moment and may be gone the next, but which, if it is seized upon and developed, will result in a full-sized plot, is your idea—known to many as plot germ or hunch.

This idea may be compared to the seed of a plant. It must be handled carefully, and treated in a certain way if you would have it grow into a salable photo play. And it is in treating the germ that most amateurs fall down.

There are many angles to be considered after an idea has been captured, and the wise writer gives them all a chance. Where a certain line of development would probably result in an indifferent script, another would doubtless lead to a salable plot. Much forethought must be exercised by the writer at this stage of the game.

Ideas are not common—that is, good ones—so it is well to keep all the exceptional hunches that come one's way on file, and use them to the best possible advantage. There are times when a writer is sure to run "dry," and at such times these filed ideas will indeed be welcome.

DIALOGUE IN SCENES.

It is a much-mooted question as to whether a scenario writer should write any dialogue at all into his script, except that which appears in the leaders, as a director will probably give his players different words to say, anyway, during the filming of the action.

Giving the words of one character's speech and the reply made by another takes up considerable space in a written scene, and if dialogue is used in the majority of scenes the size of the script will become prohibitive. We are of the opinion that it is better to simply explain what your character says, and give a little "business" to convey the meaning to the audience in actions, than to write in his words. Where a leader is required at the point where the character speaks, it is all right to cut one in in dialogue form.

We know many directors who take each scene they put on, and give each of their characters speaking parts from the time they enter till they exit from the camera range, and we also know that to offer dialogue to these directors would be useless, as each uses the scenario he is working from merely to guide him with the action, and then treats each scene as though he were putting on an act on the speaking stage.

Then, too, there is the danger of the amateur getting into the habit of thinking that he can "get over" things through dialogue which would not register at all on the screen. It takes a skilled mind to tell just how much of what a player says before the camera will be grasped by the audience. If the situation has been "pointed up to" carefully, the audience senses just about what the actor or actress is saying, if not—well, you have all seen some player stand before a camera and talk for several seconds without giving you any idea of what he was saying, and you know how entertaining it is. Therefore our advice to the amateur is: Don't use dialogue in scenes at all. And to the more advanced writers: Use it sparingly and intelligently.

BIG SCENES.

Another folly of the beginner is the use of "big scenes" in scenarios which have not plot enough to justify a large expenditure, even if they were purchased by some company. By big scenes we mean those on which a large amount of money is spent, even though the effect is not very startling. We quite readily grant the point that more than once a scene costing considerable has supplied the punch which saved the play, but—we always have a "but" up our sleeve—should the amateur jump at the conclusion that because he has written a fairly passable play he can turn it into a masterpiece by calling for a scene that will cost a few thousands in cold cash?

For thoughtful writers this spasm is unnecessary, but there are many who do not qualify for this class; we know because we have just finished reading several hopeless scripts which invariably called for "big" scenes. Beginners must realize that the men who produce motion pictures do so to make money, and that they will not invest a great deal of money in anything unless the expenditure brings back additional profit. The profit occasionally may come indirectly—as through advertising, for example—but if you study films closely you will see that it comes in every case.

It is therefore up to the photo-playwright to be more than ordinarily sure that there will be big returns from the finished production if his script calls for a "big" scene, and even then the

chances of selling are less than if he write a straight-from-the-shoulder, simple script with a kick behind it, for editors don't like to "take a chance" with "big"-scene scripts.

SPECTACULAR FEATURES.

In these days, when several of the companies do not seem to mind blowing up anything from a village to a yacht, it is difficult for the writer, who has a splendid idea which requires the sinking of a battleship or two, to restrain himself.

Of course, he does not know that the company probably selected the book or play adaptation in which a big effect could be gained for that reason alone, as they figured that with the advertising value of the work and the author's name and the spectacular effect the film would go big.

There is practically no market right now for a spectacular feature written by an unknown free lance, so it is wasting one's time to carefully lay out plans for a big feature of this kind, as it will probably go unsold.

ABOUT SALES.

On two or three previous occasions we told beginners that it was to their own advantage to learn how to write before they submitted. Whether or not our beginner readers listened we do not know, but we do hope that they are not wasting their postage on certain companies whose doors are closed, at the present time, to outside contributions. If a writer is playing the game in a big way, he can afford to work along for some time without a sale, for he will be learning things during that time which will mean money to him later on. It is not necessary to hold back all that he writes, but if he sends only that which his conscience tells him is worthy of consideration, he will find himself abreast with the game in a much shorter time than if he mailed scripts here and there without considering their value.

RESULT OF SELIG-TRIP CONTEST.

Not one of the several thousand scenarios submitted to the Selig Polyscope Company, which two months ago asked for an idea to film on the Selig Movie Special tour to California in July, was found to be practical. There were a number of excellent suggestions offered, which in certain instances might have proven acceptable, but a plot covering the full seventeen days' tour, and which would give all the passengers aboard a chance to act, was not found. A half dozen writers whose scripts came near filling the requirements have been remembered by the Selig company.

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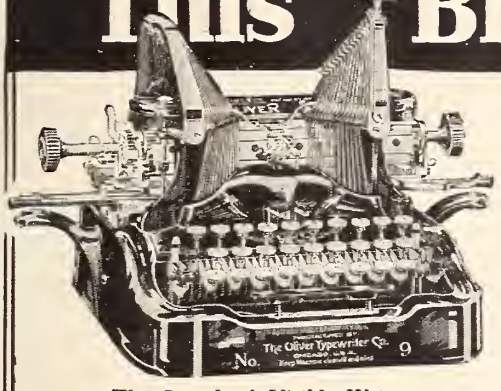


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No. 15



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PEGGY LYNN, BURGLAR. . . . . **Kenneth Rand** **11**
Brought up among thieves all her life, Peggy Lynn, a beautiful orphan girl, entered the home of a wealthy young bachelor with burglarious intent. What happened when he discovered her—and took her for somebody else—makes the story. It has thrills galore.

THE BREAKS OF THE GAME. . . . **Morton P. Hobes** **16**
Here is a *real* newspaper story. To win the girl of his choice, Bob Carpenter had to score a beat. He set out to attain both goals, and the adventures he encountered on the way make gripping reading.

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The Anderson of "Broncho Billy"

By Rex Berry

To the general motion-picture public, the famous character of "Broncho Billy" is known by no other name than that which represents his part. There are some who are acquainted with the fact that his real name is Gilbert M. Anderson, but he is never thought of other than as "Broncho Billy." How many know the life of Mr. Anderson, now millionaire, part owner and secretary of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company? Here it is in full, as told by himself in an interview.

WHEN I met Gilbert M. Anderson, the man who is known all over the globe as "Broncho Billy," I profited by the experience of other interviewers, and did not talk to him about himself. If there is one thing Mr. Anderson dislikes it is talking about himself for publication. He may be introduced to a stranger and be talking as freely as though the acquaintance had begun years ago, but when he learns that the stranger is a newspaper or magazine man or woman he suddenly stops his conversation.

He is about the easiest man to talk to, though probably the hardest to have say anything, that I have met while interviewing the "big fellows" of the film game. He has a friendly way of smiling at you that at once puts you at ease, and because I was not—for the time at least—an "interviewer," I also learned that he could talk on almost any subject in such an interesting manner that your attention was constantly claimed.

All the "fans" that are fans know that Mr. Anderson is one of the best and most popular actors appearing in Western pictures, and has held this position for several years. I wonder how many are aware of the fact that he also is part owner of the company in whose pictures he appears. The name "Essa-



"Broncho Billy" as an outlaw.

"Broncho Billy" as Mr. Anderson, millionaire and secretary of the Essanay Company.

"Broncho Billy" in full regalia.

nay" is a combination of Mr. Anderson's name and that of his senior partner, George K. Spoor. "Ess" stands for the first letter in Mr. Spoor's name, "an" for and, and "ay" for the first initial of Mr. Anderson's name. S and A—Essanay. Many perplexed picture patrons have asked how the company came to get the name. Probably they had searched Webster's and the New Standard unsuccessfully for its origin.

But to get back to Mr. Anderson. To begin with, I shall state, like a banal biographer, that he was born. But I will try to redeem myself in this sentence by telling you his age, or, rather, letting you figure it out for yourself, for the year in which Broncho Billy arrived in this gay little world is designated by placing the numbers one, eight, eight, three in just that order.

Pine Bluff, Arkansas, was the place of his advent into this world, and there Mr. Anderson's childhood days were spent largely in the open. Then his family moved west, and several years on the plains, living among hardy Westerners, gave rise to the desire for adventure that always clung to him. It was during these years in the West that he learned to ride, rope, and shoot, and those who have seen his Western productions certainly must admit that these accomplishments have proven of value to him.

When Mr. Anderson was a young man in his teens, the family again moved, this time eastward. East St. Louis, Illinois, was the stopping place, and because living in a city was rather dull, after having had no limits placed upon his rovings over the prairies, young Gilbert Anderson began to look for something to claim his attention.

A dramatic club was organized across the river in St. Louis proper, and his name appeared on the first program. When his work was praised heartily, a new field of endeavor was opened, and he at once began to study for the stage. This eventually led him to New York, where he worked his way through a dramatic school. He had no difficulty in securing his first professional engagement, and his work at once assured a good future.

Several years passed, and Broadway and Mr. Anderson were getting better acquainted every day. Once, just after a show had closed on the road, Mr. Anderson arrived in New York to secure another engagement before taking a short vacation, and was offered a week's work with the Edison Company, which was just preparing to film the first long motion picture ever made, "The Great Train Robbery." They had heard of Mr. Anderson's ability to portray Western characters, and did not rest until they secured his services.

This was the beginning of his career before the camera. At the end of the week, when his work in the Edison picture was concluded, he canceled the theatrical engagement he had secured, and announced his intention of acting for picture plays.

At that time, a move of this kind was considered the height of folly by all players who had ever picked a speck of Broadway dust from under their eyelid, but Mr. Anderson had seen the possibility of making a fortune, and paid no attention to the attempts which were made to persuade him to remain on the stage.

Men with money shared the opinion of the actor folk in regard to motion pictures at that time, and Mr. Anderson found it difficult to secure financial assistance in New York. While trying to convince certain capitalists that there would be big returns for all they invested, he broke into the producing end of the business by putting on a picture for Vitagraph called "Raffles, the Cracksman." When this proved successful, and he saw that he had not overestimated his own ability, he determined that lack of capital could not keep him from starting a company of his own, and left New York bound for the West, where he intended to begin work. In Chicago, he tarried a few hours between trains, and a friend mentioned the fact that George K. Spoor had been seriously considering the erection of a motion-picture studio, and the formation of a company to make dramatic films.

Mr. Anderson looked up Mr. Spoor, and—well, the name of the firm is Essanay, and you who see their pictures can tell whether or not the founders of the company had the right "hunch" when they went into the picture business.

It was about nine or ten years ago when the first Broncho Billy picture was made and released, under the Indian Head trade-mark of the Essanay Film Manufacturing Company. Mr. Anderson created the character, intending to use it only in one picture, but as soon as the public saw that film they immediately called for more of Broncho Billy and the character stayed on. Broncho Billy is unique in motion pictures, inasmuch as he is never exactly the same character. It is doubtful if there is another player, without Mr. Anderson's remarkable versatility within a single make-up, who could create one story after another, week in and week out in which the same name was applied to characters varying from outlaws to ministers. The accomplishment of this feat is indeed a tribute to the personality of Mr. Anderson, for all those who follow the screen closely know that they could not continually enjoy the acting of an average player within such a limited scope, whereas Broncho Billy is always interesting.

When Gilbert M. Anderson began work with his own company, he had many new ideas regarding the film business, and immediately put them into effect. Perhaps the one which had the most lasting effect was the making of a standard reel—one thousand feet in length. This was at once accepted by others in the field, and has continued in use ever since.

For several years Mr. Anderson produced pictures in the Chicago Essanay studio, and then moved west to Niles, California, where he practically began all over again, as he erected a new studio and engaged a new company. For a while, nothing was produced at Niles but Broncho Billy Western pictures; but later, a comedy company was added, in which "Alkali Ike" Carney had the lead. Mr. Anderson created this famous character, and when Mr. Carney left Essanay, Mr. Anderson looked about until he found three players suited to the three rôles he had in mind, and then began producing "Snakeville" comedies, which introduced the now famous characters of "Sophie Clutts," "Mustang Pete," and "Slippery Slim."

A little less than a year ago, the Niles studio was completely rebuilt, and, besides the two companies mentioned above, viz., the Broncho Billy and the Snakeville, Charlie Chaplin's comedy corps are now working there. Mr. Anderson acts as director in chief, business manager, director, and star of his own Broncho company, and still finds time to "super" in some of the Chaplin

comedies, when Charlie fails to gather enough extra people for a scene.

He is an energetic worker, and does not know the meaning of the word rest. Motion pictures are his work and his play. To turn out a better picture than he has ever done before is always his ambition. He is completely wrapped up in the work, and will talk for hours—except to an interviewer—about various points of the great industry which he has seen grow from its infancy, and which has made him a wealthy man. When one has talked to Mr. Anderson, it is a simple matter to understand why he still appears in pictures, despite the fact that he was in a position to retire from the screen many years ago.

His continued playing before the camera gives him another distinction—that of being the most photographed of the "big men" of the film game. That this means nothing to Mr. Anderson is clearly illustrated by the fact that he will not accept any personal publicity, and prefers to be known on the screen as Broncho Billy, this being another one of the reasons that the character has been carried on.

At least once every year he makes the trip back East to see those working under the Essanay banner at the Chicago studios, to talk business affairs over with his partner—and to visit his mother in New York. His trips are usually made during the holidays or in the early spring, and both before leaving and after returning to Niles, he works long and hard to supply enough extra pictures so that the market demand for them will not be neglected during his visit.

It is doubtful if those who see and enjoy the Broncho Billy pictures would know Mr. Anderson if they met him on the street, though the features of the film hero appear almost as they are away from the camera. He is of medium height, well built, and light on his feet. I saw him moving swiftly about the studio, just after having my talk with him, and his every action showed that he was used to an outdoor, athletic life.

We talked over his plans for the future, while we were chatting, and he said—but I promised not to tell, so I suppose I'll have to disappoint the readers, to keep my word. However, I am not overstepping my limits when I suggest that those interested in good Western pictures keep their eyes on him in the future for something unusual.

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Rav.

William S. Hart, the leading man of the Tom Ince forces, has certainly established himself as a favorite with the picture fans. His work in "On the Night Stage" and "The Darkening Trail" is wonderful, without exaggeration.

The Rafferty comedies are making a big hit, and are being booked by the best theaters throughout the United States.

Great interest is expressed in the forthcoming Metro releases, with Francis X. Bushman, the former Essanay lead. Bushman is very popular, and his pictures are in constant demand.

Chester Conklin, Keystone's funny man, made a host of admirers by his great work in the "Cannon Ball," a two-part comedy.

Theda Bara, the Vampire woman, has made herself unpopular again by her great acting in "The Vampire." No one ever gets any credit for playing Vampire parts the way Miss Bara plays them. Off the screen she is one of the loveliest women you would care to met.

Theda Bara's latest release, "The Devil's Daughter," which was produced by the Fox Film Corporation from a scenario by Gabrielle d'Annunzio, author of "Cabiria," is deserving of a great deal of commendation.

The reissuing of all the old Biograph pictures produced by D. W. Griffith has proved a success, and the films are meeting with great favor wherever they are shown. It would do well for the producer of to-day to take a look at these reissues. Several directors could learn a great deal from these films.

Jack Standing, the Lubin lead, was about to ask for a raise in salary the other day, after he had to let an automobile going at a fair speed pass over his body, when a fellow who was watching the proceedings said to a companion: "Gee, ain't that soft? Every time that guy does that he gets three dollars!" Jack changed his mind.

Lubin evidently thinks that by using the name "Tillie," the comedy they are producing, featuring Marie Dressler, will go much better. They are going to call the picture "Tillie's Tomato Surprise," and it will last for five reels. Mack Sennett in the house?

A new way of introducing the characters is shown in the "Alien," the combination of spoken and silent drama, in which George Beban, the famous character man stars. It is really very original, and pleases immensely. Have to hand it to Tom Ince for originality.

Biograph always loses some of their best people every time they make the trip to the coast. This time Charlie West, Dell Henderson, and Kate Toncray joined the Mutual forces while out with the A. B. company. Last trip Charlie Murray left them for Keystone.

Will Davis, the popular director now with the Fox Film Corporation, is one of the most popular in the business. Every one likes to work for Davis. Yes, he treats his people like human beings, and they give their very best in return.

Charlie Chaplin, the world's funniest comedian, has been reported dead, deaf and dumb, broken-necked, and many other things. We take great pleasure in informing our readers that Charlie is a very normal man, his only difference from most people being that he is very funny, and able to make money.

Pretty Ethel Grandin has been appearing in some excellent two-reel subjects of late on the United program. Miss Grandin is still a very popular little lady, and from all appearances will remain so for some time to come.

Joseph Henxaberry, who was *Lincoln* in "The Birth of a Nation," has received many offers to pose as the former president.

Next week we'll name the five leading female comedians. Can you guess them?

Our questions and answers department:

Violet Mossback wants to know
How to act in a picture show.
Our reply to Violet's wishes:
"Stay at home and wash the dishes!"

Reverend Highbrow writes us long.
Says picture shows are "reely" wrong.
Our reply to this reformer:
"What you need is a transformer!"

Reporter asks if it's the mode
For fires to start when films explode.
Won't reply to this fool question,
Such queries give us indigestion!

Chimmie Fadden

(LASKY)

By Morton P. Hobes

Chimmie Fadden—who tells the story—is a Bowery boy who is given a chance by a young lady in society. She takes him to her country home and installs him as a footman. What happened when Chimmie afterward tried to play the butler's role, as told in this story taken from the Jessie L. Lasky company's picture, makes funny reading. But there are dramatic situations, as well as laughs, in the story. The cast:

Chimmie Fadden.....Victor Moore
Larry, his brother.....Raymond Hatton
Mr. Van Cortlandt.....Ernest Joy
Fanny, his daughter.....Anita King
"The Duchess".....Camille Astor

GEE! I cert'n'y had a date wid luck, an' didn't know it, when I sat killin 'time dere in dat Bowery room dat afternoon. I had a date wid luck, an' didn't know it. Sure, dat's right.

What do I mean? Listen, bo: I'll spiel de facts ter yuh, just like what dey happened. See? Just like what dey happened, an' den yuh'll see how de whole t'ing come off. I'm sittin' dere, see, looking at de window, widout nuttin' on me mind but me hat. Me an' de old lady, we'd had a run-in. 'Bout de same old t'ing, it was. Dat no-good brother uh mine, Larry. I'd come home ter de flat, an' found him tryin' ter graft beer an' cigarette money offen her ag'in, an' her bustin' her back over de washtub to help me support de big, lazy stiff. I hit him a t'ump in de teet' an' knocked him down—an' den de fight started.

De old lady, she allus stands up fer Larry. Sure. Ain't she his mother de same as mine? So I stood fer de bawlin' out she gimme fer soakin' him, an' sat down in me room where it was quieter. An' I was sittin' dere, see, just killin' time, when along de street, from one way, comes a kid sellin' poipers.

Out uh de swing door uh Kerrigan's saloon, from de other end uh de block, comes Bat Hogan. He's a tough mug, dat same Bat Hogan. De bully uh de neighborhood. He stops de newsie, an' he says ter him:

"How much money yuh got on yuh, kid?" he says.

Just like dat, see? Out uh de corner uh his mouth, toughlike. De kid gits scared right away at de way de big bruiser asks him dat about de coin he's made so far dat day by sellin' his poipers. An' he starts ter sneak by Bat. Nuttin' doin'. Bat grabs him by de arm an' gives him a shake.

"Come acrost," he says. "Gimme a dime an' I'll let yuh go. I'm broke, an' I'm dry," he says, "an' yuh're gonna slip me de price uh a couple uh schooners uh suds. If yuh don't——" An' he slaps de kid acrost de face to show what he'd do ter him, an' de kid starts cryin', scairtlike.

I runs down de street an' goes up ter Bat an' yanks his hand offen de kid's arm. Den I shoves me mug up clost ter his.

"Whyn't yuh take a guy yer size?" I says ter him. "Leave de kid alone," I says, "or I'll change yer map fer yuh."

Wid dat, Bat takes a swipe at me. I blocks an' counters wid me left. An' de next minnit we was sluggin' away at each other like de last round uh a ten-round bout. Bat Hogan'd been lappin' up de brew too steady an' too long ter be able ter stand up ag'in me—if only I'd 'a' knowed dat before I'd 'a' beat him up long ago! But I puts over a beaut uh a uppercut, right ter de point uh his chin. An' down he flops fer de count.

When he comes back from dreamland an' sits up, I grabs a-hold uh him by de wool, an' starts in ter push his face around ter where de back uh his head is at, like I'd said I would.

An' den Clancey, de cop, butts in an' drags me back by de collar. He's seen de whole fight. Except what started it. He hauls Bat Hogan up onter his feet an' starts wid de both uh us ter de lockup. An' so we're pinched fer fightin'.

But he ain't been de only one dat's seen de scrap. Wait till I tell yuh. Dere's a swell young lady piped de whole t'ing off. I finds out, later on, dat her name's Miss Fanny van Cortlandt. She's a real torrowbred, an' she comes down ter de slums ter try ter help out de poor what ain't got no coal in winter, an' no ice in summer, an' nuttin' ter eat any uh der time. She's got her French maid wid her. An', say—when I piped dat dame off!

Well, Chimmie Fadden was stuck on a chip fer de foist time in his life, an' dat ain't no dream, neither. She had a way uh carryin' herself, dat maid. Sorter proudlike, even t'ough she was little, an' dat's why I called her de Duchess right off. De Duchess was what I called her.

I tips her a smile, just on a chanet, but she don't smile back. She gives me what's better'n dat. A look, it was, dat sorter said: "Chimmie, yuh're all right!" as it travels from me ter Bat Hogan, an' goes black as it rests on him, an' den toins soft an' admirin'like as it comes back ter me. Gee! It's a funny t'ing, ain't it, dat just a look from a gal dat I'd never set eyes on before sh'u'd make somep'n under me vest toin a somersault? Honest, dat's what happened, t'ough. I says ter meself, lookin' back over me shoulder as Clancey was leadin' me an' Bat off:

"All right, yuh little rogue," I says: "I'll git yuh yet!"

Meanin', yuh see, dat I'd try ter hunt her up an' git acquainted after I'd done me ten days fer de street fight I'd got inter wid Bat Hogan.

But I didn't git soaked no ten days, nor nuttin'. Dis was de way it all toined out: Miss Fanny an' de Duchess follered along wid de crowd ter de station house. Clancey brings me an' Bat up ter de rail in front uh de sarge, an' he tells him how he sees me an' him doin' a fast t'ree minnits widout de gloves on. An' den up speaks Miss Fanny, who's come up ter de sarge's desk behind us.

"I seen dis scrap," she tells him, "an' dis guy," meanin' me, "has a good right ter beat up de big bum. I seen him take a wallop at a little newsboy. An' den de other guy interfered. He done just right—an' I'd like ter take a slam at de big stiff meself."

Dem wasn't exactly her woids, y'understand. But dat was de gist uh what she says ter de sarge. I told yuh she was a torrowbred, didn't I? Well, dat's how she took me part. An' den what d'ye t'ink she says ter de sarge? I can't spiel de langwudge what she used, see, but de idee was somep'n like dis. She says it's seldom yuh find a guy livin' in de slums what's got real chiv—chiv—yeah, chivalry. Dat's de woid. I took de little newsie's part agin' de big bully, see? An' dat's made a hit wid Miss Fanny, as well as wid de Duchess. She says she wants ter take me offen de Bowery an' gimme a chancet ter 'mount ter somep'n. An' she wants ter know will I come wid her an' take de job uh footman in her old man's house?

I was gonna toin her down, an' I'd just opened me jaw ter say dat I wasn't no shir-opodist ter take care uh nobody's feet, when I happined ter take a look at de Duchess.

She was smilin' at me dis time, an' den I tumbled. Say, what d'ye think uh de iv'ry dome I got, huh? Here was me chancet ter git acquainted wid de Duchess, on account uh her woikin' in de same house, an' I was gonna t'row dat chancet away! Ter be near dat gal I'd 'a' signed up as a chambermaid ter a horse, or anyt'ing. Dat's on de level. So I tells Miss Fanny as soon as I beats it back ter de flat an' t'rows me duds inter a valise an' says good-by ter me old lady. I'll go wid her.

Larry was still dere when I comes in. I tells de old lady dat a swell dame has gimme a job as footman in her old man's house, an' I'm goin' dere ter work.

"Van Cortlandt's house!" yells Larry, jumpin' up an' lookin' at me, wild.

"Sure," I says ter him. "What's it ter yuh?"

But he don't make no come back. He sits down ag'in and stares outer de winder wid a glum look on his face. I t'inks ter meself he's prob'ly read about dat rich guy in de poipers, an' he's jealous uh me goin' dere ter woik. But why wasn't he down on der street, like me, ter take a wallop at Bat Hogan when Miss Fanny come by, 'stead uh hangin' around de flat tryin' ter grub money offen de old lady? Den he'd 'a' got de same chancet.

Miss Fanny puts me inter de front seat uh her autermobile along wid a skinny yo[illegible] feller in a leather suit an' cap an' w[illegible] a pair uh goggles on his eyes—gee, [illegible] looked like a bug!—an' den she an' de Duchess gits inter de back uh de buzz wagon an' we shoots off down ter a big house on Long Island.

"Say, dat was a swell dump! De house was about de size uh de Waldorf-Astoria, an' de grounds around it as big as Central Park. What one fam'ly could want uh a house as big at dat, I couldn't figger out. But dat was before I got inside uh it. Say, dey needed all de rooms dey had! Fer besides me, de new footman, de shoffer uh dat autermobile, an' de Duchess, der was about a dozen other servants around de place. De butler an' old man Van Cortlandt's valley was two dat I met foist.



I sat dere killin' time.

But wait till I tell yuh how de t'ing come off, in order.

When I got inter de house, Miss Fanny left me standin' in de hall wid de Duchess while she went inter de libr'y ter tell her old man 'bout havin' brung me dere ter take de job uh footman.

Soon as I was alone wid her, I grabs de Duchess an' I gives her a kiss. She slaps at me face, while I'm huggin' her, an' she talks fast in dat dago French uh hers. "Vat on," she says. "Lace moy," an' "finny say," says she.

An' den a middle-aged guy, in a dress soot, comes along de hall an' he sees me kissin' de Duchess. Gee! If yuh could 'a' seen his face! It's red as me shirt, he's dat mad, an' he yanks me away from de Duchess.

"What," he says, chokin' over his woids, "what d'ye mean by insultin' dis gal?"

De way he'd got rough wid me had got me goat. I puts up me dukes, an' I starts steppin' around him, lookin' fer a openin' ter send in a right ter his lunch, dat's de biggest part uh him. I says:

still game ter t'ump de guy fer sayin' I'd insulted her, if she gimme de sign.

"He's de butler," de Duchess says ter me, noddin' towards de middle-aged mug. Den she says ter him: "Dis is de new footman Miss Fanny's hired ter woik here," she says. An' den she walks up ter him, laughin', an' snaps her fingers in his face dat's got dat mad look on it. "Don't git jealous, Parker," she says ter him.

Well, dat tips me off, see? He's stuck on de Duchess himself, an' when he sees me kissin' her it makes him wild.



I grabs ahold uh him by de wool an' starts ter push his face around ter where de back uh his head is at.

"Insult de gal?" I says. "Whaddaya mean, insult her? I ain't never insulted no gal," I says, "an' I'll knock yer block offer yuh fer makin' de crack!"

"Who are yuh?" he says, drawrin' himself up an' givin' me de frozen eye. "An' what're yuh doin' here?"

Den I seen dat I was in wrong. I might 'a' knowed who he was from de soup an' fish he was dressed up in. He's de guy what owns de dump—old man Van Cortlandt himself. Dat's what I t'inks ter meself. I looks at de Duchess. Nuttin' but de butler, an' handlin' himself around dere like as if he owned de joint! I was goin' ter take a fall outer him meself.

An' den another guy comes along de hall; a furriner, he looked ter be, wid a dinky little black mustache an' a face de color uh a chunk uh pool chalk, an' a pair uh shifty eyes.

"Dis," says de Duchess, interdoocin' me ter him, "is Mr. van Cortlandt's valley. Antoine, dis is Mr. Chimmie Fadden, uh de Bowery."

An' say, what d'yuh t'ink dat guy done? Well, if he didn't jump back a full t'ree feet, starin 'at me, wid de same look on his face dat had come over Larry's when I told him an' de old lady where I was goin' ter woik at.

"'Fadden?'" dis Antoine says after de Duchess, dazedlike. "Is de name a common one on der Bowery?"

Say, dat got me goat ag'in. I didn't like dat guy, anyway, de minnit I set me lamps onter him. An' here he was, makin' a crack like dat about me name bein' common. I started fer him, ter push his face off.

"I'll show yuh whether it's common or not," I says, "yuh frog-eatin' heathen——"

He jumps back ag'in, scairt.

"No, no!" he says. "I didn't mean no offense"—dem was de woids he used. "I only meant was dere many people by de name uh Fadden livin' on de Bowery, where yuh come from?"

I scowls at him, ter see was he stringin' me or not about not meanin' ter put no slur on me.

"We're de only Faddens," I says, short, "dat I knows of dere."

De Duchess pipes up an' asks him somethin' in dat furrin lingo uh hers. De valley mumbles somep'n back at her in de same crazy dago talk, an' he toins on his heel an' goes back up de hall in a hurry.

Den Miss Fanny comes outer de libr'y. Behind her is de guy dat really owns de woiks, her old man—Mr. van Cortlandt. But I calls him Whiskers, in me own mind. Dere's a beaut uh a bunch uh spinach growin' all over his face. His Whiskers is what I calls him from de minnit I sets me lamps onter him, see? Miss Fanny interdooces him ter me, an' he looks me over. He says he don't believe in her 'speriment—whatever dat is—but if she wants ter try it, ter go ahead. An' so I'm hired.

De Duchess takes me upstairs an' shows me ter a reg'lar four-dollar-a-day room on der top floor. Honest, it's got everyt'ing in it a guy could ask fer. Der's a brass bed an' a rockin'-chair an' a telephone an' a bath attached. De Duchess stands, smilin' at me, while I'm givin' de outfit de up an' down.

"Yuh t'ink yuh're gonna like yer new place," she says ter me; "eh, Chimmie?"

I looks around at her slow, an' I nods.

"I'll like it," I says, "if yuh cut out dat butler dat's stuck on yuh."

She makes a face, an' runs ter de door.

"Ahr, he's nuttin ter me," she says from de doorway, "beside a fighter like youse!"

An' de next minnit, t'rowin' a kiss ter me, she's gone.

What d'ye t'ink uh dat? It looks like I'd made a hit wid de Duchess right offer de bat, de same as what she'd made wid me, don't it? I takes a slant fer a spin. On de level, dat was all I had ter do. An' de Duchess told me dat me salary would be forty bones a mont'. I t'ought she was stringin' me.

"G'wan!" I says. "D'yuh mean ter tell me dey're gonna gimme me room an' board, an' den ten plunks a week besides, widout me ever breakin' inter a sweat from de time I go on de job in de mornin' till de whistle blows at night? Dese folks is got money, but dey ain't fore. If she had a bet down on Chimmie Fadden ter come acrost wid any-t'ing, I was gonna help her ter cop dat bet.

It was me bein' so anxious ter please Miss Fanny dat way, dat got me inter me foist trouble.

De butler gits a telegram one evenin'. It's signed wid de name uh a uncle uh his out uh town, an' it tells him dat his relative's goin' to croak, an' he's wanted



I spilt some more uh de punch on de dress soot uh one uh de gents.

at meself in de lookin'-glass in de bureau uh me new room, an' I hands meself a wink.

"Chimmie," I says ter meself, "yuh're in soft," I says—"in soft!"

Well, a couple uh weeks went by. I'd learned de ropes uh de job long before dat, an' I knew I'd never die uh hard woik around dat dump. All I had ter do was ter answer de doorbell, an' help de shoffer hold down de front seat uh de Van Cortlandt's autermobile when he took his Whiskers or Miss Fanny out

t'rowin' it away," I says; "so quitcha kiddin'!"

But den Miss Fanny tells me de same t'ing, an' den I believed it.

"Chimmie," she says ter me, "I wants yuh ter make good in dis job. I wants yuh ter show folks dat I didn't make no mistake in bringin' yuh here. An' yuh're goin' ter do it, ain't yuh, fer my sake?" she says.

I told her what was de trut': Dat I'd woik me hands off fer her. She was a torrowbred, like what I said be-

at de bedside right away. De uncle's got some money salted by, an' de butler's been figgerin' fer years on comin' inter it when de old guy passes in his chips. So he packs his bag an' starts off, even when his Whiskers an' Miss Fanny begs him ter stay. Dey're havin' comp'ny fer dinner dat night, an' dey're left in a hole widout de butler ter wait on de table.

"Oh," says Miss Fanny, wringin' her hands, "what'll we do?"

I was standin' dere by de front door

in de hall t'rough which de butler had just gone, an' when I hears her say dat, I pipes up.

"I c'n run off de show fer yuh, Miss Fanny," I says, "in his place."

She looks at me, sorter hopeful.

"Do yuh t'ink yuh could, Chimmie?" she says. "If Parker has been showin' yuh how ter become a foist-rate servant, like I told him ter do, yuh might ——"

"Leave it ter me," I says, buttin' in on her widout listenin' ter what she was sayin'. "Yuh're in a hole," I says, "an' I'll try me best ter help yer out uh it."

She takes it ter mean, as I afterward finds out, dat de butler *has* been teachin' me how ter wait on de table, an' so fort', an' so she tells me ter go ahead an' git inter Parker's open-front an' on de job, as de guests was about doo ter arrive.

Well, say, dat dinner's somep'n I won't fergit in a hurry. An' I guess none uh dem dat was dere will fergit it any quicker. Right from de wire, I got off bad. I was standin' in de dinin' room, in de butler's dress soot, dat was too big fer me all around, wonderin' when de comp'ny was goin' ter come in, a half hour after dey got dere. Anudder half hour went by, an' still dey didn't come in. An' den Miss Fanny shows up, all alone.

"Chimmie," she says, "why don't yuh 'nounce de dinner?"

I says to her: "'Nounce it?" I says. "Don't yuh know it's all ready?"

She toins around ter go back ter de comp'ny.



I looks around an' dere's a dick.

"Yuh must come in," says she, kinder as t'ough her goat was beginnin' ter slip its rope, "an' make de 'nouncement."

I t'inks ter meself, gee! but dese folks dat's callin' is bashful. Dey got ter have somebuddy come an' give 'em a speshul invite ter sit down ter de table. See? Dat's de way I sizes it up. I was wrong, as I learned later on—but I didn't know it den.

I t'inks I'll make 'em feel easylike an' ter home. So I picks up a silver tray offen the sideboard, an' a soup spoon offen the table, an' I goes ter de door uh de room where dem swells is sittin' wid his Whiskers an' Miss Fanny.

I hits de tray a couple a belts wid de spoon.

"It's all on de table," I sings out, smilin' at de guests ter show dem dey's among friends, as dey looks up at me kinder surprised. "Come, one an' all, an' eat hearty!"

Dat was de foist time it seems dat any uh de push had been given de tip ter come in ter dinner dat way. Miss Fanny tells dem where she got me, an' what she's tryin' ter do fer me, t'ough, an' dat squares it. Dey all files inter de dinin' room, wid his Whiskers glarin' at me like he wanted ter choke me, but was too perlite ter do it in front uh comp'ny.

I was passin' de soup around ter dem at de table. I'd dealt it out t'ree times, an' I started ter put de plate down at de fourt' place.

"Yuh have yer t'umb in it," says de lady.

"Oh, dat's all right," I tells her. "It ain't hot."

Dey all commenced ter laugh—all except his Whiskers. But dere didn't none uh dem laugh no more, after what happened a little later. Miss Fanny says ter me:

"Serve de punch," she says.

Dere's a big silver bowl uh punch on de sideboard, an' I runs over an' grabs it. Den I runs back wid it an' starts ter fill up de glasses.

How was I ter know dat I was supposed ter dip it out wid a spoon? It was wet goods, wasn't it? Well, den, it had ter be *poured*. I tried ter toin de right amount out inter one uh de ladies' glasses from de side uh de bowl, an' I spilt about a quart uh it onter her dress. Den I runs around an' tries ter get anudder one uh de ladies' glasses filled just even, an' de same t'ing happened ag'in. Miss Fanny was yellin' at me: "Use de ladle, Chimmie!" I spilt some more uh de punch on de dress soot uh one uh de gents in de party, tryin' ter fill his glass. Den his Whiskers, who's jumped up from his chair an' come around ter me, nabs me.

"Leave de room, you clumsy oaf," he says—it was de foist time I knowed his Whiskers was a slangy guy, himself. Dat "oaf" was a new one on me; but I got it, all right. He was callin' me a boob, a goof. "Retoin dat punch bowl

ter de buff-ay, an' go! Me daughter," he says ter de guests, "has told youse dat she took dis young man from de slums, ter try ter improve his condishun. I advised her agin' it. An' youse have all seed de result uh her foolish 'speriment dis evenin'."

I snuk upstairs ter me room, an' peeled off de butler's clothes an' got back inter me own. Den I sat down by de winder an' looked out dere. Maybe t'ree hours passed, an' I just sat dere wishin' dere was some way I could square it wid Miss Fanny by dyin', or somep'n.

She'd told me dat she wanted me ter make good fer her sake. An' I'd fell down on her. Her old man, his Whiskers, had said so. He'd tipped her off dat her givin' me de job dere was foolish, an' I'd proved it.

Blue? Gee, dat ain't de name fer de way I felt. It got ter be along about midnight, an' de house was quiet as a fun'ral, and yet I couldn't go ter bed. His Whiskers'd fire me in de mornin': dat was all I could t'ink about; an', t'inkin' about it, I didn't feel much like sleep.

An' den all at oncet I heard a noise.

I had me shoes off, sittin' dere by de winder, an' I got up an' went over ter de door widout makin' a sound. I opened it a crack an' listened. Dere was somep'n doin'! I knowed it, 'cause dey was somebuddy whisperin' downstairs. Dey wouldn't be doin' dat if dere bein' dere was on de level, I figgered. Walkin' easy, in me socks, I crep' along de hall ter de stairs an' started down dem.

Dere was two guys in de dinin' room. De light was toined down dim, an' I could just make dem out, an' what dey was doin'—which was tyin' a cord round de top uh a bag dat had all de Van Cortlandts' silver in it!

I steps inter de room an' toins de lights on full.

"Larry!" I says, an' just stands dere lookin' at him.

When de lights went up, he'd toined around quick. So had de guy wid him. It was Antoine, dat chalk-faced, shifty-eyed French valley ter his Whiskers. I seen de whole game den.

Antoine, woikin' on de inside uh de house, had fixed it up ter let Larry in so's he could make a get-away wid de silver, while Parker was outer de way—I figgered dey must 'a' sent de butler dat telegram 'bout his dyin' uncle, which was phoney, ter git rid uh him fer dat night.

Havin' de job all planned, it was no wonder dat Larry had acted like what he'd done when he heard dat I was goin' ter de Van Cortlandt house ter woik. An', when he heard me name an' knew I was de brother uh his pal, dat Antoine should 'a' gone a couple uh shades lighter when de Duchess interdooces me ter him de foist day I come ter de house.

"So yuh've toined crook," I says ter Larry, "not bein' able ter graft enough off uh de old lady, I s'pose? Put down dat bag," I says ter him, startin' towards de both uh dem.

Antoine takes a punch at me, an' misses. Before he could take anudder, I'd laid him out on de floor wid a smash on de jaw. Den I says ter Larry—who knowed better dan ter try ter start a fight wid me—as he's standin' dere wid his hands restin' on de bag on de table:

"Put dat down, I tell yuh!"

An' den I heard a door open upstairs. Somebuddy else had heard de racket down in de dinin' room, it seemed. Mebbe it was de bang uh Antoine hittin' de floor.

"Quick!" I says ter Larry, under me breat'. "Grab up de bag an' git outer sight wid it. Git in dere," I says, pointin' ter de door uh de pantry behind him, "an' stay dere till I tell yuh ter come out. Somebuddy's comin'—I dunno who—an' I'm goin' ter stall de t'ing t'rough fer yuh."

Larry wasn't wort' it. But he was me brother. I couldn't let him be nabbed, if I could help it, wid what dat would mean ter de old lady. What? Ahr, rats! It was de only t'ing ter do, I'm tellin' yer—none uh dat Carnegie hero-medal stuff fer mine!

Larry grabs up de bag, like I told him ter do, an' makes a sneak t'rough de pantry door. He wasn't a minnit too soon in gettin' outer sight, fer whoever was comin' downstairs had almost got ter de door uh de dinin' room by den.

"Git up!" I whispers ter Antoine; but he's knocked out cold, or mebbe he's afraid I'll soak him ag'in if he does git up, an' so he lays dere on de floor.

An' in walks his Whiskers.

"Wat's goin' on here, Fadden?" he says ter me.

I grins an' nods towards Antoine on de rug.

"Frenchy said I was drunk," I says, tellin' de foist lie dat come inter me nut; "an'," I says, "I knocked him down fer it."

His Whiskers scowls at me—I don't stand aces wid him from de start, see?

"I shouldn't wonder," he says, "if Antoine was right. Dat prob'ly 'counts fer yer conduct before me guests dis evenin'. I had made up me mind," he says, "ter dismiss yuh to-morrer mornin'. But I won't wait," he says. "Yuh're discharged, an' yuh'll leave me house right after breakfast, an' never show yer mug in it ag'in. An', one more t'ing," he says, "an' dat is, if yuh ever should happen ter run acrost me daughter while she's on any uh her slummin' trips, I want yuh ter toin de other way, an' not bother her. If yuh do," he says, "I'll have yuh pinched."

An' den he toins around an' walks outer de room.

I waits until I hears de door uh his bedroom upstairs shut. An' den I goes ter de pantry door an' calls, soft:

"Come out!"

Dere ain't no answer. I opens de door—and Larry's gone!

While I'm talkin' ter his Whiskers, dat crook has gone t'rough de pantry inter de kitchen an' out t'rough de back door uh de house. He's gimme de slip. An' he's took de bag uh silver wid him.

Say, if I could 'a' got hold uh him den! I t'ink I would 'a' moidered him. Dat ain't no kid. Dere I was, tryin' ter save him from doin' a stretch up de river fer burglary by lyin' me head off, an' all de time he's beatin' it wid de silver dat belongs ter de torrowbred gal what gimme de job in dat house.

Her old man had bounced me, an' so I wasn't woikin' fer her no more. But she'd trusted one uh de Faddens. An' anudder had handed her a raw deal. Dat was de way I figgered it out, an' dat was what made me say ter meself:

"I'll go after Larry right now—an' I won't eat or nuttin' till I git dat bag uh silver offen him, an' bring it back here!"

I beat it upstairs an' put on me shoes an' grabbed me hat. Den I come down an' went out uh de house. Dere was a train back ter de city somewhere around dat time, I knowed. Larry'd have beat it ter de depot ter catch it, an' I hoped I could git dere before it come in. No such luck—de train had come an' gone, I found out when I got ter de station.

I took de next one, a hour later. When I got ter de flat, de old lady tells me Larry's been in, an' gone out ag'in. I didn't say nuttin' ter her, but I went inter his room. An' dere, sure enough, under de bed is de bag uh silver.

De next mornin' at nine o'clock I starts out wid it ter bring it back ter de Van Cortlandt house.

I hadn't walked a block, when I feels a hand fall outer me shoulder. I looks around, an' dere's a dick. He toins back his coat an' shows me de shield pinned ter de inside uh it. He says I'd better come along wid him ter de station house an' let de sarge take a look at what's in de bag I'm carryin'.

"A guy named Van Cortlandt," says de dick, "misses a couple uh t'ousand dollars' wort' uh silverware outer his house in Long Island last night. He telephones ter headquarters ter have Chimmie Fadden, uh de Bowery, nabbed fer de job. Yuh was woikin' fer him, he says, till last night, when he fired yuh. Ter git even wid him, yuh beat it wid his silver. An' it cert'n'y looks, Chimmie," says de dick, slantin' at de bag in me hand, "as if I've caught yuh dead ter rights."

Dat was what I was t'inkin' meself. Dey had me dead ter rights! I had de bag wid his Whiskers' silver in it; an' I couldn't tell how I'd come by it an' what I was goin' ter do wid it widout gittin' Larry in Dutch.

An' den a autermobile dashes up ter de curb, an' out jumps Miss Fanny an' de Duchess, an' dey runs up ter me.

"I've heard about me old man's telephonin' ter de police ter pinch yuh, Chimmie," says Miss Fanny, outer breat'. "An' I hurried right in here ter de city ter see yuh."

"We don't believe yuh done it, Chimmie!' butts in de Duchess. "Yuh ain't no crook!"

Ain't she a brick, dat Duchess? An'



Didn't I tell yuh, I had a date wid luck and didn't know it?

Miss Fanny, too, o' course—but right den I was gladder dat de Duchess was stickin' by me dan anyt'ing else.

De dick, when he hears dat Miss Fanny's de daughter uh Van Cortlandt, dat owns de silver, tells her an' de Duchess ter come along ter de station house an' identify de stuff in de bag he's nabbed me wid.

When de junk was laid out on top uh de sarge's desk, he says ter Miss Fanny:

"Is dis yers?"

She didn't say nuttin'. I pulled me eyes up offen de floor an' looked at her. She was lookin' straight at me, an' de sad look in her eyes went t'rough me like a knife was jammed inter me vest.

"Oh, Chimmie!" she says, shakin' her head at me. "An' I trusted yuh!"

Dere wasn't nuttin' fer me ter say. Dey had de goods on me—fer de sake uh de old lady, I couldn't blab on Larry an' git him sent up. All I did was ter look down at de floor ag'in.

"Is de stuff yers?" de sarge says ter her ag'in.

"Yes," says Miss Fanny.

Den he toins ter de Duchess an' asks her can she identify it, too. De Duchess don't answer fer a minnit. An' den she busts out cryin'.

"But I don't believe he took it!" she says. "I know he ain't no t'ief. I know it!"

An' den what d'yuh t'ink happened? Why, de door flies open an' in rushes me old lady. She's draggin' Larry along wid her—him lookin' like he'd seen a ghost, he's dat white around de gills. De neighbors has tipped her off dat I'm pinched wid de bag, outside uh de house, by a dick, an' she's pulled de whole story out uh Larry, an' den beat it around ter de station house wid him ter save me.

Say, when Miss Fanny heard de facts, she started cryin'. I dunno what fer—I was feelin' like givin' t'ree cheers, meself. She asks de sarge can she use de phone on his desk, an' den she calls up her old man an' tells him I didn't do it. Dat was where I butted in.

"Ask him, Miss Fanny," I says, "please not ter have Larry put away. I'll guarantee dat dis is de last job he'll ever pull off, like I guess it's de foist. Ask him, please, ter let me handle him. As long as I keep me healt' an' stren'th," I says, "nobody don't need ter be afraid he'll do nuttin' crooked ag'in. I'll fix him, if he starts anyt'ing more like dis."

His Whiskers says he won't press de charge agin' me, den. An' den he tells Miss Fanny some more over de telephone. When she hangs up de receiver, she tells me what it is. Her old man wants me ter call at his office ter-morrer mornin', an' we're all gonna start over ag'in.

Dat's de end uh de story.

What's dat? Oh, de Duchess? Yuh wants ter know what about her? Well, say, didn't I tell yuh, when I was standin' on dat Bowery corner dat afternoon, I had a date wid luck an' didn't know it?

De Duchess an' me is gonna git married next mont'.

Peggy Lynn, Burglar

(AMERICAN)

By Kenneth Rand

Peggy Lynn is sent by crooks with whom she has been brought up all her life to rob the house of a rich young bachelor. She enters the house during a thunderstorm, to find that its owner, delirious with fever, has been deserted in a panic by his servants who believe that he is stricken with smallpox. Peggy accepts the role of his nurse, which the young man believes her to be, and then the complications follow thick and fast. The story is taken from the picture of the American Film Company, of the same name. The cast:

Peggy.....Vivian Rich
Terrill.....Joe Galbraith
Big Lew.....Jack Richardson

SHE can't stay here!"

Big Lew, whose record as a burglar comprised more than a hundred successful hauls and two terms in prison, addressed the four other men who sat in the tenement-house room.

"We ain't gonna have no gal hangin' around," the black-browed, square-jawed second-story worker, whose powerful build was responsible for his name, declared in a tone of finality. "She'll git us inter trouble wid de cops—dat's what allus comes uh havin' a skirt mixin' in. She can't stay, dat's all!"

One of the other crooks—for they were all criminals in the room—spoke up.

"Did her old man ever git inter trouble," he asked, "t'rough havin' her mother hangin' around him?"

"Dat's right," chimed in a young man whose nose had been broken at some time, and poorly reset, which accounted for its crooked slant on his face. "Bill Lynn never had a better pal dan his wife. I 'member him tellin' me how she went out an' cracked a house once ter raise de money fer him ter beat it out uh de city when de cops was lookin' fer him on a job he'd done—an' she wasn't no crook, at dat. Dat wasn't de only time she'd saved him, Bill said. Mollie Lynn was all right."

A thin, gray-haired thief rose in the council.

"She was a friend to all of us," he said. "And so was Bill. He died, by taking a bullet that was meant for you, Lew, when the cops chased you both out of that Madison Avenue house you were trying to crack——"

"Yuh don't know dat fer sure!" broke in Big Lew quickly. "Maybe dey was aimin' at him——"

"And that's why, I suppose," interrupted the old thief quietly, "that Bill yelled 'look out!' to you, and ran in between you and the cops to pull you back out of the way of the gun he'd seen one of them pointing at you, as you told the story yourself at the time, and got the bullet himself? He lost his life trying to save yours, and you know it. And now, when his daughter's left an orphan by her mother's death from a broken heart over the loss of Bill, you want to turn her out on the street."

The gray-haired crook walked to the girl, who had been standing all this time, a shabby valise in her hand, listening while her fate was being decided. "Slicker" Joe, as the elderly criminal was known, for his ability to use better English than his fellows, placed his hand on her shoulder.

"She stays," he said, looking at the burly burglar. "Eh, Lew?"

Crossing to him, Joe went on persuasively.

"We can't turn her down, with no other place but the gutter for her to go. And you're overlooking a point, old pal. You say it don't pay to have a girl mixing in with a crowd of crooks like us. That's where you're wrong, for sometimes it pays, and pays big. Some of the cleverest thieves in the business have been women. Peggy, here, is pretty enough, and as Bill Lynn's daughter I know she's clever enough, to get into lots of places you and the rest of us couldn't. She'd more than earn her keep."

Big Lew banged his fist down into his heavy hand.

"Well," he growled, "that's just what she'll do, if she stays. If she's gonna live with us, she's gotta be one of us. An' we'll give her a try-out, an' see what kind of a crook she is, right now."

He walked up to Peggy, who looked at him frightenedly.

"Ever done a job uh housebreakin'?" he asked her.

"N-no, sir," Peggy answered. Then, quick to avert his anger, as she saw his brows darken, she eagerly went on: "But I've lived among crooks all my life, and I know how. My father was proud of his skill as a burglar, and he used to talk over the different jobs he'd done with me by the hour. I know what a jimmy's for, and how to open a door or a window with it. And—and he used to say—my father did—that I'd make one of the best safe-crackers in the business. He showed me how to 'feel' out the combination of a safe that was locked, with my fingers, listening till the tumblers dropped. I learned quick. And he said that I was better than he was at it——"

Big Lew checked her with an impatient growl.

"Just like a woman," he said disdainfully; "yuh're a champeen talker. But we'll give yuh a chancet to show whether yuh know as much as yuh say yuh do about burglin'. Dere's a job yuh can start right out on to-night."

The big crook watched her closely. And Peggy, aware that he was doing so, set down her bag at once and faced him with a businesslike air

"Where is it?" she asked.

"She's her father's daughter!" commented Joe approvingly.

"A country house, along de road to New Rochelle," Big Lew spoke curtly. "It's owned by a rich young bachelor, named Terrill. He's gone away on a pleasure trip, or somethin', with some friends uh his, I've found out. Dere's nobody in de house but de servants. I've had me eye on de joint fer a good while, waitin' till de guy dat owns it was outer de way. Now, if yuh're game, go up dere an' do de job. Here—dat's yer car fare. Now kiss me good-by and start along." And Big Lew grabbed the girl in his arms, attempting to kiss her. Peggy put her arm up and tried to push him away.



Peggy put up her arm and tried to push him away.

One of the younger members of the gang, a cripple, who respected the girl, attempted to help her, but another of the men, realizing that it was best to let Big Lew have his way, held the young crook back.

Peggy's resistance was useless, and the leader of the criminals planted a kiss on her cheek.

"Now, beat it," he ordered, "and show us what kind of a haul you can make."

Peggy took the money from Big Lew, and explicit directions for finding the house in question, and then she set forth, glad to get away from the insulting crook, to break the law for the first time in her life.

As Peggy Lynn herself had said, she had been brought up among thieves all her life. At eighteen, her experience of the world's seamy side had led her to accept as a fact the statement with which the criminal eases his conscience—that the world owed her a living. She was setting forth now to take it. Alone in the world, if the only home she knew of was closed to her unless she stole to pay for her food and shelter in it, she would steal to keep alive.

And yet, as she stood outside the country mansion to which Big Lew had sent her, sheltered from the storm that was filling the night with the crash of thunder and vivid lightning flashes and the rush of rain that fell in torrents from the resounding, black heavens by the shrubbery on the front lawn, something—she did not know what—made her hesitate to attempt the burglarious entrance of the house.

Perhaps it was a revulsion against wrongdoing which she had inherited from her mother, who had loved a thief though she herself was not one—the instinct of honesty, that had slumbered within her throughout all the years that she had lived in an atmosphere of crookedness, to awake now that she herself was about to commit a crime.

But then she hesitated no longer. To steal might not be right, but she could not go hungry and homeless.

A lull had come in the storm; though the lightning still played across the sky, the rain had stopped, either temporarily or for good. Peggy stepped out of the shelter of the shrubbery and looked up at the darkened windows of the house.

By one of the lightning flashes, she made out a flutter of white from one of the third-story windows. It was a curtain blowing out through that window's open lower sash. Two more lightning flashes revealed the fact to Peggy that that window was the only open one in the house. It was directly over a trellised balcony, which offered an easy means of reaching it from the ground to any one as agile as Peggy.

She flitted across the lawn to the balcony, climbed up it, and entered the window. The room into which she stepped was empty: the glow from the turned-down gas jet in it allowed her to see that, as well as something else.

Whoever had left the room—a servant, probably, since its location on the top floor of the house and its plain, inexpensive furnishings, pointing to the room's being one of the servants' quarters—had done so in a hurry.

The same disorder of pulled-out bureau drawers, opened wardrobe doors, and hats, shoes, and clothing scattered across the floor, she found in all the deserted rooms on that floor as she passed through them.

Big Lew had been wrong in supposing that the servants had been left in the mansion with its master's departure. All of them had gone. Peggy listened at the top of the stairs. Not a sound came to her. The entire house, it seemed, was empty of all save her prowling presence.

Yet what mysterious thing could have caused the servants to abandon the place in such evident panic?

The solution of the mystery was soon revealed to Peggy.

She had reached the dining room, downstairs, and was feeling her way toward the sideboard, whose glittering silver had been disclosed to her in one of the lightning flashes from the black night outside, when suddenly she heard a faint 'click' behind her—and the next mo-

ment all the electric lights in the room were blazing upon her.

She wheeled, to confront a young man in a bath robe and slippered feet.

The young man—instinctively Peggy recognized him for Terrill, the owner of the house, thus proving Big Lew's information concerning it to have been wrong again—was flushed of cheek, while his eyes burned with an unnatural brightness.

"How did you get in?" he inquired of Peggy.

She was on the point of blurting out the truth in answer.

"Those servants of mine have run away, like the cowards they are," Terrill—for so he was—went on before she could speak, "and that's why you had to push open the front door, which they must have left ajar in their flight, and walk in for yourself, I suppose."

He gripped the edge of the table with one hand, and brought the back of the other up to his brow in a dazed gesture.

"The doctor said I was coming down with smallpox," he continued. "He couldn't have got a mile away from the house, to order a nurse sent back here from the city, before they'd all cleared out and left me alone. I hope I'm not going to be a troublesome patient. Miss —Miss——"

The smile faded from his face. With a choking gasp, he fell forward over the table, and lay motionless.

Peggy, all her fear gone over what she had at first supposed was going to mean her capture by its owner in the house she had unlawfully entered, ran to him with a pitying cry. He had taken her for the nurse for whom the doctor had gone before he collapsed, she realized.

With her fear had gone all thought of what she had entered the mansion for. The young man was sick—he was very sick, indeed. If what the doctor had said was the truth, and he was coming down with smallpox, he might die, unless he was given the best of care.

With all of the servants gone, there was nobody to look after him but her. Peggy decided then and there to play the rôle of his nurse which he had thrust upon her. There was a cut-glass carafe of water on the buffet behind her, and she ran and got it. Bathing Terrill's brow, she brought him back to consciousness. Then she supported him to his room upstairs, and got him into bed. Peggy did not think that the nurse the doctor had gone for might arrive at any moment, and so expose the real purpose for which she had entered the house.

But, as a matter of fact, the doctor had not reached the city to engage a nurse's services. He was lying, even then, on the road back to town. The lightning had struck him. He was not dead, but stunned: and it was to be many days before he regained the power of speech, and could tell any one of Terrill's illness.

Two weeks in all Peggy remained almost constantly at the wealthy young bachelor's bedside. The doctor's diagnosis had been wrong; it was not smallpox that Terrill had been threatened with, but his illness was serious, nevertheless. It was due to Peggy's continuous care during the first few days of his fever, that he did not die. And this he understood, and spoke of, during the following days of his convalescence.

Peggy had long since fallen in love with the young man, who was different in every way from the men she had known before.

And, to her joy—and painful regret, too—she soon discovered that Terrill had lost his heart to her. What was she to do? He still believed her to be the nurse the doctor had ordered. And she *could* not tell him what she had been, instead, when she had come into his house that first night.

She had been a thief at heart, if not in deed. *Had* been. For she could never do anything criminal again. Two short weeks, spent in the constant society of a man she could respect, and whose respect had come to mean everything to her, had undone the work of all the years she had passed among the underworld denizens. Her inherent honesty from her mother had come wholly to the surface.



"But I didn't steal the necklace," Peggy insisted.

Thus it was, one night, when Terrill proposed, and offered her the only article of feminine jewelry he possessed—a string of pearls that had once belonged to his mother—as an engagement present, Peggy refused both the offer of his hand and the necklace.

They could never be anything more to each other, because of what she had been. Loving him as she did, and receiving his assurance that she had his love in return, still she could not accept the home he was offering her.

"Take the necklace as a gift, anyway, Miss Lynn," said Terrill sadly, "as a slight mark of my gratitude for what you have done for me. But for you, I

would have died here alone in this house. When you are gone, the string of pearls may sometimes remind you of me."

For that reason, Peggy took the trinket. And, later, that same night, she stole out of the house as stealthily as she had entered it. She left no note for Terrill behind; nothing to explain her departure. To have done that would have been to confess that she had entered his mansion as a criminal—and what she had been was a secret she wanted always to keep from him.

She went back to the crooks' hangout, to tell Big Lew that she would not steal, if she starved for it.

She found the flat on the third floor of the tenement deserted when she got there. And she sat down to await Big Lew's return. There was an authoritative rap on the door, fifteen minutes later. Peggy, rising apprehensively, heard a gruff voice say outside the door:

"I guess they've flown the coop, Kelly—all but this one of the gang we collared downstairs in the hall, and dragged the truth out of. They must have been tipped off, some way, that we were watching them. We'll go inside, anyway, and see if they've left any incriminating evidence behind."

The door opened, and two policemen entered the flat, dragging one of the gang of crooks along with them.

"Hello!" said one of the officers, at sight of Peggy. "I guess they *have* left some incriminating evidence behind! This is the girl, I'll bet, that this member of the crowd of thieves told us had been sent out by Big Lew to rob the house of young Terrill, up along the road to New Rochelle. She's probably just back from making her haul. Search her, Kelly!"

Grasping Peggy roughly by one wrist, the other policeman threw back her shawl. He took the package, in which she had wrapped up the necklace that Terrill had given her, from under her arm. Opening it on the table, he disclosed the string of pearls.



"Was it you," he asked weakly, "who saved my life again?"

"She made her haul, all right," he grimly commented to his brother officer.

Then Peggy found her voice at last.

"No, no!" she cried. "I didn't steal it. Mr. Terrill gave it to me——"

Both policemen laughed mockingly.

"That's a likely story," said the burlier of the pair. "You admit it's Terrill's necklace, do you? And that you went to his house, where the leader of your gang of crooks sent you——"

"But I didn't steal the necklace!" Peggy tearfully insisted. "It was a present, honestly it was."

"I'll tell you another present you're going to get," announced the same cop sneeringly. "And that's from five to ten years in the penitentiary, for grand larceny. Just as soon as we've telephoned to Mr. Terrill, and asked him to identify this string of pearls. We'll tell him your story, about his giving it to you, too, to let him enjoy a hearty laugh——"

"You mustn't!" Peggy cried out.

Her cheeks had gone ashen. If the policemen carried out their threat to notify Terrill of her arrest in the home of a gang of crooks, and of how she claimed that he had given her the necklace which they had found in her possession, he would know why she had come to his house that night.

"Don't—don't telephone to him!" she panted. "I'll—I'll confess. I stole the string. You can send me to prison for it. I'll go——"

"You bet you will!" agreed the cop. "We know you stole the necklace. But the law hasn't proved it yet. And that's got to be done. Terrill can give proof in this case by identifying this necklace we've found on you as his property. And we're going to call him up and have him do it."

They took Peggy with them from the flat and to a telephone booth in the nearest drug store. While one of the officers kept her a prisoner, outside the booth, the other rang up Terrill's house and explained the circumstances.

The policeman, a baffled look on his face, came out of the booth five minutes later.

"He says," he told his companion, "that he *did* give the string of pearls to the girl. And we're to return them to her. Hand the necklace back to her, Kelly. And let her go—we've got no case against her, then."

Peggy hastened away with the trinket to a post-office substation.

"You know what I am, now," she wrote in the note with which she sent the string of pearls back to him. "What I *was,* I mean. I am never going to do a dishonest thing as long as I live, and I never have before. Maybe the fact that I am returning the necklace to you will make you believe me. I will be able to remember you without it."

And then, after sending the package, Peggy returned to the tenement to get her valise and set forth into the world, toward whatever the future might hold for her, alone.

This time she found Big Lew, with two of his crooked pals, in the flat when she arrived there. They had returned.

between visits of the police, to hastily gather up their belongings, and flee.

"Yuh been a long time gittin' back from that job I sent yuh on!" Big Lew growled at her. "But I hear yuh've had good enough luck ter pay fer it. Fork over dat string uh poils, an' let's have a look at it."

Peggy drew back, as he approached with hand outstretched.

"I haven't got it," she said.

"Tryin' to hold out on me, are yuh?" asked Big Lew, seizing her in his arms. "Fork over, I tell yuh. I want that necklace, an' I'm goin 'ter have it——"

Peggy tore herself free of his clasp.

"I tell you," she cried, "I haven't got it. That's the truth. I sent it back to Terrill, not five minutes ago."

"What did yuh do that fer?"

"Because he's the only decent man I've ever known, and I didn't want him to think me a thief. I'm not, either. I'm never going to steal anything, if I starve for it——"

"Then starve!" cut in Big Lew savagely, turning toward the door. "I'm goin' to git that necklace back. By goin' up to Terrill's house an' burglin' in."

The next moment he was gone.

Peggy stared at the door of the flat which had closed behind him. She saw a picture against it of what was likely to happen if Big Lew got into Terrill's house and confronted him. She knew the burly rogue was vicious. And Terrill, who even under normal conditions would be no match for the other in size, was weak from his recent illness.

Peggy decided to act. She ran from the flat, and a half hour later had caught a train in the direction of New Rochelle, it being the next one after that which Big Lew had taken.

Night had fallen, when she reached the house. Its upper floor was lighted, which showed that the servants had returned to it. But the ground floor was dark. All except the window of the library. A dim light was burning there—to aid Big Lew in his work, Peggy guessed, which would probably be that of trying to open the large safe that was built into the wall of the library, and where Terrill kept his valuables.

And then, as Peggy drew near that window, she saw the dim light behind it blaze up suddenly. She heard Big Lew's voice in an exclamation of dismay. Then two shots rang out, almost simultaneously.

Peggy, throwing open the long French window, ran into the room.

She found Big Lew in the hands of two policemen. They had come to the mansion with the health inspectors, whom the doctor, recovering from the effects of the lightning stroke, had sent to Terrill's house, where he believed a case of smallpox existed. The burly crook had been caught as he was in the act of leaving with the string of pearls in his hands.

"Where is he?" Peggy wildly demanded of the policemen and the health inspectors. "Where is Mr. Terrill?"

It was Big Lew who answered.

"I found him standin' by de open door uh dat safe, when I come in," he announced sullenly, as he stood, handcuffed to the wrist of one of the policemen. "He was just puttin' de necklace away in de t'ing. I grabbed it out uh his hand, and den I shoved him inside de safe and locked de door, ter keep him from follerin' me. Dat's where he is now."

Peggy, pushing the policemen and the two officials from the health department aside as they started for the door of the safe, reached it first.

"It'll have to be burgled," she said quite calmly, dropping to her knees before the safe. "We don't know the combination. Keep perfectly quiet, now, all of you. His life depends on my getting the door open before he smothers. My father used to say"—she was manipulating the handle of the combination delicately, with her ear held closely to it, as she talked—"he used to say that I would make an expert safe-cracker, and now, if ever, I want to prove it!"

Five minutes dragged by. And still Peggy had not heard the soft "chink" of the falling tumblers that would mean that the safe's proper combination had been found, for which her ears were straining as she deftly turned the knob this way and that.

And then—she got it!

Jumping up, she seized the handle of the door and pulled it open, and Terrill, half conscious, fell out into her arms. She led him to an easy-chair, where a servant gave him a glass of water. Terrill revived, and looked down at her as she knelt at his side.

"Was it you," he asked weakly, "who saved me again?"

She nodded, and he folded her hands in his.

"You are going to be my wife," he said in a tone of finality. "Because I love you—not because I pity you. And because you love me. You were never bad, no matter what your environment was. All you need is a chance—and I am going to give it to you—by marrying you. Will you let me, dear?"

And Peggy, nodding, whispered:

"If every safe gave a reward like the only one I ever opened the world would be full of thieves."

A New Property Boom.

THE city of Las Vegas, New Mexico, which has been conducting an advertising campaign in magazines and trade publications in order to induce some substantial picture-manufacturing company to locate in that city, has finally won success. Thomas Persons, superintendent of the Selig Jungle-Zoo, at Los Angeles, California, recently paid a visit to Las Vegas. He was so pleased with the wonderful scenery adjacent to that beautiful city that he has arranged to bring the Tom Mix company of Western players to Las Vegas, where a series of stirring picture plays will be produced. A second company of Selig players may also be assigned to the country near Las Vegas. The Las Vegas Commercial Club and leading citizens have offered the keys of that city to the Selig forces, and are preparing to extend a royal welcome to the players when they arrive.

One of the many admirers of Tom Mix and the Western dramas he produces for the Selig company has made this contribution:

"You may talk about the dramas
And the comedies and such;
You may call them so exciting
As to fairly beat the Dutch;
You may praise them if you choose to
With their sob scenes and their kicks,
But they cannot hold a candle
To the Selig star, Tom Mix!

"For a man that has the money
Can learn all about their craft;
He can get the plots and plasters
That would make a funeral laugh,
But to view a daring cowboy
Hop a pony many ways—
They cannot hold a candle
To the Tom Mix picture plays!"

The Breaks of the Game

(EDISON)

By Morton P. Hobes

Usually there is little time for sentimentality in a big newspaper office. But Bob Carpenter and Marjorie Vale found a little now and then between assignments. Bob had never scored a beat, and Marjorie told him she would not marry him until he had done so. What he did trying to get his exclusive story, is told in this fictionized version of the Edison picture drama of thrills and heart-interest. The cast:

Bob Carpenter.....Augustus Phillips
Arthur Vale.....Pat O'Malley
San Fong.....T. Tamamoto
Marjorie Vale.....Maxine Brown
Lou.....Marjorie Ellison
Jim Kirk.....Harry Beaumont

BUSY for a moment, Marjorie?"

Bob Carpenter stood beside Marjorie Vale's desk, in the city room of the *Meteor*. Marjorie had succeeded in getting a place as a reporter on the staff of the big metropolitan daily, six months before, through the influence of her brother Arthur, who was also on the *Meteor*, and Bob Carpenter's best friend.

Bob was a reporter who had established a peculiar reputation. In the seven years that he had been on "the Row," he had become known as one of the best news gatherers in the profession. And yet, for all his ability, he had never attained the ambition of his, and every newspaper reporter's, heart—he had not scored a beat.

It was an odd thing that, with his vast acquaintance in the city, and knowing the tricks of his trade as he did, in seven years he should not once have been fortunate enough to turn in an important story to his paper ahead of the other sheets in town. Odd, but a fact. The luck had never broken his way, that was all.

That he might some time land such a scoop, was the second dearest dream of Bob's life. The first was that of one day claiming for his wife the girl who sat at her typewriter desk before him now.

Bob Carpenter, hitherto an avowed bachelor, had fallen in love at sight with Marjorie Vale the first day she had come to work in the newspaper office. Of course, his friend Arthur had introduced him to the golden-haired and starry-eyed goddess he had the nerve to mention indifferently as "my kid sister."

Bob had been curious to know why such a divinity as she should have come to that office of din and tobacco smoke and smell of printer's ink, to pound the keys of a typewriter for eighteen dollars a week. And Marjorie had told him. She, too, had a dream. Of one day becoming famous in the newspaper game. Bob had promptly asked her—he had known her then for two weeks—if it would interfere with that dream's realization were she to become the wife of a coworker. Laughingly Marjorie had inquired if he was proposing to her. And Bob, with contrasting seriousness, had assured her that he was.

That had started it. Regularly, every fortnight since, Bob had proposed to her. She had put him off each time, with this evasive answer or that. The truth was, the longer she knew Bob the fonder she became of him. But as to whether or not she really and truly loved him—that was a question that had not yet found an answer in her heart.

But of late she had become almost, if not quite, convinced that she *did* love him enough to give her life into his keeping. The smile with which she looked up at him this time was softer, and less teasing, as he stood at her desk in the city room, whence all but they and the men at the distant proof desk had gone out on the day's assignments.

"What is it, Bob?" she questioned. "This is the fifteenth of the month, and your usual day for proposing to me. Are you about to do so again, for the twelfth—or is it the thirteenth—time?"

Bob Carpenter, after a glance over his shoulder to make sure that there was nobody near to overhear them, leaned over the desk toward her.

"Yes," said he. "I'm asking you again: When will you marry me? Don't torment me any longer, Marjorie. I want you. And you've never said you don't love me. I believe you *do*, down in your heart. When will you marry me?"

The mischievous twinkle faded out of the girl's eyes. She looked up at him soberly, without answering for a moment. Then——

"I'll make a bargain with you," she said. "I—I'm ambitious for the man I marry, as well as for myself. When you have scored a beat, ask me again. And perhaps my answer will be the one you want. It's got to be a genuine scoop, though—something big, that will make you talked about for days as the one who put it over, in every newspaper office in town. Do that, and then——"

"And then you'll marry me?" Bob eagerly insisted, leaning farther toward her across the desk.

"Get your beat first, sir!" she told him, laughing once more, as she rose and started toward the door. "I told you to ask me again then, and see what my answer would be. You'll not get it before."

If Bob had wanted to score a beat previously, the desire was ten times as strong after that. If he was successful, it meant the realization of his two

dearest dreams at once. And yet—his bad luck held. In the days that followed, though he made himself a nuisance by hanging around all the police stations at which he was known, in the hope that something might turn up in the line of a murder, or something of the sort, of which he would be the first reporter to hear, the scoop he sought was still as far removed from his grasp as ever it had been.

And then one day the editor called Marjorie up to his desk.

"Here's a tip that's just come in to us from a private source," he told her. "The woman at this address," handing her a slip of paper, "who, as you can see from the street number, is wealthy, has been hunting for her daughter for two days. The private detectives she's had on the case have been unable to find a trace of her. Go up and see the mother, and try to get her to let you try your hand at the case. You can pose as an operative the detective agency has sent to her, with the idea that, being a girl, you might have better luck in hunting for one of your own sex. It's possible that she'd shut up and refuse to give you any information, if she knew you were from a newspaper—see? If she gives you a clew, follow it up. It would be a big thing for the paper, and for you, personally, if you could find the girl."

Marjorie departed on the assignment. A half hour later, she was seated in the drawing-room of the private house on an uptown street in the fashionable quarter of the city to which the editor had sent her, talking to a middle-aged woman, with whose features innumerable photographs in the society columns of the newspapers had made her familiar for years.

That her daughter's disappearance, and the subsequent failure of all the means she had tried so far to get her back, had driven her to the verge of distraction, was plainly written upon the woman's face, which was red and swollen from much weeping.

Marjorie, having followed her editor's advice, and introduced herself as a female detective, from the agency the woman had employed, was soon in possession of the all-too-few facts that the missing girl's mother was able to give her concerning her vanishing.

It seemed that the girl had gone on a slumming trip with a party of friends. The excursion had led them to Chinatown. Spying some Oriental curios in the window of a shop, the girl had left her companions for a moment to go into the store and price a jade bracelet that had taken her fancy.

Whether or not she had ever gone into the store, or been kidnaped along the narrow street on her way to it, was an open question. But she had disappeared, as though the ground had opened at her feet and swallowed her. Her friends had spent the rest of the evening in searching for her, without success. And all the efforts that had been made since to find her had likewise failed.



"I'll marry you," Marjorie told Bob, "when you have scored a beat."

Cautioning the girl's mother against telling anybody else who might call to interview her what she had just told her, Marjorie rose to go. She promised to let the woman hear from her, just as soon as she had found out anything definite as to her daughter's whereabouts.

And then, boarding a downtown subway express, Marjorie rode to Brooklyn Bridge, and walked north through the slums into Chinatown. As she advanced down one of its alleylike streets, she saw a curio shop several doors ahead of her. She wondered if this could be the same store toward which the girl had started on the night she had disappeared.

An elderly Chinaman was standing in the doorway, and he watched Marjorie draw near out of the corner of his eye. Without turning his head, he spoke in a low tone to some one inside the store behind him.

"Velly pretty girl come for to take look-see in Chinatown. Mebbeso she hunt for girl we get other night. You go: bring Lou; she work game of showing her where other girl is hid. Then we get her, too. Quick!"

Out of the store, past the old Chinaman in the doorway, slunk a rat-faced young man with the sunken eyes and white, emaciated face of a confirmed opium smoker. He was Jim Kirk, an underworld character. Flashing a furtive glance at Marjorie's face, to fix it upon his memory, he hurried by her up the street and into the side door of a saloon on the corner.

Among the toughs, young men and women both, who were seated at tables in the dive's back room, Jim picked his way to a girl who sat alone in a corner.

"On the job!" he curtly ordered her in an undertone, seating himself at the table beside her. "San Fong has got his eyes on another girl who was coming toward his store a minute ago. He'll detain her, by trying to get her interested in some of the junk he sells. You're to scrape an acquaintance with her. Fong thinks she may be looking for the other one he got two nights ago, and he wants you to pretend you can lead her to her. You know the rest. Get busy, now!"

San Fong *had* stopped Marjorie as she was passing the door of his shop. He suavely asked her if she wouldn't care to come in and examine some of the curios he had inside.

The girl was Lou, summoned by Jim Kirk to act as a decoy to get Marjorie into San Fong's power.

"I heard him ask you to go inside the store," she told Marjorie, when the latter stood beside her at the window. The girl of the underworld spoke in a tired voice. "He's a bad actor, that San Fong. If you went into his place, you wouldn't be the first white girl that's done so, and never come out. There was one, only two nights ago—— But there, I'll only get in trouble by talking. Down here, it's a wise thing to keep what you know to yourself."

Marjorie fell unsuspectingly into the trap. Lou's having warned her against San Fong, seemed to prove that she was



"Get busy!" Kirk told Lou. "San Fong wants you to scrape up an acquaintance with that girl—and get her."

Marjorie hesitated, the suspicion that this was the store into which the girl she was seeking had gone, being almost confirmed in her mind by the old Chinaman's invitation. She mistrusted him, at sight of his crafty eyes; and the oily manner in which he spoke to her struck her as being put on with disarming intent. Her feminine intuition warned her that he was a dangerous man.

At that moment, she felt a light tug at her sleeve. Looking around, she saw a girl who had just passed by, stop before the window of the curio shop and beckon her, with a furtive nod of her head, to join her there.

an enemy to the Chinaman; and, moreover, her hint that she knew the latter had kidnaped a girl not later than two nights ago, gave Marjorie grounds of hope that it might be the same one she was looking for, and that here was a clew worth following up.

"You don't need to be afraid to talk to me," she eagerly informed Lou. "I'm a newspaper reporter, and I'm looking for a girl who disappeared down here two nights ago. If you can tell me anything that will lead to my finding her, I give you my word your name won't be mentioned in connection with the case. And my paper would be willing to reward you——"

"I don't want any money," Lou broke in, her tone bitter, "for seeing San Fong get what's coming to him. I've got good reason to hate him, and I'd like nothing better than to see him put behind the bars, where he belongs. I'll tell you what I'll do, girlie: You say you'll keep my name out of it, and you look like a girl who'll keep your word. Well, I won't tell you where the girl you're looking for is being kept a prisoner. But I'll *show* you. Come with me!"

She walked on up the street. A half dozen doors beyond San Fong's shop, she led Marjorie, and then, with a nod of her head for her to follow, she turned into the dingy entrance of a squalid tenement.

"Go easy!" she turned to warn Marjorie in a whisper, as she began to mount the building's dim and rickety stairs.

On tiptoe, the two girls climbed to the third floor. Lou led the way along the landing there, and stopped before a door.

"She's in here," she murmured in Marjorie's ear. "I'll open the door, and you slip in. I'll stay outside, and let you know if I hear anybody coming. You won't be able to get her out of here in broad daylight. But you can have a talk with her, and then come back to-night and try to smuggle her out."

The girl took the knob of the door in her hand, and pulled it open for a space just large enough to permit Marjorie to enter the room.

Marjorie stepped into it. The room was empty. And, as she made that discovery, she heard the door close, the key turned in the lock, and she found herself a prisoner.

She pounded on the panels of the door. Lou's laugh from the landing outside was the only response her pounding elicited. The girl, under guise of helping her, had betrayed her, instead. And into what peril? The answer to that question was not long in forthcoming. With a feeling that a pair of eyes were fixed on her, Marjorie wheeled. She was just in time to see a mockingly smiling, yellow face disappear behind the panel of the door in her rear as it slid silently back into place—and the face was that of San Fong!

Meanwhile, Bob Carpenter, in the station house of the Harbor Police Squad,

was talking with the sergeant at the desk. He was still on the trail of that beat which had not yet materialized—and which he was beginning to fear was never going to come his way, after all.

In the hope that it might change his luck, Bob had brought Arthur Vale, Marjorie's brother, along with him. The sergeant having reported that there was nothing of interest stirring in his precinct, both young men had turned toward the door to leave.

And then an undersized, shifty-eyed Chinaman entered.

"Hello, Ah Sing!" the sergeant greeted him. Then, to Bob and Arthur: "Just a minute, boys. This is one of our stool pigeons, and he may have come to report something that will interest you, if you care to wait. Well, Sing, what's in your heart?"

The Chinaman's eyes were sparkling with the information he had come to impart.

"You sabe San Fong?" he asked the sergeant. "Keeps nicee curio store on Mott Stleet—yes? Him big opium buyer. To-night he planning to buy muchee dope. Five, six Chinamen going down bay to meet steamer. Two men on board pass opium down to 'em in boat. They bring it to San Fong ——"

The sergeant had jumped to his feet.

"Smuggling, eh?" he exclaimed. "We'll block their game. What's the name of the steamer, Sing? You don't know, eh? Well, never mind. Tell us what hour the gang is planning to go down the bay to meet her. Nine o'clock —*h'm!* It's quarter to eight now. We'll take the patrol boat, and go down to Buttermilk Channel and wait for them. They'll lay up there, most likely, to take the stuff off the vessel as it goes by. Do you boys want to come along?"

"*Do* we?" cried Arthur and Bob, in eager chorus; for here, after many weary weeks of waiting, was the chance for which Bob had been longing—to get hold of an exclusive story, and one that promised to be a big one, for his paper. "You bet we do!"

Fifteen minutes later, the two reporters, with the sergeant of the Harbor Squad and a half dozen of his men, were scudding away down the river toward the bay beyond in the powerful police launch. There was no other small craft in sight when they reached Buttermilk Channel—if the would-be smugglers were in the vicinity, their boat was without lights to mark its presence.

"We'll wait," the sergeant grimly commented, and ordered the engine stopped.

A half hour passed. Then another. And then, out of the darkness from the direction of the open Atlantic, loomed a vast black shape. It was a tramp steamer, inward bound. Suddenly a yellow circle showed on its side. A porthole had opened. Across the water, to the watchers in the police boat, floated the chugging of a launch.

And then, in the light which streamed out of the porthole, a hand could be seen lowering several cans tied together on a single line from that round opening in the vessel's hull.

After a few moments, a word or two in Chinese was called up from the water at the steamer's side. The hand appeared once more in the light from the porthole, and the line was drawn up—empty this time.

Then the porthole was closed.

And again the chugging of a launch arose.

"They've got the stuff now!" the sergeant muttered. "And now we'll get *them*. Point her back over the way we came—they're bound for some one of the downtown piers of the city, from what Ah Sing told me of where the opium was to be delivered—and we've got to beat them to it. Full speed ahead!"

It was some minutes before the launch could be sighted, owing to the fact that it carried no lights, and that the noise of the patrol boat's engine drowned out the sound of the other craft's chugging which might have afforded a clew as to its whereabouts.

But at last the boat with the Chinamen and their contraband drug aboard was made out—flying through the water in the direction of the New York City shore line, as the sergeant had predicted.

The officer drew his gun and fired a shot in the air, as a signal for the launch to heave to. Not only did the craft keep on its way, but a fusillade of pistol shots blazed back from it at the pursuing patrol boat.

"If it's a fight they're looking for," growled the sergeant through his clenched teeth, "they'll get it!"

And he and his men opened fire on the launch. The pitching of the waves made anything like accurate shooting almost an impossibility. The launch kept on with undiminished speed; and the more powerful police boat was cutting down the distance that separated them too slowly to make the chance of its overtaking the launch in such a short



Before San Fong could close the panel of the door, Bob and Arthur had seized him.

race no better than a hundred-to-one shot.

"They're heading for that pier!" cried Bob Carpenter, pointing in the direction of the dock toward which his sharp eyes had seen the launch swing its bow. "They're going to beat us in!"

"But not by more than about two minutes," returned the sergeant. "And when we get after them on dry land, they won't find it so easy to get away."

As the sergeant had said, it was not more than two minutes after the Chinamen had scrambled up onto the pier from their launch, before the policemen and the two reporters had reached the dock behind them.

The smugglers—there were five of them—ran through the streets of the deserted downtown business section, toward Chatham Square and Chinatown beyond. And as they ran they stopped now and again to fire at Bob and Arthur and the policemen, who returned the shots as they came in pursuit.

With Mott Street in sight, one of the Chinamen fell, with a well-aimed bullet from the sergeant's gun in his leg. The other four swept on. They ran through the door of San Fong's curio shop, and shut and bolted the door in the faces of their pursuers just as they reached it, led by the sergeant and Bob.

"Well, it looks as if they'd got away!" commented Arthur ruefully.

"Like the deuce they have!" Bob cried. "We'll batter down the door and go inside after them—I want that scoop, and the story won't be complete without their capture. Come on!"

He set his shoulder to the door, and lunged with his full weight against it. The sergeant, and two of the more burly of his men, joined him. Their combined efforts resulted in the door's giving way, and into the shop they piled.

And then Bob flung up his head.

"Help!" he heard a girl's voice crying out. "Help! Help!"

And the girl, as both he and Arthur, who stood behind him, recognized, was Marjorie Vale!

Both young men ran in the direction from which the cry had come. Into the back room of San Fong's shop they darted—to find it empty. And yet it had seemed to be from there that the girl's call for aid had come.

Then—it sounded again. They turned simultaneously to the flight of stairs on the opposite side of the room, and raced up them, two at a time. A long corridor—which, as it afterward turned out, ran through five houses of the block all of which were owned by San Fong—brought them to the door of a room behind which they could hear Marjorie's cries for help lifted more distinctly than ever.

It was the same room in which Lou had locked her, and where Marjorie had seen San Fong leering at her from the sliding panel in the door.

And yet, when Bob and her brother entered it, they found the room empty.

"Help!" Marjorie's voice came to them again.

This time it sounded from beyond the door they were facing. She was in the room with which this one connected, obviously. They sprang to the door. And as they did so, its panel lifted and San Fong peered anxiously out at them. With a gasp of surprise, the wicked old Chinaman sought to lower the panel again. But he was not quick enough. Bob's fist had shot out, knocking him back with a blow on the point of the chin into a room, sumptuously furnished in Oriental style, *in which was not one girl, but two!*

Reaching his arm down through the opening left by the lifted panel, Bob unlocked the door and ran in to take Marjorie into his arms.

"Quick!" she cried to Arthur, over Bob's shoulder. "Get her out of here!"

She pointed to the girl, who lay as though dead upon the couch by which Marjorie had been kneeling when her brother and her sweetheart had entered the room.

"She's the missing girl I was sent out by the *Meteor* to find," she explained. "Sam Fong kidnaped her. She's not dead, but drugged with opium, which he's forced her to take. Carry her out, Arthur. Bob and I will come after you—as soon as he's collared this yellow fiend, to bring him along to the police, who'll give him what he deserves, and that's twenty years in prison!"

Bob dragged the thoroughly cowed San Fong up from the floor, where he had fallen from the force of the reporter's blow, and led him back along the corridor to his shop, behind Arthur, who was carrying the missing girl.

There they found that the sergeant and his men had run down the other four Chinamen, and made them prisoners. Bob turned San Fong over to the officers, and the capture was complete.

"I've got my beat," Bob told the girl, smiling triumphantly. "And now there's only one thing more I want to complete my happiness. And that's the answer you promised me when I had succeeded. What is it to be, Marjorie?"

She smiled back at him teasingly:

"If I said 'yes,' would it make you happy?"

His eyes answered for him, as he held out his hands to her.

"Then," said she, "you can be happy."

Film Athletics.

THERE is an impression in the minds of many people that to be an actor, particularly one before the camera, a man must be of the quiet, sofa-loving type. Perhaps the following will serve to alter these mistaken views—and these are only two incidents that happen to be before us now. There are many more.

Covering one hundred yards in the fast time of ten and one-fifth seconds was the feat recently accomplished by Raymond B. West, one of the directors of the New York Motion Picture Corporation studios at Santa Monica. West was prompted to display his speed as the result of taunts hurled at him by one of the Indian actors attached to the plant, and selected a wide stretch along the beach.

West, former all-round interscholastic track and field champion while attending school in Grand Rapids, Michigan, and his Indian adversary lined up at the mark, West wearing light trousers and athletic shirt and shoes. The son of the forest wore as scant a costume as decency would permit. Several hundred employees and many residents of the beach colony composed the audience.

The race was a neck-and-neck struggle until the runners approached within twenty yards of the tape, when West shot ahead. The timers, who used a stop watch, announced that West had covered the century in ten and one-fifth seconds, remarkable time, indeed, considering that it was run without training or preparation.

Robert Harron, celebrated Griffith juvenile, who is playing opposite Mae Marsh in Mutual masterpictures screened by the Majestic, is one of the best handball players on the Pacific coast. He has recently competed in several closely contested games at the Los Angeles A. C. Outside of handball, which is his favorite game, Harron is an all-round athlete.

The War o' Dreams

(SELIG)

By Robert Keene

A powerful argument against the destruction of human lives in modern warfare is presented in this story based on the Selig three-reel picture play. Arthur Ensign, the inventor of a powerful explosive which he is trying to sell to the government, dreams a dream. War has been declared. Men by the thousands are blown to atoms by "Trixite," Ensign's newly discovered explosive—and thereby he is led to see something else. The cast:

Arthur Ensign.....Edwin Wallock
Mrs. Ensign.....Lillian Hayward
Bessie, their daughter.....Bessie Eyton
Lieutenant Leighton.....A. D. Blake

"I'VE almost got it!"

Arthur Ensign, an eager light shining in his eyes, bent again over the sheets of figures on the littered table in the laboratory he had fitted up in the attic of his home.

A little, stoop-shouldered man nearing sixty, with a kindly face framed in silvery locks, his appearance was far from warlike. And yet the work on which he was engaged was that of hunting for the one missing ingredient that would complete his invention of the most powerful explosive known in the history of mankind.

For years, the aged chemist had toiled in secret to perfect "Trixite," as he called the explosive of his dreams. The idea had occurred to him literally in a dream. He had bounded out of bed, to set down the formula on paper; and the next morning, when he had compounded the chemicals according to it, though the experiment was a failure, it had proved that he had got hold of one of the greatest ideas of the age.

It was for an explosive that could be set off in any desired locality through the medium of ether waves.

Ensign, then employed as chief chemist by the government, had resigned that very day. He and his wife had managed to save quite a sum out of his ample salary. He had believed that they could live on it in comfort while he was perfecting his invention. But the years had gone by with his goal still unattained. During the past few months, the old chemist and his wife had been reduced to living in absolute want.

They had concealed this fact from their only daughter, Bessie, who was away at an Eastern seminary, from which she expected to graduate with honors in another year.

Ensign and his wife had sacrificed their comfort, and then all but the meagerest necessities of life, in order to give the girl an education. Lately, through her parents' desperate state of poverty, which had prevented them from sending her pin money, or continuing her dress allowance, she had come to understand something of the hardships they were undergoing for her sake.

And she had written that she wanted to leave school and come home to them at once. But this they had refused to allow her to do. Ensign was on the verge of completing his invention—he only needed to find one more chemical to add to the formula, to win success, and with it fame and unbounded wealth.

So he had written to the girl and told her that she must stay and complete her education; adding that, while he and her mother were forced to forego many luxuries to pay for her board and tuition, they were old folks, whose days of pleasure seeking were over, and that they were quite comfortable.

And on the day that letter was written and mailed, Ensign had sold the stove from the house in order to buy food.

A month before, with the successful completion of the explosive over which he had labored so long in secret now so near at hand, the old chemist had taken the military authorities into his confidence. His former position as chief chemist with the government had gained him a ready hearing. That, and the growing uneasiness over the inadequate defenses of the country against attack by possible enemies, which his invention, if it proved to be anything but visionary, would at once offset.

Before the military experts had reported on his invention in the stage to which he had brought it, another letter had come from Bessie.

In it, she had informed her parents that, upon her graduation from the seminary, she meant to marry Lieutenant Leighton. He was a young man from Bessie's own town, who was stationed at the military post near her school, and Ensign and his wife both knew and liked him. In replying to her letter, in which the fact of her engagement was announced, the old chemist had expressed his sorrow that he was unable to make her a fitting present. If his failure to discover the missing ingredient to complete "Trixite" continued, he said, he would not be in a position even to give her a wedding gift.

"But I feel that I am near the end of all my hard work," he added. "And, Bessie, girl, you may be proud of your old father yet!"

Then the military authorities had reported on his invention.

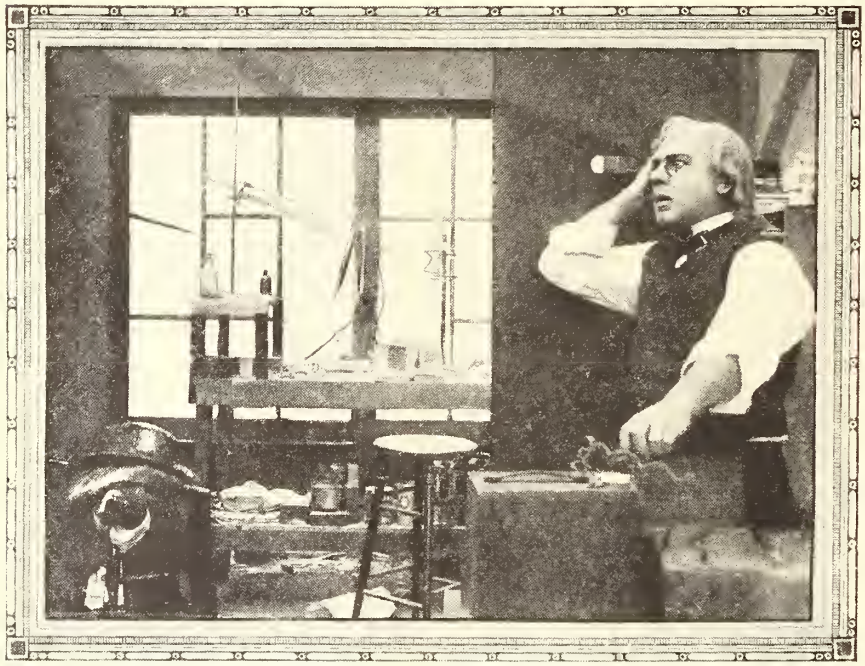
They hailed it enthusiastically, in its nearly completed state, as the greatest discovery of the decade. And the promise was made to Ensign that he might name his own figure, and receive it, for the formula of the explosive, as soon as he had discovered the one thing it lacked to make it perfect.

The report of the military experts, and his daughter's forthcoming marriage, had spurred the old chemist on to make redoubled efforts to win the prize, in reputation and money, that would be his if he could perfect the explosive.

Early and late he had toiled in his attic laboratory; for weeks, with the same disheartening lack of success. And then, flashing into his mind from nowhere, as the conception of the original idea had come to him in a dream, the name of a chemical he had not yet used in connection with the others in his thousands upon thousands of experiments, occurred to him.

"I think," the old man whispered, as already recorded, "that I've almost got it!"

As he bowed over the figures on the sheets of paper with which his laboratory table was strewn, painstakingly



As Ensign released the ether waves from his laboratory there was an explosion that seemed to rock the very heavens.

adding a letter or a figure to the chemical signs that covered the sheets, the eager light in his eyes grew.

"I *have* got it!" he muttered exultantly under his breath. "I've solved it—at last!"

He rose hurriedly, and with fingers that did not shake—he was too capable a chemist for that—measured out of the bottles from the shelf above the table, the chemicals called for by the formula he had just worked out. Then, pouring the compound into a cylinder of aluminum, he hastened out of the attic with it under his arm.

"I've *got* it!" he repeated to his wife, bursting in upon her in the sitting room. "I'm going to make the experiment that will either prove me rich beyond my dreams or a failure—for if this fails I shall not have the heart to begin the long months of toil all over again—it all rests with this test! Come!"

He drew her, hatless, as he was himself, out of the house, and, with her wrist clasped tightly in one hand, while with the other he held the precious cylinder under his coat, he ran with her across the fields.

Across the fields, and to a wood that stood a few hundred yards distant. Stopping in the heart of it, he stooped and placed the cylinder on the ground. Then, seizing her hand once more, in the same breathless haste he started back to the house with her.

"From my laboratory," he explained as they ran, "I will direct the ether waves. If it is the true compound—as I think, as I pray, that it is—it will draw the ether to it as steel to the magnet, and the explosion will take place at the instant of contact. But we shall see!"

And see they did.

For the moment after Ensign had released the ether waves from his attic window upon the atmosphere, there was an explosion that rocked the very heavens. Looking toward the wood, he and his wife saw nothing there but an immense ball of bluish smoke, shot through with flames. And when the smoke lifted—the wood was gone!

Literally, it had been wiped from the map by the explosion of the contents of that one small cylinder the chemist had placed in its center.

Returning to the spot where the wood had been five minutes before, he and his wife stood on the brink of a twenty-foot-deep crater, in which a whole army corps might easily have maneuvered. They viewed the destruction the explosive had wrought in awed silence, the same thought in the mind of each.

If the thing was powerful enough to utterly obliterate a forest of several hundred trees, what would it do to the same number of men in warfare?

But "Trixite" was a success—the proof of it yawned at their feet.

Ensign sent a wire to the military authorities, that brought two experts to him by the next train. Taking a copy of his formula with them for a final test, they asked him to name the price at which he would surrender all patent rights in the explosive to the government.

Ensign set the figure at one million dollars.

Promising to let him know within twenty-four hours whether the offer was accepted, the experts departed. And they left the weary, but triumphant, old chemist to enjoy a daydream in his chair, happy over the prospect of making good his boast to his daughter—that she should one day be proud of him.

Three months had passed. The government had accepted Ensign's offer and "Trixite" had become this country's sole property.

Bessie had been married to Lieutenant Leighton, from her father's splendid new country mansion. By way of a dowry her father had settled a quarter of a million dollars the government had paid him upon her and her husband jointly.

Having formed the habit of work Ensign had found that it was too hard to break. And so, for the purpose of making experiments in the science of chemistry which he loved, he had a completely appointed laboratory fitted up on the top floor of his new house.

And here, one evening, he made a startling discovery.

It was not in the nature of another chemical formula, to revolutionize some other branch of the world's work, as "Trixite" promised to revolutionize warfare. And, unlike his discovery of the explosive, it was made in an instant—as he stepped into the laboratory and turned on the electric light. It was this: His laboratory had been broken into!

The place was in disorder. Bottles from the shelves stood and lay upon the table, all uncovered, and with the contents partially or entirely spilled from some. The papers in which he had been keeping a record of his latest experiments had been removed from the drawer of the table, and lay scattered on the table and the floor. The old chemist turned quickly to look at the little safe that was built into the wall in the corner of the laboratory—and a cry of alarm escaped him.

The safe was where he kept the original formula he had made at the time of his discovery of "Trixite," and the door of it was standing wide open. In a stride, he had crossed the room to kneel and peer inside the empty recess in the wall—for it was empty.

The formula had been stolen!

But who could the thief, or the thieves, of the papers be? Already sold to the government, and patented by it, the formula would be worthless to any one into whose hands it fell. That is, they could not hope to sell the secret for the manufacture of "Trixite" as their own invention. But—would the formula that told how the explosive was made be worthless to all those who might get hold of it?

The story of Ensign's wonderful discovery of "Trixite" and its purchase by the government had been printed in every newspaper in the United States, and cabled around the world.

A foreign nation would probably be willing to pay, and pay well, for the secret of the new explosive which this country depended for resisting the army of any land should it attempt to invade our shores.

Spies of that nation must have entered Ensign's laboratory for the purpose of securing the formula. And they had succeeded in carrying out their object, which was the only one for which they had broken into the room, as the fact that nothing else had been taken, and that the safe was empty, proved.



Seizing the inventor by the arm, Leighton pulled him out of the room.

"I am going to Washington at once," Ensign informed his wife, when he had rejoined her downstairs and broken the news to her of the formula's theft. "I must see the secretary of state without delay, and inform him of what has happened. Every minute counts, in trying to stop the person or persons who have the formula in their possession before they can get back to their country with it."

"But why," asked his wife anxiously, "can't they cable the chemical analysis just as well?"

"Because," Ensign pointed out, "the government knows the formula by heart, and would immediately censor any cablegram in which the secret was about to be sent out of the country. And because there is no way in which the spies and their government could have arranged beforehand to put the chemical terms, of whose exact nature they were in ignorance, into code. No, the formula will have to be delivered in person by the party or parties who stole it to those who paid them to do so. And they must be prevented, at any cost, from leaving the country. I will tell the secretary of state what I have just learned, and he will know what steps to take."

The secretary, into whose presence Ensign was shown a few hours later, upon the statement that his business with the official was of the most urgent importance, when he had listened to the inventor's story of the theft, corroborated his opinion that spies of a foreign power had purloined the formula.

"I will notify the chief of the secret-service bureau," said the secretary grimly, "at once."

He did so, by telephone. And a half hour later, one thousand secret-service men stationed throughout the country had been notified by wire to watch all departing trains and steamers and to stop all people of foreign appearance attempting to board them. The information was further given the government detectives that the reason for sending out this general alarm was that it was suspected in high official circles in Washington that the secret of "Trixite's" manufacture had fallen into the hands of spies.

It was not an hour later, when the chief of the secret-service bureau called up the secretary, with whom Ensign was still closeted.

"I've just received a telegram from one of our operatives in Boston," said the chief. "He reports that he's located the meeting place of a hundred-odd foreigners that he's suspected for a long while of being spies from across the Atlantic. The place is a hall on the water front. When he got my wire, he went there and succeeded in getting to the door of the room undetected, where he listened to what went on inside. The two men who broke into Mr. Ensign's laboratory and stole the 'Trixite' formula were there—yes, that's right. He heard them boasting that they had the papers. They were planning, he said in his wire, to catch a liner that leaves at midnight for Europe. It would be impossible to assemble a large enough force of police to capture such a number of men, and, even in that case, one might escape with the formula. Of course, you want them kept at any cost from delivering that formula to their government? Well, if I might suggest a way——"

The chief's voice stopped.

"Go on," said the secretary over the wire, his lips tightening grimly.

"I suggest 'Trixite,'" said the chief of the secret-service bureau significantly. "I can get my operative on the long-distance phone, and tell him to go to the arsenal in Boston and get a cylinder of the stuff. He can be back there at the hall with it before the spies have broken up their meeting. You say you've got Mr. Ensign there with you. Then he can do the rest. That formula won't get across the Atlantic, if we take that way to prevent it."

"You're right," said the secretary curtly. "Call up your man and have him place the explosive outside the door of the hall. When he has done so, he is to telephone to you. And you, in turn, may call me up at the government laboratory."



They stood on the field of slaughter and viewed the scene in anguish.

The secretary of state hung up the receiver and turned to Ensign to inform him of the stringent measure he was forced to adopt to keep the secret of the deadly explosive from being taken out of the country.

"Will you accompany me to the laboratory, sir," the secretary requested, "and release the ether waves that will cause the explosion of the cylinder before the door of that hall?"

"No, no!" the inventor protested, rising from his chair. "To cause the loss of all those lives——"

"Think," argued the secretary, "o the loss of life that would be caused were that foreign country to learn hov to manufacture the explosive and use i in attacking us!"

Ensign was silent.

"The formula is in the possession of spies in the employ of the enemies of our country," the secretary went on "We are justified in taking their lives to prevent its being delivered——"

"They are citizens of another nation, remember," persuaded the inventor. "To kill them might lead to an open declaration of war."

"They are our enemies," answered the secretary, "with that stolen formula in their possession."

"But in destroying them you will destroy the proof of that as well——"

"Come," interrupted the secretary, his tone a trifle impatient. "It is imperative that that formula must not be delivered. There is only one way to prevent it. As the inventor of this explosive, who understands best how to release and direct the ether waves that will discharge it, I ask you to accompany me to the laboratory, and yourself send forth the wave of ether that will prevent your country from losing the strongest weapon it has for its defense."

Thus appealed to, Ensign had nothing to do but obey.

The cylinder of "Trixite" was exploded before the door of the hall wherein the spies were assembled. And not only were they blown into oblivion, but so was the whole building in which they had met, and the two adjoining it. "Trixite" had again proved itself to be the most deadly engine of destruction ever conceived by the brain of man.

And then, as Ensign had predicted, the foreign power whose citizens had been destroyed took action—in the form of a declaration of war against this country, for no proof of the guilt of the thieves could be furnished, it having also been destroyed.

Ensign was made a general in the army of defense. His son-in-law, Lieutenant Leighton, was transferred at his request to his staff. The very first battle of the war took place between the attacking force and General Ensign's command—the invasion having been made along the coast at the point which had been placed in his charge.

"There's only one way we can beat them back!" Lieutenant Leighton cried, running into Ensign's room. "They're landing by the tens and hundreds of thousands. Come, I'll show you!"

Seizing the inventor by the arm, he pulled him out of the room.

"See!" he pointed toward the shore. "They outnumber us a hundred to one. We can't hope to keep them back by any known military maneuver. There's only one way. 'Trixite'!"

Ensign protested again against the use of the terrible explosive.

"They're pitching camp there on the shore," his son-in-law tried to stir him to patriotic indignation which would lead him to agree to use the explosive against the invaders. "Are you going to let them take possession of the land our forefathers bled for, without lifting a hand to stop them? And when you *can* stop them, by simply lifting your hand?"

Ensign, with a hopeless shrug, gave in.

"Quick!" said the lieutenant, reading his surrender in the gesture. "Give me a couple of cylinders of the stuff, and I'll 'run the lines' with it and place it in, or close to, their camp. I'll give you the signal when I'm a safe distance away, and then you can release the ether waves."

The inventor returned with him to his tent, and gave him the two small aluminum cylinders. But before Lieutenant Leighton had covered half the distance toward the shore and the tents of the enemy there, the latter came in full force to attack General Ensign's command.

His corps moved out to repel the attack, and the lieutenant was caught between the lines. As the young man had said, the attackers outnumbered the defending force by at least one hundred to one. There was not the remotest hope that they could check that advancing horde of red-coated invaders. And they were the only barrier within a hundred miles to the enemy's successful invasion of the country.

Ensign thought quickly. To allow the red army to capture the near-by forts and the arsenals of the three great cities within an hour's march would be to see them take an impregnable position in the land they had invaded. It would mean the total collapse of the country's hopes of driving them out.

There was a way, and one way only, that the war could end, and in a decisive victory for the land of his birth, right there.

It meant the sacrifice of the lives of thousands of his countrymen. But would it not be worth the awful price? Turning, his mind made up, the inventor ran back to his tent.

He released the ether waves, directing them toward the two cylinders of "Trixite" which the lieutenant, now in the thick of the engagement between his own side and that of the enemy, was carrying.

There was a deafening detonation, accompanied by a great, dense, bluish cloud of smoke from the scene of battle. And when that lifted—nothing.

Both armies had been blotted out, as though they had never been, by "Trixite," the all-powerful destroyer.

Never since the world began had there been such a wholesale slaughter. One hundred thousand men, invaders and defenders both, had been literally blown away. But the country was saved. And the voice of the nation was uplifted in gratitude to Ensign for his work. The voice of the nation—all save those whose fathers, brothers, and sweethearts had been torn from them. They stood on the field of slaughter and viewed the scene in anguish. Far was it from them to utter Ensign's name in gratitude.

Ensign's daughter, whom he had widowed, stood confronting him with wide, sorrowing eyes.

"I told you," the old man said, "that you would be proud of me some day. You see I was right, Bessie, girl."

She slowly shook her head, holding him with her great, accusing eyes.

"You are wrong," she replied. "No one is worthy of pride unless he follows the example of the Lord. Christ died that men might live—but—you have lived that men might die."

He put out his hands toward her, in anxious appeal.

"Don't—don't say that to me!" he begged. "I did it all for you. To make you proud of me. Don't look at me like that. As though you were ashamed of me——"

She drew back from his touch, with a shudder.

"Don't!" he cried out in anguish. "Don't turn from me——"

Ensign felt himself being shaken. He awoke, sprang up from his chair. His daughter, with Lieutenant Leighton beside her, stood confronting him. The old chemist stared at them in dazed amazement. The lieutenant—he was not dead—but how could that be? He had been dreaming.

"I've come home, father," said Bessie, smiling at him fondly. "And Ralph and I are married. Haven't you a blessing for us—or even a welcome?"

Still Ensign stood staring at them both.

The door of the sitting room opened, and the two military experts entered. One, coming to his side, placed a slip of paper in his hands.

"There is your check for one million dollars, sir," he smilingly told the inventor. "The government has accepted your offer to buy all rights in 'Trixite' at that figure."

The old man looked down at the check in his hands, and from it to his daughter and her husband. Then it had all been a dream!

"But it might happen!" the others heard him mutter under his breath, without in the least understanding what he meant.

With his chin hardening grimly, the inventor started to tear up the check in his hands.

"Think what you're doing, man!" cried out one of the military experts. "You're throwing away a fortune."

Slowly Arthur Ensign tore the check through, and in half again, and dropped the bits on the floor at his feet.

"I know what I am doing," he said. "And this is my answer to the government's offer to buy my invention. I would rather be poor for the rest of my life, than live in wealth stained by the blood of mankind."

News of the Photo-playwrights.

William E. Wing has been selected as Editor of *The Script*, the official organ of the Photo Play Authors' League. He succeeds Will W. Ritchey, who served for a year.

Now that Coney Island has opened, it will be possible to locate the New York photo-playwrights in a body whenever they are off duty.

In dusty archives: "The River of Doubt," "Tipperary," and slapstick movie comedy.

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

III—The Conquest of the Press

By Robert Grau

Without a doubt one of the most essential things for the success of any phase of the theatrical business is press representation. For a long time the motion-picture industry could not obtain recognition in either newspapers or magazines—but it finally did and the conquest of the press, which is the theme of this article, makes an interesting story.

This article is the third of a series, which is appearing each week in this magazine, each installment of which is complete in itself, following the evolution of motion pictures.

AMONG the many difficulties that had to be overcome by those seeking to build up the motion-picture industry to what it is to-day, was the reluctancy on the part of the press to embrace the subject at all, save in a spirit of censure. This policy of the publishers and editors was maintained in this country long after foreign writers had accorded lengthy essays dealing with the subject's artistic and educational side. But the pioneers of the picture industry were not discouraged, and set about to force recognition in newspapers and magazines which finally resulted in the conquest of the press, one of the foremost achievements to the credit of producers.

As recently as four years ago, even in the largest cities the motion pictures were not recognized to the extent of inclusion among the amusements daily recorded in the public press, and the spectacle of an advertisement in the amusement columns was rarely on view. Practically all of the publicity for film exploitation came from the none too attractive poster display in the front of the playhouse. Even as late as 1911, when the great Bernhardt was first introduced as a photo-player, the production of "Camille" was announced solely through pictorial posters. I recall that such important screen productions were on view in what are called neighborhood theaters, and it is fair to state that not one in twenty of regular playgoers were informed of their coming or going, yet here was the greatest actress of her time, to see whom playgoers of three decades were wont to stand in line for hours in the effort to secure seats at three dollars each; but when it was possible through the genius of the film studio to witness a fairly adequate production of the elder Dumas' most compelling play with no seat costing more than twenty-five cents, the press hardly noticed the innovation.

One of the first, if not, indeed, the first, classes of publications to recognize the significance of the motion picture from various angles were the scientific and mechanical magazines. Of these, *Scientific American* revealed to the layman persistently almost every development illustrating the articles appropriately and presenting the text in non-technical language. Being a weekly publication, widely circulated throughout the nation, the influence of Editor Munn in breaking down the barriers against the new art in editorial sanctums cannot be overestimated. In fact, previous to 1904, articles originally published in *Scientific American* and reproduced or reviewed throughout the country—not always with credit, however—was practically the first extensive publicity accomplished. It is also true that as the progress and expansion of the motion-picture industry became more pronounced, it was an almost regular thing to see from one to three pages in Mr. Munn's weekly given over to the newest phase of film progress.

One had to look to the scientific or trade issue almost entirely for any adequate recital of what the camera man was accomplishing; and fortunately a few of these publications—those that were first to see the trend—were not only of wide and enormous circulation, but their influence with editors of the big dailies was beyond question. Perhaps there is hardly an editor of a newspaper in this country who does not read *Popular Mechanics*, and this was the source of much publicity for film manufacture, in the form of quoted articles from the magazine.

Popular Electricity, published and edited in Chicago by H. W. Young, began to present illustrated articles long before the film industry reached the vital stage of its amazing influence on the life of the nation; and in 1913 this feature of the magazine assumed such proportions that Mr. Young was emboldened to change the policy of its conduct, no longer confining its pages to distinctive electrical news. Now, perhaps its most popular feature is its motion-picture department, which often requires one-fourth of the entire space devoted to text and illustrations. It may be stated here that *Popular Electricity* was the first high-grade technical magazine to establish a motion-picture department.

The *Technical World*, also published in Chicago as far back as I can recall, recognized the importance of motion-pictures. Editor Walsh, however, has usually confined the magazine's contents to some unusual problems that the camera man has solved or was endeavoring to master, and, therefore, has dealt almost solely with the mechanical end of the business. This, however, afforded much valuable publicity, as trick photography has been the theme of several interesting articles.

Being electric in character, selecting its subjects from the world's literature, perhaps no individual publication has accorded to the motion picture a wider or more persistent publicity than *Literary Digest;* and, being a weekly, it may be stated that its four issues a month contain more on an average concerning filmdom than on any other subject. And while its custom is to merely review the writings of authors in maga-

nes and newspapers, very frequently ntire articles on motion pictures are reroduced, always with credit, of course. The benefit of this policy to the film inustry may not be overestimated, for ery often *Literary Digest* will reprouce lengthy essays originally presented n what are called "the trade issues," hich, being circulated solely among hose affiliated with the industry, have limited audience, whereas *Literary Digest* spreads the influence of such essays hroughout the world, its articles and eviews being widely copied in many nguages.

Motion pictures as a newspaper subect on an important scale made little eadway during the period 1896 to 1905; hat is to say, that time between the adent of the cinematograph and the inauguration of the photo-play era. Full-page rticles, such as are now common, found ittle appeal in editorial sanctums. The vriter, having contributed to many pubications, is able to state that during the first ten years following the first presntation of motion pictures not one in wenty magazines or Sunday newspapers ccepted this type of article, even when rofusely and elaborately illustrated. But from 1908 onward, articles on the ilm industry from all angles found a arger appeal and a readier sale than all musical and theatrical subjects combined; and this statement is true to-day o an even greater extent. The first group of Sunday newspapers to present long essays was what is known as the Associated Sunday Magazines, which provides a separate magazine for several big-city Sunday issues.

One of the first, if not, indeed, the first, big-city newspaper to devote a page regularly to motion pictures was the Cleveland *Leader,* and this feature has from the outset exerted a wide influence, vastly increasing the circulation of the publication itself, while, as a result of accurate and firsthand information, this Ohio publication has come to be regarded as a vital factor in the industry. Many of the manufacturers advertise in it, and considerable national advertising of a film character may now be seen in its pages.

About two years ago, interest in photo plays became so pronounced that many of the nation's newspapers in large and moderate-sized cities started full-page departments, a contrast to a short time before, when press recognition was denied almost entirely. In many of these, to-day, more space is given over to motion pictures than to opera, drama, and vaudeville combined; while in the majority of smaller cities the newspapers use syndicated matter. One of the syndicates supplies over one hundred newspapers with a full page of text and illustrations once a week. Arthur Leslie is the publisher. New York City was the last of the large cities to capitulate to the influence of the camera man, at least as far as inaugurating ample departments in the newspapers; in fact, not until 1914 did any of the dailies start regular film pages. The New York *Herald* in the morning, and the *Evening Globe* in the afternoon present quite an elaborate daily description of all that is doing in the film world. The *Globe's* page has attracted widespread interest, and one may safely venture the prediction that before the year is over other newspapers will fall into line. It is, however, necessary to qualify the statement as to precedence in New York City in that the *Evening Journal,* while not up to this writing establishing a regular daily department, was one of the very first newspapers in the country to emphatically indorse the new art and its productivity; in fact, to this day no more helpful contribution to film progress may be pointed to than the editorials which appeared in all of Mr. Hearst's newspapers in 1913. The New York *Evening Journal* has for over a year reviewed photo plays with as much seriousness as the spoken play and as its theatrical department is presided over by Charles F. Zittel, a young man who has had an amazingly meteoric career, greatly due to a unique method of reviewing the programs in the vaudeville theaters. It was natural that "Zit" would see the wisdom of including photo plays and hundred-film subjects in his department.

It is said that Marcus Loew gives credit to "Zit" for much of the success that he has achieved in New York.

As stated above, little over four years ago, it was a hard matter to find a newspaper advertisement of a motion picture. Now all of the evening papers except the *Post* have daily from two to four advertisements exceeding two columns each, about equally divided between the spoken drama and photo plays; but the latter are gradually assuming the lead, particularly since the inauguration of the Vitagraph Theater—February 7, 1914—which was followed by a veritable stampede of the best theaters by the camera men, and this brought about an advertising movement unprecedented in the history of the theater.

The newspapers that were wont to regard the motion picture as a mere toy, and which were so reluctant to give over their columns to screen productivity, are now awakened to the significance of things. Publishers and editors alike are vying with each other in an effort to secure precedence. The New York *Sun,* in its Sunday issues, has persistently presented elaborate and profusely illustrated articles, not infrequently two or three in its magazine section alone; and the double-page descriptions of some of the intrepid expeditions of camera men are by no means the result of exploitation; in fact, these invariably have come as a surprise to the publicity departments of the film concerns.

The most important of the many publicity innovations, and the one to have the greatest influence in its after effect, was accomplished through an affiliation between the Edison company and the *Ladies' World,* a McClure publication.

The Edison company from its Bronx studio released a serial photo play in 1913 entitled "What Happened to Mary," and, as each chapter was shown on the screen, the *Ladies' World* presented the fiction story. If this was not the first undertaking of the kind, any previous one was never brought to my attention. The success, however, in this instance was truly sensational. In the city where I reside, one dealer informed me that where previously he sold five copies the sales increased with each installment until they exceeded one hundred, this being in a city of thirty thousand where there are a half dozen news dealers of about equal influence. What the actual increase in circulation amounted to as an entity I may not state, but Mr. George W. Wood, the editor of the *Ladies' World,* informed me that on news stands alone the sales during the first serial increased more than one hundred thousand a month, which is not surprising when we consider that after seeing the film story on the screen the "fans" were wont to wait about the news stands in the hope of thus obtaining the magazine earlier. The success was much with the first series that a

second almost immediately followed entitled "Who Will Marry Mary?" which so materially added to the magazine's following that its editor was in a quandary as to what might happen if the contents page contained nothing of interest to the photo-play following that had doubled its circulation outside of the subscriptions.

But the *Ladies' World* has seldom if ever been issued since without a "movie" feature; more often than not there are two or three.

The successful outcome of the Edison-*Ladies' World* affiliation was not long in creating emulators, and soon after the Edison company released a photo play in serial in association with *Popular Magazine*. But the first extensive prolonged publicity campaign in the history of the theater and journalism combined was that inaugurated in 1914, in Chicago, whereby the Selig Polyscope Company, of which W. L. Selig is the head, and a group of big-city Sunday newspapers extending from coast to coast collaborated for the purpose of presenting on the screen and in the countless newspapers a serial fiction story written by Harold MacGrath and visualized in the Selig studio in Chicago, "The Adventures of Kathlyn." Two reels constituted each of the twice-a-month releases save the first of the thirteen, which required three reels, the complete production being in twenty-seven reels. Since then serials have been released constantly by all the larger companies.

The tremendous publicity through the weekly installments in so many important newspapers marked a new era in the film industry. One of the Chicago newspapers not included in the number presenting the serial for several consecutive days published interviews with different players, directors, and mechanics concerned in the production and through this source it was learned that a prominent Chicago exhibitor who had long been accustomed to combining vaudeville and motion pictures eliminated the latter just before the advent of the "Kathlyn" series, giving as his reason that motion pictures, having reached their height, were now on the decline, that he shifted to vaudeville entirely through fear of losing his public following. When the "Kathlyn" series was started, this exhibitor, attracted by the newspaper accounts, proceeded at once to a near-by theater owned by his competitor, and was so impressed by the production and by the crowds seeking admission that the next day he announced "The Adventures of Kathlyn" as a regular three-day attraction in one of his theaters, and in the other each installment was kept for an entire week.

The Selig-Hearst affiliation is but another illustration of the trend toward coöperation between the film producers and the larger publishers of newspapers and magazines. Mr. Hearst has so often proclaimed his belief as to the influence of the motion picture in the national life that it is a source of wonder that he has not long since established regular film departments in all of his publications. But to his enterprise and that of the Pathé Frères is due an innovation as important and compelling as any yet conceived. Early in 1914, through this amalgamation, a daily fiction story was published in all of the Hearst newspapers, while on the same day, in more than five hundred photo-play houses, the story was picturized on the screen.

Truly the camera man is marching on. Mr. Hearst undoubtedly impressed with the amazing possibilities which such simultaneous presentation of stories fictionized and picturized indicate, and that his part in the future of the motion picture is not likely to be lessened from now on.

In March, 1914, the New York *Herald* inaugurated a series of full-page, illustrated articles in its Sunday-magazine section which presented the photo-players more intimately and quite seriously to the general public. One of these articles dealt with the "Heroes" of filmdom; that is, the idolized screen favorites, such as King Baggot, Maurice Costello, J. Warren Kerrigan, and Benjamin Wilson. Another article was entirely about the villains of the screen. It is plainly evident, too, that the *Herald's* writer in this instance is not inclined to hesitate to give to the photo-player a fair measure of credit for what he has achieved. Such expressions as "A king by name and a king by nature"—referring to King Baggot—reveal but an inkling of the dignified yet wholly just appreciation of the art of these idols of the public, most of whom became world famous because their genius found first ample expression in the film studio.

Nineteen hundred and fourteen is the red-letter year of the camera man's conquest of the press. The *Evening Globe* (New York), not satisfied with being the first evening newspaper to establish a regular film page, began in March of that year to present daily film stories released by the Universal Film Company simultaneously. The *Evening Sun* in the same month capitulated. Evidently the Edison company was not lacking in appreciation of the vogue of the "Mary" series in the *Ladies' World;* for, after having for the time being exhausted the prolonged vitality of the intrepid film creation, the big moving-picture concern yearned for new subjects and new magazines with which to increase the vast audience it appealed to. So, in March, 1914, Marc MacDermott, Edison's most compelling male star, was featured as John Pemton in "The Man Who Disappeared," presented in ten monthly installments on the screen, while the *Popular Magazine* published also serial chapters written by Richard Washburn Child. This affiliation, like many others of a similar nature, served to vastly enlarge the following of one of the most artistic photo-players in all filmdom, for Marc MacDermott takes his work seriously, and, as he himself has expressed it, "The call of the stage was constantly lessening in its appeal as I realized the greater scope for expression which the newer art has endowed me with." The publishing house of Doubleday, Page & Co., though it fell in line with others in the year of 1914 by an affiliation with the Edison company, was one of the very first to recognize the importance of the motion picture through one of its magazines, the *World's Work*, which presented serious essays, appropriately illustrated, almost from the outset of its existence; and these articles were contributed invariably by writers whose renown was achieved through scientific as well as literary attainments.

Selecting its fiction magazine known as *Short Stories*, and authorizing its editor, H. E. Maule, to go as far as he liked, the latter arranged with the late Thomas W. Haushew—who passed away just as his fiction characters were to be filmed—author of "Cleek, of Scotland Yard," to prepare a serial entitled, "The Chronicles of Cleek," which was released simultaneously by the

Edison company and *Short Stories* on the fourth Tuesday of each month. Haushew did not live to witness the triumph of this innovation which introduced the detective serial as a film feature. Undoubtedly his sad demise has removed one whom many believe was about to enter the scenario field with serious intent; and, as Haushew had been an actor and had written plays since he was ten years old, the loss to filmdom is indeed regrettable.

The sensational vogue of Harold MacGrath's "Adventures of Kathlyn" on screen and in the press alike attracted the attention of other film manufacturers to this author, who undoubtedly has found his income vastly enlarged if reports emanating from the Selig institution are correct; and as the saying is: "It never rains but it pours." For then came the indefatigable Thanhouser company with the announcement that it would produce Mr. MacGrath's "The Million Dollar Mystery" on June 21st, and that was immediately followed by "The Twenty Million Dollar Mystery."

That the conquest of the press has been complete may be evidenced by the establishment of magazines dealing in no other subject but motion pictures. It seems remarkable that only four years ago even the newspapers did not offer recognition to the film industry, and now not only has this been entirely overcome, but magazines are published, as mentioned, devoted only to pictures—for instance, this very publication.

Plays and Players

Francelia Billington.

FRANCELIA BILLINGTON first came to the Mutual studios in Hollywood over a year ago, and she has been there ever since, rising to stellar rank with her appearance in the four-part Mutual masterpicture by Cyrus Townsend Brady, "A Child of God." Her beginning constitutes an amusing evidence of how often ability is latent, but unsuspected. She was living quietly at Edendale when a motion-picture director and his wife, friends of her family, called one evening, and asked Miss Billington if she would like to be a picture actress. She took the matter as a joke, as she had had no theatrical experience, but nevertheless the following day she reported for work. It was the first time she had ever been inside a studio, and her surprise when told she was to play leads was therefore not unnatural. Given a dressing room, she was directed to make up, an art of which she understood nothing. Nor was she helped by fellow members of the company, who resented this upstart's intrusion.

It was Miss Billington's natural and unusual beauty that won her at once such unique distinction, though, of course, she would not have gotten far if she had not immediately exhibited unmistakable histrionic talent.

She was born in Dallas, Texas, where she learned to ride horseback as only a Texan can. When her family took her to Louisiana, she came in touch with French modes of living, and later stayed for five years in Paris. When her family finally made their home in Los Angeles, the little actress completed her schooling at a Catholic convent there. She herself is an agreeable singer, and her mother being one of the most accomplished musicians on the coast, trained her daughter well. As a hobby,



Miss Billington several years ago took up photography, and is known as a "kodak fiend." Recently she has added a motion-picture camera to her already extensive outfit. Her films and prints she makes herself in her own dark room at home, in what little time she can spare from the studio, for Miss Billington is kept busy always, maintaining the capacity of a star—for she has been rated in that class since her first day before the camera.

George O. Nichols.

GEORGE O. NICHOLS, who recently joined the Selig Western Stock Companies as a director, has enjoyed fifteen years in the theatrical business as an actor and stage director. He started to work in motion pictures in 1906, then returned to the stage and produced "The Love Route" for the Schuberts.

Mr. Nichols joined the Biograph in 1908, and remained with that company for three years, and in 1911 he affiliated with Thanhouser as a producer, making several notable feature-film dramas. Later, Mr. Nichols joined the Lubin company as a producer, took a company to Jacksonville, Florida, where he remained a year. He went to Los Angeles, California, in 1913, directed for several film companies, and joined the Selig forces in April, 1915. He will be identified in the filming of a number of important film productions.

Realistic Storm Effect.

IN Selig's Red Seal Play, "The Millionaire Baby," there is a wonderful storm effect made the more realistic by vivid flashes of lightning. It is one of the most wonderful scenes that has been shown in motion pictures.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

SIMPLICITY can safely be said to be the keynote of successful scenario writing, for it applies to all branches of the work.

A simple plot, which has strength, is the one which always meets with editorial favor, a simple technique—minus a lot of terms which have grown to be a joke in many studios—attracts attention, a simple manner of wording the leaders of the script, but one which commands attention, and, above all, the simplicity of the finished script as it lays in the editor's hands, thus making it easy for him to read it from the first word of the synopsis to the last word in the last scene without having to ponder over some new angle in construction—which is generally illogical—that the budding writer is trying to spring.

One common fault with amateurs is that they feel the more complicated they can make their scenarios—from plot to finished script—the more chance they have for sale. If we never did anything else, we wish to correct this impression. Of course, there is no place on the screen for the painfully obvious picture play, but there is no need for writing this class, for it is entirely different from the simple play. The latter is one which contains strength in every scene, and whose dénouement may not be disclosed until two or three scenes from the finish—possibly not till the last scene—but throughout the development of which the audience is not burdened by unnecessary complications, many characters "running around loose," intentional digressions from the main theme, et cetera, et cetera. It depends upon the strength of its situations and incidents, which are presented in a straight-from-the-shoulder manner, to "get it over." We are sure you all must have seen the two classes at some time or other, and, if you enjoyed the one whose keynote was simplicity better than the complicated one, why not write the former? There are many others—among whom are editors—who enjoyed the simple one, too, so you will not be playing a single-handed game.

AVOIDING THE CONVENTIONAL.

The art of avoiding the selection of conventional material comes only with experience, as a rule, though we have known many to write their scripts "different" from the very start. It is the hardest thing an amateur is up against, and one to which the majority give little more than passing attention.

To write scripts that can justly be termed "original," the writer must give each a twist that makes it distinctive. We say, without hesitation, that for an amateur to pick a plot that has been done but a few times before during the first six months' experience is phenomenal. It has been done, but by very few writers, and then, we believe, by accident.

The beginner naturally does over what he has already seen on the screen, and when this arrives at the editorial desk it is regarded as "old stuff"; therefore, the countless rejections which face the amateur. As time passes, however, the writer realizes that it is something new that is wanted, and sets out to supply this demand, avoiding all the material that he formerly considered necessary to "land" a scenario.

It is upon how soon the amateur wakes to this fact that the length of his nonselling period depends. How many of our writer readers are prepared to wake up at once and get aboard the Pullman *Success?*

THE GRIP.

We are not going to write about la grippe, which follows a rainy day on which you get your feet wet, but rather about a photo play as you see it on the screen, and the grip it secures on your feelings, and—incidentally—why it gets said grip.

You have all gone to the picture theater and sat through a reel or two of film—sometimes more—which bored you. You have sat through other films that, while they did not get on your nerves, certainly did not entertain you, and, again, you have watched with never-ceasing interest, the unfolding of a picture which figuratively "kept you on your toes" throughout.

Why is it that they affected you so differently? Did you ever ponder over this when you returned from a theater?

Let's take the first class, and suppose we have just seen a two-reel drama. We lost interest in it during the first three or four hundred feet, and from that point on we paid so little attention to the screen that we didn't even know what it was all about when we finished. The photography might have been good, the settings of more than ordinary beauty, the plot apparently well rounded out, the players doing good work, and everything on the surface going to make it look like any other successful film production. Yet it did not grip us.

When you next find such a play, friend scenarioists, think it over. The two-reeler we are considering appears to have 'most everything that is needed. Ah, but has it? The experienced screen man will almost instinctively put his finger on the weak spot when he learns that the picture lacks the necessary grip. It is the want of a convincing scenario. You will all undoubtedly turn back to the last paragraph to read that we said "the plot apparently well rounded out," so we repeat the statement to save you

labor. That is just the trouble, it is a "plot," and nothing more. It was ground out by the yard," and lacks that quality which springs only from the heart—the grip.

Its possibilities have not been studied by the writer, and the director has made very few changes in the script. It presents a story with a plot" on one or two or more reels—as the case may be—nothing more. The picture which did not bore you, but which far from entertained you received a little more truly artistic treatment some place along the line, but was marred by lack of the same care at some other point. The author may have done his work well, but the director may have reconstructed the scenario, or it might have been the writer who loafed and the director who did good work. The result, regardless of where the fault lay, was an indifferent picture—one which lacked the grip.

The third picture was produced by true artists, whose hearts were in their work from the time the scenario was created to the time it reached the screen. But the real grip came from the scenario. It presents a "real" story in the best possible manner, and those who interpreted it had but to do their work well in order to give it the strength necessary to control the feelings of any audience.

We didn't write this to take any credit from those who assist in making a scenario into a finished film, for we have already stated ourselves on the relative importance of each division of the creators of motion-picture plays, but rather to make each scenario writer realize that he must have his heart in his work while he is doing it, and that if he does not he will lose, even though he does sell a script or two, and they reach the screen. We cannot deny that occasionally acting, photography, et cetera, will be so wonderful that it will supply the grip which an indifferent story lacked, for we have seen it done, but this is only occasionally, and an experienced eye sees through the sugar coating even then.

PERSEVERANCE.

Two years ago, we met a young fellow who was struggling for a foothold in the fiction world. He received so many rejections every day that it ate quite a hole in his earnings—in another field—to send them out again. He was discouraged. We suggested that he quit writing fiction, and try scenarios. He did, and went about it in a business-like manner. He learned the game from the ground up, and submitted only his best work. But his scripts were always returned. Last year, we met him, after having been absent from his city for several months. He had been having a siege of rejections in the scenario line that more than equaled his previous failures in the fiction work. He was more discouraged than ever.

The two of us thrashed the matter out, and we finally persuaded him to stick to the game, and also to go back at fiction. He dropped in to see us the other day and showed us three letters of acceptance he had received that week. One was from a prominent magazine and the other two from film companies. He told us that he had established three fiction markets, and that two of the leading film companies—located in the East—were buying on the average of one every three weeks from him, and had been for several months past. He made us promise not to print his name, but consented to our using the story, so we have put it into type form in hope that the many amateurs who are in the same position he formerly occupied will be of stout heart, and weather the storm so that they may enjoy the fruits of victory.

There is one quality that can never be lacking in a writer's make-up if he hopes to achieve success, and if he has not that quality born in him he must at once acquire it—perseverance.

SKILL IN DEVELOPMENT.

When a young-man and a young-woman character walk on the screen during a picture play, what is it that tells us whether they are brother and sister, sweethearts, or merely friends? We know you'll all answer at once that it is the way they act, but when you walk on your characters into your own scripts, do you see to it that they act in such a manner that their relationship is easily established?

This is one point where the skill of the photo-playwright in developing his scene action is brought to the fore. By a single little incident he must at once let his audiences know just what relationship the characters bear to each other. An amateur is sure to slight this point unless he is a close student of the screen and of his own scripts. Because the characters are so well known to him he feels that others will also know them because of the general line of things they do in the course of the play. This is a fatal mistake, for those who read the script will also be bewildered and will lose interest in it.

This is liable to happen especially in the early part, when the characters are being introduced, but the same general principle—that of carefully selecting all "business" used—applies to the character development and the rounding out of the action in the later scenes. The more careful an amateur is of these points, the sooner he will become a professional, because when he does succeed in "landing" a script the director who produces it will remember him.

THE TYPEWRITING QUESTION.

In the early days of all writers who start from the bottom and without capital, there is one question to be solved which is of no little importance. It is: "How can I get my scripts typewritten?"

Many are in a position to buy a machine, and many more are not. Some know how to operate one, but the vast majority are lost when they sit down and look upon the keyboard, with its three dozen odd ivories. In every case, except where the beginner has owned and operated a machine for some time, there exists a handicap of some kind in this regard.

It is hard to offer a general remedy, because of the many varied conditions in which scenario writers are forced to work when they begin their careers. For those who feel they are able to afford it, getting a machine on the monthly-payment basis certain is desirable, or buying a machine outright, if you can get one at greatly reduced prices, is even better.

Then, there are many who do not feel they wish to invest so much money, or tie themselves up to pay a certain amount every month. These we would advise to enlist the aid of some friend who holds a stenographic position in an office and get him or her to type off the script during the noon hour. A gift of some kind may serve to pay off the obligation, or a regular rate of dollars and cents may be arranged. Of course, there are always public stenographers and typing bureaus if the writer wishes to use them, but their rates are rather high for a beginner who has not yet

begun to realize financially on the products of his brain.

We have given this matter quite a little space, because the many letters we receive from beginners, in which they complain of the handicap of getting their scripts typed, proves it to be a trouble common to most all. We advise each writer to study the matter carefully before plunging into it, and see in what way he can arrange to have his stories turned into neatly typed manuscripts at the least cost possible, until he owns and is able to operate a typewriter of his own.

Live-wire Market Hints.

We have been told by one of our readers that the Gaumont Company, Flushing, Long Island, New York, is in the market for two and three-reel melodramas, especially the latter; and that they prefer synopsis—well written and concise—to a full script. Those who have had dealings with them, say they are very fair to writers of both the professional and amateur classes.

Short Shots.

Play is necessary to life, but not too much of it.

A single sale may mean much to a photo-playwright, but a bit of wisdom which can be used effectively later on means more.

Why write war plays in times like the present?

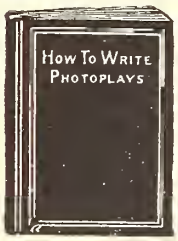
The sinking of a Hudson River day boat or the wrecking of the Palace of Jewels at the Frisco Fair are easy accomplishments—in the minds of some writers.

We wonder if scenarioists realize that the offers of some of the larger companies to pay one hundred dollars a reel and better for truly worthy scripts is an honest-to-goodness fact? We fear that the material they submit does not prove that they do.

The bigger the plot, the longer the film, and the weaker the plot—the less chance of sale.

The words "silent drama" are not found in the vocabulary of the fat lady who reads aloud all the movie subtitles.

HOW TO WRITE PHOTOPLAYS



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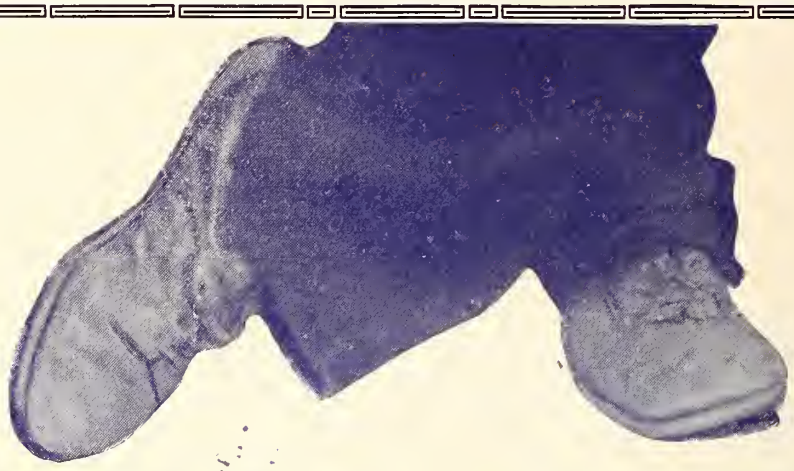


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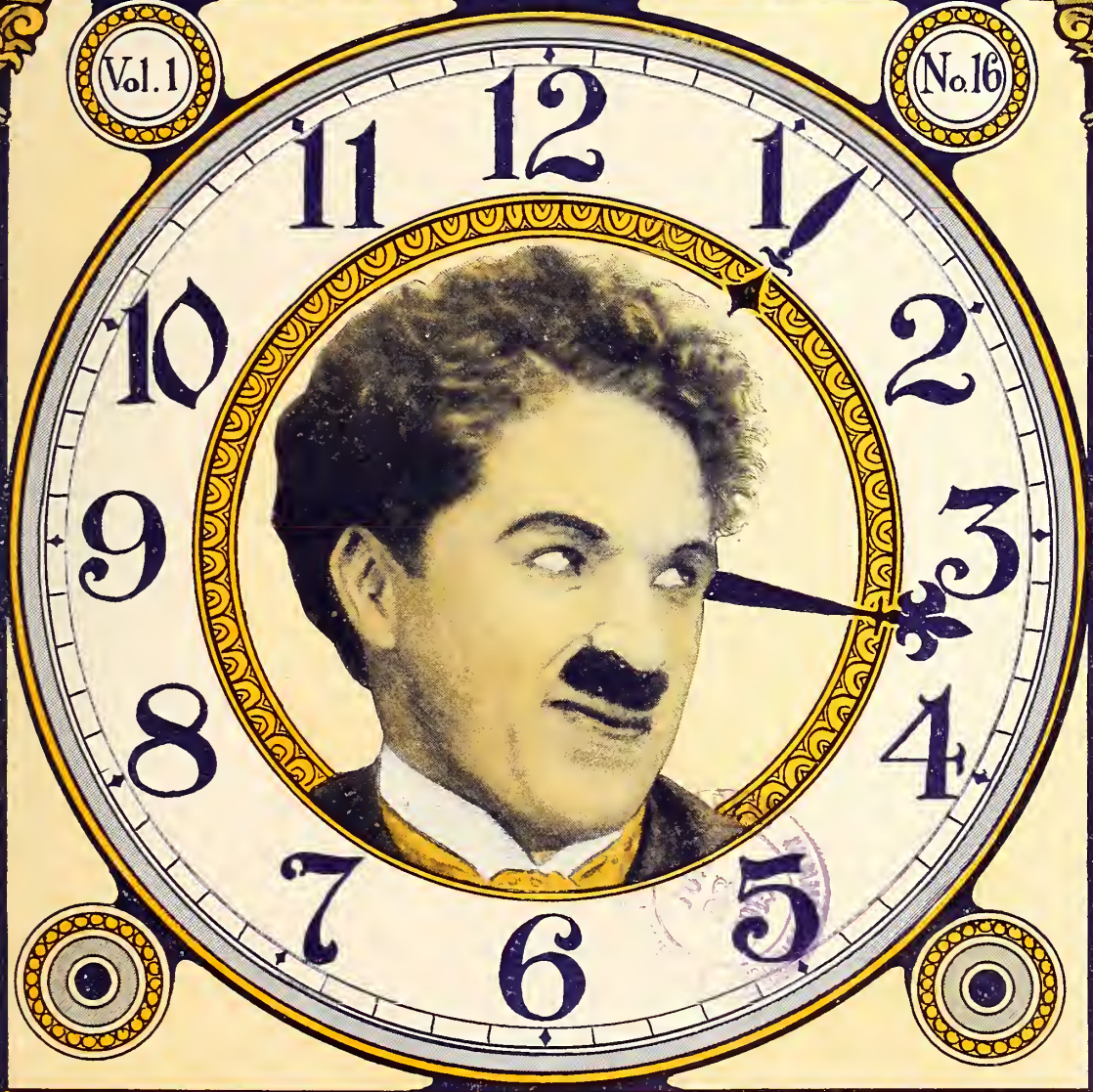
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1

No. 16



THE MAN OF THE HOUR
CHARLIE CHAPLIN IN "THE CHAMPION"

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. I CONTENTS FOR JULY 24, 1915 No. 16

THE CHAMPION: A CHAPLIN COMEDY. **B. Quade** **1**

Another of those screaming story-versions of the Charlie Chaplin comedies. Wherein Charlie, baggy trousers, little bamboo cane, battered derby and all, gets a job as a sparring partner in a prize fighter's training camp—and things happen with side-splitting rapidity.

ENTERTAINMENT THAT COST LIFE. **7**

Seldom do the risks taken by players result fatally, and when they do it is even more seldom that they are recorded by a photograph as remarkable as this one which shows the very moment of the accident that caused the death of this aviator, flying for the entertainment of the public.

THE WILD OLIVE. . . . . . **Edna Sylvester Kerr** . . **8**

That was the only name by which Norrie Ford, a college-bred young man, accused of a murder he had not committed, knew the girl who saved his life. A story that will keep you "guessing" until the last line.

A GOOD BUSINESS DEAL. . . . **Richard D. Taylor** . . . **14**

What would you do if one of your best friends was continually out of funds and too proud to accept help? No matter how you would solve the problem you would never think of the plan offered here and the intricate humorous complications it leads to.

FROM CHAMPION TO TRAMP. . . **Arthur Gavin, Jr.** . . . **18**

Wherein there are two foot races, a mine fight and a touch of heart interest, all bound together into a plot that cannot help but absorb your interest. "From Champion to Tramp" only takes in the beginning of the story—for the last you must read.

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What you want to know about the latest plays and the players in them. Short biographies of the screen favorites.

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Instruction and advice for amateur and professional photo playwrights, with notes on where to sell. A valuable weekly department.

A MODEL SCENARIO. **28**

Something that has been requested by a great many of our readers—an illustration of just how a script should be prepared, introducing all technical terms and definitions of them.

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JUL 23 1915
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY
Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors
Vol. I. No. 16 JULY 24, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

The Champion: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

In this story of the Chaplin comedy, "The Champion," you are given a chance to laugh at "the funniest man in the world," who takes his dusty, big shoes, little bamboo cane, battered derby and all into the training quarters of a prize fighter. Chaplin is funny when he knocks out the welterweight scrapper in sparring. But he is funnier still when he afterward goes into training to make his pugilistic debut inside a real ring.

These Chaplin comedies in story form appear regularly in this magazine and in no other.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN looked down at his faithful bulldog.

Charlie had found something to eat, nd he wanted to see if the dog was as lad as he was. The something was a rankfurter and a roll; and, as Charlie haplin lifted it to his lips, he was about o take the first mouthful he had had n two days. Then he lowered the sand-ich, while a woebegone look settled on is face. He glanced down at the dog, hen to right and left, and then down t the dog again. Removing the frank-urter from the roll, he held it down or the dog to take the first bite.

They were pals, Charlie Chaplin and is bulldog. For that reason, he offered im the frankfurter before he ate any f it. But the dog refused to touch t.

"What's the matter?" asked Charlie. "You don't recognize a departed rela-ive in it, do you? Take a bite!"

Still the dog refused to do so. With nod of sudden understanding, Charlie eached into his vest pocket and pro-luced a pinch of salt, which he sprinkled n the end of the frankfurter. Then he dog accepted it. While he held the rankfurter down for the dog to chew, Charlie shook the beer keg that stood eside him, to see if there was any-thing in it. Unable to judge from that test, he made another. Lowering his little bamboo cane into the bunghole, he drew it out, to discover that it was as dry as he was himself. The barrel was empty.

Charlie swung the cane rapidly around by its handle, the woebegone look re-turned to his face. He tipped his hat to the keg, and sniffed forlornly. Look-ing down at the dog, he found him in the act of eating up the last morsel of the frankfurter that remained between his fingers.

Charlie let him have it all, and turned his own attention to the empty roll. He took one bite of it slowly. And then a second, slower still. Then, placing the rest of the roll in the inside pocket of his coat for future reference, he picked up the yard or so of clothesline that formed the dog's leash, and rose.

"Here," said Charlie Chaplin to him-self, "I'm a bright young man, who ought to be able to go out and find a square meal somewhere. I'm not going to take the edge off my appetite with any more plain bread. The world owes me one-third of a day's living, anyway—one meal—and I'm going to start out and collect it. Come, Theophilus."

Off up the street, Charlie Chaplin waddled on his heels. And, as he went, he tapped the dog beside him fre-quently with his little cane, swinging it around behind him for the purpose, so that the bow-legged, heavy-jawed, and fierce-eyed "bull" might not feel that he was being neglected.

Before a high board fence, Charlie stopped. There were two signs dis-played on it. One of these read:

TRAINING QUARTERS OF
SPIKE DUGAN,
WORLD'S WELTERWEIGHT
CHAMPION.

And the other, on the door which was set into the fence, bore the informa-tion:

SPARRING PARTNERS
WHO CAN TAKE A PUNCH
WANTED.

Charlie read both signs. Then he read the second one again. He aimed a blow at his chest—and missed. On the second attempt, he succeeded in striking himself a blow which gave forth a hollow sound, as of a button dropping on a drum, due to his extreme empti-ness.

"I took it," he mused. "That proves I can qualify for the job. This is as

good a place as any to earn the price of a meal. I guess I'll go in and take a few more punches—as well as anything else I can find that isn't nailed down."

As he started toward the door, Charlie tripped on something. It was a horseshoe. He stooped and picked it up. Then, putting the horseshoe in his pocket, he opened the door in the fence and stepped into the yard beyond it.



Charlie Chaplin and his bulldog were pals.

He found three applicants for the job of sparring partner already waiting on a bench before him. As he walked over to join them, leading his bulldog by the clothesline, Charlie flashed them his smile of ready good-fellowship, and tipped his battered derby to them. But they were all too deeply engrossed in what they were doing to pay any attention to him.

One was a young man who would have had one of the finest chest developments in the world if his stomach had been shoved up a foot or so. He was looking at a photograph of his mother, while the tears rolled down his cheeks, as he listened to the sounds which floated out into the yard from the adjoining gymnasium.

The sounds would have led one to believe that somebody was building a packing case, inside. The resounding *thwacks* which shattered the air were not hammer blows, however, but the impact of the gloved fists of Spike Dugan, the welterweight champion of the world, on the bag he was punching within the gym.

The second young man, who was six feet tall and weighed perhaps one hundred and ten pounds, as he listened to those mighty thuds of leather again leather, played a castanet accompan ment to them with his knees. He w looking straight before him into spac with an expectant expression on h face—but he did not appear especial pleased over what he expected to r ceive.

The third young man who sat wai ing on the bench was seemingly u disturbed by the ominous sounds fro the gym. He was a bullet-headed yout with an undershot jaw, and in a sweat and cap, and his jaw was set while h aimed a succession of jabs, uppercut and right and left hooks at an imaginar spot in the air on which his eyes wer fixed.

Charlie sat down beside him, an glanced deprecatingly at him out of th corner of his eye. The bullet-heade youth struck him on the ear. Charlie hat slipped forward over his eyes, an he righted it again. Another of th blows the sweatered one was aiming a the spot in the air at which he glow ered from under beetling brows, knocke Charlie's hat askew again—either inte tionally or by accident.

"Aim at me," Charlie suggested, whil he straightened his hat once more, "an you may hit that spot out there in th air that you're looking at. You seer to be wild to-day, Marquard."

Not looking around at him, the tough looking young man delivered thi strange rejoinder out of the corner o his mouth, punctuated with vicious hook and uppercuts at the imaginary oppo nent before him.

"Kid Brophy, t'ree roun's, Boston, K O. Jumbo Miller, Milwaukee, te roun's, no decision, but I had it on 'in all de way. C. O. D. Hershfield, Palac A. C., N' York, K. O. Dan de Dago Black's Gymnasium, same place, K. O Dat's me record, kid—me record. I'n one tough guy. Wanna start anyt'ing wid me?"

Charlie wriggled his shoulders laughed, and moved along the bench out of reach of the other's gloved fists The three aspirants for the position o human punching bag to the champion prize fighter, had all been given boxing gloves; but these had not yet been brought out to Charlie. Nobody from within the gym had so far discovered that he was there.

"The only thing I could start with you," Charlie told the tough young man

atteringly, "would be a foot race. A ellow with your record as a scrapper —I'd run if you put up your dukes at ne."

The sweatered youth nodded grimly. "Dat's what yuh'd wanna do," he tated. "'Cause if I ever hit yuh, dere'd e not'in' left uh yuh t' scrape up fer fun'ral. I'm a hard guy—hard as ails, get me?"

good work-out. De more punishment yuh c'n stand before he knocks yuh out, de more money yuh'll make—see?"

"And what do I get for hitting him?" asked Charlie. "A good cigar, or something?"

"Say," said the champion's handler scornfully, "if yuh c'n lay yer gloves onto Spike, when he starts after yuh, yuh'll do better'n I think yuh can from

shortly, handing Charlie a pair that were sadly the worse for wear, "an' come on inside an' let Spike look yuh over. We'll see whether yer jaw'll stand a wallop as well as it does de strain uh lyin'."

Charlie Chaplin put on the gloves and followed the fighter's handler into the gymnasium. Spike Dugan, having finished with the punching bag—literally, for it hung like a squeezed-dry



Charlie led the stretcher bearers into the gymnasium and up to Spike Dugan.

Before Charlie could reply, there was n interruption. It came in the person f Spike Dugan's handler in chief, who ntered the yard from the gymnasium. Ie stopped in front of Charlie.

"Lookin' fer a job as sparrin' part- ier?" he asked.

"Yes," said Charlie. "What does it ay?"

"Yuh'll git a dime fer every time Spike Dugan hits yuh. Dat's so yuh'll ry to last long enough to give him a

yer looks. What d'ye do fer a livin' when yuh're workin'? Tend bar?"

"No," answered Charlie, "you see, it's this way: A beautiful young lady married an old millionaire for his money. She did it for my sake. When he dies, she'll get all his money. Then she's going to marry me, and I'll be fixed for life. I'm waiting for him to die. But in the meantime I'm looking for a chance to earn the price of a meal."

"Put on dese gloves," said the trainer

orange in its frame where the pugilist's mighty blows had dented and finally burst it—was pacing the floor, with his chest expanded under a faded blue jersey, impatient, it seemed, to make a fresh conquest with his fists.

"Who's de tramp?" he inquired, looking Charlie over.

"Dis guy," explained the champion's trainer, "ain't no tramp. He's a guy dat's got a swell queen stuck on him. She's married to a millionaire, an' when

he dies de gal collects his cush an' toins it over to him. Dat's who *he* is."

Spike Dugan nodded soberly.

"De king uh de kidders," he commented. "I getcha. Well, young fella" —this to Charlie—"let's see what kind of a jaw yuh got."

He tilted Charlie Chaplin's head to an angle that suited him, and then tapped him on the chin. Charlie winced. The champion hit him again. Charlie turned his head around to another angle, of his own accord.

"They're all loose on that side," said he. "Now take a whack at the other, and see if you can make the rest of my teeth leave their happy home among the gums."

Spike Dugan obligingly tapped Charlie a couple of times on that side of the jaw. Then he turned to his handler.

"He'll do, I guess," he remarked. "Lead 'im back to de slaughter pen, and send in de others, one at a time."

Charlie, back on the bench in the yard, watched the fat young man go into the gymnasium. Then he saw him come back again. He was brought out into the yard by Spike Dugan's trainer, who dumped him down on the bench like a sack of meal. It was the skinny youth's turn next. He returned in the arms of the trainer even sooner than the other. He, too, had been knocked out. Spike Dugan's handler dumped him unceremoniously down on top of the fat young man, who lay, still unconscious, beside Charlie on the bench.

Hooking the handle of his little bamboo cane through the arm of the first senseless aspirant for the job of sparring partner to the great Spike Dugan, Charlie Chaplin pulled him over to make room for the other on the bench.

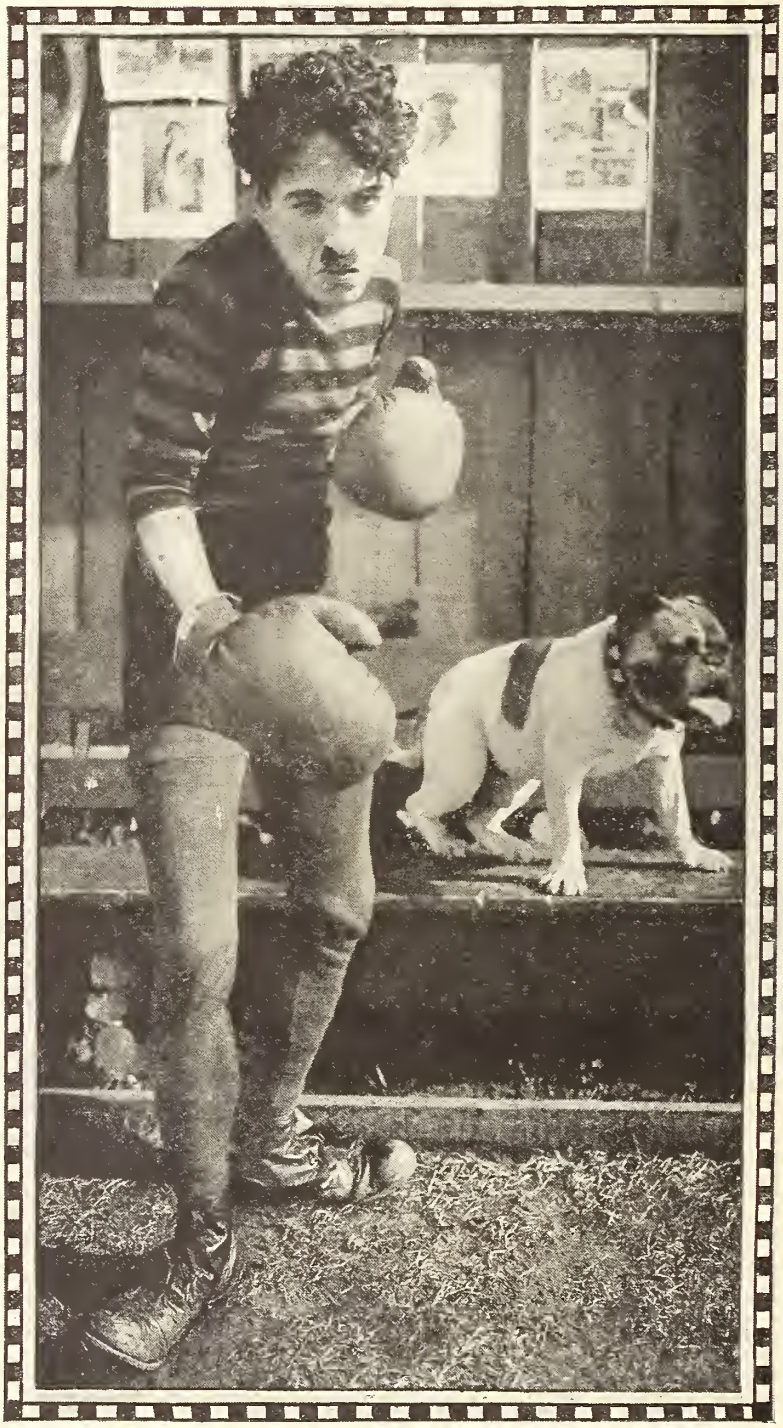
Then it was the tough-looking young man's turn. When he came out, it wa on a stretcher carried by two handler of the welterweight prize fighter. Char lie looked from him to the fat yout and then at the skinny young man be side him. He coughed apologetically Reaching into his pocket, he brough forth the horse shoe. There was hole in one of the bat tered pair of boxin gloves that had bee given him, and into i Charlie Chaplin thrus the horseshoe. The Spike Dugan's handle in chief beckoned t him to come into th gymnasium and ge his.

"This way for trou ble," said Charlie t the two handlers wit the stretcher.

And, rising, h marched at their hea into the gymnasiun Spike Dugan wa standing in a careles attitude in the cente of the floor. Charli Chaplin, walking to hi side, struck an attitud of equal carelessnes with his ridiculous fee crossed. How it hap pened was all but to quick for the eye t follow. Suddenl Charlie uncrossed hi feet, his right han shot out, and there wa Spike Dugan sprawlin on the floor.

The horseshoe unde the glove had caugh the champion welter weight of the worl on the point of th jaw, and knocked hin out as neatly as he ha done the trick to th others.

"Holy mackerel! gasped the champion' trainer, staring dow at his fallen employe in awe. "He's—he' knocked him kickin' An' wid one punch De little shrimp!"



Charlie Chaplin started training for his great fight with Fluke McGlook.

Charlie beckoned, with a lordly gesture, to the stretcher carriers who had accompanied him into the gymnasium.

"Take him away," he ordered, nodding toward the vanquished prize fighter on the floor, "and put him out in the yard with the rest of the victims."

But at that moment Spike sat up. He laid his glove gingerly on the lump the size of a duck egg, which the horseshoe had raised on his jaw. And then, looking up at Charlie, his thick brows drew together in a ferocious scowl.

"Dat was a lucky punch yuh slipped over on me, kid," he announced, scrambling to his feet. "But mebbe yuh won't t'ink it was so lucky in about a minnit from now. I'll knock yer block off yuh fer dat!"

As he spoke, he swung for Charlie Chaplin's head. Charlie ducked. And the next moment he had knocked Spike Dugan down again with a blow of the horseshoe-weighted glove. The prize fighter leaped to his feet and ran out of the gym, bellowing for mercy, and Charlie ran after him.

He chased the thoroughly cowed "pug" clear out of the gymnasium yard, and then he returned to it to be lifted up on the shoulders of Spike Dugan's trainer and handlers.

"Yuh're de champeen now!" the handler in chief enthusiastically informed him. "I been in de game fer goin' on twenty years, an' I never seen nobody dat packed de punch dat yuh do—*believe* me! Just lemme take yuh in hand, an' I'll make de greatest scrapper out uh yuh dat de woild has ever knew. Yuh train just de way I tell yuh, see? An' dere won't be nobody in de game dat can trim yuh."

Charlie Chaplin inserted some new training rules, however, in those his handler laid down for him, during the days that followed, and while he was getting ready for his great match with Fluke McGlook, the runner-up to the welterweight championship, that had been arranged for him.

He carried a gallon jug of beer around the gymnasium with him wherever he went. He would exercise for a few moments with a dumb-bell—not a pair of them, but one—and then stop and bolster up his strength with a pull at the jug, before he exercised again.

The news of Charlie's quick triumph over Spike Dugan, the erstwhile holder of the championship, had leaked out. And, a few days before the date scheduled for his bout with McGlook, he received a call from a tall, black-mustached stranger in a silk hat.

"I want you to throw this fight," the stranger whispered in Charlie's ear. "If I can be sure that you're going to lose, I will make a fortune by betting on McGlook."

"My dear fellow," said Charlie kindly, "if you can find anybody to bet on me, take their money by all means—as much as you can get of it. You're bound to win. For I feel it in my bones that I am going to lose. I can't account for it, but that's the feeling I have."

The fact of the matter was, that Charlie had learned that it was against the Queensberry rules to bring a horseshoe in a glove into the roped arena; and that was why he had such a strange feeling that he was not going to win his



"I guess you'll throw this fight," said the black-mustached stranger—"now!"

fight. But he meant to try his best to do so, nevertheless. In the first place, the winner's end of the purse was larger than the loser's. But also there was the fairness of the thing to be considered—to give the people who might bet on him a "run for their money," in the parlance of the ring.

"You will have your little joke!" laughed the black-mustached stranger diplomatically. "But there's no chance of your losing—unless you try. And I'm willing to pay you well for doing it. How much will you throw the fight for?"

Charlie shook his head, still good-humoredly.

"It can't be done," he replied.

Whereupon the gambler produced a revolver and pushed it into Charlie Chaplin's face. They were standing beside the shower in a corner of the gymnasium at the moment.

"I guess you'll agree to throw the fight," growled the stranger, "now!"

Charlie turned the handle that operated the shower beside him.

"Guess again," said he.

The water poured down upon the gambler, who had been standing directly under the shower, while Charlie was out of range of it; and, drenched and sputtering for breath, the black-mustached stranger fled.

And then came the night of the great fight. The first round, between Fluke McGlook and the "Jersey Mosquito," as the referee had introduced Charlie Chaplin to the crowd at the ringside, damaged neither of the contestants. The reason for this being the fact that each had been unable to hit the other, try as they would. Their aim was bad.

The second round was more "lively," from the spectators' point of view. McGlook backed Charlie into a corner, and began to pummel him. Charlie was on the floor when the bell rang—it was all that saved him from a knock-out.

In the third, McGlook was weak from the blows he had expended on Charlie's anatomy; therefore, it was Charlie who backed his adversary into a corner and punched away at him throughout the round.

The fourth round opened with Charlie and McGlook each taking a mighty swing at each other, and both falling down. They were too weak to get up. The referee and the seconds of both set them on their feet again facing each other. Charlie fell forward into McGlook's arms, his mustache drooping down dejectedly. And McGlook hit him. He hit him again. A third time and a fourth time. And then——

There was a rush of something brown and white through the air. And Charlie Chaplin's faithful bulldog, entering the ring in his master's defense, took a death grip on the seat of McGlook's fighting trunks. Then Charlie began to pummel him in turn. McGlook, running around the ring in a vain effort to shake off the dog, who was helping Charlie defeat him, tripped and went down. Charlie sat on him while the referee counted him out.

And, amid the wild shouting and hysterical laughter of the crowd, Charlie Chaplin was champion.

Novelist Nicholson on Pictures.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON, the novelist, author of "The House of a Thousand Candles," to be released August 23d as a Selig picture play, recently saw motion pictures in production for the first time. He visited the Chicago studios of the Selig Polyscope Company and witnessed scenes in his story filmed. Returning to his home, he wrote this opinion to the Selig company:

"The motion picture as a story-telling medium has been the most amazing development of recent years. I was skeptical at first as to its permanence, but now realize that it has come to stay. I look forward to seeing the film a real force in our social life—a means of teaching millions with stories strongly presenting the great questions that engage the thought of mankind.

"As far ahead as any one can see, it is destined to answer the demand for popular amusements, bringing the silent drama within the range of a vast public which never could have been reached by the theater as it existed for centuries. This being true, it is incumbent upon all who are in any way connected with film productions to give serious heed to the changing currents of thought among our people and contribute better and nobler dramas to the screen than we have yet known. Further, as a popular amusement, I believe the public taste will demand increasingly the best work of the American creative artist. We Americans are losing something of our zestful humor, and the story with a laugh evoked without buffoonery o rough-and-tumble encounters is a thin much to be desired. I was much im pressed by my recent visit to the Seli studios, the first I had ever seen, and b the high skill and genius required fo making productions. The importance o the film as a democratizing factor i bringing the drama to our toiling mil lions who were never reached by the ol theater seems to me the most significan thing."

Movie Tears.

ARE the tears shed by the ladies i the motion pictures real or near?' was asked of Miss Stella Razeto.

"Real-for-sure tears," was the leading lady's prompt reply. "The female o the species, you know, is prone to tears They can produce the briny drop on the spur of the moment.

"All jokes aside," continued Miss Razeto, who has charmed so many with her rôles in Selig plays, "it is no easy matter to look the part of the heroine whose frail frame is shaken by sobs; there is method in the 'grief' business. Most actresses, from long practice, can command tears at will in the motion pictures. Some, however, resort to smelling salts hidden in a kerchief."

Previous to her engagement by William N. Selig, Miss Razeto has very little motion-picture experience. Her beauty, grace, and natural adaptability placed her immediately among the popular Selig stars, and she has successfully portrayed many difficult characters.

Others Think So, Too.

JIMMY M'CARTHY is a red head. Also he is fifteen, and a general runner of errands for R. R. Nehls, manager of the American Film Manufacturing Company. Mr. Nehls sent Jimmy on a mission to the projecting room of the Chicago office the other day, while Vivian Rich and Joe Galbraith were being flashed on the screen in the love scene in "A Good Business Deal." Broad-shouldered Galbraith had just infolded the beautiful Vivian in his strong arms when Jimmy entered. The lad's red hair stood fairly on end as he watched the stars embrace.

"Gee!" he sighed, in true lovelorn fashion. "Gee, he's a lucky guy!"

Entertainment That Cost Life

IN spite of the ever-growing devil-may-care spirit which is displayed by so many players, both actors and actresses, very few fatal accidents have occurred, and those which have happened are usually the result of carelessness on the part of the participant, owing to the fact that the "stunt" seemed so easy and was, perhaps, accomplished successfully so many times before.

To a certain extent, the very lack of fatalities may be responsible for the few risks taken by players that have ended sadly with death, for, when an actor sees others perform daring things without injury or accident, he often attaches much less danger to his own feats than there really is, and is liable, therefore, to become less careful when taking chances.

One sad case, which is illustrated to us by a remarkable photograph, occurred at the recent opening of Universal City in California. It is the tragic death of Frank Stites, aviator for the Universal Company, who fell to death while demonstrating to the twenty thousand persons present at the festivities, just how a picture of an air battle is produced. After the fatality, a hush so great fell over the ceremonies that President Laemmle, of the film company, ordered a postponement of the program.

Mr. Stites had been making motion pictures in his aëroplane for some time, and had already filmed successfully an excellent play entitled "The Mysterious Contrograv." It was in this picture that he flew over a second aëroplane and dropped a bomb at it, completely wrecking the lower machine. The film had been rehearsed often and had even been taken by the camera, but as it was considered such a good "stunt," this particular part was placed on the program for the opening of Universal City, to be gone over again for the benefit of those present at the celebration. The event was planned exactly as it had been for the picture even to the training of the camera on the aëroplane.

On the day before Mr. Stites was scheduled to make the flight, Lincoln Beachey perished in San Francisco Bay while flying in his machine. The two aviators were close friends, and, naturally, Mr. Beachey's terrible death greatly affected Mr. Stites. When it came time for the latter's ascent, consequently, he was unable to relieve his mind of the depression engendered by his friend's fatal accident, and, although he tried to shake off the feeling, he could not. The newspaper story telling of Mr. Beachey's fall was in his pocket, and he went so far as to throw that away, thinking that it might serve to rest his nerves, but it was in vain, and the flight was postponed until the following day.



A remarkable photograph of the accident which cost the life of Aviator Frank Stites. This picture was taken immediately after the explosion of the bomb, and just as the upper aeroplane began to turn on its back.

On Tuesday afternoon, which was the next day, Mr. Stites left the ground in his aëroplane at five o'clock, after several false starts. Twenty thousand spectators trained their eyes with interest that was destined within a few minutes to turn to horror, on the man as he soared above their heads, so cheerfully contributing to their amusement at a risk that was soon to find him lying dead at their very feet.

After flying about for a little time, the aviator steered his way over the other machine and dropped the bomb. The missile fell squarely on the lower aëroplane, and demolished it, but the concussion of the explosion formed an air pocket, into which Mr. Stites fell. His machine was turned completely over, until it rested on its back in the air. Ordinarily the aviator could have righted it again, but on this occasion he was not strapped to his seat, and, evidently fearing that the aëroplane would fall on him, he trusted his safety to a clear jump to the ground. The crowd watched breathlessly this daring exhibition of nerve of the man who kept his presence of mind in the face of almost certain death, and those who were not too horror-stricken to move, rushed toward the spot where Mr. Stites had fallen. They found him—dead—and bared their heads in respect to him who had given his life for the entertainment of others.

The Wild Olive

(BOSWORTH)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

A hidden hunting knife in an Allegheny lumber camp brings a sentence of death upon an innocent young college man. Escaping the gallows by a hair, he goes into exile in South America. The beautiful "Wild Olive" of the mountains, a girl with whom he is in love, makes a bargain with a young lawyer who also loves her, to marry him in return for clearing the other. What happens as a result of her attempted act of self-sacrifice makes a surprising ending to this story, based on the Bosworth, Inc., picture of the same title. The cast:

Miriam Strange.....Myrtle Stedman
Norrie Ford.....Forrest Stanley
Evie Wayne.....Mary Ruby
Conquest.....Edmund Lowe

WELL, Uncle Chris, here I am, true to my word!"

Norrie Ford stepped down from the buckboard in which he had been driven from the nearest railroad station to his uncle's lumber camp in the heart of the Alleghenies. Norrie, a clean-looking young man of twenty-four, had just come out of college. He had written to tell his uncle that he wanted to avail himself of the latter's invitation to learn the lumbering business from the bottom up, in his camp. And now, as he said, "here he was."

"Graduated, have you?" snapped Christopher Ford, by way of greeting. "Take any honors? No, I suppose not. You don't look as if you had any more brains than the Lord allows a cub of your age. Well, we'll try to knock some into you here."

Norrie's face flushed, in spite of himself, at his uncle's sneering tone. Christopher Ford, for all he was his only living relative, was more or less of a mystery to Norrie. He had met him perhaps three times in all his life. Then the lumber king had appeared to be an easy-going sort; but that was when he had been away from his lumber camp. Here he was monarch of all he surveyed, and by words and deeds he impressed that fact upon all those about him.

"Well," the lumberman shouted to the Canuck who had driven Norrie over from the station, "are you going to let that horse stand there in the traces until he freezes to death? Unharness him and take him into the barn—quick!"

The half-breed, getting down from the buckboard, began to obey. But his fingers were stiff from the long, cold drive of ten miles he had just made from the station, and they fumbled ineffectually at the harness buckles.

With an impatient oath, Chris Ford reached his side in a single stride.

"I said hurry up!" he growled behind his clenched teeth. "Didn't you hear me?"

With the words, he knocked the Canuck down.

"Maybe that'll put some ginger into you," said the lumberman. "Get up, and tackle that harness again. "Don't let me catch you loafing about it this time. Or I'll give you the same dose with the other hand."

The Canuck rose, and fell to unbuckling the harness once more. He said nothing. But Norrie noticed what Chris Ford did not, and that was the look of black hate that the half-breed flashed at the lumber camp owner's back, as Ford walked toward the house.

Norrie was as surprised as he was indignant over his uncle's wholly unprovoked outburst of anger. He had not known before that his relative possessed such a vicious temper. But he was to learn more about it later.

Later, when he joined the lumberjacks in their bunk house to which, as long as he wanted to be taught the lumbering business from the bottom up, he said, his uncle had sent him, to eat and sleep with the men of whom he was to be one thenceforth. There Norrie heard story after story of Chris Ford's ill treatment of them, for which they one and all, though not daring to revolt against his iron rule, hated him.

The next day, Norrie went out into the woods in lumberman's garb, to make his first attempt at woodchopping.

"You're a fine chopper—I don't think!"

At the sneering voice behind him, Norrie, at the end of his first hour's bungling efforts with the unaccustomed ax, turned a perspiring face upon Chris Ford, who had come up in back of him to look on at his first experience in felling a tree. Norrie laughed.

"I'm not much good at it yet," he admitted. "But I'll learn the knack of it after a while."

"Keep your head down, instead of lifting it, with every stroke," advised his uncle. "You want to keep your eyes on the spot on the trunk that you're aiming for."

Norrie tried to follow out his instructions, but failed. He must have lifted his head, and so removed his eyes for the fraction of a moment from the white gash his ax had already cut in the bark, and where he meant to sink the blade again, for he hit the tree only a glancing blow. The next second Chris Ford, striding to his side, struck him full in the face.

"You clumsy fool!" he blazed in impatient wrath. "Why didn't you do it the way I told you to?"

Norrie, stepping back, threw down his ax. His face was white, except for a thin trickle of blood that showed where his uncle's heavy fist had met it. The lumberjacks had stopped their work, and drawn nearer, thus forming a rude

ring around him and the camp's bullying owner.

"I'm going to teach you a lesson," Norrie told his uncle quietly. "You've been of the idea, it seems, that the men who take your money in return for their work are little better than your slaves. I saw you knock one of them down yesterday, for no cause whatever. And you've struck me just now with no more justification. There's a cure for a nasty temper like yours. And this is it."

As he spoke, the young man—in perfect physical trim, due to the two years' work on varsity crew and gridiron he had recently ended—sprang toward the more powerfully built, but older, man before him. His fist shot out and caught Chris Ford fairly on the point of the chin.

The lumber king went down. The next moment, however, he had regained his feet, and, his face fairly purple with fury, leaped at Norrie in turn. The latter was on his guard against the attack; he side-stepped, and drove home two blows, one to the face and the other to the stomach of his uncle. The fight was on. It lasted for a full quarter of an hour; but in the end, Norrie's youth told in his favor. He had already given his relative a sound thrashing before he put over his right to the point of his chin once more, and again Chris Ford went crashing to earth—this time to stay.

"Now," panted Norrie, standing over him, "listen to me: I'm going to quit. I thought I wanted to learn the lumbering business under you, but I've changed my mind. You're nothing but a bullying slave driver. And I wouldn't work for you if you gave me all you're worth. I'll go back to Pittsburgh, where I came from, to-morrow morning, and try to go into some other business besides lumbering."

But the next morning, when Norrie awoke in the bunk house, it was to find the sheriff leaning over him.

"Are you Christopher Ford's nephew?" the officer asked.

"Yes," answered Norrie.

"You had a fight with him yesterday, didn't you?"

Sitting up in his bunk, Norrie rubbed at his eyes bewilderedly.

"Why—yes," he acknowledged. "But what——"

"That's right," said the sheriff, straightening, with a nod of grim self-satisfaction. "There's no use your lying about it. I've got the story from some of the men already. You're the man I want. Will you come peaceful, or——"

The sheriff drew his gun as he spoke, meaningly.

Norrie sprang out of the bunk, wide awake at last. He found the lumberjacks standing near the door, looking on in silence. Norrie faced the sheriff once more.

"What's happened?" he demanded.

"Your uncle, Chris Ford, has been murdered. And"—the sheriff stepped forward, attracted by the glint of something bright, and pulled out Norrie's hunting knife, its blade stained with blood, from under the blanket of his bunk—"and you're the man that did it, from all signs, includin' this. I'll ask you to come along with me to the lock-up."

The sheriff deftly snapped a pair of handcuffs on Norrie's wrists, and turned to face the lumbermen who stood before the door. One of them stepped forth.

"We ain't goin' to stand fer you takin' him off like this, Dan," said he. "He fought with Chris Ford yesterday, all right enough. But he didn't murder him last night. Leastways, that's what we believe. He's a decent young chap, and there's none of us here that don't feel friendly toward him fer givin' the boss that beatin'. He did it partly because he'd found out how Ford had been drivin' us, and to make him stop it. So if you try to take him away to jail, there'll be trouble——"

"There *will* be," the sheriff cut in briskly, "if any of you try to stop me in fulfillin' my duety. Jail's where he's goin', and with me, right now! Stand away from that door, all o' you."

Leveling the revolver at the lumberjacks, the sheriff led Norrie toward



"Are you coming peaceful," the sheriff demanded of Norrie, "or——?"

them. Before the gun in his hand, and the glint of unmistakable purpose in the officer's eyes, they gave way. But that they did so reluctantly, their scowls proved, as they watched the sheriff escort his prisoner out through the door of the bunk house.

Norrie was temporarily stunned by what had happened. That his uncle was dead—murdered—was a shock to him. But that *he* should be accused of having slain him was a greater one. And there was the mystery of how his own bloodstained hunting knife had got under the blanket in his bunk, as well. It was all enough to daze him beyond the power of clear thinking.

And this was the way his acceptance of his uncle's invitation to come and learn the lumbering business, when he had finished college, had turned out!

Norrie was locked up in a cell in the town jail to await his trial. It was given him, three days later. And—he was convicted. The fact that he was known to have quarreled with Chris Ford on the day preceding the latter's murder, and that his own bloody knife was found by the sheriff in his bunk, were two bits of circumstantial evidence that the jury was forced to accept as the proof of his guilt.

The judge sentenced him to hang during a certain week four months hence.

As Norrie, handcuffed between two deputy sheriffs, was being led back along the mountain road from the courthouse to the jail, three burly lumberjacks stepped out in their path from the shrubbery.

Without a word, they held up the deputies at the point of the guns with which they were armed, and went through their pockets till they found the keys on one which would unlock the handcuffs. A moment later, Norrie was free.

The lumbermen, first gagging them, drew the officers off the road and into the woods, and securely bound them to separate trees. Then the tallest of the trio of lumberjacks turned to Norrie.

"We've done all we could for you, now," he announced. "The rest is up to you. Run for it—through the woods. You stood up for us, and maybe we've paid you back for it. Good luck!"

The next moment, the forest had swallowed his rescuers. Norrie took their advice, and set off at a run in the opposite direction. For one hour, then two, he ran, halting only momentarily now and then to get his breath. Unfamiliar with the woods, he had no means of knowing whether he was not running through them in a circle. In that case, he would be as badly off as when he had been in the deputies' hands. He had read often enough of hunters who had been lost in forests as dense as this one, and starved to death. Was that fate to be his?

And then, through the trees ahead of him, Norrie saw a light. Night had closed in. And he made out, as he drew nearer to the light, that it shone from the window of a cabin in the heart of the woods.

On tiptoe, he stole up to that window and looked in to see who the occupant of the cabin might be. It was a girl—a girl, seated all alone before an easel that held a landscape painting, showing the surrounding forest by sunlight, on which she was putting the finishing brush strokes.



The two deputies who were taking Norrie to jail were seized by his masked rescuers

Norrie went to the door of the cabin and knocked.

"Can you tell me the way out of the woods?" he asked.

The girl who stood in the open doorway before him, on closer view, proved to be more beautiful than Norrie had supposed at his first sight of her.

"That depends," she answered, per-

ctly self-possessed, "on which direc-
on you follow. If you go that way"
-she pointed in the direction from
hich Norrie had just come—"it's a
ree or four hours' walk to the open."
"No—no, thanks," said the young man
hickly. "I'd rather go the other way."
"Then you wouldn't get out of the
orest before morning."
"You mean by walking? But perhaps
a buckboard—if I could get your
ather or your brother or—or your hus-
and to drive me——"
"I live here all alone," said the girl
almly. "Besides, you couldn't drive
nything through the forest. It's too
ense."
There was a pause. Norrie, still
reathing unevenly from his long run,
ood looking anxiously in the direc-
on the girl had indicated as that which
ould bring him out of the woods only
fter an all-night walk; while she stood
atching him.
"Pardon me," she said at length, "but
seems a little odd, if you are anx-
ous to get out, that you should prefer
o take the longest way——"
Norrie wheeled suddenly to look back
ver the way he had come. He had
eard the sound of voices and of many
eet tramping through the underbrush
n that direction. He guessed what had
ctually happened. The two deputies
ad been found gagged and bound to
heir trees; they had told the story of
is escape, and a posse had been formed
o start out in pursuit of him.
In another minute or two he would be
aught, and brought back to hang for
crime he had not committed, unless

"Listen," he turned to address the girl
efore him in a breathless undertone,
'I will tell you why I can't go back that
way. My name is Norris Ford—now
lo you understand? Surely you have
eard? Well, then, I have been accused
f murdering my uncle. More than
hat, I have been convicted by a jury,
who held the fact that my hunting knife,
with which the deed was done, being
found under my blanket, proved me
guilty of the act by circumstantial evi-
dence. I was sentenced to be hanged.
ut I escaped—I have just run here;
and now there is a posse coming after
me. I swear to you, as God is my judge,
that I am innocent! Will you hide me
in your cabin till the man hunt goes
by? Will you save my life, the life of
an innocent man?"

For a long minute, the girl looked deep into his eyes. Then she spoke, scarce above a whisper, as though to herself.

"You are innocent," she said in a tone of conviction.

Stepping back from the doorway inside the cabin, she beckoned him to enter. Her manner had become brisk, resourceful. With a finger on her lips, cautioning him to silence—for the tread of the approaching posse could be distinctly heard from inside the cabin—she came close to him and whispered in his ear:

"Go into that room behind you, and keep perfectly quiet. I will come and tell you when they have gone."

Norrie stepped noiselessly across the floor and hid himself in the room she had pointed out. The door had hardly closed behind him when there was a knock at the front of the cabin.

"No, I have seen nobody of that description," he heard the girl tell the sheriff, in answer to his questions. "Yes, I am quite sure. I think, when I tell you that I am all alone here in this cabin, that you will realize there is no necessity for searching it. I wouldn't be likely to shelter a strange man, under those circumstances, would I?"

Norrie heard the sheriff and his posse take their departure. He realized the sacrifice the girl had made for his sake, and a reverent feeling that was more than mere gratitude filled him.

When, ten minutes later, she tapped lightly on the door behind which he was waiting, as a signal that he might safely come out, he thanked her for the vast service she had done for him, and attempted to take his departure.

"You will have to stay here," she told him, "for several days—perhaps a week. They will surround all the openings to the forest, and be on the watch for you. You would run straight into a trap, if you tried to leave now. When they have given you up, then you will have a clear road to freedom.

To freedom! Little did she understand, Norrie told himself ruefully in the days that followed, what his future held for him now. At the very outset of his career his life was blighted. He was, and always would be, a fugitive from justice. The penalty that he had escaped paying for a crime that he had not done, would constantly be hanging over his head, ready to fall upon it at what moment he could never foretell. He was a social outcast. There was no position he could fill, in any respectable line of business, and so all his hopes of success were dead.

Then, added to everything else, was the fact that he had already fallen in love with this girl who called herself "The Wild Olive." It was the only name she would give, in response to all his pleadings and entreaties that she reveal her identity to him.

"Just call me that," she said laughingly, "and think of me as 'The Wild Olive' you found growing alone in the woods, after you have gone out into the world."

There it was again. She did not understand what his future was to be—or so he supposed. But she showed him his mistake, a week after his arrival at the cabin, by saying one night:

"I think you may safely go now. I have written out these directions for leaving the forest by the less-frequented paths; if you follow them, your chances of not being seen will be improved. And here is something else. It is a letter of introduction to some friends of mine in Buenos Aires. I have asked them to give you a position in their firm. Your expenses to South America are in this envelope. Oh, don't refuse—you can call it a loan, and return it to me when you are in a position to do so. Please take it. And now—good-by!"

Norrie took the hand she held out to him in leave-taking, and the other one with it. He looked deep into her eyes, as she had once looked into his.

"Why are you doing this for me?" he asked. "Is it because—can it be because you love me, as I have loved you, since the first hour my eyes rested on you?"

She lowered her eyes to the floor, blushing, a half-tender, half-teasing smile playing at the corners of her lips.

"When you come back—if you ever do," she whispered, "I will answer you, perhaps."

"Tell me now!" he urged fervently. "If nothing more, only that I may hope. I will work, as no man ever has before, to win the right to come to you and ask you what I cannot now—to be my wife. Tell me!"

She lifted her eyes, and they were shining. Without a word, she put her arms around his neck and drew his head

down. She kissed him, once, upon the lips.

And so they parted.

Thanks to the letter of introduction the girl of the woods had given him, upon his arrival in Buenos Aires, Norrie was given a position with the American firm of Stephens & Jarrett.

So well did he do the work intrusted to him that, at the end of a year, he had thrice been promoted. The senior partner of the firm and his wife both took an interest in the young man. And when their niece, a beautiful young girl named Evie Wayne, came down to



Mr. and Mrs. Stephens were ardent matchmakers.

South America to pay them a visit, they invited Norrie Ford to dinner to meet her.

Norrie Ford had changed his name to Herbert Strange—this in pursuance of the suggestion that he do so, which the girl that he knew only as The Wild Olive had made before he parted from her.

Norrie, ever since his arrival in Buenos Aires, had racked his brain in an effort to think of some way of corresponding with her. But there was no way. He couldn't write to her, without knowing whom to address the letter to. But of late he had been thinking of her less and less. How could they ever meet again? She was just a passing incident in his life.

And then he met Evie Wayne. She was the first pretty girl of his own age and station that Norrie had seen for more than a year. He had begun to fall in love with her the first night he met her. Her aunt and uncle, with the matchmaking bee in their bonnet, arranged that they saw each other often after that. And Norrie's love for her grew.

At last he proposed to Evie.

"I am going back home for a short visit," she told him, "and I will give you my answer when I come back. Let me have that much time to make up my mind."

Norrie had to content himself with that. At least, she had not refused him, he thought. And there was hope in that. Two weeks after Evie had gone back to the United States, he received a letter from her, and a summons from Mr. Stephens to appear in that gentleman's private office.

"I have made up my mind," was what Evie wrote. "And I know now that I love you. Father will tell you the rest."

When Norrie went into Mr. Stephens' office, the latter smilingly informed him that he also had received a letter from his niece on that mail. She had asked her uncle to appoint Norrie the manager of the Pittsburgh office of the firm so that they could be together—having told him that she had decided to engage herself to the young man.

"The appointment is yours," the senior member of the firm of Stephens & Jarrett told Norrie. "Not only because my niece asks it, but because your work here for us has merited the promotion. There is a steamer leaving this noon for the States, and if you hurry you may be able to catch it."

It need hardly be mentioned that Norrie hurried and caught the steamer.

For three good reasons he did not fear recognition as the escaped convict, Norrie Ford. One was a heavy beard that he wore, another was the responsible position he occupied, and the third was the long lapse of time since his escape.

But he reckoned without Dan, the sheriff of the Allegheny county where the murder had taken place, and who had since succeeded in securing a position with a private detective agency in New York City.

He happened to be passing when Norrie alighted from the steamer, and he wasn't fooled by the beard that the young man was wearing. He recognized him immediately. And he shadowed him to the railroad station, where seeing Norrie board the train for Pittsburgh, the ex-sheriff purchased a ticket and traveled on the same train with him to that Pennsylvania city.

Telephoning to Evie, as soon as he arrived in Pittsburgh, Norrie was informed by her that she was giving a dance that night, and that she wished him to hurry into his evening clothes and come right out to the house. She added that her dearest girl friend was stopping with her, and that she was anxious for Norrie to meet her.

The girl was none other than his Wild Olive!

Norrie learned her name at last. It was Miriam Strange. And he learned something else, besides, when Evie introduced him to her. It was that he had never really loved anybody else, and never could. At the first opportunity Norrie led her into the conservatory.

"How did you happen to come here?" Miriam asked.

Norrie, seated beside her, took his head in his hands and groaned.

"I am engaged to Evie," he confessed.

"What you will think of me, after all that passed between us, I don't know—but I deserve anything black you can say of me."

Miriam's face had whitened at his words. Norrie had been the first love of her life, and she had remained true to it during the year and more that had passed since last they met. A lawyer named Conquest had already proposed to her, and she had refused him.

"I am waiting for some one else," she had told him.

And Norrie, despite his protestations, had not waited for her!

"Evie is the dearest girl in the world," she said quietly. "And I wish you both every happiness in the world. I have no recriminations to make to you. You have followed your heart, and that is as it should be. You have told Evie, I suppose, of the risk you have run by coming back to the United States?"

"No," answered Norrie, "she knows nothing of it."

"But I think that is a mistake," protested Miriam. "If you are going to marry her, you should have no secrets from each other. I advise you to tell her everything."

Later that night, Norrie did so. But Evie did not take the news that her fiancé was a fugitive, with a death sentence for murder hanging over his head, in the way that would have been natural had she truly loved him, as she said she did.

"I can't marry you now," she told him, handing him back the engagement ring he had brought for her from Buenos Aires. "If I had known this before, I would never have engaged myself to you. A man with a charge of murder hanging over his head—*ugh!* It is too horrible."

Norrie told Miriam that Evie had broken her engagement to him. She misunderstood the true state of affairs—that Evie did not truly love him—and she decided upon the supreme sacrifice to bring them together again. She sent for Conquest the next day.

Explaining the facts of Norrie's case to him, she said:

"I will make a bargain with you. I do not believe Mr. Ford is guilty of this crime. If you can prove it, and lift the stain from his name, I will marry you, if you still wish it."

Eagerly the young lawyer accepted the terms of the bargain, and that same night he set out for the Allegheny county, where Chris Ford had been murdered. He returned to Pittsburgh in three days, and went straight to Miriam's home.

Norrie had arrived there ten minutes before him, and received a deathblow to all his hopes by learning from Miriam, when he told her that he had never loved Evie, and wanted to make her his wife, that she had pledged herself conditionally to Conquest.

Dan, the sheriff who had first arrested Norrie on the charge of having killed his uncle, had entered the room at this point—having got by the servant at the front door of Miriam's house—and placed Norrie under arrest a second time.

And then Conquest arrived.

"I have proved Mr. Ford's innocence," he declared triumphantly to Miriam. "Up in a lumber camp in the Alleghenies, I found a Canuck who was dying. A tree he was chopping down had fallen on him, and he had only a few more minutes to live. He made a complete confession, which I took down in shorthand, and to which he signed his name, that it was he who killed Chris Ford in revenge for the latter's having struck him. He used the hunting knife of the dead man's nephew, which he stole for the purpose, and afterward hid in his bunk, in order to divert suspicion from himself. Here is the confession," handing it to the ex-sheriff who had made Norrie a prisoner, "which completely exonerates this gentleman. You may let him go. The real murderer has paid the penalty for this crime, having passed away in the lumber camp before I left it to come back here."

Miriam, her eyes shining, ran to Norrie and threw her arms around his neck.

"Oh, I'm so glad!" she sobbed. "So glad!"



Miriam embraced Norrie before Conquest and the detective. "I'm so glad!" she sobbed. "So glad!"

Then she turned to Conquest.

"You have fulfilled your part of the bargain," she said gravely. "And I will live up to mine, whenever you wish."

But the young lawyer, having seen that her heart was already given to Norrie, smiled at them with an effort, and slowly shook his head.

"You owe me nothing," said he. Then he added with an assumed lightness which hid his aching heart: "Except to 'be happy.'"

Norrie turned and held out his arms to her, and Miriam came into them with a happy sigh. He had found his Wild Olive again.

A Good Business Deal

(AMERICAN)

By Richard D. Taylor

Introducing a new plan for controlling a man who could not control himself, as it was evolved by friends of such a person.

Bobby Shermann was sadly neglectful of his business, always short of funds, and too proud to accept money from his rich acquaintances. Still he was anxious to make money in order to marry. The plan that the girl adopted to help him, with the aid of two friends, and the surprising result make a story with a plot more unusual than often can be found. The story is taken from the picture of the American Film Manufacturing Company, in which the part of *Susan* is depicted by Vivian Rich.

CAN'T do it, Jerry, I haven't got a cent."

Bobby Shermann stuck both hands into his trousers pockets and fell backward into a chair. A forlorn expression passed over his face, but gradually changed to a faint smile. What was money, anyway, he thought, and if he had had any it would be spent before he had time to count how much it was.

"What, again!" cried Jerry Dean, and John Birch, the only other person present, made a like remark.

"Why don't you get down to business and obtain some regular clients? I'll bet you have more ability as a broker than over half of those in the city to-day who are making ten thousand dollars a year, and I'll also place another wager that you do less business, except from transient clients, than half of the brokers who are starving in the same city to-day. And why? Just because when some one comes in and loosens up with enough bank notes to take you for a month's vacation, or a week, as the case may be, why, you close up shop and take "a little trip," as you yourself express it."

When Jerry Dean finished his "lecture," which explained the case in very few words, John Birch began. He adhered to what Jerry had said, but, being more lenient, and having a drawing account on several banks, he made Bobby an offer.

"You come along with us to the dance," he proposed, "and I'll lend you fifty dollars to keep you afloat until you land some business. Don't come to the dance, and you don't get a penny."

"I don't want any of your blame' money—not any—do you understand?" snapped Bobby, his hitherto pleasant mood suddenly changing. And he turned on his heel and left the room.

"Well, what do you know about that?" gasped Jerry, when the door had closed with a slam. "I didn't know that Bobby had such a temper."

"Guess he's pretty touchy on money matters," was all that John could say. He was even more surprised than his friend at the way his offer had been taken.

And what John Birch had guessed was right. While Bobby Shermann realized his neglectfulness of business that was ever keeping him in a shortage of funds, and while he could stand almost any amount of "lecturing" from his friends concerning what he should do, still, if any one should offer, as had John, to allow him a loan of any amount of money, be it five cents or five hundred dollars, he was insulted. Often had there been misunderstandings with him and other men for the very same reason—and, therefore, when he left the house it was with a resolve never to speak again to either of the two young men who would have done anything in their power to please him.

On leaving the house, Bobby Shermann directed his steps toward the home of one for whom he would have done anything—possibly even accept a loan. It was Susan Garrick. Susan and Bobby had known each other since they had attended school together years before, and she was waiting patiently until he should make sufficient money for them to marry—it was patiently, indeed. The circumstances in which they were both situated was the only obstacle in the way of their happiness, for Susan, while not poverty-stricken, was far from rich, and Bobby—well, as Jerry had stated, he was poor, and the fault was his own. Much as he wanted Susan and often as he had promised her solemnly to "go to the office to-morrow and stay there until I am rich," it was the one thing that was absolutely impossible for him to do—to concentrate his attention on business. And consequently he was always "broke."

While Bobby and Susan were having a really pleasant time planning for the three-hundred-and-sixth time the glories of their married life, Jerry Dean and John Birch were planning themselves. But neither could strike upon any scheme for reforming their friend from his foolish habits of placing business ever before pleasure. The farthest they got was to decide to place the matter before Susan for her consideration, which would, no doubt, be a great help—for the sweetheart of the young and so-called broker had no mean limits to her planning powers.

And so, on the morning of the following day, the three were gathered in the parlor of the Garrick house, discussing the future welfare of one Bobby Shermann, who was at that moment occupying the seat before the desk in his downtown office, busily engaged for the first time in three weeks in an attempt to make money—at least, and probably at most, enough to pay the rent for the office, which fell three months in arrears on the next day.

It was after noon that Jerry and John rose from their chairs in the company of Susan, and a bright smile lit up their faces. Susan herself was cheerful enough to have made a suffragette be-

lieve that the Cause was all a joke. Evidently they had come to the proper place for help when they had picked out Susan.

During the course of the morning, sixteen sheets of typewriting paper had been filled with a mass of legal phrases and the telephone bill had been increased to the extent of three dollars and fifteen cents. But the plan suggested for the reformation of Bobby Shermann was thought to be well worth that and a great deal more. The two young men shook hands enthusiastically with the fiancée of their best friend, and promised to call again at six o'clock the same evening to learn how things were progressing. For the entire matter had been left in the hands of Susan Garrick to place into effect.

And then they left. Fifteen minutes later Susan ran down the front steps of her home, and hurried to the corner, where she boarded a surface car bound downtown. At Wall Street she alighted, hastened to an office building, and entered the private office of Arthur Conrad, the Garrick family lawyer.

It was a full two hours before the glass door bearing the gold letters "Private" opened, and Susan walked out. But when she did emerge from the presence of the lawyer, she brought out with her an unfading smile and a roll of papers which she carried tightly clasped in her hands—both hands. They were evidently precious to her.

At quarter past five, three-quarters of an hour before the appointed hour, the front-door bell of Susan's house rang, and Jerry and John were admitted. They inquired for the girl and anxiously awaited her.

It seemed hours to them before she entered the parlor, and they both hailed her in one voice with:

"How did you make out?"

In answer she produced the roll of paper that she had so carefully taken with her from the lawyer's office. The three of them scanned them scrutinizingly and then held a conference, at the end of which each produced a roll of yellow bills that would have stuffed a doll the size of the fat lady at a country fair—at least it seemed so to Susan, who had never before in her life seen so much money at one time, and she gravely doubted if all that she had ever seen at all, would, combined, have reached such an amount.

She took it and proceeded immediately to the telephone. It took her exactly an hour to call up sixteen different numbers and hold conversation with the parties at the other end of the wire. And then, on returning to the parlor, she explained that "hardly any one could understand it, and she would have to see a lot of them personally, or they would, and settle things definitely." This was agreed upon, and Susan made out three lists of names and addresses, one for Jerry, one for John, and the third she kept for herself. And then they parted.

It was three days later that Bobby Shermann was surprised to find, on answering his doorbell, that the three friends—or, rather, one and two former friends, accompanied by two men whom he had never seen before, were outside.

"You'll do me a favor," he addressed to Jerry and John, "if you will both leave me alone for the rest of your lives."

"Not so quick, my dear fellow," they replied coolly, stepping in through the open door in the meanwhile, "we have something very important for you."

And so, abiding to the requests of Susan, though very much against his will, Bobby led the way upstairs. And when they were seated, Susan took the part of spokesman and commenced an explanation.



Fifteen minutes later Susan left for the office of Arthur Conrad.

"First of all, Bobby," she began, "please read these over and sign them. Then I have something very important to tell you."

Bobby, in his characteristic way, paid no attention to what the documents contained, but unconcernedly attached his signature wherever Susan pointed out the blanks. Possibly he paid even less attention to the text than usual in order to hear what was "very important."

"Just pardon us for a moment," Susan said, when the papers had been signed. "We'll adjourn to the next room for a moment and return to tell you that important matter."

When they came in again, after about ten minutes, Susan began the task of relieving the surprised Bobby Sherman.

"Bobby," she said, with a grave look in her face but a mischievous twinkle in her eye, "we have come to give you several receipts and to read more carefully to you a document which you have just signed, and which was drawn up for us, Jerry and John and I, I mean, by Arthur Conrad, attorney at law. Here they are. Read these papers first, and these others that we have prepared ourselves, and then I shall present the receipts."

"What—what do you mean?" spurted Bobby. "You talk wild. Why, I don't even know Arthur Conrad—never heard of him, in fact."

"Just read those and you'll understand—maybe. And if you don't, we'll explain," broke off Jerry.

And Bobby did. He read and reread the documents three times, and then turned to the others with a look of bewilderment on his countenance.

"You've got me puzzled," he announced. "What does it all mean?"

"Just this," proceeded Susan: "That Jerome Dean and John Birch, through their agent, Susan Garrick," and she giggled a little before continuing, "have united and incorporated one Robert Shermann—spelled with two n's. They have, through Arthur Conrad, attorney at law, secured incorporation papers, which you have just read, and held a meeting at which a board of directors was chosen, of which Jerome Dean is president and secretary, and John Birch vice president and treasurer.

"Moreover, the directors of the corporation have paid all debts owed by Robert Shermann, Incorporated, and I present you herewith with the receipt for same." And Susan indifferently tossed another roll of papers into the astounded Bobby's lap. "The other papers, which you have read," she went on, "are the constitution and by-laws of the corporation of Robert Shermann, Incorporated—spelled with two n's, and consequently meaning yourself. In other words, and perhaps more clear ones, together we decided that you were entirely unable to properly care for yourself, because of foolish habits which you were unable to overcome, and so, with the aid of money supplied by Jerry and John we formed a corporation of you, paid your debts, drew up this set of laws, and, now that everything has been done, we, or, rather, Jerry and John, for I did not have enough money to contribute anything except my services, have full control over you and your destinies. Aren't you happy? Now we can be married, for no doubt the directors will issue an edict ordering that, and, being the controllers of the corporation, they shall have to stand the expenses."

Bobby sat in silence for a full five minutes. Could it be possible and was it legal, he was asking himself. Of course he finally decided, it was possible, and Susan settled the legality by introducing the other two men.

"Let me present Mr. Conrad and his assistant, Mr. Jackson, Mr. Shermann. They have just come to testify to the legality of the incorporation, and then they will leave, as they are in a hurry."

Bobby did not need their testimony. He nearly fell over trying to show them the door, and, as soon as they had gone and he had recovered his breath he spoke.

"Well," he blurted out, "that certainly is a fine piece of business. But I hate to think that I have to trust my interests to two such fellows as Jerry Dean and John Birch—of course, gentlemen, you will always be willing to accept suggestions from Susan, and I, being a member of the corpora-



Bobby indifferently wrote his signature in the blanks pointed out by Susan, paying little attention to what he was signing.

tion, will naturally have to be heard. Oh, hang it all, what's the matter with you people, anyway? Tear up those papers, and I'll go right down to the office and won't leave there until——"

"Never mind finishing," contradicted Susan; "I know the rest by heart. You've just got to get down to the grind now, and do what the directors tell you.

"In the first place, gentlemen, I ask," she said, turning to Jerry and John, "that you be kind enough to decide that our marriage be announced for next Saturday."

"And I make that into the form of a motion!" cried Bobby, suddenly becoming glad that things had taken the course.

"Not so easy," spoke up the president. "As a corporation, it is, you will agree, our duty to keep expenses as low as possible, and, if it can be done, to make money.

"Therefore, as Mr. Shermann's has not been seconded and so cannot be acted upon, I offer a resolution to the effect that Robert Shermann, of Robert Shermann, Incorporated, he authorized and ordered to woo, win, and wed an heiress. Said heiress to be already in control of as much money and property as will consider the man in question. I suggest Miss Edith Golden, an acquaintance of Mr. Birch's, as the woman."

"Second the motion," called John Birch.

"Wait a minute!" cried Susan. "What is this you are doing? Are you going to turn the tables on me after all that I have done?"

"Madam," answered Jerry, in a matter-of-fact tone, "we are simply looking out for the best interests of the corporation—financially." And then he continued:

"You have all heard the motion, gentlemen; all in favor please designate by the usual sign."

"Aye!" said Jerry and John together, a smile playing about their lips.

"All contrary, by the same sign," went on Jerry.

"Aye!" bellowed Bobby in a voice that could have been heard a block in the open.

"Motion is carried," announced the president. And then added:

"Mr. Shermann, you are authorized and ordered to woo, win, and wed an heiress, preferably Miss Edith Golden, to whom Mr. John Birch will introduce you at the first possible opportunity."

Bobby and Susan were hugging each other in a corner when Jerry finished. The latter was making apology after apology for the part she had played in bringing about the former's incorporation.

"Honestly, Bobby," she pleaded, "I didn't think that they'd ever do this. I thought that they would be able to furnish you with money and then we could be married. It's awfully mean of them. But perhaps something can still be done, and if it can, I'll do it."

And so, after hours of pleading in vain by both Susan and Bobby, the latter was introduced by John to the charming Miss Golden. She was far from what might have been expected from the way in which Bobby had protested against meeting her, and, in fact, there were not a few men who would have gladly carried out the order that had been given to Bobby. Nevertheless, every time that the man who had contributed unwillingly the name to the new corporation, looked at her, she winced. It made him think of Susan and the fact that he could not marry her, after all the years of waiting and planning.

But what could Bobby do? He was forced, legally, to woo the girl, and so, though very reluctantly, he began operations at once. When he and Edith Golden were together alone for the first time, they became quite intimate. She was a society girl, having become acquainted with John Birch in these circles, he being himself an active member of those who sought to have their money gain for them the pleasures of life. And as a society girl, she was used to men and their ways. For that reason it would have been hard to determine whether it was through politeness, fun, or real interest that she allowed her acquaintance with Bobby to proceed as it did.

Nevertheless, it was less than two weeks later that Bobby, in indifferent efforts to carry out orders, was repeating the parts of his love-making that he had memorized almost from his experiences with Susan. And Edith did not reject them. In fact, she seemed, much to Bobby's disgust, to be almost in love with him. And why? To be sure, he had not tried to make the showing that he had to Susan. And he could see no good traits—or, at any rate, no lovable ones—that he had displayed. Why didn't she turn him down? But she did not and that was all there was to it.

"Well," thought Bobby, one night after returning from her home, "if I don't get her, it'll only be go after some other girl who may not be half as nice, so I suppose I might as well be game. But first I'll put a good-sized hole in the bank account of Robert Shermann, Incorporated. Let's see. I've spent sixty-two dollars to-day, and seven hundred and fifty-four, beside the new automobile I had to get, since I met Edith. There is some satisfaction in being able to spend as much as I want and only have to hand in a report. At any rate, it serves those conspiring idiots good. But Susan——"

And Bobby fell to thinking of his lost love.

Three days later Bobby came home almost in a frenzy. He had been getting altogether too near to a proposal to suit himself, of late, and, having noticed it, the directors of Robert Shermann, Incorporated, had written to him ordering him to offer the proposal the next evening.

And then came Susan to the rescue with her ever-ready wits.

An hour after Bobby had returned home from a day with his prospective wife, his servant—he had necessarily employed one at the expense of the corporation—announced that Miss Garrick wished to see him.

Susan rushed in and grabbed him by the neck.

"Oh, Bobby," she cried, "we're going to be married, after all!"

"What?" he exclaimed, in amazement.

"It's true," she continued; "a very good friend of mine, a rich one, has bought me the controlling interest in Robert Shermann, Incorporated, and, of course, I'll have us married immediately."

"Great!" was all that Bobby could say before his words were smothered by kisses.

And married they were.

And on the day of the wedding came a letter from Jerry and John, saying briefly:

"Congratulations. And it might interest you to know that it would have happened anyway. Miss Golden joins us in the congratulations, and adds that even though it was a put-up job between John and her, there is a question as to who got the best of it. Robert Shermann, Incorporated, spent a lot of money.

"At any rate, it was a good business deal!"

From Champion to Tramp

(LUBIN)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

A story of the cinder path with foot-races aplenty, and a narrative wound around a gripping plot with incidents that will keep you reading to the end. Every one loves a champion, but no one has use for a tramp. Here's a man who was both in turns. How would you think the world would consider him? It's all told in this story based on the Lubin production of the same name. The play was written by Romaine Fielding, who played the leading role of *Shirley*. The other principals in the cast were:

Anderson.....Jack Lawton
Ethel Castock.....Vinnie Burns
Joseph Castock.....Roscoe Karnes
Jamison.....Harold Lynn

"AND now it's up to me."

Shirley Christy, recent winner of the intercollegiate championship for the mile, realized fully the weight of the words he had just uttered. Everything was up to him—to prove himself the best middle-distance runner in the world by defeating the representatives of the United States and foreign nations in the mile race of the international field events that afternoon.

Two months previous, when put in as a substitute in the intercollegiates, owing to the sudden illness of the best member, or, rather, the man who was up to that time supposed to be the best member, of the track team of the college which he attended, Shirley had astonished not only the spectators but even his coach, by covering the distance in the remarkably fast time of four minutes and seventeen and one-fifth seconds. He had drawn away from the others about three-quarters of a lap from the tape, and, by a sprint, the equal of which had never been witnessed on the track before, had crossed the line twenty yards ahead of his nearest rival.

From that time on, Shirley had been the idol of the college, and was considered to be the best runner in the United States by all the men in the game. Newspaper reports and letters from various colleges, offering him scholarships if he would attend their respective institutions, did not tend in the least to inspire conceit in the young runner, for it was a fact that no one was more surprised than he himself at the spectacular form he had shown in the intercollegiates. Before then he had considered himself, as did others, as a second-class runner. His demonstration in the big race, as the coach rightly surmised, was due to the fact that never before had he competed with such good men, and had never been pushed early enough in the race for him to realize the powers of endurance which he possessed. Many runners who are not forced to exert all their strength in an early sprint in a run—especially a mile—imagine that they are really tired before they are. When a man is pushed hard by opponents in the first part of a race, and survives in the lead, or near it, he runs mechanically after a quarter of the distance has been covered, and with the help of the element which is known to coaches as "sand," it is a difficult matter for another of the runners to pass him; whereas, if the same runner is not made to do his best at the beginning of a middle-distance race, and falls behind to one of the rear positions, he imagines that he is more "fagged" than is really the case, and consequently does not realize all the ability that he has.

Such was the case with Shirley Christy. He had never been in a position where responsibility prompted him to try his best to survive the early sprint, and had never been staked against men who were good enough themselves to make him do his best. But when he was in his true form, it would have taken a wonderful runner to pass him as soon as he realized that he was as good as the rest. His "sand" also played an important part in his victory in the intercollegiates.

And after that race, the coach took him into training, with prospects of making an international champion of him. Through the friendly efforts of that coach, Harry Courtney, and the influence he brought to bear, Shirley was named as one of the representatives of the United States in the international meet. So he sincerely thanked Courtney for what the latter had done, and added, as before mentioned:

"And now it is up to me."

Shirley Christy and Coach Courtney sat together near the track, watching interestedly the various events. For an international meet, things had been going in rather poor time until the half mile. In this, Jamison, an English runner, had run a spectacular race, finally winning from Anderson, another member of the college of which Shirley was a student. In fact, he was the very man in whose place Shirley had been placed in the intercollegiate meet. Both men were close until near the end of the last lap, when the foreigner proved his superiority by a fast sprint at the end, which increased in speed as they drew near the finish line. Anderson was not able to keep up to the pace, and came in in second place. As both Jamison and Anderson were to repeat in the mile, their showing in the half was followed carefully in every detail by both Courtney and Shirley, the latter having been saved for the mile run in

order that he might enter it in his best condition, not being handicapped by fatigue from competition in other events.

After the half-mile race, the runner and coach watched a few of the other races, mostly sprints, which did not interest them especially, as none of the contestants in Shirley's event were in them.

Finally one of the officials faced the stands and called in a loud voice through his megaphone:

"All out for the mile!" and repeated it several times.

Shirley felt a strange tingle start at the base of his spinal column and creep slowly upward, until he thought that he was blushing. But suddenly everything else was taken from his mind by a nudge in the side from Courtney, accompanied by the words:

"Now, go to it, boy, and show 'em that you're the best miler in the world—you know what that'll mean to you! Anderson is easy for you, you know that, and Jamison, who's the best man against you, won't be so hard to beat. Just start things off with a rush, and keep up the sprint for a little over a lap, and then ease down to your regular pace. At about half a mile, drop to second or third—not too far behind—and keep 'em worried by a lot of good sprints. Pull away from the bunch about the time you did in the intercollegiates. Do that, and when you come in there'll be a nice gold medal here for you, and all the pretty girls in the grand stand from England and Africa will want to walk home with you. Now, beat it! Good luck!"

With a smile of confidence, and Courtney's words of advice still ringing in his ears, Shirley toed the mark, crouched down into position, and waited for the gun. At last he heard the words: "Ready, set," and then the shot.

Like a bolt, the men dashed forward with the speed of a hundred-yard dash. For almost half a lap the lead belonged to no one in particular, all the runners being bunched, but then they began to string out little by little. Shirley occupied a place about four yards in the rear of the pacemaker until nearly a lap had been covered. At this point, he suddenly let loose into a still faster sprint than the rest, and, showing a spurt of his true form, dashed to the fore. Jamison and Anderson were close at his heels, doing their utmost to maintain their positions. Shirley clutched tightly to the corks in his hands, and a quick glimpse at Jamison showed that he was doing the same. Anderson, however, carried none, but his hands were closed tightly, showing the strain that he was experiencing. It was nearly two laps before the runners showed any signs of slowing down to a normal pace, and on the bench Courtney began to worry. He was afraid that such a long sprint would wear too hard on his man, and he was almost angry that Shirley had not stopped the dash, as he had specified, at one and a half laps. But he thought, "Guess the lad knows what he's doing. He won the intercollegiates with his own head and legs. I'll wait and see what he can do."

Evidently his faith was not misplaced, for Shirley held the lead for another full lap. Then Jamison crept up closer and pushed the American boy harder. From then until the end of the fourth lap—the half-mile mark—the race was an exceedingly fast one. Jamison and Shirley kept close together, with Anderson trailing at their heels. Apparently the latter was saving his strength until the last.

At the beginning of the second half, Shirley slackened a little, but lengthened his stride accordingly, and Jamison went slowly ahead. Anderson, for the first time in the race, showing the use of any tactics, forged closer, and began a short sprint which ended with him in second place, Jamison pacemaker and Shirley a close third. In this way they proceeded for another lap. Then Shirley pressed up, and both of the men ahead of him exerted all their power to keep where they were. The sprint was short, but was soon followed by another and still another. The race was a grueling one, and was practically confined to the three men mentioned, the others trailing along the field, until the last of them were almost overcome by the leaders.

It was just before the beginning of the last lap that Shirley, as well as the others, was given an opportunity to demonstrate his true ability. The former shot ahead like an arrow, and passed both Jamison and Anderson. They, however, did not allow him to gain much lead, and worked hard to force their way ahead. Jamison proved that he was no mean miler by closing up the gap that separated him from Shirley, and Anderson covered ground in an amazing manner, until the three were almost abreast. For about fifty yards, the men remained this way, but then Shirley, seeming to summon up superhuman strength, began to pull away from his rivals slowly. He was about a yard ahead, perhaps, when the English runner emitted a sharp cry, and staggered to the side of the track, covering his face with his hands. He had



Shirley was discharged from the Athletic Union forever.

dropped out of the race—but evidently not of his own accord.

Anderson tried his best to catch Shirley, and both dashed on in a furious sprint, as though unaware of the fact that the English runner had stopped. And then came what proved that Shirley was by far the best mile runner in the world Lengthening his already long stride, and adding speed to what seemed before almost impossible, he literally "ran away" from Anderson, and crossed the tape with a full ten yards to spare.

As he broke the tape, Courtney was there with outstretched arms, in which he caught him.

"Well, old man, I did it," Shirley said in an exhausted voice that was almost a whisper.

"You certainly did!" was the answer. "But what happened to Jamison?"

Shirley looked up in surprise. "Got second or third, didn't he?" he asked.

"Not by a good deal!" replied the coach. "He fell out, with a scream, about two hundred yards from the tape. Was running a fine race, too. Let's go over and see what was wrong."

As they approached the group around the Englishman, a hiss broke out. Shirley and Courtney were both taken aback, wondering what the meaning of it could be.

"That's a fine way to win a race!" one of the men cried sarcastically; and other similar remarks were passed, none, however, revealing the cause of their indignation. Shirley did not have to wait long, though, for an explanation, and when it was given, it came as a blow.

One of the officials stepped forward and stated in a tone in keeping with the badge of authority which he wore:

"Mr. Christy, a charge has been made against you—you and Mr. Anderson, rather—by the English team, for the deliberate throwing of pepper into the eyes of Mr. Jamison during the race."

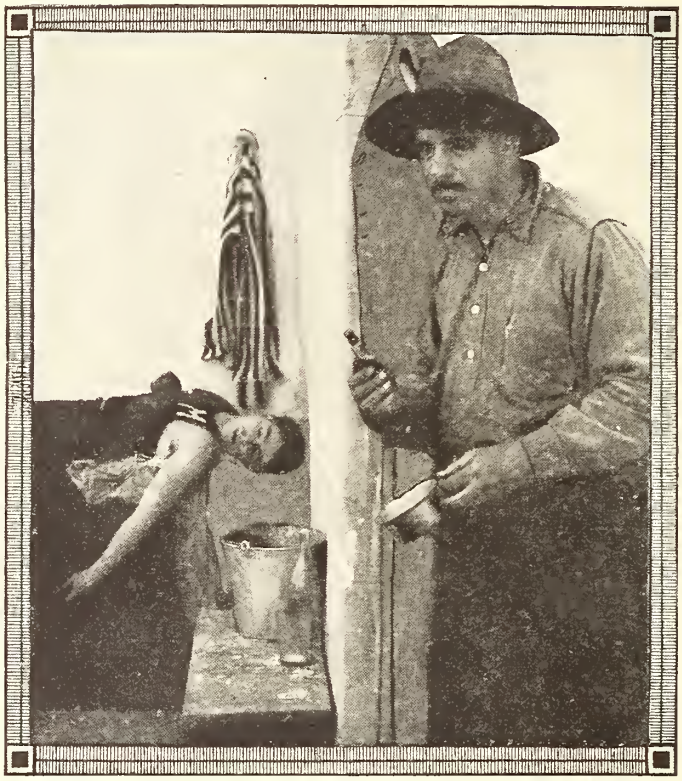
"What!" called Shirley and Courtney in one voice. "Pepper?"

"Exactly," repeated the official; "and it blinded Mr. Jamison so that he could not finish the race."

There was a pause, and then Shirley drew Courtney aside and said in a low voice to him:

"You, of course, know that I am not guilty of such a dastardly act, but it may be of interest to you to know, if you did not notice it yourself, that Anderson did not carry any corks in the race."

A scowl came over the coach's countenance. Then he muttered in an angry tone:



He picked up a small bottle, half full of a dark mixture.

"Things look pretty bad. There won't be much chance against Anderson; you know what influence he has with the Athletic Union. He can get out of any scrape, if there is any excuse—and you are the excuse in this case."

And then the officials made the announcement to Courtney that a hearing of the board of directors of the Athletic Union would be held to decide the matter, and that notice would be forwarded to Shirley to appear and offer defense. With this information, the two men left, with forlorn faces, for the dressing rooms. On the way, they were informed that Shirley had covered the mile in four minutes and fourteen seconds flat—a new world's record.

"And probably all for nothing, except my own satisfaction," the accused runner muttered.

It was a little more than a week later, that Shirley received word that the hearing was to take place on the following day, and summoning him to be present.

Courtney and Shirley both attended the meeting, and were disgusted at the proceedings. Evidently Anderson had interviewed each member separately, and succeeded in prejudicing him against Shirley by exerting the influence that he controlled, for every argument that was offered by the young middle-distance runner was crushed by the board, and even a fair trial was not given. As a result, not only was Shirley robbed of the laurels due him for winning the international mile and breaking the world's record at the same time, but he was also denied the privilege of ever racing again. He was discharged from the Athletic Union forever! And, what made matters still worse, Anderson, the man guilty of the act for which Shirley was convicted, was made the international champion by his disqualification.

From that time on, Shirley lost all interest in not only athletics, but even life and himself. Despite the pleadings and sympathy of Courtney, he left college and started on the downward path. Not on the downward path that is followed by those of the underworld, but on that path where may be found men who live merely because it is the natural order of events, and not because they wish to.

Shirley, carrying in his trousers pocket the remainder of the money which he had intended to use for college tuition and the expenses of keeping up his education, left for the West. He was fairly well dressed, and no one

would have suspected that the real reason for his leaving the East was that he 'wanted to get as far away from everything as the money he had would pay for transportation."

He alighted from the train in Arizona, with but little in the way of United States bank notes, but that did not trouble him at all. The sooner he expended that, he thought, the farther he got from the world and those in it. "If a man can play the coward and be considered a hero at the expense of another," he reasoned, "then I don't want to be a man."

And he was not. It was a very short time later that Shirley was wandering through the mountains dressed in what remained of clothes he had worn from the East, and without a cent in his pockets. During the day, he sauntered along the dusty, narrow roads, bound for nowhere—just walking, walking, walking, until something very kind, perhaps sickness, but preferably death, would stretch out its hand—yes, a helping hand, for what had he to desire to live? He was despised by the world and every one in it, with the probable exception of Harry Courtney—but what was he now? Would Harry Courtney care to have it known that he was the friend of a tramp? Tramp—as Shirley thought the word, he repeated it aloud. Tramp! That was what he was—a poor, miserable tramp, with no one and nothing to live for. Perhaps if there had been some one—a girl or —— But there wasn't, so what was the use of thinking of it? And Shirley Christy walked on.

At noon, he stopped at whatever house seemed the most friendly, and begged a meal. If the woman in it wished work done in payment for her generosity, he did it—but he hurried, for it delayed him on his walk to the end of life. In the evening, he watched as he trod along, for an inviting spot in which to spend the night, and, finding it, he lay down and slept until daybreak. Always he was up at daybreak to continue his endless journey.

On a day after he had spent several years of this life of misery—probably more miserable than had ever before been spent by any one in his or any other position, he applied for his supper at a little cottage situated on a lonely part of a mountain road. The occupants of the place were two, an old man and his aged wife. Both were hospitable, and, despite the fact that he made such a disreputable appearance, seemed to take a certain degree of interest in him. The man invited him to his place at the table, and told him to eat heartily, but in the meanwhile questioning him closely. At the question: "Why don't you find work?" Shirley started in his chair.

"Because," he answered, "that is too much like real life, and I—don't want to live." The old couple appeared affected by the statement, and put their persuasive powers to a combined test. It revealed that the man was employed in a mining camp not far distant, and that he wished the young stranger, Shirley, to seek work there also. He had taken an interest in the self-appointed tramp, due to the fact that he was so unlike the usual person of the type which he represented, inasmuch as he spoke refined English, and in spite of the years spent in his present rôle, he by instinct had manners that showed good breeding.

And, after several hours of argument, Shirley was persuaded to apply for a position in the mining camp in which the old man worked, and he thought that his college engineering course would prove a great asset to him, although he did not mention to his hosts that he had been at one time a college student.

Therefore, the following day found him at the mine early in the morning. And before he had been in the half-fallen-down shack—which was called the office—five minutes he was again a man, and did not know whether to be glad or to repent the step that he had taken—and it was not due to the fact that he had applied for work except indirectly. The real reason was, the man to whom he made the application. On entering the superintendent's office, Shirley walked briskly around to the front of the roll-top desk, at which the man in charge sat. He opened his mouth to speak, but kept it open. Before him sat—Anderson! The same Anderson who was responsible for the miserable life to which he had been reduced.

"Want work?" the man at the desk asked, with a sneer.

"No, not if you are to be my boss!" was the quick reply. "I've had all I want of you except about that five minutes. I'll spend that in altering your face. But I'll postpone the event until I have time to tell whoever your employer is what kind of a man you are."

"Go ahead and do your worst," invited Anderson, "if you think he'll believe you. Say, by the way," he added, with a spark of evil in his eye, "why don't you come to the athletic meet at Big Falls to-morrow and see me run? I'm still the mile champion of the world, you know, and keep up in athletics. It'll be a good race."

Shirley stared him in the face for a full minute, and then said slowly:

"Don't add insult to injury, or you may get that licking before I expected to administer it. Good day—but I'll see you again soon," and Shirley stalked out of the building.

The next day, one of the first men to arrive at the track at Big Falls was Shirley Christy. He found and introduced himself to Anderson's closest rival for the mile run, and helped to rub him down, meanwhile warning him to be careful of the crafty and unscrupulous Anderson.

"He's a mean man, and as dirty a runner as ever paced a cinder path—so mark my words, and be careful. It's just a word to the wise."

And then Shirley left the dressing room of his new friend and went about the grounds, promising to return just before the race, and give a last massage to his muscles.

The mile run was one of the last events on the program, and, after getting a line on the ability of the various competitors by watching closely the preceeding races, Shirley returned to the clubhouse, with the intention of informing his friend that the worst man to be feared, not only because of the methods he employed, but also by his fast running, was Anderson.

But when Shirley entered the dressing room a discouraging surprise was in store for him. There on the bench lay Connors, the best runner beside Anderson, apparently asleep or unconscious. The tramp and ex-champion miler ran over to the prostrate form of the lad and bent over it. A shaking proved that the worst was true—the man was not in a natural sleep, for no amount of calling or shaking could wake him.

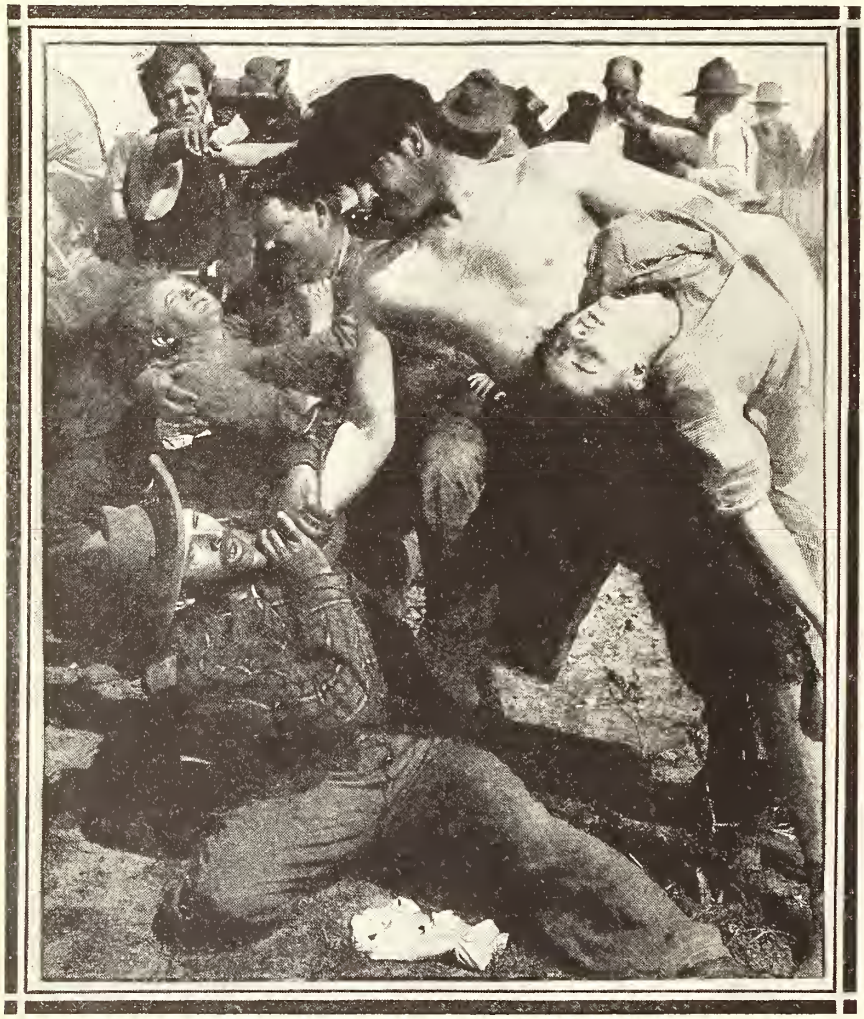
Shirley rushed toward the door, through it and to the water basin just outside. He leaned over to draw a cup-

ful of water from the faucet, when his eyes caught sight of something half hidden by dirt, in a far corner of the building—something that interested him. He stopped in the act of turning the handle to obtain the water, and walked over to the object on the floor. It was a small bottle, about half full of a dark mixture, and bore no label. Shirley extracted the cork and put the vial to his nostrils. That was enough—that and the fact that Anderson was one of the competitors in the same race as Connors. He was satisfied that his friend of recent acquaintance had been drugged when he had taken a drink.

"It's a shame," thought Shirley, "that a man as good as Connors should be robbed of his chance in this race! If he had beaten Anderson, who claims the championship of the world, it would have meant a lot to him. I wonder if —— By George, I'll try!" he finished, with a ring of determination in his voice.

And it was barely ten minutes later that the judge called:

"All out for the mile!' and began calling the names of the contestants. When he reached the name of Connors, there was a pause, and then followed an announcement: "Christy substituting for Connors—sudden illness."



He grabbed up the prostrate form of the girl.

Shirley emerged from the dressing room in a borrowed running suit, just as the judge finished the roll call. He cast a glance about the field to gain a sight of Anderson, and when his eyes finally lighted on that individual they clearly showed the pleasure that he felt. The latter, having been foiled in his attempt to put a good man out of the race, had involuntarily put a better one in his place.

And then came the race. It was almost a repetition of the international event, except that Jamison did not figure, and Anderson had improved where Shirley had decreased in ability from the lack of practice and training.

The first quarter mile saw the runners, with some few exceptions, in a crowd. By the end of the halfway mark, Anderson was leading and Shirley followed several yards behind. And then, realizing that time had played hard with the latter, placed all hope in wearing out his rival. He started with a long sprint, dropped back for only half a lap to a normal pace, and commenced a series of short but exceeding fast dashes, all of which served to give evidence that the man in the lead was tiring quickly. Shirley's life in the open and constant walking had been some help to him, despite the fact that he had not run for several years, and, with the aid of these and an abundance of "grit," he began the last sprint almost two laps from the end. It was a wonderful demonstration of running. After the beginning of the last lap, Anderson had no chance, and Shirley crossed the finish line a quarter of a lap ahead, amid the cheers of a thousand throats.

But a damper was put on the glory he had earned by a scowl delivered by the man without morals—Anderson. It was plain that he bore no good to the old enemy of the cinder track, and promised trouble.

But Shirley did not rest at simply beating Anderson in the race. There was more at stake for him. By convincing arguments and incriminating evidence from both himself and Connors, when the latter had recovered, the real title holder of the international mile succeeded in bringing the claimant of the world mile before the proper authorities, and, in Arizona, without the influence that he controlled in the East, he received that which he well deserved —the sentence that had been imposed, through his efforts, on Shirley. And Shirley was soon after reinstated as a registered member of the Athletic Union, the charge of some years previous having been withdrawn, and the title of champion miler of the world, as well as holder of the world's record for that distance.

Anderson, not fazed by his disgrace, continued his work in the mining camp. And Shirley, now no more the ambitionless man of such a short time before, frequently could be seen in the vicinity of the mine. He was trying to learn the working of the business, with the intention of seeking, as soon as he was well enough acquainted with the work, a position in one of the other mines in the State, some distance away.

It was on one of these visits that another thing occurred which served even more than his victory over his enemy, Anderson, to bring him back the proper view of things. And it was brought about by Anderson's own hand.

The owner of the mine, Joseph Castock, was going over the grounds with his daughter, watching the men and the work. Suddenly all the men, inspired, as was later brought to light, by promises of better positions if a strike succeeded, dropped their work in a body and rushed at Castock. Shirley was standing not far away at the time, and, seeing that not only the owner but his daughter, also, were in a dangerous position, for the men in their fury would not let a woman interfere with their plans, rushed to the aid of the helpless ones.

When he reached the scene, the girl had already been struck a glancing blow on the head by a shovel in the hands of one of the men. She fell over, and was lying on the ground when Shirley arrived. He wrenched a pick from the hands of a near-by striker and swung it right and left until those around were forced back by the fury of the blows. Grabbing up the girl, who was now prostrate, and shouting a word into the ear of Castock, Shirley pushed the mine owner ahead of him, and followed closely with the woman in his arms. Only often enough to turn and deliver a well-directed blow at one of his pursuers, did he halt, and finally they reached the Castock automobile, which had been left not far away. The chauffeur had already started the engine when he saw them coming, and in another minute the party was speeding to safety, though not unhurt.

And then came the real change in the life of Shirley Christy.

As soon as the injuries received by him in the mine battle had healed, Mr. Castock, through gratitude for his heroic act, placed him in the mine, with a promise that as soon as he had obtained sufficient knowledge of the business to warrant the responsibility, he would be given the position vacated by Anderson through his discharge, which immediately followed the strike. New men had been secured to take the places of the old, untrustworthy employees, and the work progressed better than ever before. Shirley's advancement was even sooner than was expected, for, with the aid of his college education in engineering and natural ability to learn quickly, it was scarcely two months before he was superintending the mine.

Meanwhile, to make life for him what he had never supposed it could be, other powers were at work. Ethel Castock, the girl he had rescued from the strikers, was far from the least interested in Shirley's progress. In fact, in the time that followed the uprising at the mine, Ethel and Shirley had become sweethearts with the hearty approval and consent of her father, Joseph Castock.

"Do you think, Ethel," Shirley asked her one day, with a half-fearful feeling in his heart, "that you could trust your life to a man who has been a tramp? Will you take the risk of becoming my wife?"

"Risk?" she echoed, in proud scorn of self-condemnation. "There is none. Not with a man who has won back all that he has lost, as you have, by nerve and courage. I will trust myself to you for life gladly."

Shirley Christy threw back his shoulders with a deep breath of satisfaction.

"Your father has done everything for me," said he. "And now you've done the best thing that could have happened to me. You've come into my life. And you've told me that you trust me. I'm not going to disappoint you.

"And now it's up to me."

Why.

J. P. McGOWAN, the producer of the "Hazards of Helen" pictures for the Kalem Company, and Helen Holmes, his daring leading woman, are constantly receiving letters from the railroad men of the States complimenting them upon the accurate manner in which this strictly railroad series is presented to the public. The reason for this is not far to seek. All of the principals in the cast have at one time or another been workers on a railroad. McGowan himself was once chief clerk to the superintendent of the Galveston, Harrisburg and San Antonio Railroad; and, moreover, he asserts he rode "beneath" more than once.

Helen Holmes was born in her father's private car when he was a prominent official on the Chicago and Eastern Illinois line, and she was the model for the well-known Santa Fe advertisement pictures, "The Santa Fe Girl."

H. Z. Wood ran a locomotive out of Chicago on the Chicago & Northwestern for twenty-eight years.

G. A. Williams was a conductor on the same line. Tony Merchantson was roundhouse foreman for the Southern Pacific; and the leading man, Lee Maloney, is an ex-engineer of the Chicago, Burlington and Quincy line.

All of these men and women thoroughly understand what to do and how to do it in the right way, so it is not so remarkable that the "Hazards" pictures are given correctly as far as the technical details are concerned. Added to this, every member of the cast thoroughly enjoys the work.

From Six Feet Up.

WHAT is conceded the greatest galaxy of motion-picture stars, when height and weight are concerned, ever gathered together in one studio, are working under the direction of Director W. Christy Cabanné, in the Reliance-Majestic (Mutual) studios in Hollywood, California.

Here are some of them:

A. O. Sears, six feet three inches, weight 190 pounds; Alfred Paget, six feet one inch, weight 180 pounds; Wallace Reid, six feet two inches, weight 190 pounds; William Hinckley, six feet two inches, weight 175 pounds; Elmo Lincoln, six feet one inch, weight 240 pounds; George Walsh, six feet, weight 190 pounds; and last, but not least, Tom Wilson, who stands six feet three, and weighs 240 pounds before breakfast.

The shortest man in the studio is Director Cabanné, who stands five feet six inches, and weighs 172 pounds. Nevertheless, the big fellows all respect him, despite the difference in height and weight.

Plays and Players

Edward J. Le Saint.

EDWARD J. LE SAINT, the popular producer with the Selig Polyscope Company, was born in Cincinnati, Ohio, to American parents. His name he inherited from his father's people, who were French. Educated in Cincinnati, he was a fair scholar, and while he went in for sports generally, he did not shine particularly in any one of them.

On completing school, he entered the railroad business, and was a clerk in the auditing office of the Q. & C. line, but the desire to go on the stage was too strong for him, and he went into stock in his home town under the manage-



ment of James Neil—now acting and directing with the Lasky forces in Los Angeles. There he played for two seasons and cut his eyteeth and showed enough ability to encourage him to go on. For fifteen years he was in prominent stock and road companies and traveled far and wide, enacting every imaginable sort of part, from bits to leads, as he puts it.

For three years he was with the Brady forces, and played the stockbroker in "The Man of the Hour" for a long time. Then attention turned to the motion pictures, where there were no lay-offs, no traveling, and where he could make a home and live quietly in one place. He joined and worked for eight months with the Imp Company, the earlier part of the time as an extra, to get his hand in, but later came to the coast with that company and commenced to direct. When the Universal was formed, and took in the Imp, he went to New York and joined the Kinemacolor forces, with whom he remained until they closed their studios.

It was over a year ago that Mr. le Saint made connections with the Selig Polyscope Company, and he has been with it since. In that time many of the best Selig releases have been produced under his direction.

Mr. le Saint is one of the most careful directors in picturedom, and is extremely artistic by nature. He is a capable artist and has exhibited both oils and water colors and has written a number of magazine articles upon both literature and art. He has had the same camera man and principals with him ever since he joined Selig, and is proud of that fact.

Mr. le Saint's longing for a permanent home has been carried out, perhaps better than he had hoped for, inasmuch as the well-known Selig actress, Stella Razeto, shares it with him—as his wife.

Naomi Childers.

NAOMI CHILDERS, who is a prominent member of the Vitagraph players, though young in years, has a mass of experience behind her which few of her sister artists can boast of. Miss Childers is a St. Louis girl, and her histrionic efforts date back to her fifth year, when she appeared at the Odeon in St. Louis in "Alice in Wonderland." After that she had a very versatile career, sometimes as a fancy dancer, other times as an elocutionist, and as a lovely exponent of ancient Greek poses. Following this, she turned to the legitimate stage, and here again she was prominent in many metropolitan successes. She supported William Courtenay in "Ready Money," Dorothy Donnelly in "Madame X," Henry Kolker in "A Great Name," and William Faversham in some of his productions.

In due time the films claimed her, and in this line her clever versatility has stood her in good stead, running the scale as she has from comedy to tragedy, and in all she has been highly successful. One of her finest bits of emotional work was exemplified in "The Hand of God." "Coming Thro' the Rye," which is from her own pen, is a three-reel subject in which the authoress prominently figures.

In St. Louis, during the early part of her career, Miss Childers was known as "The Pride of St. Louis." This has now been changed by her admirers to "The Goddess of the Screen," who uphold that her queenly bearing and Grecian beauty



entitle her to the cognomen. This is probably carrying enthusiasm a little out of sight, when it is considered that the screen boasts of Mary Pickford and many others before Miss Childers, but it cannot be denied that credit in her is not misplaced.

Blow Up House by Dynamite.

OUT in Santa Barbara the general public was invited recently to view the filming of a thrilling scene designed for inclusion in the four-part Mutual masterpicture, "The House of a Thousand Scandals." The production is being superintended for the

American company by Director Thomas Ricketts, and plenty of action preceded the chief incident, the blowing up by dynamite of a specially constructed house. A large crowd assembled to see the explosion, and a crowd of four hundred "extras," whom Mr. Ricketts had been rehearsing for over a week, added to the picturesqueness and realism of the scene.

The result, as shown on the screen, is one of the best visualizations recently incorporated into moving pictures, and the American company, in consequence, feel entirely justified in the large expenditure they have been put to.

Gladys Hulette.

GLADYS HULETTE, one of the youngest leading women of the present day and a member of the Edison Company, was born in the State of



New York and achieved much fame as a child actress. One of her most important engagements was as *Tyltyl* in "The Blue Bird," which gained her much popularity.

After a good deal of experience on the legitimate stage, Miss Hulette was prevailed upon by the Biograph Company to pose for motion pictures, her first part being that of the unhappy prince in "Richard the Third." She has been with the Edison Company for several years, and been featured in a good many of the productions, beside having turned out several good plays, which the company has put on the screen. Prominent among these was "Jean," in two reels, which was very popular.

To mention all the different motion-picture plays in which this talented young artist has appeared would be a task requiring a great deal of time and space, but two important subjects, however, may be mentioned in which Miss Hulette prominently figured. They are "The Mission of Mr. Foo," in which she played the ambassador's daughter, and "Joe and His Troubles," in which she played her first "rube" part. Miss Hulette has immense personality, and, being a brunette of more than passing beauty, it is not surprising how great a favorite she has become with many of the "movie fans."

Beaumont and Bullets.

WAS it the inherent love of the dramatic in Italian nature that caused two sunny sons, vehemently arguing, to stop in front of the Edison studio the other night, in the hopes of the motion picture catching the feud? At any rate, when the two whipped out two revolvers, and began punctuating their arguments with bullets, handsome Harry Beaumont—instead of themselves—did some of the fanciest high stepping ever recorded on the screen. When Harry was rescued out of a near-by tree, there were some of suspicious nature who averred that Harry, because he had a bullet hole in his coat under the arm, had been trying to tuck away some lead as a souvenir of the occasion. However, Harry believes that war, like charity, should begin at home—in Italy—and adds that it should stay there. "I'm for peace at any price!" says Harry.

The new Morosco-Bosworth picture, "Kilmeny," has seen the coining of some amusing new phrases.

In an exciting scene where a big barn was burned, Billy Atkinson, who plays a juvenile, was cautioned by Director Apfel not to make his entrance too soon, whereupon he was heard by witnesses to say:

"All right, sir; I'll wait till you blow the megaphone." He denies it, but he said it just the same.

That same day Lenore Ulrich, the star of "Kilmeny," had her first horseback ride in the fox-hunt scene, and delightedly told every one she met thereafter of how she "steered the horse all over the lot."

So Morosco-Bosworth social circles are now "blowing megaphones" and "steering" horses as the latest popular fads.

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

The five leading female slapstick comedians? Here they are. Some talented gathering: 1. Mabel Normand; 2. Fay Tincher; 3. Minta Dufree; 4. Billie Rhodes; 5. Mabel Spade. Quite some feminine laugh-producers, eh?

Another film company has entered the field. It is the Federal Film Company, and their first two comedies, "Nothing But Love," and "His Jealous Wife," are as good comedies as have been seen in a long time.

Charlie Ray and Bessie Barriscale will be seen shortly in a four-reel Tom Ince feature, "The Painted Soul." From the reports received it ought to be even better than "The Cup of Life," which is saying much.

Marshall Neilan, junior, son of the famous star, is bound to be a tennis player, according to his father. I live right next door to him, and you can take it from me, he surely knows how to raise a racket.

"The Second in Command," the first Metro release with Francis X. Bushman, is meeting with great success over the country, which is a great tribute to the star's popularity.

Mae Marsh, the Griffith star, has asked for a raise of two hundred dollars. She gets so many requests for photographs and letters that it costs her a bundle of money to keep up her popularity.

A new program will be in the field shortly. It is the Associated Service. Cartoons will be on their regular releases.

James Aubrey, of the United forces, has had a very bad time of it for the last month. Jimmie received a bullet in his leg, and his nose was broken twice. Quite some list of accidents to happen to one fellow all in one month, eh? Jimmie is still on the job, however.

Next week I will publish what in my opinion would be the greatest cast that could ever be assembled. Watch for it.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

KNOWING LIFE.

PERHAPS nothing is so apt to discourage the amateur author as the feeling that he cannot write good scripts because he does not know life. Should he shake off the cloak which covers him and keeps him convinced that he must live before he can write, he would undoubtedly see a great light. There is no one capable of using his brains even to the slightest degree that cannot know life, regardless of his environment, though, of course, the more developed the intellect, the keener the knowledge.

A scenario writer who has been in the game for several years, and who was one of the first to realize the possibilities of the silent drama, recently remarked to us that he studied the people around him and watched closely the things that were daily occurrences in the lives of himself and his acquaintances. That is the secret of the whole thing. You have to watch and study the things that are under your very nose. And, strange as it may seem, the things that are closest are hardest to recognize.

A man may have lived a life of adventure and may have had experiences which would be termed impossible if offered in fiction form, but he is none the better off unless he can get the right "slant" at them and see them in a way that would interest others. A store clerk or a factory girl may daily go through the same routine and live what appears to be the dullest kind of a life, but if he or she watches and studies the objects near to the heart, more material may be developed than the adventurer could supply.

It is just a case of getting under the surface of the life you are living. Seeing romance where there seems to be nothing but a constant routine. It does not mean you must have gone through every experience you set down. Far from that. You may never have had any experience similar to the ones you write about, but you know that such things could happen, and your imagination does the rest. The thing you want impressed on your mind—and it can be impressed only by study—is a broad knowledge of life as it is lived. You must know why men and women do things that they do.

Do not think that because you know your neighbor Jones drinks a little too much now and then and is sometimes very funny when in this condition, you can write the things he does into a farce comedy. Just think the matter over and ask yourself this question: "Why does he drink to excess when he has such a beautiful wife and cute kiddies waiting for him at home every night?" Out of this question could spring the germ for a plot dealing with a man's struggle against drink. His failure to win over the vice because of his lack of self-control. The working out of how he conquered the habit would be of absorbing interest—if the subject were a fit one; this is not.

We hope our readers understand what is meant by "knowing life" now, and that they will not for a moment let the fact that they have lived in one house and held one position all their lives keep them from going ahead and writing. Some of our greatest masters' lives yielded nothing themselves which could be used for fiction, but their thinking over life around them brought forth masterpieces of literature.

DON'T USE THEM.

Have you ever read a story or article where an author constantly repeated one or two words? Probably you have not, because they are few and far between now, but if you have, you know how exasperating it is.

The same effect is gained by constantly using "registers," "business of," et cetera, in a scene—the director being the one affected, as the editor is hardened and does not allow anything to grate on his nerves. It is really most uncalled for, and the sooner amateurs learn that the simpler the language of their scripts, the better off they'll be, the sooner directors and authors of photo plays are going to draw together. We have said before that a script should be written in straight-from-the-shoulder English and that the fewer technical terms a writer used the more popular he would be with people whose business it is to make films daily.

Technic is technic, but there is much more to writing photo plays than that, and it is far better to inject "new stuff" into a script than to varnish its exterior with technical phrases. When tempted to say "business of" or something similar again, simply say "so and so does this or that." Dodge all other technical terms in the same way. We would be able to give a list a column long of the various names most amateur photo-playwrights believe they must memorize before they can gain success, but what's the use?

WORKING ON THE PLOT.

We wonder how much time the majority of our readers give to thinking out the plot of their scenario. Is it as long as the time required for writing the scenes out? The relative difference is very great in many cases, we fear, and it usually is the plot that finishes at the short end.

Some plots come easier than others, without a doubt, and often when an experienced writer is rushed, he can concoct a plan for a picture apparently on

the spur of the moment. It is probable in such cases, however, that he has had the idea in the back of his head for some time and has considered its possibilities of development before. In the average case the plot must be carefully worked over for some time if it is to be new and refreshing to the editorial eye, as well as have the necessary "stuff" to get it past him. In our humble estimation, therefore, if proper care and consideration cannot be given to both plot and scene action—but every writer should always see that it can—it is best to spend more time on the former than on the latter.

THE TRUTH.

In the editorial column of a newspaper we recently found several pointed sentences which told a little tale and which we reproduce herewith. Read them over carefully and absorb the meaning of each line:

"Give the other fellow credit for knowing something.

"You have no monopoly on the intelligence in the world.

"May not every man have opinions? Certainly. He who has not is a pretty poor stick. You have a right to yours, but it does not follow that those you have are infallible. Neither is it true that those of the other fellow, if they be at variance with yours, are necessarily wrong.

"Opinions are—or should be—based on a viewpoint.

"The other fellow may have a better foundation for his viewpoint than you have, and if he doesn't agree with you it is no indication that he is intolerable or that he possesses less gray matter.

"There are no more disagreeable people than those who are positive that they are always right. Such people are bound to be narrow, and the older they grow the more pronounced becomes this trait.

"When you cease to learn, you are going backward. When you get to the place where the other fellow is always wrong, you are standing directly in your own light. You are blocking the way of your own progress.

"Give the other fellow a little credit."

We presume some amateurs and graduate amateurs wonder what all that has to do with scenario writing. It has just this: It points to a thing that is liable to cost a writer success—the belief that he knows it all and that nothing remains for him to learn. There is not a day but what the men at the very top of the motion-picture industry learn much that is absolutely new to them. They are men with power, but they are not know-it-alls. They always welcome sane suggestions, and very often use them. Is it logical, therefore, that a scenario writer should grow to feel that he knows all about his business?

We can warn amateurs against nothing which is more dangerous than allowing this feeling to gain possession of them. It is sure to have an almost immediate effect upon their work, and whether the effect will be good or bad is obvious. Always study. Never allow yourself to think for a moment you have reached the top, or you will surely find that you are very close to the bottom—when you wake up.

CHARACTERS AND ACTION.

Many scripts which are rejected because they lack action could be made acceptable if their authors would carefully study the chief characters in them. It is a common fault of amateurs to start a character in an important rôle in the story and toward the middle almost drop him out completely—and not for surprise purposes, either—only have him in the middle of things again toward the finish.

Sometimes this will not affect the action of the script, but very often the absence of one of the chief characters will cause the story to sag in some certain part. It is best to start all the characters as early as possible in the story and keep them in the course of the action throughout, unless you remove them in order to bring them back later and spring a surprise.

It is very difficult for an audience to remember a character in a screen play unless he is firmly impressed on their minds. Therefore, it is necessary to allow the principals of your set of characters to do things which attract attention almost at once and to keep on doing big things throughout the story. To have all your principals in practically all the action which transpires is a sure tonic for a "lacks-action" script.

PERSONALITY.

Have you a personality, and do you put it into every script you write?

If you can truthfully answer "yes" to that question, you have gone a long way up the road to success, but be sure your answer is a truthful one, for few amateurs have proven by their work that they have. A personality distinguishes one person from others. Every one has one, but the kind that counts is one which makes you vastly superior in attractiveness than those about you. It is this quality, when injected into scripts, which makes them "different" and more acceptable than others, which are "just like the rest of the bunch."

You cannot develop personality by wearing a straw hat in winter and an overcoat in summer, or by allowing your hair to grow long. If you do those things, you are downright queer. Personality does not show on the surface. It is felt rather than seen. You may see a man pass you on the street and think that he looks just like many others about him. If you talk with him, however, he will hold your interest in a magnetic sort of way, while the other fellows could merely arrest your attention for a short time.

It is the same with the scenarios written by the men possessing this power to hold a person's interest. Their work acts as their agent, and immediately tells the editor it is different from the other material he has received, and that it must be much more carefully considered. Where there is no personality behind the scenario, it is just one of many, and, while it may be purchased, it stands very many more chances of being rejected.

LIGHTING AND TINTING EFFECTS.

Some wonderfully beautiful films have been made through clever handling of the lighting and tinting effects, and, as the mechanical end of motion pictures is explored more by men who have devoted their lives to this work, many more will doubtless be given to the public.

Just how much liberty a writer may have in calling for effects of this nature is a question. If he is selling to one studio regularly and knows they have an expert in this line who can secure almost any effect he may call for, he probably is at liberty to go as far as he likes, but if he is selling to the general market, he has to play safe. Certain companies can secure tinting effects which is impossible for others to get because they were originated within the studio and no one else had the formula. Some directors can manipulate lights and get results that others might try to attain for months without success.

It is well, therefore, if a writer is not selling to a company where such things are securable with little difficulty, to drop them out of his scripts. The "general market" does not favor them, and—

though not probable—there is a possibility it might cost a sale, if some director noticed them and did not feel like rearranging the script to get rid of the scenes.

AN INTERESTING STATEMENT.

"I think the time will come," said Meredith Nicholson, the Indianapolis novelist, during a recent visit to the Chicago studios of the Selig Polyscope Company, where his "House of a Thousand Candles" is being made into a photo play, "when writers of fiction will first present their work to film manufacturers. The film will popularize the story and the serial rights will become a thing of the past. There is not a writer in the field to-day who is not preparing plots carefully with an eye turned toward their motion-picture possibilities. I mean by this that fiction is being written in such a form that it may be utilized readily for photo plays as well as for magazines and books."

We think most of our readers have heard of Mr. Nicholson at some time or other, for his works have been very popular, and because he is one of the men in position to know his words carry much weight. Take the fiction of to-day and the fiction of ten or fifteen years ago, and, without considering its merit, look at the difference in its make-up. Action is the prevailing element in the present-day story, while the fine shading of characters marked the former literary works. We may be wrong, but we are fairly certain that the action is there because when the author wrote the story he had in the back of his head a little hunch that some day the work would be adapted to motion pictures, where characters do things rather than let the author do them for them.

There are exceptions, of course, but the majority of present-day stories make much better picture plays than the stories of the past. As Mr. Nicholson says, therefore, it will probably be only a short time before the picture producers are offered the works of the big writers before the publishers. This will in time lead to novelists and playwrights mastering the technique of the silent drama and writing working scenarios. Further proof of this coming condition has been fixed in our mind by a statement made by Mr. Harry Aitken, president of the Mutual Film Corporation and a big man in motion-picture circles, to us in Chicago a few months ago. "The big writers are sure to come into motion pictures," he said, "though their coming will probably be rather slow. Just now picture plays are adapted from books and plays, but it is my firm belief that the future will see many plays and books adapted from motion-picture productions." With both the producers of pictures and the writers of valuable fiction and drama having the same idea, therefore, it is easy to see that all that remains is for them to get together. How long this will take is a question in which finance plays a rather important part.

The amateur photo-playwright probably wonders how the coming of the "big fellows" will affect him. That seems to be obvious, for the profession of motion-picture play writing will be greatly elevated and the rewards to the writers will be much more substantial and lasting. Though the beginners will probably find it harder to "break in" when the plane has been raised, they will know that for the work they do the rewards will be so much greater. It will simply mean that the game will be played on a bigger basis all around; not that the amateurs will be ruled out to make room for the professionals. Remember, "the amateur of to-day is the professional of to-morrow."

A MODEL SCENARIO

IN consideration of the large amount of requests received during the past month regarding the correct form in which to prepare a scenario for the market, we reprint herewith a model scenario which appeared in a previous issue. Evidently many of our readers did not see the sample script when printed before, and, by their requests, we offer it again. Inasmuch as this script is written by a very successful scenario writer, Mr. Gilson Willets, and in view of the fact that it gives an excellent illustration of many of the technical terms that appear to so puzzle the amateur photo-playwright, we publish it again, in preference to a different one.

Following the script proper are notes of explanation and definitions of terms used in the scenario, and before the script will be found a synopsis of the proper length, a cast and a scene plot, which should accompany the script when submitted for consideration.

Before the amateur gets into the script proper, however, we wish him to understand that this is printed merely to show the scene action and general make-up of the script. We have chosen the following scenario because it gives examples of many technical terms, and is well prepared, not because of the plot which it relates. As this particular script was prepared with several studio requirements in mind, the amateur should not consider the story, characters, or number of interior scenes used, but only the construction, which is excellent.

Following the script, we have several remarks which will explain various points and terms to beginners, who, judging from their attitude, are largely at sea when it comes to practical application of accepted principles.

THE SCRIPT AS IT SHOULD BE SENT TO THE PRODUCER.

"If I Were Young Again."

Drama of Symbolism in One Reel.

Synopsis.

Upon hearing of an opportunity to invest his money in an oil scheme, the old curator at the museum longs to be young again, that he might have the ambition and daring that go with youth. A mummy arrives at the museum of which he has charge, and in its wrappings he finds the elixir of life, one drop of which, if taken with the coming of each new moon, will restore his youth. He takes a drop, and becomes a young man in body, but remains old in mind. His disappearance—as the old curator—is mourned by his friends, especially his old landlady, for whom he cared much. He invests in the oil scheme, and loses all he has. He then tries to find work, but because of his queer combination of old mind and young body does not fit any place. His social life, also, is dreary, and he longs to be old again. His landlady inherits a fortune, and longs to be young again, that she may enjoy it. The curator returns to his room, and tells the landlady all about his experience. She begs him for a drop of the elixir, but he

destroys it, telling her that the only true happiness is in going forward, and that the desire to be young again can only result in unhappiness. He returns to the museum, where he is welcomed by his associates. With his landlady, he finds happiness in the things that spell comfort to the aged.

Characters.

The Curator: Part to be played by a young man who, in the first and last part must make up as an old man.

His landlady: A sweet, old-fashioned lady.

Chief Director of Museum, Chief Clerk, and three other clerks, four or five girls for dance, one or two extra young men for same.

Boss of business firm advertising for salesman, and one or two applicants for job, faker selling Mexican oil stocks.

Scene Plot.

Interior. Sets, 12. Scenes, 29.

Private office of Head Curator of museum—1, 3, 5, 7, 9, 23, 25, 32.

Private office of Chief Director, same building—2.

Clerk's office—4, 26.

Humble, but cozy, sitting room—11, 16, 29, 33.

Landing at top of stairs, two doors seen—12, 18, 21, 30.

Curator's old-fashioned room—13, 15, 31.

Close-up of "withdrawal" window at bank—14.

Small, cheap-looking, but comfortable room—19, 22.

Office of fake oil company—20.

Office of business firm—24.

Public dance hall of dignified type—27.

Another corner of same dance hall—28.

Exterior. Locations 1. Scenes 2.

Close-up of door of boarding house—10, 17.

There are also two close-range views in the picture which require no background at all, these being in scenes 6 and 8.

Scenario.

Leader: AT THE MUSEUM OF NATURAL HISTORY. THE HEAD CURATOR.

Scene 1.—Private office of Head Curator at Museum of Natural History. Swinging door to office of director: swinging door to clerks' office.—Head Curator at desk, absorbed in examination of the most curious of the specimens.

Leader: THE CHIEF DIRECTOR.

Scene 2.—Private office of Chief Director; swinging door to Curator's office. Director, reading newspaper, sees something interesting; on screen—newspaper advertisement:

INVEST YOUR SAVINGS.
MEXICAN OIL STOCK.
WORTH DOUBLE IN 30 DAYS.

Director laughs—goes with paper through swinging door to Curator's office.

Scene 3.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curator's office—Curator with specimen (as before)—Director in, laughingly shows newspaper. Curator reads and says:

Cut-in Leader: "IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN, I WOULD RISK MY SAVINGS."

Curator produces a savings-bank book, but shows that timidity of old age will keep him from investing.

Leader: A MUMMY ARRIVES FROM EGYPT.

Scene 4.—Clerks' office. Swinging door to Curator's office. Several clerks at desks, writing. Porters bringing in an Egyptian mummy in case. Curator enters and is delighted with mummy—orders it carried to his own room office.

Scene 5.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Back to Curator's office.—Curator in—followed by porters, who deposit mummy in place and exit. Director in—and he and Curator open mummy case. Both delighted with contents. Clerk calls Director off (to sign a paper). Curator (now alone), running hand over swathings of mummy, becomes suddenly curious at what he feels.

Scene 6.—Close-up of Curator's hand extracting from swathings of mummy a metal vial.

Scene 7.—Back to *Scene 5.*—Curator in great curiosity examines ancient writings on vial.

Scene 8.—Close-up of metal vial, showing painted ancient writing in Tabic, Egyptian, or Sanskrit.

Scene 9.—Back to *Scene 7.*—Curator sits and writes translation of ancient writing. On screen—written translation: ONE DROP WITH EACH NEW MOON BRINGS BACK YOUTH."

Back to *Scene 9.*—Curator astounded—shakes vial at ear, noting it contains liquid; unscrews cap from vial, smells contents, looks at newspaper adv. of Mexican oil stock, brightens with resolve to test the elixir, and, if successful, to invest in the stock. Is suddenly afraid some one may enter. Looks to both swinging doors, restores cap to vial, and secretes vial and translation on his person. Turns to mummy just as director enters.

Leader: THAT EVENING.

Scene 10.—Close-up at front door of house in which Curator has lodgings. Curator entering house, using his latch-key.

Leader: HIS LANDLADY.

Scene 11.—Humble, but cozy sitting room in home of Landlady. Landlady sipping tea and petting cat. Curator enters. She invites him to have tea. He, in suppressed excitement, says he is tired and will go up to his room. She smiles, takes dish of fruit from table, and follows him off.

Scene 12.—Landing at top of stairs, with two doors. Curator up—opens door of his room with key, followed by Landlady with fruit.

Scene 13.—Curator's room—everything old-fashioned and comfortable. Window with withered plant in a pot on sill. Curator in, followed by Landlady with fruit, which she leaves. She gets his slippers and dressing gown. He thanks her. She exits. He now produces the vial and translation—reads latter again: On screen flash translation shown in *Scene 9* for a few feet. Back to *Scene 13.*—Curator raises shade of window, through which a new moon is seen (mechanical effect in studio). He consults translation, and is satisfied with moon. Resolves to test elixir on the withered plant on window sill. From vial he pours one drop on earth in the pot. The old plant in a Dissolve or Fade-in or Double Exposure changes into a new plant in full blossom. Curator delighted.

Leader: HIS LIFETIME SAVINGS.

Scene 14.—Close-up at withdrawal

window of savings bank. Curator presents bank book and draws out his savings in cash.

Leader: THAT NIGHT, THE NEW MOON STILL SHINES.

Scene 15.—Same as *Scene 13.*—Curator's lodgings—Curator entering in suppressed excitement, followed by Landlady with tray of milk and crackers, which she leaves, says good night, and exits. Curator stealthily locks door. Lays the money (his savings) on table. Raises window shade, revealing new moon (as in *Scene 13*). He summons courage for the supreme test—pours one drop of the elixir on his tongue. A feeling of drowsiness steals over him; he lies on divan; sleeps. The metamorphosis takes place—in Dissolve, Fade, or Double Exposure. He changes to a young man in appearance, but retains old clothes. He awakes, rushes to view himself in mirror. In joy he pockets the money, produces a traveling bag, and begins packing a few belongings.

Scene 16.—Same as *Scene 11.*—Landlady's sitting room. Landlady by hearth with cat, reading Bible by lamp.

Leader: A NEW LODGER.

Scene 17.—Same as *Scene 10.*—Close-up a front door of Landlady's house—(Tint blue for night). Curator (as young man) steals out through door with his bag, softly closes door, then rings the bell. Landlady opens door. He says he is looking for lodgings; she bids him enter. He notes with satisfaction that she does not recognize him. Both enter house.

Scene 18.—Same as *Scene 12.*—Landing at top of stairs, with two doors. Curator (as young man) up, followed by Landlady, who opens door of the room next to one the Curator (as an old man) occupied.

Scene 19.—Small and cheap-looking, but comfortable, bedroom. Curator (as young man) engages the room, pays Landlady; is careful not to let her see his big roll of money. She bids him good night—exits. He joyfully capers in physical exuberance of youth.

Leader: HE REMEMBERS HIS DECLARATION: "IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN I WOULD RISK MY SAVINGS."

Scene 20.—Office of the fake Mexican oil-stock concern. Curator (as young man) showing the fake-stock dealer the newspaper ad. Scene on Screen: Flash few feet of newspaper ad from *Scene 2.* Back to *Scene 20.*—Faker says is it O. K. Curator hands over his savings, receives stock certificates, exits. Faker grins and looks at money.

Scene 21.—Same as *Scene 12.*—Landing at top of stairs, with two doors. Landlady from door of Curator's original room, with newspaper, weeping in sorrow. Curator (as young man) upstairs, asks what distresses her. She shows the newspaper. On screen—newspaper heading reading:

CURATOR STILL MISSING. MUSEUM OFFICIALS MYSTIFIED. NO TRACE OF DISTINGUISHED EGYPTOLOGIST WHO DISAPPEARED A WEEK AGO, et cetera—run off.

Back to *Scene 21.*—Landlady descends stairs weeping. Curator, keeping newspaper, enters his new room.

Scene 22.—Same as *Scene 19.*—Curator's new room. Curator (as young man) in with newspaper, which he reads again, and chuckles at news of his disappearance. Glances elsewhere at paper, suddenly appalled.

On screen, another newspaper heading reading thus:

MEXICAN OIL STOCK FAKE! INVESTORS RUINED!

Curator realizes he is ruined—breaks down.

Leader: IN THE NEED OF MONEY, HE APPLIES FOR THE PLACE OF THE MISSING CURATOR.

Scene 23.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curator's office, director standing by Curator's vacant chair at Curator's desk. Curator (as young man) enters. He has temporary fear that director may recognize him, but finally breathes relieved as director asks what he wants. Curator begs director to give him the position of the missing Curator, denoting the vacant chair. Director, amazed at request, looks him over, then laughingly says:

Cut-in Leader: "YOU'RE TOO YOUNG!"

Curator insists he can fill the job; director curtly dismisses him.

Leader: ANOTHER ATTEMPT.

Scene 24.—Office of firm that has advertised for salesmen; rail with desk behind it. Boss at desk, examining applicants for job. Curator (as young man) applies. Boss snickers at Curator's old-fashioned clothes, and says:

Cut-in Leader: "THIS JOB CALLS FOR AN UP-TO-DATE DRESSER!"

Curator off, viewing his clothes in crestfallen manner.

Leader: UNDER HIS ASSUMED NAME, HE AT LAST SECURES A CLERKSHIP IN HIS OWN OFFICE.

Scene 25.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curator's office. Curator (as young man) in desperate need of employment, amazing the director by showing intimate knowledge of various specimens which he handles. By denoting swinging door to clerks' office he registers he is anxious to go to work as a clerk. Director decides to employ him. They go through door into clerks' office.

Scene 26.—Same as *Scene 4.*—Clerks' office, museum. A vacant desk in foreground—same young clerks at work. Director in with Curator (as young man), whom he introduces to chief clerk, telling of the applicant's amazing knowledge of specimens. Curator is given the vacant desk. Begins work as director leaves.

Leader: HIS FELLOW CLERKS HAVE INVITED HIM TO A DANCE.

Scene 27.—Corner of public dance hall of dignified type. Same clerks and others dancing with their girls. Curator crossing room, finds himself in the way—despondent, lonely, and brooding.

Cut-in Leader: LONELY AND OUT OF TUNE WITH THE YOUNG WORLD.

A vivacious and flirtatious girl is introduced to Curator. She learns that he does not dance, and induces him to follow her off to "sit out" the dance.

Leader: THOUGH YOUTHFUL IN APPEARANCE, HE STILL THINKS WITH THE MIND OF AGE.

Scene 28.—Another corner in dance hall. Dancers can be seen dancing past a wide doorway. Curator and same vivacious girl seated. She is exercising all her flirtatious arts on him, but he fails to respond. She is peeved and taunts

him. Others enter, and to their merriment she makes fun of Curator, mimicking his old-mannish ways and thoughtful manner. All exit, leaving Curator miserably unhappy.

Leader: THE NEXT NEW MOON. HIS LANDLADY HAS INHERITED A SMALL FORTUNE.

Scene 29.—Same as *Scene 11.*—Landlady's sitting room (now with all new furniture as a sign of prosperity). Landlady (in new clothes) seated by fireplace with cat and Bible, reading by lamp. Curator (as young man) enters, very unhappy. He sits, and landlady tells him of her new wealth—looks longingly into mirror, saying:

Cut-in Leader: "IF I WERE YOUNG AGAIN, I COULD ENJOY MY NEW WEALTH."

Curator springs up with idea, lifts window shade, revealing new moon (as produced before), produces the vial, is about to give it to her; suddenly shakes head sadly, saying to her:

Cut-in Leader: "NATURE PROVIDES THAT WE SHALL BE HAPPY IN OLD AGE. THE YEARNING TO BE YOUNG AGAIN BREEDS ONLY A DISCONTENT THAT IS NOT WORTH WHILE."

Curator exits, leaving Landlady puzzled. She peers longingly into mirror.

Scene 30.—Same as *Scene 12.*—Landing at top of stairs, with two doors. Curator (as young man) up—starts to enter his new room, but decides to go instead into his own original room, the door of which he opens by using his key.

Scene 31.—Same as *Scene 13.*—Curator's original lodgings. Everything just as he left it in *Scene 15.* Curator (as young man) in, brooding. Produces the vial; lifts window shade, revealing new moon (as produced before). He produces the translation:

On Screen: Again flash few feet of translation which is used in *Scene 9.* Back to *scene.* He realizes that to-night he must again take a drop of the elixir if he is to remain young. Decides to destroy elixir and be old. Opens window, and is about to throw vial out when Landlady enters. She, startled at seeing him in old Curator's room, asks him to explain. He takes newspaper clipping from pocket, and gives it to her. She reads it.

On screen: FLASH NEWSPAPER HEADLINES AS IN *Scene 1*—only a few feet.

Back to *scene.*—Curator tells Landlady he is the old Curator. She bewildered, unbelieving, he shows her the vial and the translation, and explains effect of elixir by showing her the plant in blossom. She, dumfounded, begs him to give her the vial in order that she may be young again, in order to enjoy her new riches. He refuses, holding vial aloft so she can't reach it, and says:

Cut-in Leader: "THERE IS NO JOY IN GOING BACKWARD. ALL HAPPINESS LIES IN GOING FORWARD. SHALL DESTROY THE MUMMY'S SECRET."

In frantic desire to obtain the vial, Landlady pleads with him—leads to violent struggle with him, which at last leaves her exhausted. He empties contents of vial into empty dish on table or dresser, touches a burning match to the liquid. It flames up with smoke. At the same time the Curator (by Dissolve, Fade, or Double Exposure) changes back to old man as at beginning of play. Landlady astounded. Old Curator, now very happy, indicates the plant, and they watch spellbound as the blossomed plant (by Dissolve, Fade, or Double Exposure) changes back to the withered plant.

Leader: "I HAVE BEEN ON A LONG JOURNEY, IN WHICH I GAINED NOTHING AND LOST EVERYTHING."

Scene 32.—Same as *Scene 1.*—Curator's office. The old Curator enters, hangs up hat, goes to desk and to work as if nothing had happened. Director enters, thunderstruck; views Curator as one back from dead—then in great delight welcomes Curator's return. Curator tells him words of above leader. Director mystified. Curator goes to mummy, examines it, and becomes again the old anthropologist, absorbed in study.

Leader: AND HAVING LEARNED THE FOLLY OF WISHING TO BE YOUNG AGAIN——

Scene 33.—Same as *Scene 11.*—Landlady's sitting room. Old Curator and old Landlady sitting by firelight, he smoking pipe. Both gaze to fire, happy in tranquillity of old age. As scene fades out, they clasp hands with smile of understanding.

NOTES AND DEFINITIONS.

These notes will explain, as has been said before, certain terms and methods which apparently puzzle many amateurs, and we advise all those who have studied the scenario to read these over carefully and apply what is in them to their own scripts.

Example of "Leaders" will be found through this script, they being plainly marked in each case. They are also known by many other names, but leader is the simplest, and we advise our readers to use it at all times. One appears at the very opening of the story, another between scenes 1 and 2, et cetera.

Scene 3 furnishes an example of "cut-in Leader" and its use. There are others of this type farther on in the script, and by studying their purpose and seeing how they are used in this script and on the screen, the amateur can easily become familiar with their use.

Two scenes, 6 and 8, give us examples of the "close-up," and if the beginner reads the script over carefully he will find that they explain their presence themselves. They bring something close to the camera for identification if it is to play an important part in the plot.

"Insert," the magic terms which bothers the brains of beginners far more than it ought to, will be found illustrated in scenes 9 and 13.

Note the simple description of the scenes. Nothing more than a sketch of the setting is given, but much can be said in a few words—in scenes 19 and 27, for example. Where a part of the setting is vital to the action of the story, it must be described—as the flower in the window in scene 13.

In scenes 13 and 15, and again later on in the story, a double exposure is called for. We would simply tell the director that it was a double exposure in grammar-school terms—no technical words—but for the benefit of those who have learned the various terms, all are used. These scenes show how this artifice may be successfully used, but it behooves us to caution the amateur to use it sparingly, even though he knows how, if he desires to sell regularly.

The instruction to be given in order

to obtain a night effect will be found in scene 17, and the manner to gain other studio effects is illustrated in scene 13, where a "new-moon" effect is called for.

"Flash" scenes are represented by the inserts in scenes 13 and 20. While these inserts are not in themselves seen, nevertheless, regular scenes which require only a few feet—as in the cut-back—would be described the same way.

The final fade-out effect may be found in the last scene.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Essanay Film Manufacturing Company, of Chicago, is buying nothing at all from outside writers at the present time, as all their films are based upon published books and stories or produced plays.

The Western branch of the Vitagraph Company is in need of one-reel comedies. They are located at Santa Monica, California.

Short Shots.

There is a better market at the present for one-reel scenarios of worth than there was six months ago.

A cramped imagination is a writer's worst handicap.

Why persist in writing highly romantic stuff into a story dealing with modern life? It can be done successfully, but one must know how.

Wanted: Something else in photo plays besides the "love, hate, revenge" plots.

When a writer seems discouraged and tells every one he is going to quit turning out scenarios, it is a sure sign he is getting ready to spring a five-reeler or a serial on the innocent editors.

Players Act in the Air.

HANGING from the side of the basket of a balloon several hundred feet in the air, Howard Mitchell, of the Lubin company, had a spectacular fight with George Soule Spencer, another Lubin player, who was inside the basket, while crowds of people watched them with fearful tenseness. The big shock came when Mitchell was beaten off the basket and came tumbling to earth—the tumbling being done by Mitchell's understudy, a husky-looking dummy in a swagger morning coat and gray, striped trousers. Mitchell was hauled into the basket.

The fight in the balloon is one of the big scenes in "The Great Ruby," which is being filmed by the Lubin company under the direction of Barry O'Neil. The Lubin company borrowed the balloon *Greater Philadelphia* for the occasion, and two of the foremost amateur pilots in this section of the country, Doctor Thomas Eldridge and Doctor George H. Simmerman, navigated the big gas bag.

English soldiers, English policemen, and hundreds of others were used in the big scenes on the aëronautical grounds. When O'Neil gave the word, the balloon shot skyward with the two men fighting on the edge of the basket. After the dummy dropped, the camera men stopped grinding; Mitchell was hauled into the basket by Spencer and the two pilots; the balloon got up into the clouds, drifted over the city of Philadelphia, and was brought to earth about fifty miles beyond the city limits.

Literary hint: Why not a movie plot teaching the dangers of rhubarb pie?

Many movie-machine operators steadfastly ignore the speed ordinance.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1 No. 17



GERTRUDE McCOY
HER OWN STORY OF HER CAREER

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 17 JULY 31, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

An Accident?

By Gertrude McCoy

(EDISON STAR)

Many are the followers and admirers of Gertrude McCoy, the most popular actress of the Edison company—and, in her case, as in nearly all others, these admirers wish to know all about the career of their idol. Miss McCoy has prepared this article herself, telling how she came into motion pictures, and her experiences since she began acting. Who can tell of Gertrude McCoy better than Gertrude McCoy?

WAS it an accident, I wonder? Anyway, I came up to the Edison studio. I was very young, and I didn't know anything about motion-picture acting, except that I supposed you "posed" somehow, and perhaps there might be enough money in it to get through the off seasons in the theater. In fact—I am going to be frank—I didn't know an awful lot about any kind of acting. I had started on the stage almost as a child, but I hadn't been very serious about it, and no one seemed to think I was a new Sarah Bernhardt or Mary Anderson. Well, at the studio the first thing I did was to play a chorus girl.

Mr. Ashley Miller, whom I had met some time before, was responsible for my coming there, and perhaps if it hadn't been for him I should never have gotten into pictures at all. He was then, and has always been, a good friend.

I never knew until long afterward, but in my first scene at the Edison studio he said—perhaps, if I may say it without seeming conceited, my appearance attracted some attention—"What do you think of my show girl?" The reply was—again I never knew this till long afterward—favorable. However, I didn't jump immediately into the front ranks. Not a bit. I was used as one in a crowd, and after a while I was given a little bit, a very little bit, to do.

The work wasn't very steady, and after a while I went to Pathé's studio. Now I am a confirmed Edisonite, but truth compels me to say that the first good part I had to play was given me by Pathé. I suppose I could have stayed there, but after about six weeks I was back in the Bronx.

Then I got a real part. It was the first "Winsome Winnie" picture—taken from Carolyn Wells' poems—and it was very good. Mr. Miller directed it. But the stage put in its call. "The Fair Co-Ed" wanted me, and I went to Mr. Plimpton, the studio manager, of whose existence I had only recently become aware, and told him that I was going away for a little while. He said: "All right. When you want to come back, let me know." I got some good notices with "The Fair Co-Ed." In fact, one paper—in Baltimore, I think it was—spoke of me as being very pretty. But, somehow, it wasn't very satisfactory.



Gertrude McCoy arriving at the Edison studio to begin her day's work.

So in about a

month I returned to the studio, and went directly to Mr. Plimpton's office. To my question, "Do you ever take in beggars?" he replied that he was glad to see me back; and I told him that this time I was there to stay—if they would have me—and that if I couldn't do anything else, I would shift scenery. He said perhaps I could get something a little better than that to do, and then I took up the work seriously.

A picture by Bannister Merwin came along, called "His Daughter." There was quite a long discussion as to who should play the leading part, and finally it was given to me. I worked very hard over it, and I believe I did it pretty well. From that time things were changed.

Right here let me tell beginners in motion pictures that it is very hard, very hard indeed, to get people to take you seriously when you start at the very bottom of the ladder and have to climb the whole way up. I know, because I certainly started at the bottom, and know the difficulties in the way. Although I am fairly well up now, the higher one gets the farther off the top seems to be. Well, I graduated from crowds, and finally from "bits," so that after a while I played nothing but real leading parts.

In the winter of 1913-14, the studio bought a story by Miss Mary Imlay Taylor, called "The Impersonator," a tale of a young American girl living in Paris, who was called by fate to occupy a position in high Washington society, and it was said that the part might have been written for me. At any rate, I played it, and worked very, very hard over it. Originally meant for two reels, it expanded into three, and it really made a big hit. The author wrote Mr. Plimpton, complimenting me on my work. I answered the letter, and this was the beginning of a friendship which I value very highly. We have used in the studio many of Miss Taylor's works, "The Man in the Street" perhaps standing out prominently among them. She has now taken up scenario writing direct for the pictures, and I am sure she will become as famous that way as she has as a writer of books. Miss Taylor is a Southerner, and so am I, and perhaps that is one reason we have become such good friends. There are several of her scenarios at the studio, and in two of them, "Friend Wilson's Daughter"—Revolutionary story—and "The Plowshare," I expect to play the girl part.

I wanted to write scenarios myself, so I tried one. It is awfully hard to have anything accepted at the Edison studio, no matter who the author is, but they



Miss McCoy is a master of the artistic.

took this one of mine. It was called "United in Danger," and was the story of a young actress. Of course, I played the part. It was successful, and after a while I tried another, this time for three reels, about a Southern girl, called "What Could She Do?" It came out so well that I felt encouraged to go further, and another three-reeler, "On the Stroke of Twelve," was accepted, and produced last winter. This was even more successful than the previous two. The Edison studio won't put out anything under an actor's name, so I used the name of Gertrude Lyons. Now I have just finished working on one that I wrote, called "Through Turbulent Waters," and I do hope it will be a success. Every one says very nice things about it, so far. Mr. Duncan McRae is directing and also acting in it.

Some people wonder if pictures are going to last, or if they are only a fad. I fail to see how there can be any question about it. Where else can you get reality—real country, real mountains, real water, and real action throughout? Where else can the incidents be followed closely regardless of the setting? The stage doesn't follow them.

But you must have good stories. I am in love with the work, and am encouraged in it by hundreds of letters, which are very interesting, from all over the world. I am somebody's "daughter" and somebody's "sister." If I give a little pleasure, and make even a few who see me on the screen favor me, I am very, very glad. I know I have worked hard to get where I am, and I am going to work harder yet, for I want to do great things. I have never been afraid of danger, and sometimes I have taken a good deal of risk, as running the automobile in "The President's Special," and jumping from the hand car to the locomotive, in "A Tragedy of the Rails." But I love such parts. In fact, I like any part that has anything to do—except comedy.

There are lots of girls who are trying to get into pictures, but many more fail than succeed. To those who have the necessary qualities, I say, Work hard, and be patient.

I had encouragement and help, but even then it meant months and months of steady, hard work. Longfellow's "The Psalm of Life" is one of my favorite poems. Young actresses could not do better than to take the closing lines for their motto:

"Let us then be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait."

The Clew

(JESSE L. LASKY)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

What would you expect in a story complicated by international political situations, the exploits of two adventurers and crooks, several insoluble mysteries, and thrilling ones, the work of a great detective, and deceitful and true love interests? Expect what you might, it will be far from what you will really find in this story of the Jesse L. Lasky production, featuring Blanche Sweet, and dealing with all these subjects. The principals in the cast include:

Christine Lesley.....Blanche Sweet
Eve Bertram.....Gertrude Keller
Guy Bertram.....Edward Mackay
Alexis Rabourdin.....Page Peters
Boris Rabourdin.....Ernest Joy
Detective Williams.....Billy Elmer

"IT is unfortunate that I can stay only such a short time."

Alexis Rabourdin raised the slender, white hand of Eve Bertram to his lips and then smiled as he thought he should on such an occasion. He had spoken the truth, but the spirit kindled by many years spent as a man of fortune and an adventurer, which description about covered his personality, led him to think that the fact that he could not remain in the country longer was unfortunate in a different light than that in which Eve saw it.

Eve was an heiress, and Alexis, as has been said, an adventurer, whose sole purpose in life was to find pleasure and to secure money. Need more be said as to why he considered it a bad turn of luck that his presence in London was required at the time which the next steamer for that country should bring him there? Perhaps you will wonder why a man of nature could let such a thing as a mere appointment step between himself and love making that would fix him comfortably for life. The answer was his very nature itself, and time will prove so.

"But I'll return as soon as my business permits, and then we can be married," Alexis continued.

Eve whispered her happiness against the shoulder of her deceitful lover, where her head was buried, and the remainder of the evening was spent discussing their love, and plans for marriage, even as true lovers are wont to do; for Eve was a faithful and steadfast admirer of the man she had chosen to brighten her life, and Alexis was too well educated in the art of deceit to allow his real feelings to betray his plans.

It was nearly midnight when the pair parted, and Alexis—let it be known at this point that he was a count—a Russian, Count Alexis—departed for his room. Not even had the door been opened when his brother, Count Boris, ascertaining by the heavy step that it was Alexis who approached, emitted a low cry of anger:

"A fine time of the night to come in, with me sitting here for the past two hours waiting for you! Don't you know that your steamer leaves next week, and that it is imperative that the proper plans be made before you leave? This thing is too important to let a paltry love affair interfere with it. Why, I even did not see Christine all day, fixing up these papers!"

"Not a paltry love affair by a great deal, my esteemed brother," broke in Alexis, growing impatient. "My relations with Eve mean much. Almost as much as this matter of the map, although, of course, not quite."

"Well, forget women, and all else, for a few minutes," ordered Boris, in a tone of authority, "while I tell you the outline of what I have decided upon.

"This map shows the exact location and points of access of all the permanent mines and coast defenses of Japan, and is worth, as you know from the difficulties experienced by us both in obtaining it, a great deal to the German government. Inasmuch as it is in our possession, and we secured it, all that it is worth is ours. You know, of course, that you are to meet Von Schaulenberg in London as soon as the steamer arrives. It leaves next Wednesday. When you see him, mention a price in the neighborhood of a million dollars. You won't expect more than half that amount, but he'll try to give you as little as possible, so you might as well name a good price first. I'll give you the map now. Keep it safely hidden until it's time to start, and don't act suspicious in the least."

As Boris spoke, he started for one side of the room, but Alexis' words halted him.

"Keep it yourself until Tuesday. That will be time enough to give it to me."

And if a person had been looking toward the window at the north end of the room at that moment he might have seen a head and a pair of dark eyes drop suddenly below the sill. Their owner had evidently heard the whole conversation, or at least the last part, which was by far the more important.

But it so happened that neither of the adventure-seeking brothers saw the intruder, and so he safely went his way.

At about the same time Eve Bertram was in conference, though an unwilling one, so far as she was concerned, with her brother Guy.

For some time past Guy Bertram had been watching the attentions showered

upon his sister by Count Alexis, and, not ceasing there, had paid a certain amount of attention to the adventurer's personal life. He did not, however, investigate into his affairs with the Count Boris, but was sufficiently satisfied with learning that most of the spare time of the young Russian was devoted to cardrooms, clubs, and cafés.

"I don't want you to have anything more to do with the man," he scolded Eve. "He is simply looking for an easy way to make a living, and has decided that you are it. Why shouldn't he be nice and affectionate to you? You have enough money to attract the attention of much better men than the Count Alexis, and so far as his love goes, that ends at the length of a bank note."

"So you don't want me to have anything more to do with him?" Eve answered. "Suppose that I told you that you should immediately stop paying attentions to Christine Lesley? Do you think that it would have much effect? Well, I love Alexis, and I have reason to believe that he loves me, so you can count on it that your interference won't interfere."

And with these words the matter terminated, for the time being, at least. Guy Bertram had surmised the facts, but his sister, too infatuated by the count's smooth ways, would not listen to reason. Guy contented himself, as he realized that he must, with resting assured in his own mind that she would learn for herself before it was too late.

Almost a full week passed without further developments either in the matter of the stolen map or the love affair of Alexis and Eve; but on the Tuesday night before the date of sailing for the young Russian count things took place with startling rapidity.

Guy, in the first place, paid a visit to Christine Lesley, with whom he was deeply in love. His visit was on the incentive that he had that afternoon seen her walking through the estate adjoining the Lesley home with the elder of the Russian brothers, Boris. Both had been laughing and joking, in a manner seemingly entirely too friendly to suit him, and it was his intention to question Christine about the matter.

Before leaving, he called to Nogi, his Japanese valet, to keep watch, and inform him whether Alexis called on his sister; but the servant was nowhere to be found, and so Guy was forced to let the affair rest at the discretion and good sense of Eve herself.

And then came the blow to Guy, when, on arriving at the home of Christine, and being ushered into her presence, the cold truth began to display itself. She told him plainly that her attentions had been sought by Count Boris, and, while not granted, were encouraged enough to make the American realize that he had a rival.



"Is it true?" Eve asked, laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, and trembling with terror.

For the entire evening Guy pleaded with her, but to no apparent avail.

"There is no use of this arguing, Guy," she told him. "I like you, but I like the count, too, and I have to decide still which one means the most to me. Of course, I always thought that you were the only man on earth who had any claim to my heart, but—well, I don't know now. I won't say by a long way that I love Boris, but he at least commands my respect, and there is no reason why you should contest that."

"I don't contest it," raged Guy, "but

I make a kick when you suddenly change from 'Count Boris Rabourdin' to 'Boris' in a single day. I think it's downright wrong to throw me down this way!"

His words seemed to take effect, and it was not long before Christine and Guy were almost back to the normal state of their friendship; almost, but the intervention of the Russian and his practiced politeness and affectionate manner could be seen to have an effect.

"To prove to both you and Boris, or rather Count Rabourdin," Christine said at length, "I'll put this old Russian coin on your watch fob. He gave it to me this afternoon as a keepsake, when I told him that I cared no more for him than an ordinary friend; and now, when he sees you wearing it, he will know that I meant what I said."

When Guy left Christine, at a late hour, it was in much better spirits than when he had arrived there. And still he was not quite satisfied with the way things had passed between the Russian and Christine.

Early the same evening the affair between Christine and Boris had been the subject of conversation between the two Russian brothers.

"Things seem to point to a change in our plans," Boris had told Alexis. "My attentions to Miss Lesley had not been accepted as well as I'd hoped for, and, in fact, they seem almost useless. I could never persuade the girl to marry me. Guy Bertram is the man in the way. But," and he smiled, "I might have succeeded in at least causing him a little worry."

"But why should that necessitate a change of our plans?" Alexis inquired anxiously.

"For this reason," Boris replied. "You seem to be progressing very well with your friend Eve. If you can win her, as it seems probable that you can, despite the fact that her brother is not satisfied with spoiling my chances, but is doing his best to ruin yours also, why should you abandon a fortune for another, especially when the other can be just as well secured by me? When we have them both we can make arrangements for a fair division. We have always done things satisfactorily before this, and never have we had the opportunity that is offered us now.

"You give me the map, go on with your love-making, marry Eve Bertram, and I'll meet Van Schaulenberg in London, sell him the map, and settle that matter. When you have Eve's money, which you naturally will after the marriage, if you are half as smart as I give you credit for being, and I have the money we get from the map, we'll arrange things so that both of us get the proper amount."

The suggestion seemed to appeal to Alexis finally, although at first he was somewhat reluctant as to how far to trust his brother, and at length the decision was made as Boris had offered it.

"The steamer leaves to-morrow night," Boris informed Alexis, "so you'd better give me the map now."



The watch found in Alexis' pocket had stopped at eleven-five.

As the younger of the brothers started for the hiding place of the document, the head and sharp eyes that had been at the window on the night of their previous talk again appeared, and as quickly disappeared. Again, as before, neither saw them, and the lithe form of Nogi, the Japanese valet of Guy Bertram, dropped to the ground below, dodging from bush to bush and driveway to driveway until he reached the house of his employer.

On the following afternoon Boris left early on his mission. He first went to the home of Christine, and, in order not to make his departure seem suspicious, said good-by to her as though he still held her in the same esteem as he had hitherto.

And Christine returned the farewell almost sorrowfully. Surely, the Russian had intruded into the affairs of Guy to a certain extent, even if it was without Christine's consent.

And then he left for the city, to take the boat to England, leaving Alexis to continue his unscrupulous love affair at the expense of Eve.

In the evening Guy set out for the home of Christine, and at about the same time Alexis closed the door of his home behind him, to walk in the direction of Eve's residence.

Nogi, during it all, sat dejectedly in his room, apart from the rest of the building.

Another quarrel was all that netted from the visit of Guy. Christine was not as easily moved to compassion as on the night previous, probably due to the fact that Boris had left.

"Why do you take it so?" Guy inquired. "Did he mean that much to you?"

And Nogi, sitting in his room in the other house, began to smile.

While the quarel which served to sever the love of Christine and Guy was drawing to a climax, Count Alexis was progressing in a manner much to his satisfaction with Eve. She was blind to his real reasons for offering his supposed love, despite the fact that Guy had repeatedly warned her of the truth.

And Nogi, in another part of the building, rose from his seat.

Early the following morning Guy was awakened by his valet, who informed him excitedly that Christine was downstairs with an important message. Hurrying into his clothes, he rushed anxiously to find what could be of enough importance to cause Christine to come to him; Christine, above all others, with whom he had but the evening before quarreled.

"What is it? What is the matter?" he blurted, dashing into the parlor, where the girl was standing peering from one of the windows.

"Where is Eve?" she asked, paying no attention, apparently, to Guy's question.

"In bed, I suppose," he replied.

"Well, let her stay there for a while," was all that Christine said, and then pointed out the window.

The room was in the front of the house, and the windows through which Christine had been staring were facing the front steps, and they afforded a view of the walk at the base of these steps. Guy walked up to her and looked over her shoulders toward the spot on which her eyes seemed glued.

And, as he looked, an expression of horror spread over his countenance.

There on the walk, before his house, lay stretched a body—the body of Count Alexis Rabourdin.

Christine Lesley then supplemented the sight with a single word.

"Murdered!" she uttered, in a hollow tone, that entered into the very bones of Guy.

Bertram stepped back with a gasp, and was too overcome to speak for several minutes.

"What have you done?" Guy asked finally. "Has any one been notified of the crime?"

"As soon as I found the body, which I did on my way past here, not long ago, I telephoned the local police and then told Nogi to wake you. No one else has been told."

Guy and Christine left the house and went to the body of the dead man. Shortly afterward the police officers from the town were present in strong force, searching the grounds near by, and doing nothing in particular, except look wise and ask questions, and Guy and Christine went to the former's laboratory to avoid the annoyance that was certain if they remained near the body.

The noise made by the police, and the villagers, who gathered in crowds about the place, having heard of the affair through the rapid channels of rumor, awoke Eve, who soon appeared in the doorway. A pallor of horror whitened her face, and she seemed on the verge of collapse.

"Is it true?" she asked, laying her hand on her brother's shoulder, and trembling with terror.

Guy knew what the death of Alexis meant to her, who really loved him—but she might as well know now as later, and he nodded his bowed head in affirmation to her question.

The news so affected Eve that she almost fainted, and was carried to her room, where she remained for over an hour in solitary grief.

But the first effects of the shock passed over, and she was all anger and determination to find the murderer of the man she loved.

"What do these country police know about detective work?" she exclaimed. "They have walked all over the place, and I heard one ask the stableboy if he had seen a black cat around last night. Perhaps if he had said yes, instead of no, he might have made inquiry as to whether or not it had crossed poor Alexis' path before the murder.

"All the good they have done is to find out the time when the crime was committed. The watch in Alexis' pocket, so an officer informed me, had stopped at eleven-five."

Without further parley, she went to the telephone and called up Detective Williams, of national fame, offering a reward of ten thousand dollars, besides actual fees, for the arrest of the guilty party. Having done this, she returned with the information that the renowned man would arrive on the earliest train that he could catch from the city.

Guy was kept busy during the morning, handling the crowds that were attracted to the scene by their love for the unusual and the horrifying. Eve had spent the forenoon in weeping, and Christine went to the town in her automobile, from where she sent a telegram to Boris, in care of the ship, telling him to return immediately. Fortunately, she thought, the steamer had not left yet, it having been scheduled to depart on Thursday morning instead of Wednesday night, the delay being caused by an important shipment that had not arrived on time.

But no one noticed the low, gray, racing car that left a corner three blocks below the Lesley mansion, a short while after Christine's automobile had left; nor did any one notice it return not long after hers had been put in the garage after getting back. Much less did it attract any one's attention when Nogi, smiling face and keen, black eyes, stepped out of it, and, after ordering the chauffeur away in the opposite direction, proceeded toward the Bertram house.

It was nearly noon when Detective Williams arrived. His first step in the case was to exclude every one from the grounds except those connected with it, country police and all. Having done this, he asked a few pertinent questions as to the character of the deceased, and proceeded to examine the body. Much to his disgust, the officials who had been called from the town had trampled over the territory within a half-mile radius, and had thereby obliterated any marks that might have facilitated his work.

He examined the body carefully, and formed a theory that death had been caused by strangling, and then he found the clew. An old Russian coin! It was clutched in the right hand of the dead man.

The discovery came as a blow to Christine. She requested to see the coin, and it was shown her. A glance proved that it was the same that had been given her by Boris, and that she had fastened to the watch fob of Guy. How had it reached the hand of Count Alexis?

The question was answered, much to her distress, by Guy Bertram himself.

She had decided to identify the coin, and was about to do so, when Guy came to her and motioned her aside. When the two were together, he began:

"Christine," he announced, in a disheartened voice that almost broke with sobs, "I murdered Count Alexis last night!"

The shock was somewhat reduced by the fact that she had been prepared for it by the discovery of the coin, but nevertheless it had a severe effect upon her. Guy continued:

"When I left you last night, at about eleven, or a little before, I went directly home. As I was going up the front steps, I met Alexis coming out. He had been visiting Eve again, and that angered me, for I knew that all he wanted of her was her money.



Boris stoutly denied that he had ever seen the coin before.

"I accused him of it, and we both became furious. The affair terminated in a fight, in which I struck him, knocking him downstairs. I saw him fall, and, presuming that he was not hurt, went on into the house. Evidently, however, he struck the walk and was killed."

"But it was only an accident!" protested Christine.

"That is true," he replied, "but who would believe such a story? I would be convicted without a doubt, if I told my tale. The best thing for me is to deny all knowledge of the coin. If you have any of the old feeling for me, you will do the same."

Whereupon this was agreed to, and when Detective Williams questioned them, both said that they had never seen the piece before.

Boris, having arrived in the course of the afternoon, was quizzed by the detective, also, and, though taken aback when the coin was produced, stoutly denied that he had ever laid eyes on it previously, to the great relief of Christine and Guy.

But his aim in so doing was not mere charity, and was prompted solely by the fact that he apprehended a way for his personal gain.

One week later the case was still before the active attention of all those concerned, Detective Williams included.

It was about this time that Christine received a visit from Guy, one that had weighty import upon the events to follow.

When the matter had been thoroughly reviewed in the Lesley parlor, Count Boris surprised her with the sudden remark:

"I know well who killed my brother! It was your esteemed friend, Mr. Bertram. Yes, you may well be surprised. Do you expect me to keep the thing a secret for the love of him? I could convict him to-morrow, as you are aware, by merely identifying the coin and telling what else I happen to have knowledge of. No, I shall not keep it a secret for the love of him, but for the love of you—yes."

Christine was astounded. She could not even think. But Count Boris helped her, and impressed upon her mind how vital his proposition was. Unless she gave him her promise, he said, the arrest of Guy Bertram would take place on the following day.

And for the sake of shielding her true love she sacrificed her life, and gave the promise.

But the crafty Boris did not halt his



Christine leaned slowly over, took from the Russian's inner pocket the map and handed it to Nogi.

miserly ends there. No; he was not the man to allow any opportunity to slip by neglected.

On the following morning Guy's first mail brought him a letter bearing the signature of the Russian adventurer. Unfolding it, he read, in bold writing:

"Your secret is not a secret entirely. I know that you are responsible for the death of my brother. I have evidence. Ten thousand dollars may help for a while. BORIS."

It was audacious enough, true; but it was plain, and a fact. What was there to do? Guy saw no way out, and paid the money. It was not long, however, before another demand was made, and this was also paid, though more reluctantly. When Boris wrote for the third time, Guy became angered, and almost took the matter to the police. He did take it to Christine, and she expressed her sympathy, much too intimately to suit Boris, who had been pressing her to make announcement of their engagement.

He made a personal visit to Guy, and placed the matter before him. Very vividly he pointed out the terror and horror of waiting for death that was certain to come, were a trial to take place. Now that his marriage to Christine was about to be announced, he would soon command all the money he required; and he made a terrible demand. It was that in order to avoid certain slow and torturous death by evidence being given to Detective Williams, he should remove himself from this earth by his own hand. Otherwise, said Count Boris, he should be removed in the more unpleasant way.

And it was agreed upon.

But the map? No, that was not forgotten in the confusion of the murder. On receiving the telegram from Christine, just before the sailing of the boat, Boris had cabled to Von Schaulenberg, postponing the conference one month.

But the matter did not end there, by far. In this affair Nogi played an important part. His connection with the affair may be discovered by a glance at the cable which he sent on the day on which Guy had made the contract to kill himself, to the Japanese government. It read:

"Keeping close to map. Progressing finely. Will keep you informed."

The following day the Japanese spy, for such Nogi was, gave some valuable information to Detective Williams. It was given with the intention of causing the arrest of Count Boris, thus detaining him until the map could be regained, and was to the effect that the Russian coin found in the hand of the murdered man was the property, originally, of the remaining of the brothers.

The information had the desired result, and on the morning of the following day, just as Christine and Boris were in the act of announcing their engagement, the arrest was made.

And the very same morning, two hours later, Guy, ignorant of the fact that Count Boris had been accused, walked leisurely into the woods with a revolver in his pocket. He did not go far, when he stopped and raised the weapon to his head—and then a scream pierced the air. Christine rushed toward him, out of breath.

"Oh, dear!" she cried. "What were you going to do? Oh, but I was frightened! You must tell Detective Williams all. Boris has been arrested for the crime."

It required but little explanation, and less pleading, to discourage Guy from his intended deed. The two walked together toward the Bertram home.

Meanwhile, Detective Williams, like the ardent and clever worker that he was, did not remain idle.

At the moment when Christine had screamed he was stationed outside the window of the room in which Boris had been placed. Nogi was there also, of his own accord, and the two were arguing strenuously. It was in the chemical laboratory of Guy Bertram, who was a student of that study. Detective Williams smiled as he heard the Jap clear up the entire case.

"Yes," said Nogi unconcernedly, puffing at his cigarette. "I killed your brother. I did it to get you back here with that map, so that I could take it from you. When Mr. Bertram hit him, that night, and went inside. Alexis got up. I sprang on him and choked him to death. Fortunately for me, he had grabbed the coin from the watch fob of Mr. Bertram before he fell. But now the evidence is against you, and against you badly. If you will give me that map, I shall promise you that you will be freed, if it is at my own sacrifice."

Boris, seeing a fortune going to waste if the map were to be given over, refused, and a combat ensued. It was fierce, and seemed as it progressed to go in favor of the Russian. Suddenly, just as it appeared Nogi must go down, the cigarette which the Japanese was smoking left his hand by a deliberate throw, and fell into a box of explosive in a corner. There was a loud roar, and small pieces of flying objects rained through the air. Detective Williams crouched low until the smoke had cleared away, and then he went into the room.

Christine and Guy rushed in, having heard the explosion, to see what had happened. On the floor of the room lay two men—one dead.

Nogi, who, though not lifeless, was so badly injured that there was little hope for him.

The detective told them briefly the story of Nogi's heroic act, and the three stood, unable to move, for several minutes. Then Christine leaned slowly over and took from an inner pocket in the clothing of the Russian the map, and handed it to the injured Japanese.

"I think," she whispered faintly to him, "the faithful Nogi has earned and sacrificed enough to have this."

Nogi took the map with a ghastly smile, and, realizing that he was not to live long enough to return it to his government, tore it to shreds. And then, as though his only mission in life had been accomplished, fell back into the arms of Guy, who had been supporting him on a chair, and died.

Christine turned to Guy, and said, half sadly, half joyfully:

"And he has, at the same time, earned for me your love again, which I was foolish enough not to appreciate. In his heroic sacrifice he has taken from my life and yours the horrid form of the one who stood between."

And she glanced, in explanation, at the body of the Russian lying at their feet.

Who the Favorites Are.

THE second annual photo-play-favorite contest of The Onyx Club, an organization of motion-picture enthusiasts, with headquarters in Denver, Col., and branches in Missouri, Arizona, and California, which has just closed, was won by Miss Ethel Clayton, of the Lubin company, with a total of 378,235 votes.

Last year's race was won by Miss Muriel Ostriche, now with the Vitagraph company, with Miss Clayton, the Lubin player, second. This year Miss Clayton led in the contest on the first day of every one of the nine months during its progress. By an interesting coincidence, the Lubin feature production, "The Sporting Duchess," in which Miss Clayton was featured with Rose Coghlan, was shown for the first time in Denver on the night that Miss Clayton won the contest, and The Onyx Club attended in a body and gave the Lubin star an enthusiastic reception when she appeared on the screen.

The first ten players in the contest and their total votes were as follows: Ethel Clayton (Lubin), 378,235; Mary Fuller (Universal), 327,645; Charles Chaplin (Essanay), 325,885; Francis X. Bushman (Metro), 320,935; Carlyle Blackwell (Lasky), 300,270; Marguerite Clark (Famous), 291,400; Anita Stewart (Vitagraph), 290,015; Mary Pickford (Famous), 276,025; Romaine Fielding (Lubin), 255,605; Muriel Ostriche (Vitagraph), 253,005.

The third annual contest will commence September 1st.

The Wrong Change.

EVEN thirty-third-degree actors make "boners" now and then which are as amusing as the blunders of the veriest amateur. During the new Morosco picture, "Kilmeny," Director Apfel called up to John Oaker in his dressing room to come down for his gypsy scenes with Miss Ulrich. He added:

"And bring your change."

When the point in the scenes was reached where several years are supposed to have elapsed, Apfel turned to the actor.

"And now, Oaker, that change."

With perfect seriousness the dandy of the Burbank Theater stock company reached into his pocket and handed the director the full amount of his finances—five dollars in change.

For a moment Apfel was too dumfounded to speak. People didn't do such perfectly rich things. Then he slowly began to grin.

All at once the truth burst upon poor Oaker, and his face and neck turned suddenly a flaming red. Without a word he turned and fled to his dressing room for the second costume which the director had meant by "change."

Through all the rest of "Kilmeny" he moaned:

"Just as though I were an ignorant beginner!"

The Isle of Content

(SELIG)

By Kenneth Rand

Why did Captain Spragot, with his five-year-old daughter, go to an uninhabited island in the middle of the Pacific Ocean to spend the rest of his life there out of sight and hearing of the world? Why did a young New Yorker, stranded on that isle, suddenly exert every effort to leave it? And why, when he had done so, did he realize that he had made the mistake of his life? All these questions are answered in this gripping story based on the Selig Diamond-Special of the same title. The cast:

Ralph Ashton.....Eugene Palette
Jane.....Anna Luther
Rosett van Nott.....Vivian Reed
Captain Spragot.....Al Filson

MR. MASON, will you please come up?"

Captain Spragot, of the steamer *Margaret S.*, called the request down to his first officer from the head of the companionway, excitement in his tone.

The vessel had just weathered a twenty-four-hour storm, and, the sea subsiding, and the storm clouds lifting, Captain Spragot had found that they had been blown off their course; and he had found something else, as well.

"Look," he directed the mate, as the latter joined him on the deck, pointing to an island that lay on their port bow. "What island is that, Mr. Mason?"

The mate regarded the long strip of land, with its white beach and palm-fringed cliffs beyond, and an expression of bewilderment settled on his face.

"Why," he exclaimed, "it hasn't any name! It's not down on the chart. Off our course, this way, we're probably the first people who have ever seen it! It's a discovery!"

Captain Spragot nodded.

"Yes, that's what it is," he said musingly, "a discovery. Do you notice how peaceful it looks on shore there, Mr. Mason? It would be a good place to come, wouldn't it, if one were tired of the world? Nobody would ever bother one there. By George, I know what I'll call it—since it's my right, as its discoverer, to name it—'The Isle of Content.' That's how we'll put it down on the chart."

Captain Spragot, with the mate's help, had figured out the island's exact position on the map an hour later. By that time the Isle of Content, as the captain had christened the strip of land, had become no more than a dot on the horizon, in the vessel's wake, as the *Margaret S.* steamed back onto her course from which the storm had carried her.

The steamer was homeward bound, and on its last cruise under her present commander; for Captain Spragot, yielding at last to his wife's frequent entreaties, had promised that he would give up the sea after this trip.

The reason the captain's wife wanted him to resign his position with the steamship company by which he had been employed for more than a score of years, was that she was lonely. Captain Spragot had advanced the argument that their little five-year-old daughter Jane should be company enough for her, with her neighbors, while he was away on his cruises. But Mrs. Spragot had insisted that she wanted her husband with her, too; and in the end there had been nothing for the captain to do but to promise that he would sail the seas no longer.

But a fortnight after he had brought the *Margaret S.* safely back into port, her owners sent for him again.

They requested that Captain Spragot take the steamer out once more. This would be the last trip they would ask him to make on her. Positively the last. But there was no other captain they could find with his experience, at such short notice, to make a trip to the Philippines with a cargo that had just been offered the steamship company, providing it would agree to deliver it within a month's time. And so, if Captain Spragot could see his way to obliging, the company would not forget it.

Captain Spragot had hesitated, but finally agreed to undertake this one last trip, since the owners had always treated him fairly in his past relations with them.

He might have hesitated longer, if he had known what was going on in his home during his absence. A man named John Western, who had known the Spragots ever since their marriage, eight years before, had called on Mrs. Spragot an hour after the captain had gone to the office of the steamship company.

Six months before, Western had played the rôle of a sympathetic listener when Mrs. Spragot had unburdened her heart to him, an old friend of the family, of her loneliness because of her husband's periodic long absences in foreign parts.

Western had hardly been able to conceal his joy, over this opening for which he had waited long and patiently. The opening to declare his love for the captain's wife.

He had poured out the tale of his adoration, then, and begged her to end her loneliness forever in his society—to run away with him.

She had refused to entertain the suggestion at first. It was then that Western had got in his fine work. He had played upon the sense of loneliness, of neglect, she had confessed to him that she felt. By a dozen—a score—of arguments he had tried to show her that her husband cared nothing for her, or he would give up the calling that separated

him from her. To this she had finally replied:

"I will give him the chance, then, to choose between me and the sea. When he comes back from this trip, I will ask him to keep to the promise he has already given me never to make another. If he does, all well and good. But if he fails—well, then I will send you word to come for me."

That was the way matters had stood between the wife of faithful Captain Spragot and her avowed lover, when the skipper had returned from the cruise during which he had discovered the uncharted island he had named the Isle of Content.

His resignation from the service of the steamship company had made her happy, and driven all thoughts of Western from her mind.

But when, despite her urgings that he ignore the summons from the owners, which she told him she felt sure would mean a request that he take command of another steamer, Captain Spragot had set out for the company's office, his wife's anger had robbed her of all reason, and she had sent her promised summons to the captain's false friend.

"He is going to break his word to me, I know," she informed Western bitterly, when he arrived. "The owners will tempt him, by flattering him about his experience and capability, into taking back his command—for 'just one more trip.' And that will mean another and another. And that means the same old loneliness for me. I can't stand it."

"You don't need to," the man caught her up, his tone businesslike. "Come away with me now, without another hour's delay. Go upstairs and pack your bag."

The woman left the room to do so. When she came down to Western, fifteen minutes later, she wore a traveling dress and hat, and carried a valise which held her personal belongings.

"You will never regret this step, my darling!" said the man, who had been impatiently awaiting her return, taking her in his arms.

Neither heard the door open just then, nor saw Captain Spragot watching them from the threshold.

"Now let us go," said she, stepping out of Western's embrace.

She turned—to meet the captain's accusing gaze. He did not need to ask for any explanation; the scene he had just witnessed told the story plainly enough—that, and the dress and veiled hat his wife wore, with the traveling bag in her hand.

Captain Spragot turned his gaze from her to the man at her side, and his brows went black. In what seemed a single bound, he was upon the cur, with his hands gripping his throat.

The slender, but wiry skipper bent Western back over the table. His hand darted toward his hip pocket, and then paused. Glaring down into the other's upturned face, Captain Spragot growled through his set teeth:



"I christen this," said Captain Spragot, "'The Isle of Content.'"

"I ought to kill you, but you're not worth risking the electric chair for. I'll have the satisfaction of giving you this before I let you go, though, you dog!"

The captain smashed him, again and again, with his hard, weather-bronzed fist. Then, pulling him up by the throat, he threw him from him to the floor and turned away without a backward glance. Not once, since the first accusing look he had given her, had Captain Spragot noticed his wife. He walked by her into the next room—it was the nursery—and lifted their little girl from her crib. Then, wrapping her in the quilt, he departed from the house.

And the next day he sailed on the steamer which had been placed under his command, with his child. Arriving in Manila, he turned over his cargo. And then, heading back for America, he drew out the map on which he and his former mate had charted the position of the Isle of Content.

None but he and that officer knew of the island's existence.

Captain Spragot guided the steamer to a point that was within a ten or twelve hours' row of the island, though it could not then be sighted from the vessel's deck. Stating that he wished to make some astronomical experiments, he ordered the steamer stopped, and waited until night had fallen.

Then, descending with his baby girl to the boat he had stocked with a two days' supply of food and water, and then stealthily lowered from the davits, the captain rowed away toward the island.

He had left a note behind him, turning over the vessel to the first mate, and explaining that he was tired of the

world, and meant to leave it—which was the truth. He asked that no search be made for him. It would be supposed, from this, that he had taken his life and that of his child, and thereby the possibility of the steamer's cruising through the near-by waters to pick up the boat, in the belief that he had accidentally got adrift in it, which might lead to the island's being stumbled upon, would be prevented.

For fourteen years, Captain Spragot lived unmolested upon the island with his daughter. Nature had stocked it plentifully with a variety of fruits, nuts, and fresh water. And on that wholesome vegetarian diet Jane, at least, thrived. She grew up to be a girl of dazzling beauty.



Captain Spragot was unaware of his false friend's plot to steal his wife.

The world outside her island home she knew nothing of. She had been too young when her father brought her to that strip of sand and jungle in the midst of the unexplored ocean wastes, to remember anything of that other home she had once known in civilization.

The captain never spoke to her of it. Once, playing beside the cliff edge at the rear of the beach, when she had been still a child, she had found some wonderful stones. Half embedded in the blue clay of the cliff, they were of a cloudy, grayish hue; but here and there on their surface a dot or a streak sparkled with all the colors of the rainbow. She had run to show her find to her father. But at sight of the stones his face had grown stern.

"These are diamonds," he had answered her query. "They are what turn people's heads—and their hearts, too—back in a place you know nothing of. Throw them away. Nothing but evil can come from them."

Jane had not thrown the stones away, but hid them, instead, under a big stone she knew of in a cave in the cliff. In the course of time, she had forgotten their existence.

Was Captain Spragot wholly happy on that island to which he had come to spend the remainder of his days? Perhaps. And perhaps not. Cut off from any communication with the world, where his heart had been broken by a woman's betrayal, nevertheless he had his memories of that world to brood over from time to time.

It was to be left to another to prove that the Isle of Content was what its name implied—another who could remember no other home.

Back in civilization, Ralph Ashton rose from his chair in his lawyer's private office.

"You're sure there's nothing left?" he inquired. "Well, there's no use crying over spilled milk, then. I've had a bully time for twenty-six years of my life, thanks to the money my father left me, and now that my inheritance is gone, I'd be ungrateful to complain."

"What are you going to do now?" his legal adviser asked.

"I'm sure I don't know," answered Ralph lightly, and passed out of the office.

The young man had spoken the truth. He had no idea just then of how he was going to shape his future. He felt that the problem needed thinking out, and he wanted time wherein to do so. If there was only somewhere that he could go, to think quietly and without distractions for a while——

And then, looking over that morning's newspaper, his eye fell on the advertisement of a steamship company. It offered the position of steward on a cruise to the southern Pacific Ocean, to a young man of just his age and physical and mental abilities.

That same day, Ralph applied for the berth. He was engaged; and, a week later, he was steaming away from New York City, to be gone, as he supposed, for two months. During that time, he would be fed and housed and given ample opportunity to think of what he was going to do to weather the blow of finding the fortune he had inherited from his father swept from him overnight.

It was midnight, three weeks later, when Ralph was thrown from his bunk by an explosion which shook the steamer from stem to stern.

Scrambling into his clothes, he ran toward the deck. There an excited deck hand informed him that one of the boilers in the engine room had exploded; the vessel was doomed. Even as the man spoke, the deck slanted under their feet, and they were swept toward the rail, over which Ralph tumbled, to find himself in the water.

He swam away from the vessel, putting all the strength he possessed into his strokes, remembering what he had read of the suction that accompanies a ship's sinking.

When he ceased swimming, and looked back in the direction from which he had come, only the pitch-black night, unrelieved by the steamer's lights, met his eyes. The vessel had gone down, and, it seemed, he was its sole survivor.

Ralph swam on—whether toward land and safety, or the open sea and his doom, he knew not.

When dawn broke, three hours later

he swept the horizon with bloodshot eyes. He was near the end of his strength, but the sight of a palm-crested island that met his gaze dead ahead of him, though still the best part of a mile away, spurred him to redoubled efforts.

When he reached the shelving white beach at last, he fell exhausted upon it, and lost consciousness. The tide was turning, and he might have been washed out to sea again by the surf that broke over him.

But a girl, with her hair streaming wild and in a dress made of plaited leaves, ran down from the cliff, where she had spied him, and dragged him by main strength out of the water and up on the beach, to safety.

The girl was Jane, who was then eighteen.

Her father had died six months before, leaving her all alone on the island.

She sat down to wait for this companion of her solitude which the sea had brought her, to regain his senses. Long before he had opened his eyes, Jane, who could not remember ever having seen another man but her father, whose appearance suffered by comparison with this handsome young stranger, had fallen in love with him.

When Ralph at last sat up, brushing the back of his hand across his forehead dazedly, he stared at the girl before him as though she had been a figure in a dream.

She was a dream of loveliness. With her heavy, spun-gold hair, and her apple-blossom complexion, which her long life in the open had given her, Ralph Ashton, accustomed as he was to the fair women of fashionable society, told himself that she was the most beautiful creature he had ever seen.

"Who are you?" he asked. "And where did you come from?"

Jane told him her story—all she knew of it. That her father had brought her to that island, when she was a little child, and that she had lived there ever since. Her father was now dead, she explained. And for half a year she had been dwelling upon the island all alone.

"I'm so glad you've come!" she told him, with innocent candor. "It'll be lots jollier, living here together, than it was before."

Ralph Ashton himself was rather glad that fate had seen fit to cast him upon that island, and he said so. Jane, springing to her feet as gracefully as a young fawn, took his hand in hers and led him on a tour of inspection over her island home.



Jane, the captain's beautiful daughter, caused Ralph to feel that the island had been well named The Isle of Content.

She showed him the hut which her father had constructed of leaves and branches, when they first came there, for them to live in. Next the store of fruits, nuts, and dried fish that he had laid away in a smaller hut near by, when he had felt the hand of Death upon him, and so that she should want for nothing when she was alone.

Ralph saw that the entire population of a small American town might live on that island for years, and be amply provided by nature with all the food they needed.

At the end of a fortnight, he had thought out his future. Why should he ever leave this Eden spot, far from the world and its petty cares? He had long since fallen in love with the wonder girl he had found upon the island. And that she loved him, too, he had soon found out. His mind made up, when two weeks had passed he took her hand as they sat side by side upon the beach in the moonlight, and avowed his love for her.

When she lifted her lips to his, in silent token that her heart belonged to him, Ralph checked her. He ordered her to kneel beside him on the sand.

And there, unseen except by the eyes of God, he vowed to take and cherish her always as his wife. And she, repeating after him the words he told her to, claimed him as her husband for all time.

Thus, in that simple fashion, they were married.

As the weeks passed, and lengthened into months, Ralph was happy. He had found that island, whose name Jane had told him, as her father had told it to her on their arrival there years before, to be a real Isle of Content. If he had not forgotten the world, he thought of it without regret.

Until, one day, exploring the cave in the cliff, his foot turned over by accident the small rock under which Jane had buried those grayish stones, with their pretty sparkle here and there on their surface, so long before.

At once he recognized them for what they were—uncut diamonds.

And he saw that, from their size, they would be worth a fortune back in civilization. A fortune which he had only to return to the world with them in his possession, to attain.

From the hour of his discovery of the rough gems, Ralph's attitude toward the island changed. He began to hate it as a prison, wherein he was kept from enjoying the luxuries of life from which he had so long been separated. If he

had been contented to spend the rest of his days alone there with Jane before, he was so no longer.

He built a signal fire on the highest point of the cliff, and tended it each day, in the hopes that some passing ship might sight the smoke and take them back to civilization.

And when he was not nursing the fire, he sat for hours rubbing at the stones. Jane found herself neglected. When she remonstrated, Ralph answered her rudely. His attitude toward her, as well as toward the island, had changed. If he still loved her as much as ever, he was too preoccupied to show it. The diamonds that meant wealth, and the coming of a ship that would mean his chance to spend it, were all he thought of.



"You have shown me the truth," Ralph told Jane. "I was happier here with you than anywhere else on earth."

And then, one day, the signal fire was seen. A vessel grew from a speck on the horizon to the distinguishable shape of a large steamer—a steamer that was coming head-on toward the island. Ralph went all but mad with joy. With Jane at his side, and his precious diamonds hugged out of sight under his tattered shirt—lest somebody on the rescuing steamer might attempt to steal the stones from him—he waited on the beach in feverish impatience for the arrival of the launch that was sent off from the ship to them.

Jane, as she stood at the steamer's rail two hours later, watching her beloved island disappear in the vessel's wake as it resumed its voyage to America, was sad. She had a premonition that nothing but unhappiness could come out of their departure from that peaceful spot.

And her presentiment was soon to be realized.

In New York, Ralph sold the diamonds for a sum in excess of his expectations. And with the considerable fortune which he thus had in his possession, he rented a magnificent home for Jane and himself, and then flung himself, with fresh zest, into the whirl of social gayety, where he had previously squandered his father's inheritance.

Upon his return to civilization, he had made his marriage with Jane legal, by a quiet church wedding.

But Jane, despite all Ralph's urgings, could not enter with him into their new life. All her tastes were quiet, and she found no enjoyment in the dances, dinners, and gay theater parties wherein he took so much pleasure. Early finding this out, Ralph soon looked elsewhere for a more congenial companion. And he found her in Rosett van Nott, a young woman of the fashionable world.

Jane found herself neglected by the man she loved, as she had been on the island after his discovery of the diamonds; only now the pangs of jealousy were added to make her unhappiness more poignant.

She rebuked Ralph for being seen so much in the society of Rosett. This led to an open quarrel between them. He declared his intention of going about with her as much as he liked—in view of the fact that his wife would not accompany him to the places he wished to go, he announced that he had a perfect right to.

One day, three months later, Jane received a call from Rosett herself.

"You and Ralph are utterly uncongenial," the woman told her. "Why don't you give him back his freedom? I believe he loves me, though he has not yet declared himself. The reason, of course, is that he is still tied to you. In fairness to both him and me, why don't you get a divorce?"

Jane rose, with clenched hands and flashing eyes.

"I won't give him up!" she answered. "He belongs to me—I dragged him from the sea, and he owes his life to me. He is mine, I tell you, and I mean to keep him!"

Jane spent the next two days following Rosett's call in deep thought. The time, it seemed, had come for her to act. If the situation was to be saved at all, now was the time to try to do it, before it was too late.

A plan—a daring one—had come to her. She determined to carry it out and stake everything on its success or failure. The next morning, she left the house and went to the water front of the city.

Two hours later, she took her departure from a sea captain with whom she had held a secret conference.

Ralph was returning from Rosett van Nott's home, to which he had escorted her after a dance, on the night following, when out of a doorway as he was passing three powerfully built men sprang upon him, overpowering him.

One held a sponge saturated with a pungent liquid to his nostrils, and Ralph lost consciousness.

When he came to—how many hours afterward he had no means of knowing—he found himself in a bunk on board a steamer which, he could tell from the motion under him, was well out to sea. At regular hours thereafter twice a day food and drink were put in at the door of the cabin where he was kept a prisoner. A fortnight went

The Rosary

(V. L. S. E.)

By Roy Halstead

A story that starts in the Emerald Isle, where young Brian Kelly decides to enter the priesthood, and is continued, twenty years later, in New York, to which city Father Kelly has been summoned by a mysterious letter. The charge the priest accepts, and what comes of his fulfillment of it, is told in this fiction version of the seven-reel picture play of the Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, Inc. The cast:

Vera Wallace.....Kathlyn Williams
Father Brian Kelly.....Charles Clary
Alice Wallace.....Gertrude Ryan
Father Ryan.....Frank Clark
Kenward Wright.....Harry Lonsdale

DOES your mother know, Brian?' Father Ryan, the priest of the parish, addressed the question to the young Irishman beside him. Brian Kelly, who was twenty-one that day, shook his head.

"Then tell her, me boy," advised Father Ryan in a whisper, for they were approaching the rose-covered cottage, in whose doorway stood a gray-haired woman, watching the two as they drew near. "Tell her—an' I don't think 'twill sadden the heart of her. Faith, I have good reasons for knowin' 'tis the dearest wish of her life."

The good father and his young friend stopped before the doorway of the cottage.

"Good day to ye, Mrs. Kelly," greeted the old priest, in his whole-souled fashion. "Here's Brian with news for ye." Turning back to the young man, he added: "Tell her, Brian."

Brian Kelly, his handsome young face flushing, slipped his arm around his mother's waist.

"I want to enter the priesthood, mother," said he. "My mind's made up to it, if I've got your permission. Have I?"

Mrs. Kelly lifted her hands heavenward.

"Praises be!" she exclaimed, with shining eyes. "Brian, darlint, 'tis the proud woman ye've made me this day! It's what I've always wanted, though no word have I said to ye of it before, for fear ye might want to pick out some other callin' for yerself—nor would I have stood in yer way. But ye've picked out the priesthood all by yerself! Me permission, is it? Indade, ye have that, an' all me blessin's, as well!"

Father Ryan laid his hand on Brian's shoulder.

"You know what it means, me boy?" he said gravely. "Ye must give up everything—everything!"

The young man's face went chalk white. His sensitive, finely chiseled lips trembled for a moment; and then they set in a thin line of determination.

"Yes, I understand," he said. "I will tell her—to-night."

And that evening Brian Kelly walked to the romantic glen on the outskirts of the town. There he found Ellen McCarthy waiting for him. Brian and Ellen had been sweethearts ever since that day in their childhood when Brian had thrashed the bully of the parish school who had been tormenting her. And they had always planned that some time they would marry.

But now, as she saw the young man coming toward her through the evening dusk, Ellen brought her hand to her heart with a startled gasp. Something she read in his face sent a quick stab of alarm there.

"It's all over, *acushla,*" Brian told her. "I love you. That you can always know and believe. But there is something here," and he laid her hand over his heart, "a feeling, a voice within me always speaking, always urging, calling me to give up my life for our church, to mankind, and I must obey that voice."

Ellen's sorrowing cry rang out through the glen.

"Oh, Brian!" she wailed. "It's a living death you're sentencing yourself to —and you're sentencing me to the same! What can life hold for me without you?"

Brian stroked her soft, brown hair as she lay in his arms.

"S-h-h, *mavourneen,*" he soothed her. "You'll soon forget me. No—you must. And the sooner the better. It is settled. I am going to become a priest."

The girl dried her tears, and, hand in hand with Brian, she mounted the hill at his side. At its summit, they stood for a few moments, looking down into the glen that held such memories for each of their many meetings there—memories to which they were both bidding adieu.

And then, kissing the girl he loved, once upon the brow in farewell, the young man watched her as she walked away, with lowered head, toward the twinkling lights of her father's cottage.

A sigh was wrung from young Brian Kelly's heart. He turned once more to look down toward the glen. From the town on its other side, he saw the white cross of the small parish church pointing heavenward; and, as he looked at that sacred symbol, slowly the lines of suffering on his face faded out.

Making the sign of the cross, he knelt there on the hillside in prayer, his countenance transfigured with "the light that never shone on land or sea."

Twenty years had passed. Father Kelly, who had come to America more than a decade and a half before, had charge of a flock in a small New England village. One day his housekeeper

entered his study with a letter which the postman had just brought.

Looking at the envelope, Father Kelly saw that it bore the postmark, "New York." His brows drew together in a pucker of perplexity, for he knew no one in that city, as he looked down at the handwriting, which was an unfamiliar one.

Opening the letter, he read these lines:

"I wish you to come to this city without delay. The doctors say I have only three days, perhaps no more than two, to live. That will impress the need for haste upon you—for I must see you before I die. Your name, and the address of your parish, was given me by some one I believe was once very dear to you. Though you do not know me, I hope that will be enough to persuade you to come. I am inclosing a check to cover your traveling and incidental expenses."

The communication was signed "Edward G. Wilton." Father Kelly frowned again over the signature; it meant nothing to him. He looked at the check that accompanied the letter. It was in three figures—representing more money than Father Kelly, whose parish was far from being a prosperous one, had seen all at one time in twice that number of months. Certainly, this did not look as though the letter was any kind of a hoax.

"I wonder who the 'some one who was once very dear to me,' can be?" mused Father Kelly, as he rose to pack his valise, for he had already made up his mind to obey the summons. "I shall be away for three or four days," he informed his housekeeper. "If I have to stay longer, I will write and let you know."

Two hours later, he had boarded a train for New York—not knowing that he was leaving that small New England town forever, nor by what a coincidence of fate his transplanting in strange fields was to be brought about.



Brian Kelly had thrashed the bully of the parish school who had been tormenting Ellen, and from that time he and the girl had been sweethearts.

As soon as he arrived at the mansion, whose address had been given him in the letter summoning him to its dying owner's bedside, Father Kelly was ushered into Mr. Wilton's darkened chamber, which reeked of medicines of all sorts.

The stricken man, in a weak voice, ordered every one else from the room.

"I want to intrust you with a mission, Father Kelly," he said, when he was alone with the priest. "It is this—I desire to turn my only son, Bruce, over into your charge, after I am gone. She said if I ever needed the help of a good man, to hunt you up. I need your help now, and that is why I have sent for you. My son has proved wild. I want him to have the guidance of an older, kindly, and wise man, who will dissuade him from continuing the error of his ways. If you will make it your life work to look after him, I will reimburse you to any financial extent you may care to name——"

The dying man stopped abruptly. The door of his bedroom had opened just then, and a young man came in. Father Kelly, turning to face the intruder, rose from his chair with an exclamation of wonder.

He found himself looking at the face of Ellen McCarthy, the girl whose love he had forsworn back in Ireland!

"This," said Edward Wilton faintly, from the bed, "is my son.'

At last Father Kelly understood. Edward Wilton was the man Ellen must have married, after he had put her aside. But that she had not forgotten him was evidenced by the words she had uttered to her husband on her own dying bed. She had told him if ever he needed the help of a good man, to send for Father Kelly. He turned to look down at the dying man beside him. So he knew the story of his and Ellen's love. "Some one who was once very dear to you," he had written, had given him Father Kelly's name and the address of his parish in America. And he had not dreamed that it might be through her that the letter requesting his presence in New York had come!

"Will you look after him?" the boy's father whispered, clutching Father Kelly's wrist in a hand that had already begun to turn cold with the approach of death. "Promise—me that you will watch over him always!"

Father Kelly slipped to his knees beside the bed.

"Yes," he answered soberly, "I promise you that."

With a sigh of content, Edward Wilton lay back upon the pillows. His eyelids fluttered and closed—never to open again.

After the funeral, Father Kelly wrote to his housekeeper to tell her that he was not coming back to his parish in New England. And then he took the eighteen-year-old son of his old sweetheart away with him to a camp in the Adirondacks. Bruce Wilton needed

physical building up, the wise priest saw, before his moral regeneration could be effected. Dissipation had undermined his constitution. Exercise in the fresh mountain air, Father Kelly thought, would remedy the damage late hours and drinking had done to his health.

Two months later, when Father Kelly returned to the city, it was with a new man in the person of his ward.

Bruce Wilton passed his examination and entered Harvard, thanks to the tutoring Father Kelly had given him during those summer months. Then followed four years in which the priest saw little of him.

Upon his graduation from college, Bruce went into the brokerage office of the father of one of his school chums.

A year later, having learned the business, the young man branched out as a Wall Street broker on his own account.

He prospered from the start. A railroad deal in which he was interested necessitated his making a trip out West. He was planning to leave on the morrow, when he received an anonymous letter, warning him to use more discretion in discussing his business deals.

"You have an enemy," the letter ran, "who will stop at nothing to ruin you."

Bruce tried to think who that enemy could be. But in vain. He hadn't an ill-wisher in the world, so far as he knew. He put the letter down as the work of a crank, and promptly forgot all about it. The next morning, as he was settling a few matters that remained to be arranged at his office, Evarts, his secretary, entered to announce that Kenward Wright, Bruce's closest friend, was calling.

"Ask him to come right in!" said Bruce heartily.

A moment or two later he looked up to discover that the secretary had not yet left the room.

"If I were you, Mr. Wilton," said his faithful employee, "I wouldn't mention anything to Mr. Wright about the reason you are making this trip."

"Why not?" asked Bruce in surprise.

"You know how much depends on it," earnestly went on the secretary. "If it were known that you were going out to make a personal investigation of the shape this railroad is in, that would be a tip that the interests you are representing are thinking of buying the controlling percentage of the stock in it. The stock would go up. And your profits would be cut down by just that much. I wouldn't say anything about it even to Mr. Wright, if I were you."

Bruce laughed scornfully.

"Nonsense, Evarts," said he. "Isn't he my best friend? I'd trust him implicitly with my life itself. Show him in!"

And when Kenward Wright asked Bruce where he was going and why, the latter disregarded his secretary's advice by explaining to his friend the nature of the investigation he was about to make as to that particular railroad's condition.

And still Bruce saw nothing queer in it, when Wright turned up in Butte, Montana, one month later.

Bruce Wilton by that time had made the acquaintance of two sisters, Vera and Alice Wallace. He brought Wright to their charming cottage to call with him, a day or two after the latter's arrival in that Western city.

Alice was immediately smitten with the suave, fashionably attired New Yorker.

Bruce had already fallen in love with Vera. He pressed his suit with her—to such good effect that when he returned to the East he had won her promise to become his wife.

Bruce found, on his return to Wall Street, that stock in the railroad whose affairs he had been privately investigating had gone up more than a dozen points during his absence. A clique of stock gamblers had been buying the stock right and left, evidently having received a tip from some source that the capitalists in whose interest Bruce had taken his trip West were planning to buy in the railroad.



"You must give up everything," Father Ryan told Brian—"everything!"

The capitalists, despite Bruce's favorable report on the condition of the road, refused to purchase the control of it. They could not get the stock at the figure they had hoped to buy it in at first, and so they would not invest their money in it at all.

Bruce was out of pocket the tidy fortune he had counted on making by buying in some of the stock and holding it for the rise that should have come when

the news broke on the Street that the railroad's direction had changed hands.

But who could have given the tip out ahead of time, and so spoiled the deal, he could not imagine.

Bruce paid another trip to Montana soon after. This time it was for the sole purpose of seeing Vera. He begged her to consent to marry him immediately, but at first she refused, pleading that she did not want to leave her sister.

Alice had changed since Kenward Wright had gone back to New York with Bruce at the conclusion of the latter's business trip in Butte.

Vera told Bruce that she could not understand what was the matter with her sister. Alice had always been a happy, light-hearted girl before. Now she was quiet, subdued, and given to much melancholy sitting alone—as though there was something she was brooding over.

Vera had questioned her in vain as to the cause of the change in her. Alice had protested each time, with a pitiful attempt to regain her former smiling demeanor, that there was nothing troubling her—she was all right, she said, and did not want her sister to bother about her.

"Do you suppose," Vera asked Bruce worriedly, "that your friend Mr. Wright can have anything to do with it? Perhaps he made love to Alice while he was here in Butte, and has jilted her. I know that she was very much impressed by him during his visits here at the cottage."

"I don't believe so," Bruce answered. "I think Wright would have said something to me about it, if he had loved Alice—or even if he had spoken of love to her, in the sense of a harmless flirtation. I don't think it can be Kenward she is grieving about."



"Stop!" ordered Father Kelly. "You do not know who the woman was you saw in the garden with Kenward Wright that night."

"But what is it, then?" anxiously persisted Vera.

"I'm sure I don't know," Bruce answered.

"I wish I could find out," her sister said musingly. "I have never seen her act this way before—and it worries me tremendously, Bruce."

Bruce reassured her lightly.

"Nonsense!" said he. "Perhaps what she needs is a change of climate, or of scene. Marry me, dear, and when we are settled in our new home in the East she can come and pay us a long visit."

At last Vera yielded to Bruce's entreaties that she marry him before he went back to New York. Their wedding was a quiet one, held in the sisters' pretty little cottage, with only a few of their most intimate friends present. Bruce wrote to his best friend, Kenward Wright, to ask him to come on to Butte and be his best man. But the latter wired back that it would be impossible for him to come West just then, due to pressure of business.

Alice seemed to have regained some of her former cheerfulness before her sister went away, and so Vera started off with Bruce for New York with a light heart.

She did not know that after she had gone Alice took Kenward Wright's telegram out of the wastebasket, and, throwing herself down on her bed with it pressed to her heart, sobbed in bitter disappointment.

Bruce bought and furnished a beautiful country house for himself and his wife, two hours out from the city. He named the estate "Eden," and in beauty of landscape it was all that the name implied.

Both he and Vera, perfectly mated, were each happier than they had ever been in their lives before.

Reading a newspaper account, one day, of the work a certain priest was doing to help the needy in the slums of the city, Bruce was reminded of Father Kelly, who had done so much to make a man of him after his father's death, and whom he had lost track of in the years that had passed.

When he motored out to his country home from his Wall Street office that night, he told her the story of Father Kelly's reformation of his character from a dissipated young idler to a substantial member of the community.

"I owe all that I have to him," he ended. "And I am ashamed of myself for having neglected him all this time. Would you mind if I invited him to come out here and pay us a visit, dear?"

"Mind?" repeated Vera heartily. "I should love to have him come. Write and ask him to-day, Bruce."

And Bruce did so.

But he did not sign his name to the letter. Wishing to surprise his benefactor with the fact of his identity, he merely wrote, giving him the address

of Eden, and asking him to call there on the next day.

When Father Kelly arrived at the beautiful country estate, he was astonished and overjoyed to find that its owner was the son of the girl he had once loved.

"I want you to stay a week, or a month, if you can," Bruce told the priest warmly. "It will do you good, to rest from the heat of the city where you have been working in behalf of the poor all summer long."

Father Kelly lifted his hand in smiling protest.

"I could not stay away from my people so long," said he. "They need me—more than I need the rest you speak of. And my duty is not to think of myself, but of them."

"Then you will stay over the week-end, at least," Bruce informed him firmly. "I insist upon that."

Father Kelly consented, finally, to accept his former ward's hospitality for that length of time.

He thought Bruce had done well in marrying Vera, and said so. Alice was paying her sister a visit, and Father Kelly liked her, also. As he watched her, however, his eyes saddened. Behind her assumption of carefree spirits, which satisfied her sister that her previous melancholy had wholly passed, the priest read the fact that her heart held a secret sorrow. He wished fervently to comfort her—but that could not come, of course, unless she asked for his help and counsel of her own free will.

On the day that Father Kelly arrived in Bruce's home, the latter received a letter from Kenward Wright, who had been away for a cruise on a friend's yacht through the Bahamas, and of whom consequently Bruce had seen nothing for a month and more, announcing his intention to come and pay them a visit.

The fact of the matter was, Wright had been unable to forget Vera. That she had married Bruce, his friend, made little or no difference in his feelings toward her. And those feelings had come of late to be warmer than they had any right to be toward the wife of a friend.

It was but a half hour before dinner, when Wright drove up in his machine and alighted, to shake Bruce warmly by the hand. Shown at once to his room, to dress for dinner, he was thus unaware that Alice Wallace was under the same roof.

When he came downstairs, and had been presented to Father Kelly, Wright turned eagerly to Vera.

As he watched the man bow low over her hand, Father Kelly's lips tightened and his brows drew together in a frown. There was nothing to take exception to in Kenward Wright's act of gallantry toward his hostess, and yet a suspicion entered the mind of the wise old priest that the suave man's presence there boded no good to that household.

"Eden they call this beautiful place," Father Kelly murmured to himself. "Eden—is this the serpent, I wonder?"

Glancing at Bruce Wilton out of the corner of his eye, Father Kelly saw that his face was untroubled and smiling, as he watched his wife and his friend together. It was evident that Bruce himself entertained no suspicion whatsoever of the motive that might have prompted Wright to come to his home.

"I think," commented Father Kelly to himself, his glance traveling back to the other man, "that I had better watch him myself. Somehow, there is something about his appearance that I do not like."

Alice had not come downstairs when the company went in to dinner.

Lifting his cocktail glass, before the party sat down at the table, Wright turned to Vera.

"A health!" he proposed. "To the fairest woman in all the world—our hostess!"

The next moment the glass slipped from his hand and broke in a dozen fragments on the table. His eyes, shifting for a moment from their ardent gaze into Vera's, Wright had looked at Alice Wallace, the girl he had betrayed and cast aside, who stood in the doorway behind her sister.

Recovering his lost poise instantly, he flashed her a warning glance as he advanced to greet her with hand outstretched.

"I will meet you in the garden, an hour after dinner," he whispered to her, as their hands met. "If you will come away with me, I will marry you tonight."

Then, aloud, for the benefit of the others, he said:

"So glad to see you again, Miss Wallace! This is an unexpected pleasure—doubly so, to find you looking in such radiant health and spirits!"

At his words, Alice's face had flushed and her eyes sparkled—with hope. She looked five years younger, all at once. Noting the change in her appearance which had instantly followed her meeting with Wright, Vera glanced significantly across the table at her husband.

But Bruce disregarded her glance, if he saw it. With his brows meeting and his jaws set, he was gazing fixedly at Kenward Wright. The latter's toast to his wife had seemed to him to be too fervent. And his suspicion of his friend was aroused at last.

Jealousy had suddenly leaped up in Bruce's heart. It prevented him from reasoning clearly—as jealousy always does. He had been engrossed of late by a market deal that was the biggest he had ever attempted. His whole fortune was staked upon its success. Perhaps Vera had believed that he had been neglecting her. And so, as had happened dozens of times before in their social set, she was ready to turn to Wright for the consolation for her loneliness which his society would give.

He suspected his wife, as well, of having shown by her manner of receiving Wright's toast that his admiration for her was not unwelcomed.

When the end of the dinner came, and Bruce, Father Kelly, and Wright were left alone over their cigars and port—the priest refusing both the cigars and the wine—Wright turned to Bruce and asked easily:

"How is business, old man?"

The careless tone in which he put the question, masked his real eagerness to find out what deal, if any, Bruce then had pending in the stock market.

"Are you working on anything big?" his false friend pursued.

"Yes," said Bruce, rising impatiently. "But I don't care to talk about it."

Hiding his disappointment, Wright rejoined the ladies in the drawing-room. A little later, he nodded significantly toward the garden at Alice. She rose and left the room.

Then Wright drew Bruce aside.

"I'm sorry, old man," said he, "but I'll have to cut my stay short. On looking over my engagement book, which I hadn't had a chance to see since I got home this morning, I found before dinner that my secretary had made an important appointment for me back in the city for this evening. I haven't unpacked my bag, and I'll go up now and bring it down, while you have one of

your servants order my chauffeur to bring my car around. I *am* sorry that I can't stay longer, but I can't miss this engagement."

Outside, in the garden, Wright found Alice waiting, in her cloak and hat, and with her valise in her hand.

"I'm ready to go with you," she panted, clutching his arm. "You said you'd take me away with you and marry me. Let us go now."

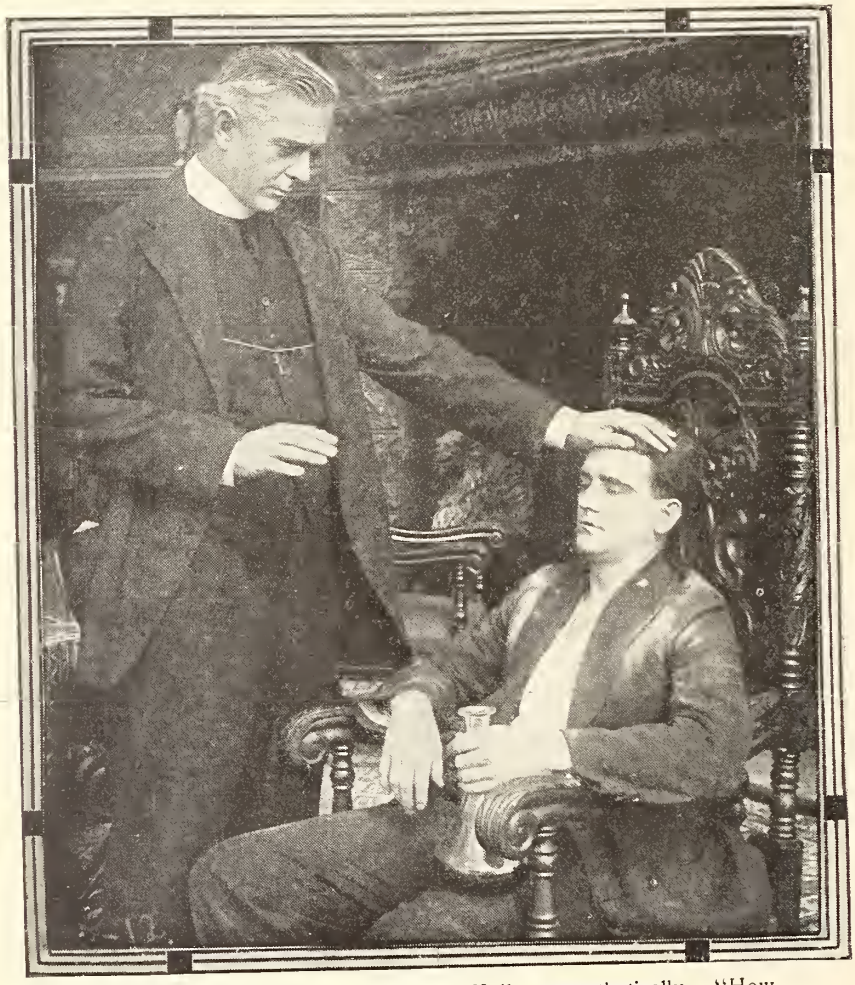
Wright demanded sharply:

"Do you know the details of that deal?"

"Why, yes. I've heard him talk about it at the table. But why——"

"Quick!" hissed the man. "Tell me about it—everything."

And Alice did so. When she had finished, with a triumphant laugh, Wright flung her hand from his arm, and stepped away from her toward the



"My poor, poor boy!" said Father Kelly sympathetically. "How you have suffered—and all through a mistake!"

Wright placed his finger warningly on her lips.

"Not so loud," said he. "Somebody may hear you from the house."

"There is little danger of that," the girl explained in a lower tone. "Bruce is so occupied with the deal he's been working on these past few weeks that he wouldn't think anything of it if he were to come out and see us here together."

lights of his waiting automobile on the driveway.

"That's all I wanted to know!" he said. "I've changed my mind about marrying you, little girl—it's too late for that. I've got Bruce Wilton right where I want him now. And if I don't utterly ruin him within a fortnight, my name's not Kenward Wright!"

Paying no heed to her prayers that he take her with him, and keep his promise to make her his wife, Wright strode down the garden path toward his motor. Turning, with a heartbroken cry, Alice ran back into the house. There were two who saw her leave the clandestine meeting with the man.

One was Father Kelly—who understood at last what her secret sorrow was.

And the other was Bruce. He had not recognized Alice, however. And he mistook her fleeing figure for that of his wife!

Reëntering the house, with clenched jaw, Bruce sought for Vera to demand an explanation from her. He found her finally behind the locked door of Alice's room.

Alice had confessed everything to her sister, begging her only not to tell Bruce.

"What were you doing in the garden with Wright?" Bruce demanded, when Vera appeared in the doorway of Alice's room in answer to his knock.

"I?" she repeated in amazement. "I was not in the garden."

"Then who was?" he insisted.

Vera, bound by her promise to her sister, could not answer.

"This ends it, then," said Bruce through his set teeth. And, turning on his heel he walked downstairs and entered the library. Vera, running after him, came into the room just in time to see him raising a pistol to his head.

"Bruce!" she screamed. "For God's sake, don't!"

Father Kelly, entering the library unnoticed, came up behind the young man and gently lowered his hand that held the revolver.

"Look!" said the priest.

He pointed to where Vera, who had crossed the room, stood with the velvet curtains drawn apart from a stained glass window on which the Crucifixion was depicted.

With a moan, letting the pistol drop from his hand, Bruce turned and walked from the room with bowed shoulders.

Kenward Wright had made good his boast, by stripping Bruce Wilton of every dollar of his fortune within a fortnight he had set.

"It could only have been Wright who ruined me," Bruce told Vera bitterly. "For no one outside of this family knew of the deal I was planning to make. And, since the information must have come from either you or your

ter. Wright was the man who secured it, since he was the last guest here. You have not only deceived me, but lost me every dollar I owned in the world, as well!"

He turned to the door.

"And now I am going," he grimly declared, "to complete the downfall you have wrought upon the man who loved and trusted you."

Bruce, during the next week, fed back to life his old appetite for drink in the low bars of the city, of which he became a habitué. Vera did not know where he was, and she had no money with which to hire detectives to find out.

Eden, their beautiful country home, was sold over her head to settle Bruce's obligations. She came to the city, and took a small, furnished room, where she supported herself as a seamstress. Alice, taken to a hospital after the ruin which she had unwittingly brought upon Bruce and her sister, had died.

In three months, Bruce had become a hopeless drunkard.

He was picked up one day on the street, and sent, not to the workhouse, but by the kindness of the magistrate before whom he was brought for sentence, who saw under the marks of dissipation upon him that he had once known better days, to a sanitarium for the cure of inebriates.

Kenward Wright, reading of his commitment there in the newspapers, gloated as he did so over the final downfall of the man he hated.

A year had passed, and Vera, taking her weary way homeward to the cheerless room which it was all she could do to pay for out of her scant earnings, stopped before the lighted window of a small chapel midway of the street through which she was walking.

She had just made up her mind to go inside and seek the comfort of a few moments of prayer, when out of the night around her a figure brushed by and fell upon the steps of the chapel.

It was Bruce. He had escaped from the sanitarium the day before, and, having gone without food for more than twenty-four hours, he had now fainted from weakness.

Up the street after him hurried Kenward Wright with two guards from the sanitarium, whom he had offered to help in their search for the runaway, having learned of his escape that morning.

Stopping before Bruce's senseless form on the steps, Wright turned to the two guards behind him.

"Here is our man," he said briskly.

The chapel door opened. And Father Kelly stood, with hand uplifted, in the radiance that poured forth upon the threshold.

"Stop!" he ordered Kenward Wright sternly. "You have wrought enough evil to one who repaid your every act of treachery with kindness. Begone!"

He stepped forward, his hand uplifted over Bruce's emaciated and tattered body protectingly.

"This man belongs to God!" he declared. And then, catching sight of Vera, he added, beckoning her forward: "And to her!"

Together in their arms, Father Kelly and Vera lifted Bruce to his feet. And then, turning with him toward the interior of the church, they led him gently between them toward the new life that waited for him at their ministering hands.

A Real Thrill.

ASSISTANT DIRECTOR JAMES DOUGLAS, of the American studios, registered a thrill on his own account recently. He went into a local bank to return a brace of pistols borrowed from one of the clerks for the duel in "The Girl from His Town." Jimmy, wearing his usual determined expression, was making for his destination, pistols in hand, when he was halted by the peremptory summons: "What do you want here?" and looked into the searching eyes of the cashier leveled over the steely blue barrel of a businesslike-looking revolver. For once the debonair Jimmy lost his poise; he wabbled visibly; he says he never felt so like a criminal in his life. Finally he managed to stammer an explanation and deliver up the weapons, but he cannot help feeling that he is still under the stigma of suspicion.

An Indian-rubber Comedian.

STOP!" shouted Director Marshall Neilan, dashing into the scene at the Selig rube town of Bloom Center.

"What's matter?" inquired Sid Smith, picking himself up and stretching lazily.

"Great guns! I thought you were killed!" gasped Neilan, for Smith, the india-rubber comedian of the Selig forces had taken a fall of fifteen feet, alighting "some on his shoulders and the rest on his neck," as the director afterward described it. It certainly was some crash for the uninitiated.

But Sid only grinned and replied:

"Oh, that little spill! Wait until I do a good one for you some day."

As a matter of fact, Comedian Smith has a record of a twenty-foot fall to his credit with a seven-foot bounce at the end. He did it from a roof during the "Red Head" series, and disclaimed even a sore spot as the result.

But Neilan was new in the studio and wasn't used to human beings who rivaled solid concrete in resistance.

This and That.

A bit of byplay, showing that picture players are quick at repartee, even if their acting is called the silent drama, is recorded from the American studios. Eugenie Forde, who plays the part of *Hagar*, a gypsy, in "The Diamond from the Sky," was asked by William Tedmarsh, another player, if she could tell fortunes. "Sure," said Miss Forde, "but it will cost you two dollars." "And you say you are a soothsayer," returned Tedmarsh. "I never fail," replied Miss Forde. "You'll never do," said Tedmarsh; "if you were any good you would know I haven't got two dollars."

James W. Castle, Edison director, especially prizes a medal which he received while a member of the then Thirteenth Regiment, Brooklyn, as a sharpshooter, the medal having been pinned on his breast by General U. S. Grant, of Civil War fame.

"Of bores there are plenty, I needn't detail
The various kinds that I know,
Like the barber who tells you your hair's falling out,
Or the people too late for the show,
Or the persons who read the subtitles out loud,
And sprawl at the end of the row,
But the worst of the lot—and my goat he has got,
Is the fellow who voluntarily gives you all the inside history concerning the actors and actresses who appear on the screen.

Theoretic Dramatic Knowledge

By Arnold Daly, Famous Actor

Something for those who are interested in things under the surface in the world of entertainment, written by one who has made a careful study of the subject and is well qualified to write on it. Arnold Daly, well-known both on the stage and screen, and who played the lead in Pathe's recent serial, "The Exploits of Elaine," has taken much time and care in preparing this article dealing with a matter with which few have taken the pains to acquaint themselves.

THE stage is a curious place. Every one feels "called" to it. Even the clergy would wed it to the church—when funds are low. I have always deplored the union. Certain utterances of a clergyman in Philadelphia anent a much-talked-of marriage in New York confirm me in this. Shocking! One may only hope that in the future the stage will give the "cut direct."

The divorcee feels earnestly "called" to the stage. She gravely considers for hours as to whether or no she will become an actress, and is convinced that the result rests with her decision.

The theorist feels "divinely called" by Heaven to rescue the stage, and well he may. It is to encourage him to do so that I presume to write these lines.

I have before me an article in a publication called *The Mask,* a quarterly journal on the art of the theater, published in Florence. The title-page informs us that it is a quarterly journal "of" the art of the theater, but that is a slight grammatical error due to youth, I dare say; I fancy they mean "on." The magazine teems with enthusiasm—therefore, one fancies the truth—and one is glad to meet it, and even to help it, if that hope is not an impertinence. The editor informs us that he will be glad to consider manuscripts relative to the art of the theater, but points out that he can only use articles written by those who have a real knowledge of the subjects treated. Now we have it. The article in question is called, "To save the theaters of England," and is written by Mr. John Semar. In my ignorance I have not heretofore heard of Mr. Semar. However, I would like to congratulate him, if he will permit, upon his splendid enthusiasm for such a neglected cause. His flaming words and fine intent intensify my shame at my ignorance of his achievements. However great these may be, I hope it is not too much to say that we may all be assisted even in some small way—by another mind, granted that the mind has given a little thought to the subject in hand.

I have said that Mr. Semar had fine intent—but as to his knowledge on the subject—ah! now on that point I am a little curious. In fact, remembering the editor's warning clause, one wonders how the article passed his eagle eye, but I dare say it was because of the "fine intent"; and perhaps the editor, too, is young. At any rate, it is a magazine of fine purpose, so let us be patient, and assist, if permitted.

In the first place, it is practically impossible to show any considerable knowledge on dramatic art in an article of five hundred or a thousand words. I mean, to demonstrate any analytical, practical knowledge therein, any more than one can write an article on how to sail a ship or paint a picture; and, above all, my enthusiastic friend, we may not assist the art of the theater with vituperation, since vituperation is pointless even when witty—though we overlook much when we are made to laugh—but, alas, dear friend, you have not succeeded even in provoking that gentle emotion.

You tell us that Sir Herbert Tree, Sir Charles Wyndham, Sir George Alexander, and Messrs. Terry, Asche, Waller, and Bourchir, make art impossible. Now there we have a fine, ringing statement. Let us look into it. If my memory serves me well, many different productions and performances which these gentlemen have contributed to the British stage, unfortunately for you, do not bear out that statement. It is superfluous here to dwell upon their many achievements. One remembers with gratitude various performances—may I venture one—or two? As a youngster, I saw Wyndham play "The Liars," one afternoon, and faced my audience that night in sheer terror and consciousness of my own amateurishness. The flawless perfection of his art created one wish, which was: "Do it all over again." Of the younger men's work, Asche's production of "Kismet" is the finest thing of the kind I have ever seen. But I fear I misquote you. You do not make this statement yourself. You say that Signora Duse makes it. That is, you mean Signora Duse—or, if you must give her another title, Mrs. Duse—though you style her Madame Duse. I shall quote exactly: "Signora Duse says, 'To save the theater, the theater must be destroyed. The actors and actresses must all die of the plague—they poison the air. They make art impossible.'"

Now, my dear Mr. Semar, you have taken a long while to use that statement. The divine and glorious Duse made that statement at least a half dozen years ago—more, I think, for I have been hurling it hopefully at actors' heads for at least that time myself. If I remember rightly, *I* threatened to burn them. Now, it is true that Signora Duse is probably the world's greatest actress. Certainly an artist for whom one can only have the holiest reverence, and one to whom all true actors must listen with great desire and thanks. It is as *un*true that the great Duse had any particular group of actors in mind when she said it—certainly not any actor of the English stage, as she is too intellectual a woman to express an opinion on a subject with which she is unfamiliar. Signora Duse does not know the English stage, its conditions of achievements, thoroughly enough to express any such opinion of its art. Shall I tell you to what she referred, Mr. Semar? The parasites, the loafers, the theorists, and the various hangers-on who are to be found in all walks of life. Ninety-nine lawyers, doctors, or actors out of a hundred are useless so far as distinction goes, or our hope of

their ever attaining it; and the only difference between the mob actors and the utility members of the other professions is that they are less dishonest. Poor dears! Their childlike laziness prevents that. It takes energy to cheat. So, you see, Signora Duse referred to the useless members of the profession in her own country, even though they are the same everywhere, and very probably uttered the phrase after a tiring, boring rehearsal.

Surely you must know this, Mr. Semar. A shocking thought has come to me. It is, that of course you know it, and you are twisting the meaning of the phrase by misapplying it to your own purpose—or for the purpose of some friend of yours; but, on second thought, I crave your pardon, as I forgot for the moment your article's good intent. Surely, such splendid enthusiasm to destroy must be of *high purpose,* and it were treason to suppose a dishonest motive. For it is dishonest to twist a phrase for your own purpose, though I admit that honesty is an ordinary quality, and one we only demand of ordinary folk. I have found all theorists in the theater have a high purpose—even their fees are higher than other mortals'—and the ethics of "playing the game" themselves impresses them no more than it does the anarchist or the suffragette. Your divine theorist has the plodder at a disadvantage. The latter *must* play the game, or we throw him out. The former we allow to make his own rules.

Then you make a personal statement. You tell us that Sir Herbert Tree has lowered the theater from what it rose to at the hands of Sir Henry Irving.

Irving certainly raised it to giddy heights. Actors have testified to that by a statue to his honor, and it is strange, indeed, if Tree has not made the legacy even more difficult, when we gaze upon His Majesty's Theater and recall his many notable triumphs therein. It is unnecessary for me to instance any of his wonderful work in answer to such a statement. It would only succeed in making us both ridiculous, my dear Mr. Semar. It would be making the fly too important, for, in reading carefully what you write, it reminds one painfully of the fly on the cheek. It's annoying, and must be brushed off—nothing more. But it must be brushed off. It's better—for the fly—after all, it's not the proper place for a fly—and if you are sincere in wishing to do anything for the English-speaking stage, allow me to suggest a way to you. It is that we get behind the leader of our profession and help, if we are permitted. Nothing is achieved by abuse.

A man had a real cause to plead, and died for it, two thousand years ago, yet he never descended to abuse. We cannot say he died in vain, for though his teaching seems to take a long time to filter through, nevertheless, some good has been accomplished.

It's a slow, old world, my dear Mr. Semar, and you must be patient with it—even dramatically. Voltaire was a revolutionist, and devoted half his life to fighting intolerance. You, in your youth, mistake intolerance for revolution. Galsworthy has written "Justice," and Tree has produced "False Gods" and "The Enemy of the People." "The Theater of Ideas" has arrived. And pray remember that the works of Ibsen, Strindberg, Gorky, and Hauptmann, and all the realistic school, will be produced by every thoughtful actor in England—when the public support them. While, on the other hand, we must remember that we cannot expect the public to be as keenly advanced in dramatic art, or as interested, as the people who devote their lives to it. The aëroplane is a bit ahead of the man in the street. In fact, we are teaching them to fly, to-day, before they know how to walk. Therefore, save your breath for the instruction of the public, get up a case, and try to interest them in the *possibilities* of the theater; and when they clamor for stronger meat, believe me, the actors will supply it. The public gets the press and stage it deserves and demands. Pray remember that what has been done has, practically, been done solely by the energies and the moneys of actors alone. Subsidize a few of them, instead of building warships, and see what they do; and, in the meanwhile, solace your soul with the reflection that Sir Herbert Tree has had the world's greatest poet for his dramatist for one solid year. "Henry VIII." ran nearly three hundred nights. That has never been done in any other country. Above all, don't use a phrase uttered years ago by the high priestess of our art to hurl at the head of the English-speaking stage. Actors don't like it. That means they won't like you, and that would be a pity, for you are an enthusiast, and we need enthusiasts. For, who knows—some day you may show us the way.

You are very right in one thing that you suggest. We should have schools—schools where dramatic art is properly taught, and you may believe me that the leaders of the dramatic profession have gone to school—*to and through* a bitter one. I see in an article in the *Daily Mail* that Mr. Gordon Craig advances such a theory. It is a splendid idea. I am told Mr. Craig is a man who has done much for the theater. I had the great pleasure of attending a dinner given in his honor. The chairman dwelt at length on his achievements, and Mr. Yeats spoke for some time on the same subject.

Unfortunately, they did not make quite clear what the achievements consisted of, and I have not had an opportunity of witnessing any practical demonstration. I should be glad, indeed, of the chance of doing so. In the meantime, the schools suggest a splendid avenue. It would be a thing of incalculable benefit to the English stage if Mr. Craig opened a school for all these people, instead of "destroying them." I mean the loafers, parasites, general incompetents, and theorists. Teach them, Mr. Craig and Mr. Semar, et al., don't kill them. Lombroso tells us that there is no such thing as a drunkard or a criminal. It is either a sick or an undeveloped brain. Make them serious people, with serious voices to praise the efforts of their leaders, instead of decrying them; and teach—especially the theorists—respect and discipline, and then we shall not have to remind them to respectfully doff their hats to Sir Herbert Tree and his achievements. Teach them to join their voices with those of the serious-minded in our profession, and with the thinking public, with him a climax fitting to his great career—the only proper gift his country can offer him, namely, the directorship of your coming national theater, as we, on our side, should have offered it to Mrs. Fiske. Remember, we gave that honor to a theorist, and one hundred thousand pounds were lost in two years. Mrs. Fiske would have shown a profit.

It is wiser to send a sailor up a mast than a tailor.

News Note.—Willis Polley has quit a good job driving a dray to try to write photo plays.

Plays and Players

Lottie Pickford.

LOTTIE PICKFORD, through her appearance in "The Diamond from the Sky," has achieved a striking success. She is no longer referred to as "Mary Pickford's little sister," for Lottie Pickford has arrived. She has made a reputation of her own, is a star herself, and a force to be reckoned with in the world of motion pictures. This was never so conclusively demonstrated as it was during her recent visit to the San Francisco Exposition, where a struggling crowd clipped the ribbon in her hat in order to carry away a souvenir of a favorite actress.



Miss Pickford ascribes not only her own success, but her sister Mary's, to their mother's untiring efforts in behalf of the two girls. "She's the best business manager in the world," Lottie averred, in an interview recently. "Why, she raced clear across the continent to get me the rôle of *Esther Stanley* in 'The Diamond from the Sky,' and I can never thank her enough. Not only do I love the part, but the success of this serial has been a wonderful help to me professionally."

While it has given her world-wide fame, Miss Pickford's connection with the stellar rôle in "The Diamond from the Sky" is by no means her first appearance in motion-picture dramas. As leading lady with the Imp company, and as co-star with her celebrated sister in the Famous Players' production of "Fanchon, the Cricket," Lottie Pickford has gained no inconsiderable reputation as a screen player before she identified herself with the part of *Esther Stanley* in the Roy McCardell ten-thousand-dollar-prize picture play.

If this had not been so, it is doubtful whether even the magic name of Pickford—made so by the fame of Mary—would have won her the coveted distinction, for there were a host of candidates; but the American Film Manufacturing Company officials studied her and her screen work carefully, and then, by a unanimous vote, selected her, and the public elected her—a favorite.

Lillian Gish.

DAVID W. GRIFFITH, whose chief requirements for a photo-play star are beauty, youth, and naturalness, discovered Lillian Gish, as far as pictures are concerned. The most imperative of these, naturalness, was plainly evident, her beauty was vouched for by the fact that she had been termed by such a man as David Belasco as the "most beautiful blonde in the world," and her age cannot be held in the way of her progress, inasmuch as she is today but nineteen years old.

Long before the famous director was attracted to the possibilities awaiting her in the world of pictures, Miss Gish had won striking success on the legitimate stage. Her début was made at the age of six, when she played a part in one of the old-fashioned melodramas, full of villains and lions. At this time, her sister Dorothy was in the same company, and whenever Miss Gish wishes to have some one smile she relates the incident which occurred in a town where they were playing for the first time of a scheduled week stand.

Dorothy came out on the stage, stood there, and made a blunder of the entire play by completely forgetting her part. The company left town hurriedly, in disregard of the fact that it was only the first night.

Miss Gish made her last appearance before an audience in company with Mary Pickford, in "A Good Little Devil." Her only respite from theatrical work occurred when she was completing her education at the Ursuline Convent in St. Louis.

Her first motion-picture engagement was with the Biograph company, and there, after an amazingly brief period, under Mr. Griffith's tutelage, she was intrusted with important and heavily dramatic rôles. Her childlike face, at first glance, seems to belie such a possibility, but the fact remains that Lillian Gish is a dramatic actress of intense power and capacity.

D. W. Griffith has cast her for the leading feminine rôle in "The Quest of the Holy Grail," his forthcoming big feature. Miss Gish admits frankly that she never wants to play being thrown to the lions again, and is well satisfied with her picture work. She lives in her own home, in Los Angeles, with her mother and sister Dorothy.



Flavia Arcaro, well known in opera circles and with many stellar triumphs to her credit, has been appearing in some of the recent Edison films.

Film frivolities: Butler's whiskers, windsor ties, dishpan armor, scenario schools.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

"WITHOUT TECHNIQUE" STORIES.

I HAVE a story which is perfectly fitted for motion pictures, but I do not know how to arrange it."

How often all those who are in close touch with the field of amateurs have heard that wail! It comes from the man who has been bewildered by the "technical" side of motion-picture scenarios, and from those who do not take the trouble to spend several hours every week studying the screen.

Suppose we take a writer who had worked over a plot for some time, and had finally got it into pretty good shape. He may or may not know how good it is, but he is convinced that it will make a good scenario. He has heard much about the "mechanical" preparation of scripts for motion-picture plays, and is afraid to put his story into proper form. He will write to several successful authors he knows of, and tell his trouble, and after they have told him to study the screen he will decide that they are afraid to tell him what they have learned —though there is no reason under the canopy of heaven why they should—and send his story to the various manufacturers in the form it is.

There are some producers who read, and actually prefer synopsis only; but these are in the minority, and, while they will consider his plot, the others will send it back. Had our friend gone to a picture show when he felt that his story was fitted to the screen, and had he gone there again and again, until he learned just how a story was told in motion pictures, he might have registered a sale to a company who bought full scripts and paid full script prices.

The moral of the little "squib" about our imaginary writer is that all who have a story, and have not yet learned how to put it into scenario form, should study the screen. Pick the plays apart, one by one. See how one scene follows another. How the continuity is kept up, and how leaders fit into the story when they are used. In short, just how the scenario for each picture play you see on the screen was written. Some call this visualizing, but, regardless of what it is, it certainly is one of the most helpful things an amateur can do. Granted the writer has the power to force his mind into an analytic mood, there is no reason why any one should be running around with a good story begging some one to tell him how to turn it into a scenario. Of course, a single trip to a picture show will not make a writer a professional in all branches of the work, but it will give him the insight needed to lead to study of the finer points. Of these, there is no end, and no matter how long a scenaroist stays in the game, he will be able to learn something new about the work every day, if he tries.

NOT ALTOGETHER NEW.

One of our correspondents wrote in the other day that he had seen something which had never been done before. It was the sliding up of the camera from a full scene to a close-up view of two of the characters. The effect is not altogether new, as we have seen it used in the production of several companies. It is worked by placing the camera on a four-wheeled cart, and then pushing the cart slowly and evenly up to the principals, and pulling it back again when the close-up has been filmed.

It is one of those effects which can be used by some companies and not by others, and should be avoided by amateurs. If your script is sold to a company using this device, the director will use it wherever it seems appropriate to him, regardless of your instructions. It is one of the things in which he is probably given free rein, because he is doubtless responsible for its use.

THE DIFFERENCE.

A series of happenings, bound loosely together with what is termed a "plot" for courtesy's sake, will only hold the interest of a spectator for a very limited time, because his interest is not centered on the whole, but rather upon each individual happening while it is before him. The action of a plot, every incident of which is tightly woven together, and all of which bears upon one great event in the lives of a small set of characters, will hold the same spectator's interest for as long a period as it takes to logically work out the complications, for one event is as vitally interesting to him as another, and his curiosity has been aroused as to what the outcome of the entire story will be.

Answers to Readers.

LEROY JORGENSON, Woodcliffe, N. J.—We confess it is most discouraging to constantly have your work rejected; but even the foremost writers of the day had to go through the same experience at some time or other early in their career. Study the screen and your own scripts closely, and read this department carefully every week. Perhaps your work is not in scenario form.

FLORENCE GRANT, Fall River, Mass.—There is a special layout for a motion-picture scenario, as has been illustrated in this book. If you will secure a copy of last week's issue, you will find model working script.

HARRY BARNOWITZ, New York City.—If you watch our department called "Live-wire Market Hints," we think

you will be able to find a market for your scenarios, although most of the companies require detailed scene action. If a film company buys your plot alone, it will have one of its staff writers put it into proper scenario form.

LESTER R. CLARK, New Haven, Conn.—The word "technical" is used in connection with photo-play scenarios just as it is used in connection with anything else to which it may be applied. It means, in a general sense, the fine points or the method employed in execution. Will consider your suggestion. It sounds good.

V. R. GILLILAN, Cloeman, Texas.—In last week's issue you will find the information you desire.

A. H. W., Malden, Mass.—A scenario, worked out as it should be, in our estimation, was printed in last week's issue. Some companies will buy stories, and turn them into script for themselves. The settings are selected by the director, unless part of them plan an important part in the plot, in which case, of course, the author designates what he wants.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Writers who had scripts at the offices of the Kriterion Program at the time of the recent crash, may be able to secure them if they write in at the earliest date possible.

The Keystone company has stopped making single-reel comedies, and its future output will be two, three and six-reelers, with a few, now and then, at the intermediate distances. This will make Keystone a very difficult market for amateurs, as multiple-reel farce is one of the hardest things in the world to write.

Short Shots.

The more compact you make your script, the harder it will figuratively "hit" the editor when he reads it.

Don't think that just because you have read "oodles" of books, that the men who send back your first feeble efforts are unqualified for their position. Maybe they have been reading much longer than you have.

The ability to appreciate what is really amusing and what is really dramatic in real life is what makes successes of authors who create reel life.

Practice makes perfect, but the practice has to be intelligent. The mere "grinding out" of a script a week in an indifferent way will never help you to success. Learn something with every scenario you write.

The omission of a dramatic possibility from the play or story of another writer may furnish you with an entire plot; only be sure you get away off from the original.

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In "The Tramp"

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol.1 No.18



NOTHING SLEEPY

IN "THE TRAMP"–THIS WEEK'S CHAPLIN STORY

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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The Tramp: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

The tramp—can you imagine a more appropriate character to be played by the comical Charlie Chaplin? He begins the story walking down the road, and he finishes it—walking back the road. But what does he do in the meanwhile? Nothing but make you laugh and laugh and laugh, and bob up and down on your chair like the battered, dusty derby on his head. A funny story that is really funny is this fiction version of the Essanay Chaplin comedy.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN came walking down a country road.

He was walking rapidly, for him. Which means that he was moving at the rate of approximately one-fifth of a mile an hour. He was walking on his heels, with his toes turned out at right angles, and in using the little bamboo cane that he carried with him to aid his progress, he did not do so in the usual manner, by pushing it against the ground to propel himself on his way, but swung it round and round by the handle, much as though he expected the breeze it stirred up to blow him along, as it he had been a ship.

An automobile horn tooted in Charlie's rear. He kept on walking in the middle of the road, paying no heed to it, for his thoughts were elsewhere. To be exact, they were on a certain dinner he had once eaten.

"The chicken was done to a turn, with the gravy oozing down on the sweet potatoes that were heaped all around it on the platter," mused Charlie, who had not eaten for two days; "and then there was green corn, with June peas and hot biscuits—I remember those biscuits distinctly. And then came apple pie and ice cream and two kinds of coffee, large cups and demi tasse, and ——"

Charlie jumped sideways into the air and sprawled in the dust of the road, just as the automobile, whose warning blast he had ignored, swept by him.

As he picked himself up, Charlie stepped directly into the path of another motor car that was whizzing along the road from the opposite direction.

By a feat of agility that would have done credit to a professional acrobat, Charlie managed to evade the front wheels of the auto, though by a margin no wider than a hair, and once more he measured his length in the road.

He sighed, as he got to his feet once more and continued his snail-pace walk.

"If I had money," commented Charlie to himself, "I know what I'd do. I'd hire an automobile and a man to run it, and I'd bring it out here. Then I'd walk along in the middle of the road and make it follow me, honking its horn, for ten miles, without getting out of the way once to let it go by."

Charlie Chaplin clapped one hand to the tails of his coat, clutched at his hat with the other, and jumped sideways again. He thought he had heard the tooting of another auto horn in back of him. But the sound had existed only in his imagination.

Smiling to himself, Charlie shrugged his shoulders in deprecation of his needless alarm, and swung the bundle he carried in a red bandana handkerchief in the hand that did not grip his little cane.

In that bundle was Charlie Chaplin's lunch, which a kind woman had handed out to him at the back door of a farmhouse earlier in the day.

Charlie had been carrying the lunch all morning, without being able to decide to break his forty-eight-hour fast with it. As long as he carried it, he would have something to eat. Once he ate it, it would be gone. And there was no telling where his next meal was to come from.

But now Charlie turned into the woods that bordered the road, and seated himself in a glade that was screened from the view of passers-by on three sides by the thick foliage of the bushes and tres. Against the trunk of an oak he leaned back, with the bandana-wrapped bundle beside him on the grass, and sniffed the air.

There was wafted upon it from somewhere near by the unmistakable aroma of food being cooked.

Charlie Chaplin's little black mustache took a melancholy slant on his upper lip. He drew in his cheeks, which gave an extremely woebegone expression to

his face, and lifted his eyes heavenward.

"Beef stew!" he murmured, as one enraptured. "I wish I had some of it, instead of this cold meat and bread, and the two chilled-steel doughnuts I saw that lady put in when she gave me the hand-out!"

Charlie was unaware of the face that was thrust just then through the bushes on his left. A face on which grew a three-weeks-old stubble of reddish-brown beard, and that comprised a nose heavy drinking had colored to the hue of an American Beauty rose, shifting eyes, and a thin-lipped, vicious mouth.

The face belonged to a hobo; but to the type that constables in the small country towns put down on sight as "dangerous," which Charlie, though himself a vagabond, was not.

The tramp who peered out unseen at Charlie from the cover of the bushes, was one of a trio of hoboes that were encamped a short distance farther into the woods. It was from their camp fire that Charlie had smelled the beef stew cooking. But if he held the cold lunch beside him in contempt, as compared to a hot meal, the tramp who had come upon him in that glade did not. It would make a welcome addition to the stew his companions were preparing, he felt. And, thrusting his arm cautiously out through the bushes, he laid hold of the bundle.

Drawing it toward him, undetected by Charlie, he quickly untied the bandana, extracted the cold meat, bread, and doughnuts from it, and then, with a mocking grin, he placed a brick in its stead, tied the bandana around it as before, and pushed it back to its former place beside Charlie on the grass.

The next moment, the ragged and unshaven rascal was hastening away through the woods, to turn Charlie's lunch into the common commissariat of his equally unscrupulous fellows.

Charlie turned his attention to the bundle. He untied the bandana, and found the brick. And once more he sighed dispiritedly. This was what he got for not being satisfied with what he had. Now he had nothing at all to eat. Unless——

Pulling up several blades of grass, Charlie Chaplin reflectively chewed them. He took a pinch of salt from his vest pocket and sprinkled it on the next bunch of grass he pulled up. It improved the taste slightly, but not enough to make him relish the fare. Charlie swung the tomato can that was tied to a cord around his shoulders into place before him, dipping his fingers into the water it held and applying them to his lips, as though the can had been a finger bowl.

Then, reflectively examining his hands, Charlie discovered that he was in need of a manicure. Having nothing else to do, as he sat there in the glade, he proceeded to polish his nails.

Just then a girl was walking through



Charlie Chaplin ate his dinner from the mantelpiece—without explaining why he did so.

he woods. The daughter of a farmer, whose place was situated near by. She was a pretty girl. Approaching the camp of the three hoboes, one of whom had robbed Charlie Chaplin of his lunch, she was unaware of their presence as she looked down at some bills in her hands that her father had given her to turn over to a neighbor in payment for a calf he had bought, and which she was counting as she walked.

The three tramps saw her and the money she held, and they rose to block her path.

"Fork over that dough!" growled one of the three.

With a cry of fright, the girl gave back a step. The three tramps came after her. The red-nosed vagrant, who had dispoiled Charlie of his lunch, made a grab at the bills in her hand. The girl evaded his outstretched arm, darted past the other two hoboes, and ran through the woods toward the glade in which Charlie sat, crying for help as the tramps pursued her.

As the girl burst into the glade, Charlie got up under the tree against which he had been leaning. The farmer's daughter saw that he was a vagabond, like her pursuers. But one glance at Charlie's childlike, innocent face told her that he was one she could trust. She threw herself into his arms.

"Save me!" she pleaded. "Don't let them steal my money!"

The bills in question, which she still held in her hand, tickled the end of Charlie's nose as she wildly embraced him. Charlie, looking down at the greenbacks, tipped his battered derby to them respectfully.

"Don't let who steal your money, Miss Rockefeller?" he asked.

At that moment, the three tramps ran into the glade.

"These rascals," explained the girl. "They tried to snatch it out of my hand, back there in the woods. That's why I ran here—to you. You *will* protect me, won't you?"

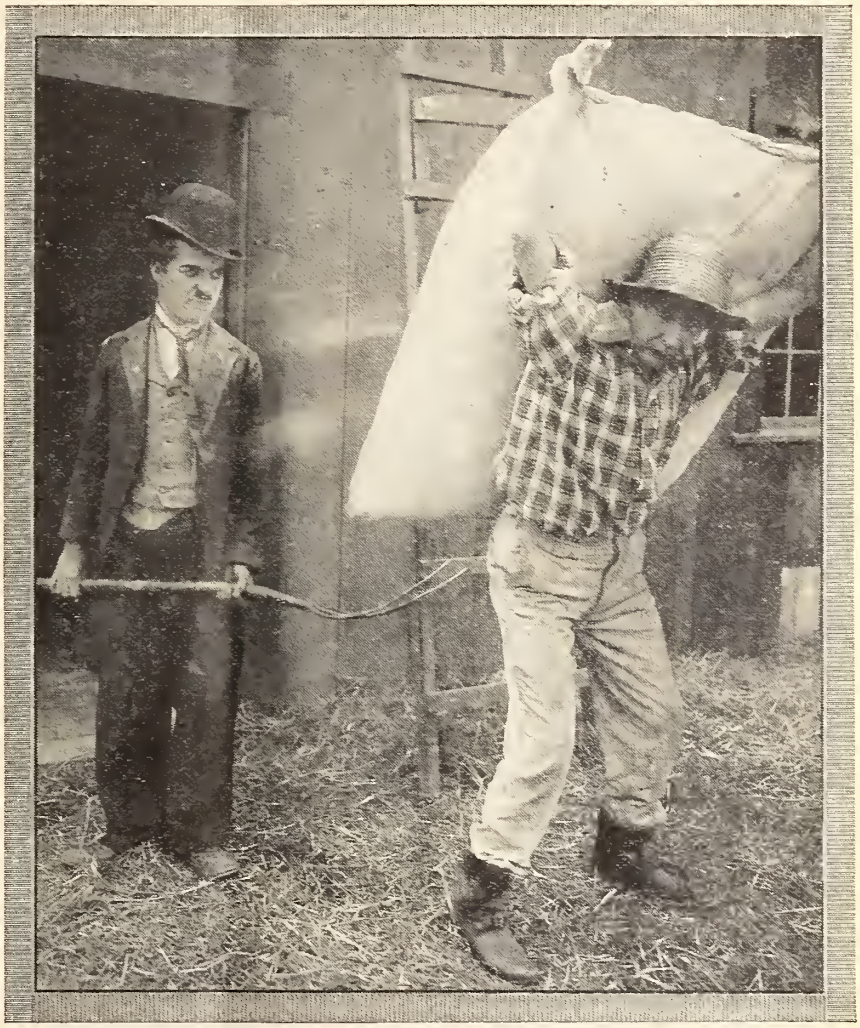
Charlie Chaplin turned the girl around in his arms, placing her between him and the three hoboes. He frowned fiercely at them over her shoulder.

"Stand back!" he ordered dramatically. "Who touches a hair of her gray head—— No, that's not the one! I mean, she has sought the protection of Jack Farraday, and who attempts to lay a finger on her will have *me* to deal with!"

The tramp with the rum-blossom nose, who was also the burliest of the three, slowly advanced, with his shoulders lowered in a menacing crouch.

"Cut out d' Third Av'noo melodrammer spiel," he rasped at Charlie, "an' leave go o' dat goil, or yuh'll git hurt! We want dat money she's got. An' we're goin' to git it. See?"

Charlie removed the girl's arms from



"You may be as lazy as I am," said Charlie. "But I've got the pitchfork!"

around his neck, and stepped away from her obediently. But as he did so, he lightly swung the brick in the bandana handkerchief through the air in an arc, which abruptly terminated on the point of the tramp's unshaven chin.

The hobo's eyes popped wide open and his jaw fell. Gripping the top of his head in both hands, he held onto it as though he feared it was going to sail off like a roof in a cyclone. His knees bending under him, he tottered to the right, then he tottered to the left.

Charlie began to whistle a popular one-step, in accompaniment to the tramp's unsteady progress from side to side of the glade.

And as he whistled, Charlie blithely swung the bundle again. He tapped the nearest of the two other hoboes with the brick in the bandana. And then he hit the third tramp with it.

The victims of their own evildoing—for if they had not left the brick in the bundle from which they had stolen his lunch, Charlie would have had no weapon to use against them in protecting the girl from their thieving attack—ran off at the top of their heels.

And Charlie ran after them.

He chased the tramps to the edge of a stream. There, seeing him still coming after them with the brick in the bandana swinging in his hand, they waded out into the water, up to their waists, to escape from the stupefying effects of that improvised missile. Charlie, his head turned with his triumph over them, was about to follow them into the stream, to complete their rout. But he was driven back from the bank by the hoboes, who scooped up mud from the bottom of the stream and threw it at him.

Running backward, to escape from the rain of mud that was aimed at him, Charlie stumbled upon the fire the tramps had left at sight of the farmer's daughter, and sat down in it.

He rose again quickly. The seat of his baggy trousers was on fire. Pulling off his hat, Charlie fanned the site of the conflagration with it. But that only caused the flames to leap higher around his coat tails.

Charlie ran back to the stream, where lay his only hope of putting the fire out.

The hoboes still held the water, however. And again, at sight of Charlie, they flung mud at him with both hands. Charlie turned around and bent over, hoping that a chance shot or two from the enemy would reach the portion of his trousers that was smoldering, and so extinguish the blaze.

But, though his battered derby was knocked off, one of his ears filled with mud, and his collar ruined beyond repair by a chunk of the clay that found a target there, the spot on which he wanted the hoboes to score a hit was left unscathed.

Charlie galloped away, on his heels, in search of some other stream or brook in which he could drown out the fire—looking like a crazy runabout, with the smoke trailing out from under his coat tails as he ran.

At last he found what he was seeking in the mouth of a huge water pipe that protruded from the side of a bank, and out of which ran a thin trickle of water.

Charlie sat down in the mouth of the pipe and remained there until he had cooled off. When he rose and set off through the woods toward the glade in which he had left the girl, his walk was even more of a travesty on a human gait than ever, due to the damage the fire had done to his seating capacity.

"My hero!" the farmer's daughter greeted him. "How can I ever repay you?"

Charlie lifted his arms and brought them down to his sides, in a gesture significant of the fact that he considered what he had done was nothing—a mere trifle.

"You haven't got a ham sandwich with you, have you?" he answered her question, his expression turning anxious. "A chicken wing, or a dill pickle—anything to eat?"

She laughed, and shook her head.

"I guess the point of the joke gets by me," said Charlie gravely. "I don't see anything to laugh at in that. And you wouldn't, either, if it was last Tuesday since you had sat down to a square meal."

Drawing nearer to her, Charlie ran his fingers through the bills which she still held in her hand.

"She loves me, she loves me not," he recited, turning over the greenbacks.

Then, laughing with her, he wriggled his shoulders and tipped his hat again to the money, stepping back. The girl held the bills out to him.

"Let me give this to you," she said impulsively. "You deserve it, and—and you look as though you needed it."

Charlie shook his head in refusal of the offer.

"No," said he, "no. I could take the pennies out of a blind man's cup, or candy away from a baby. But I couldn't take money from you. I don't know why. But I couldn't."

The girl's eyes shone as they rested on him.

"I knew you were honest!" she exclaimed. "And I'll tell you what you do: Come with me and let me introduce you to my father. I'm sure, when he has heard how you have kept those tramps from stealing his money, that he will give you a job."

"A—a job?" faltered Charlie.

"Yes. Aren't you looking for work?"

"Well, not exactly. But if it bumps into me—and leading three meals a day by the hand, too—I suppose I can't avoid it. All right, I'll go with you to your father."

As the girl had said, when her father learned how Charlie had defended his daughter from the hoboes who had tried to rob her of the money with which he had sent her to his neighbor's farm, he was grateful to him for the service he had rendered. And he offered to give him his bed and board, if he would help his hired man with the chores. Charlies hesitated about accepting the offer. But the sight of the kitchen table, laid for dinner, decided him in favor of taking the place.

"But I'm under the doctor's orders," he warned the farmer. "I've got a delicate constitution. And he has told me to look out for any violent exertion. It might cause my heart to stop beating. It would be cheaper for you to be careful of me, and not give me too much work to do, than to have to pay my funeral expenses."

Invited to sit down to the table, Charlie refused.

"I'll eat mine from the mantelpiece," he announced, without explaining that it was because of his unfortunate encounter with the hoboes' camp fire that he preferred not to sit down. "It's a habit I got into when I was in the Peruvian army. So many officers used to come in when we soldiers were eating in the mess tent, and we'd have to get up and salute them each time, that we finally ate standing up. I've never been able to do it any other way since."

And from the mantelpiece Charlie ate his dinner.

Afterward, the farmer handed him a sprinkling pot. Leading him to the door of the farmhouse, he pointed out to Charlie a number of small peach trees that were planted in two rows in the orchard.

"If you don't think the exertion will be too much for you," the farmer ironically told him, "you can water those trees."

Charlie waddled away to them, carrying the sprinkling pot in both hands, and with the strained expression on his countenance that might have been produced there if the can had weighed a hundred pounds or so.

He started at the first tree of the row nearest the house. Sprinkling that, he walked over to the first tree of the second row. Then he carried the sprinkling pot back to the first row, and from that returned to the second—thus making twice as much work for himself as he had any need of doing.

The farmer, who had been watching Charlie from the doorway of the farmhouse, came out and took the sprinkling pot away from him.

"You'll work yourself to death that way, all right," the farmer told him grimly. "Maybe you'd better go up in

e barn and collect the eggs that the ens have laid in the hay—that'll be asier."

Charlie Chaplin, mounting to the hay-ft, looked about him in the dusk for ggs. Then he stepped on something in ie hay that gave forth a crackling sound, nd he knew that he had found what e was seeking. Not alone by the sound f the breaking egg shell, did he know . He had other evidence, as well. Holding his nose, Charlie stooped and athered up a half dozen of the un-roken eggs into his hat.

A tall young man, with long hair and n open book in his hand, was passing s Charlie emerged from the barn. In mpassioned tones, the young man read loud these lines from the page on hich his eyes were preoccupiedly fixed:

"Oh, spring! Of all the seasons,
Summer, winter, fall,
For various personal reasons,
I love you best of all!
You bring the open trolley cars
Between the beach and city,
And bock-beer into all the bars.
And so I sing this ditty
To spring, sweet spring——"

Charlie Chaplin, as he went by the oung man, dropped one of the eggs rom his hat into the open book. The oung man closed it abruptly, and the gg broke. Immediately he, too, held is nose.

"That's rotten!" he exclaimed.

"I know it is," said Charlie, referring to the "Ode to Spring" the young man had been declaiming. "And that's why I gave you what was coming to you."

Charlie turned the rest of the eggs over to the farmer, who then ordered him to go back with the hired man and get down some sacks of flour from the grain loft in the barn.

Picking up a pitchfork, Charlie walked behind the hired man—whose perpetual expression, by the way, was that of one who has just been waked up out of a sound sleep.

At every other step of the way to the barn, Charlie pricked him with the pitchfork. When they arrived at the foot of the ladder that led up to the window of the grain loft, the hired man, with a prodigious yawn, announced:

"You go up and get down them sacks o' flour. I'm goin' to take a snooze."

"Oh, no!" said Charlie. "*You* go up and get them."

"No, sir," insisted the hired man. "I'm just as lazy as you are."

"But I've got the pitchfork," Charlie reminded him. And he jabbed him with it again. "Go ahead—up you go!"

Forced to obey, the hired man mounted the ladder and disappeared through the grain-loft window. He emerged with a sack of flour on his shoulders, and began the descent. Halfway down the ladder—unaware that the farmer had come to the foot of it to see how they were getting along—the hired man tossed the sack off his shoulders. It hit the farmer, knocking him down, and covering him from head to foot with flour dust.

"Go up and fetch down another sack," the farmer grimly directed the hired man.

As the latter turned and remounted the ladder, the farmer, who had risen



The farmer waited until the hired man had descended the ladder halfway. And then——

from under the sack that had descended upon him, picked up a flat stick from the ground, and waited with it tightly gripped in both hands at the bottom of the ladder.

When the hired man came down within reach, another sack of flour on his shoulders, the farmer swung the stick against that portion of his anatomy which was the most prominently displayed.

The flour sack slipped from his shoulder and fell—on Charlie Chaplin, this time, covering him likewise with flour dust.



Charlie Chaplin held the candle under the chin of the hired man—who was too lazy to turn his head away.

The farmer announced that enough work had been done for that day. Charlie felt that he would have murdered him, if he had asked him to do anything more. After supper—which Charlie again ate standing up—the farmer handed him a candle.

"You can sleep in the attic room with Rufe," he told Charlie, with a nod toward the hired man, who stood beside him.

The flame of the candle which Charlie held was directly under the hired man's chin, but he was too lazy to move his head away from its painful heat.

As soon as they had reached the small room with its one bed on the top floor of the house, Rufe, pausing only to pull off his boots, fell over on the pillows and was instantly fast asleep. He began to snore at the same time. Charlie tried everything, from rolling him over on his side by main strength, to covering his open mouth with his hat, in vain attempt to drown out the sound of those thunderous snores which shook the very walls of the room. Giving it up at last, Charlie tried to get to sleep despite the deafening racket. But it was no use. The noise his bed-fellow made was enough to banish his own slumber completely.

It was a forunate thing, however, that Charlie could not get to sleep. For, lying there wide awake, he heard a sound at the window, an hour after the household had all gone to bed. Raising his head, Charlie looked toward the window, and saw the face of the red-nosed hobo, who had stolen his lunch earlier in the day, framed there.

The three tramps, having failed to rob the farmer's daughter, were now bent on robbing his house.

Springing out of bed, Charlie Chaplin ran to the window, threw it open, and pushed the rascally vagrant off the ladder by which he had climbed up to that attic room.

And then, hurrying into his clothes and shouting to arouse the farmer as he did so, Charlie ran downstairs and out of the house to attempt the capture of the miscreants.

The farmer, having hastily clad himself in trousers and shirt, followed him to the doorway of the farmhouse. Making out a running figure in the dark before him, the farmer clapped the shotgun he had brought with him, to his shoulder, and fired.

Part of the load of buckshot was wasted on the night air. But some of it struck Charlie Chaplin in one leg, bringing him down.

He was the one the farmer had aimed at, by accident, and not the hoboes, who had succeeded in making their escape.

But it was through Charlie's efforts that they had not robbed the farmer. And the latter, bringing Charlie into the house, was warm in his praise of his resource and bravery. The farmer's daughter appointed herself Charlie's nurse. And, in the days that followed while he was recovering from his wound, Charlie began to nourish a dream.

It was of one day marrying the pretty girl, and settling down on that farm for the rest of his life.

"Why not?" Charlie asked himself. "She seems to like me. And she's the first girl I've ever met that I believe I've been really and truly in love with. I could make her father give me a half interest in the farm, and then I'd bounce Rufe, one lazy man at a time being enough to have around, and——"

And Charlie went on dreaming. But a week later, being entirely cured of his wound by that time, his dream met with a rude awakening.

Looking out through the kitchen window down one evening, he saw the farmer's daughter standing at the gate with a young man. The girl put her arms around the young man's neck and kissed him. Charlie turned away, with a hopeless shrug.

"I guess she only liked me," Charlie

aid to himself; "that was all. It's my love."

From the mantelpiece, he took down his little bamboo cane and his battered derby. Putting on his hat, he glanced all around the kitchen. Then, tipping his derby to it, he went out of the back door.

Five minutes later, Charlie Chaplin went walking down the country road.

He was walking on his heels, with his toes turned out at right angles; and in twirling the little bamboo cane that he carried with him to aid his progress, he did not do so in the ordinary manner, by pushing it against the ground to propel himself on his way, but swung it round and round by the handle, much as though he expected the breeze it stirred up to blow him along, as if he had been a ship.

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

To break the suspense, I'll start with my choice of the five most beautiful women in motion pictures to-day. Here they are: Mary Pickford, Lillian Gish, Clara Kimbal Young, Margeurite Clark, Blanche Sweet. Quite an array of feminine beauty—what?

While looking at the filming of "Nothing But Love" last week I was on hand to see a very bad accident. Wil Rex, taking the part of Mr. Fish, fell over the back of a boat into very shallow water, and cut an artery in his right arm. The doctor took thirteen stitches, and since that time Wil has been compelled to carry his arm in a sling.

Marshall Neilan is in New York giving the big city the once over again, and incidentally to take his first look at Marshall Neilan, junior, his big, bouncing baby boy.

Chester (Walrus) Conklin, the funny man at the Keystone studios, is hard at work on another one of those big Keystone specials, in which the honorable Chester distinguished himself so well. We have fond hopes that Chester will refrain from being in any more tanks when they are blown up. The last time Chester accompanied a piece of the tank for forty feet after a premature explosion.

Henry B. Walthall, the best of the leading men, has settled down to work in the Essanay studios, and is going to surprise us. If you don't believe it, take a look at "The Fatal Temper," which is just in Walthall's line. It is the first of his Essanay pictures.

Dot Gish, the leading lady of the Griffith forces, received so many requests for photos last week that she had to hike out, and have some brand-new ones made to send to her many admirers. Hope she sends me one.

"The Little Teacher," the two-reel special of the Keystone company, in which Mack Sennett, Mabel Normand, and Fatty Arbuckle had the leading rôles, made such a decided hit that they have had to make many extra prints to satisfy the demand. We certainly are glad to see Mack back on the screen once again. If he continues to play in pictures, I may have to revise my list of comedians.

Are the big features going in for advertising? Let us hope not. Some day we may read an ad stating that space is for sale in the Gazook company's big feature, "Hammered With an Ax." The six-reel "Spendthrift," evidently rented over fifty feet to Lady Duff Gordon, for they advertise her store considerable in this picture. For instance, in one scene they say: "Francis goes to the famous Lady Duff Gordon's for some new clothes." What do you say—bad stuff?

Weber and Fields for Keystone. Eddie Foy and the seven little Foys for Keystone. Hale Hamilton for Keystone. Raymond Hitchcock for Keystone. Who next?

Margeurite (Fatty) Burke, the heavyweight funmaker, is walking around with a decided limp these days, as the result of a fall she took down a flight of steps in "His Jealous Wife." She is now playing a lame woman in a forthcoming picture, and does it well, too!

Bessie Barriscale, the Tom Ince leading woman, has made herself decidedly popular with the picture fans. After her very fine work in "The Devil," "Cup of Life," "The Reward," "The Painted Soul," and "The Last Act," it is no wonder that she has attained the great popularity that she is now enjoying.

The Knickerbocker company certainly made a master stroke when they signed up Sir J. Forbes-Robertson, the noted English actor, to take part in "Hamlet." Sir J., has been one of the hardest actors to get to take a fling in motion pictures. I would like to bet that this will not be his last performance in the silent drama, though.

Great news! Tom Ince has promised to give us another feature like the "Wrath of the Gods." Let's hope he succeeds.

Isabelle Rogers, the Ziegfeld Follies girl, has deserted the stage, and is now in moving pictures. If she is as good as she was on the stage, Isabelle will go great.

How would you like to have my job next week? I am going to name the five most handsome men in pictures. Keep your eyes open for them.



Ethel: "You say you are waiting for something to turn up ere you marry me?"

George: "Yes."

Ethel: "My father's toes, I expect."

Director Invents New Light.

EDISON Director Richard Ridgely, producer of the "Wrong Woman," "The Deadly Hate," and numerous other features, has invented some new and wonderful lighting effects for his next feature, that are said to be the equal of the famous "Cabiria," and which he claims will even surpass anything yet done along these lines. The public and film trade anxiously await the release date of the picture.

The Secretary of Frivolous Affairs

(MUTUAL)

By Kenneth Rand

Exactly what Loulie Courtenay was, was a secretary of frivolous affairs—and very frivolous affairs they were. Loulie was engaged to attend to the social matters of Mrs. Hazard, and to break up two love ties. Her experiences and the turn that fortune made in her "business" are the unusual events that an unusual situation, such as Loulie's, may bring about.

The story is taken from the Mutual masterpicture of the same name and those in the cast of the film are:

Loulie Courtenay.....May Allison
Josephine Courtenay.....Blanche Light
Mrs. Hazard.....Lillian Gonzalez
Hapwood Hazard.....Harold Lockwood
Laura Hazard.....Carol Halloway
Keene Winthrop.....William Ehfe
Nathalie.....Josephine Ditt
Duc de Trouville.....Carl von Schiller

THERE, now—you mustn't cry!"

Loulie's elder sister eyed her anxiously. She had just broken the news to her that they were both penniless. It seemed that the mine their father had left them as a joint inheritance, and the income from which had allowed them to live in comparative luxury for years, had failed.

The lawyer who had their affairs in hand had written the week before to Josephine, as the elder of the two sisters, to advise her of the fact. But she had kept the truth from Loulie until now—for fear of how she would take it.

"Cry!" scoffed Loulie briskly. "I guess I'm not going to do anything so foolish. If our money's gone, why, crying for it won't bring it back. One of us will have to go to work—and I mean to be that one."

"Oh, Loulie!" remonstrated the stately Josephine, aghast at what her sister proposed. "How could you 'work'?—the beastly word! You don't know how to do anything to earn money."

"I don't know a thing about business," admitted Loulie, "that's true. I couldn't be a stenographer, or even a clerk behind the counter in a store. But I'll tell you what I *can* be: And that's a companion or social secretary. Such a position, if I could find the right family, would pay very well. I believe I'd be a success at it. At any rate, I mean to try. I'm going to put an advertisement in all the newspapers to-morrow morning."

And, true to her word, Loulie did so. Then she waited, in impatient eagerness, to see what the result would be. At half past three that afternoon, a motor drew up before the entrance of the apartment house where she and her sister lived, and whose address Loulie had mentioned in the advertisement. And, a moment later, Mrs. Palmer Hazard's name was sent up to Loulie.

Mrs. Hazard's name was one to conjure with in the social world. She was unquestionably the leader of the smart set in town. Wealthy, with a marriageable son and daughter, her Fifth Avenue residence in winter, and Cloverlawn, her sumptuous country estate in summer, were filled with fashionables, both young and middle-aged. Loulie experienced a distinct thrill on learning who her caller was; but more of a one when, after five minutes' conversation, Mrs. Hazard remarked:

"You're just the person I've been looking for. The right kind of a social helper, as you can imagine, is hard to find; but I can see that you have good sense, charm, and tact. And, besides, my dear, you are most uncommonly pretty, and I do like to have beautiful things around me. And now, if the salary I have named is satisfactory to you, when can you come to me at Cloverlawn?"

"I can come at once," answered Loulie, scarcely daring to believe that her good fortune in being engaged so soon after inserting her advertisement, could be true.

"Splendid!" exclaimed Mrs. Hazard. "I am expecting a house party, and you can help me keep my guests entertained. But that brings me to another point. Before we consider the matter definitely decided—there are two things I should expect you to do, as part of your regular duties."

Loulie's heart had instantly sunk, at this hint that she might not secure the position of social lieutenant to the millionairess, after all.

"What are the two things, Mrs. Hazard?" she asked.

"One is this: You know that I have a daughter, Laura? I am afraid she has become infatuated with a young man, who has made no secret of his suit for her hand. Keene Winthrop is his name. He writes novels, and stories for the magazines. I do not approve of him as a match for my daughter. His entire income, I am sure, would not be enough to keep Laura in clothes for a year. Now, I would expect you to do all in your power to break off any affair that might be growing up between them. Could I rely upon you to do that?"

"So far as it is within my power, yes," assented Loulie. "And the other thing you mentioned?" she suggested.

"That concerns my son Hap. I would

fixe to have you find the right kind of a fiancée for him. It so happens that at present he is interested, or believes himself to be, in Nathalie Moreau. You have read of her, doubtless. She has filled a great many society columns in the newspapers, with her various escapades, I believe. She is not the sort of a match I wish for my son, either—both because of her high-spirited, adventuresome disposition, and the fact that she is older than he is by six or seven years. At the same time you were doing your utmost to break off a match between Winthrop and my daughter, could I rely upon you to look out for a suitable girl to become the wife of my son?"

"Yes," agreed Loulie, "I would try my best to please you in both respects, Mrs. Hazard."

"Then it *is* settled!" announced Mrs. Hazard, rising. "Settled finally. You are my secretary from this moment on. And now, if you will get your hat, and pack your things to be sent after you, I will take you back to Cloverlawn with me in the car which is waiting downstairs."

And thus it happened that Loulie was introduced into the ultra-fashionable Mrs. Hazard's household four hours later. She met, with interest, Laura, who, though not suspecting it, was to be under her espionage thenceforth. And Hapwood G. Hazard, the scion of the family, also. If Loulie's interest in Mrs. Hazard's son was greater than she felt in her daughter, that was but natural, in view of the fact that Loulie was a girl.

She found "Hap," as his mother and his intimate friends called him, to be a decidedly good-looking young man, with a sense of humor. And Loulie liked him at sight.

Hap's feelings toward the new social secretary his mother had brought into the family—and whom he nicknamed "the secretary of frivolous affairs"—were not merely those of friendliness. It was evident, from the hour of his meeting, that he considered Loulie, in his own words, would "do." And, before his mother and his sister, he made no pretense at concealing the state of his feelings.

Nor did he do so when Nathalie Moreau arrived with the rest of the house party, which numbered, among the others, Keene Winthrop, the young writer, who was supposed to be in love with Laura Hazard. Seeing how attentive young Hazard was to Loulie, Nathalie watched her narrowly.

She was seeking to find out what Loulie's sentiments were in regard to Hap. Whether she loved him, or was even after his money, and in that case to be held in the light of a rival. But there was nothing even so close an observer as Nathalie Moreau could gather from the beautiful secretary's manner that showed whether she cared anything more for the young man, who was so openly smitten by her charms, than merely as the son of her employer, or not.

Every one rushed into the conservatory. Every one, that is, except the Duc de Trouville, who disappeared in the crowd. There they found Nathalie, half reclining on the marble brim of the fountain, in a dead faint, as the duc had stated. And Loulie was standing beside her. Save for her presence beside the unconscious girl, the conservatory had been empty when the others poured into it.

Nathalie, brought back to consciousness, protested that there was nothing to be alarmed at in the sudden fainting spell to which she had fallen a victim. She was subject to such attacks, she said, and she begged that nobody would think anything more of it.



Mrs. Hazard's name was one to conjure with in the social world.

"Hap is infatuated with her, at any rate," Nathalie mused, as she watched them during dinner. "And while he is wrapped up in her, he has no time for me. I shall have to see if I can't make him lose his interest in her in some way."

Which decision may, or may not, have had something to do with what took place later. After dinner, the guests repaired to the ballroom. They had been dancing less than an hour, when suddenly the Duc de Trouville, who had been Nathalie's partner, ran excitedly out of the conservatory and startled the other guests by announcing:

"Miss Moreau has just fainted!"

But the thing was *not* forgotten. For, a half hour later, Nathalie made an astonishing assertion. She claimed that her emerald bracelet, which she was positive had been on her arm when she entered the conservatory with the Duc de Trouville, had been stolen during the time she had fainted there.

It was at once remembered by all that Loulie had been found alone in the conservatory with Nathalie. And it was but natural that a suspicion should have been lodged against her in the minds of most of the members of the house party, as the thief of the bracelet.

Who was she? Nobody knew except Mrs. Hazard herself. And what did she really know of the young woman she had engaged to be her social secretary through an advertisement in the newspaper? What, indeed?

For all any one could tell, Loulie might be a member of a clever gang of so-called "society burglars," to whose door was laid a number of robberies that had taken place of late among the tenants of fashionable summer homes in that neighborhood.

Loulie was not blind to the suspicion that was raised against her by the circumstances of her having been found



Nathalie Moreau watched Loulie closely to see what her feelings were regarding Hap, the scion of the Hazard family.

alone in the conservatory with Nathalie, nor deaf to that suspicious whispering among the guests, and she sought out Nathalie and asked her point-blank whether she believed that she had stolen her bracelet.

"I don't know who took it," Miss Moreau told her coldly. "It is gone. That is all I know. And that whoever stole it, must have done so after I had lost consciousness in the conservatory. You were the only one there; but, of course, that doesn't absolutely *prove* that you are the thief!"

With which insolent remark, Nathalie swept by Loulie on her way to her room upstairs.

There, a quarter of an hour later, Loulie followed her. Her knock on Nathalie's door was greeted by an invitation to "come in!" and Loulie stepped into the boudoir, closing the door behind her.

"I have come to tell you," said Loulie firmly, "that I did not take your bracelet, Miss Moreau."

Nathalie's eyebrows rose.

"Why, I didn't accuse you of doing so, did I?" she asked.

"Yes, you did," said Loulie. "You did, if not in so many words, by your manner when I spoke to you fifteen minutes ago downstairs. You either think I took your bracelet, or—or you want others to think so."

"Why? Why should I want to do that?"

"I don't know. I have no idea why I should have incurred your enmity, and yet I feel that I have done so."

Nathalie leaned forward, regarding her closely.

"Will you answer a question?" she inquired at length. "Have you any reason for wishing to prevent Mrs. Hazard's son from making me his wife?"

Loulie flushed, and dropped her eyes. She could not confess to the girl before her that that was one of the things she had been engaged by Mrs. Hazard to do. She faltered, after a pause:

"I—I must refuse to answer your question."

Nathalie's eyes hardened.

"I thought so," she nodded, as though she considered that her question had been answered by Loulie's silence. "But let me tell you something: I intend to marry Hap, in spite of you. Is that perfectly clear?"

An hour later, the guests were informed that another robbery had taken place in the house. The victim was again Nathalie, a brooch belonging to her being missing this time. She had kept the trinket in the jewel case in the drawer of her dressing table.

And she stated that Loulie had been the only one in her room besides herself that evening!

Loulie, with circumstantial evidence pointing to her again as a thief, threw herself across the bed in her own room, and wept broken-heartedly.

This was a fine beginning to her career as a social secretary. To be placed under suspicion as a thief, within forty-eight hours of having taken her first position. Innocent though she was, how could she make a soul under that roof believe it, in the face of the two facts that she had apparently been the only person on the scene of the double robbery?

But there was one person, in seemed, to whom Loulie did not need to prove her innocence. It was taken for granted by young Hazard.

A note from him was delivered to Loulie, begging her to come down to the arbor in the garden, where he was waiting for her. He had something important to tell her, he said.

The something was his belief in her.

"I don't care what anybody says," he told her warmly. "I know you didn't have anything to do with the theft of Nathalie's bracelet and brooch. Now, don't be frightened. I know it's awfully sudden, and all that. But I'm in the habit of doing and saying things on impulse. I want you to know that I love you. You're not to give me your answer—yet. I don't expect that you can feel the same toward me as I do toward you, when you've only known me two days. But I want to tell you that you've been the only girl for me, and you always will be, ever since the first night I ever set eyes on you. And *that's* why I trust you. Because I love you. And

-I know you couldn't do anything rong, anyway."

"But don't you see how bad it all oks for me?' Loulie cried out in dis-ess. "I was alone in the conservatory ith Miss Moreau, when all of you ran . I might have been there with her, hile she had fainted, for five minutes—hough, in reality, it was not that many econds. And then she found that her racelet had been stolen. Who can be-eve that I didn't take it, when there as nobody else there who ould have?"

"But you didn't," stanchly put Hap.

"That's true," assented Loulie. didn't take her bracelet. Nor e brooch which is missing om her room, either. But ho did? If I only knew that, could clear myself. I *must* nd out—it is the only way that can win back the trust of erybody in this house!"

But the next morning matters ere ten times worse. During e night, it turned out, the ouse had been burglarized. Not nly Nathalie, but every other uest inside the Hazard man-ion, had been robbed. The eaviest sufferer was Mrs. Grosvenour Cutler. All her dia-onds were gone.

The lady was distracted. hen she had informed the thers of her loss, she fainted; nd, after she had been revived, ith considerable difficulty, she romptly went into hysterics.

The wholesale burglary of the ouse was the work of the band f society crooks, it was felt. he fact that they had gained n entrance to the mansion so uietly that not a soul in it had eard them, however, seemed to rove that they had had a con-ederate inside the house. And Loulie as the one suspected of being in league ith the gang, and who had let them in y the dining-room window, and told hem which of the guests had jewels orth stealing, and where to find them.

Mrs. Hazard sent for two detectives rom the city over the telephone.

After they had arrived and looked ver the ground, they announced that he burglars had evidently made their et-away with their loot in a powerful notor boat.

Keene Winthrop, the young writer to whose suit for her daughter Laura's hand Mrs. Hazard objected, was known to be the owner of the fastest speed boat on the lake. One of his shoes, which the detectives spirited out of his wardrobe, fitted several of the foot-prints that they found in the soft turf of the lawn, and with those two pieces of evidence against him, the detectives thought they were justified in placing him under arrest, which they did.



"I believe in you," Hap told Loulie, "because I love you!"

The following night, as Loulie lay in her bed without being able to get to sleep, she heard a suspicious noise down-stairs.

She rose quietly, and slipped into her kimono.

Then, taking a little, pearl-handled pistol from the drawer of her dressing table, she opened her door without a sound and stole down to the floor below.

She heard the sound, which had first caught her ear, again. It came from the direction of the picture gallery. Moving toward its door on tipetoe, she softly opened it a crack and looked in.

Three masked men were engaged in cutting the priceless paintings from their frames. Unsatisfied with the amount of their haul on the previous night, the society burglars had evidently come back to complete the looting of the house by stealing the collection of paintings that Mrs. Hazard had spent a vast fortune to purchase abroad.

Loulie's heart beat high over the prospect of capturing the miscreants and thus clearing herself of all suspicion of collusion with them, as she had told Hap she wanted to do.

She stepped into the room and leveled the pistol at the trio of vandals, addressing them in a clear voice:

"Hands up!"

The three masked men wheeled at the command. And, simultaneously, one of them sprang at Loulie. Before she could press the trigger of the little revolver in her hand, it was wrenched from her grasp. The next moment, even as she opened her mouth to scream for help, another of the burglars drew the silk scarf, which he removed from around his neck, tightly over her lips, and tied it there. Then, picking her up in his arms, thus gagged and helpless, the first of the three masked robbers ran with her to the window and fled through it at the heels of his companions in crime.

Loulie felt herself being borne across the garden—whither, she had no means of knowing.

If there was only some way that, undetected by her captors, she could leave a clew behind her in her flight which would indicate to those in the house the direction the thieves had taken! Twisting and kicking in the arms of the man who carried her, Loulie felt one of her white satin slippers slide off her heel. And that gave her an idea.

She kicked off that slipper, the fact that she did so passing unnoticed by her captor in her struggling to get out of his hold, and left it lying on the turf of the lawn across which she was being kidnaped.

Two hundred yards farther on, she felt the man who carried her take a turn to the left, and she kicked off her other slipper, to indicate the change in the course her captors were taking to those she hoped might follow them.

At a deserted cottage that stood near the beach of the lake the three stopped and forced open the door. Then Loulie was carried inside and deposited on the floor.

"I'll stay here and watch her," she heard the man who had been carrying her say to the others, "while you go back and get the paintings. Move lively, now, and we can get down to the other end of the lake in our motor boat and take the train for the city there before daybreak."

When his companions had gone, the man who had appointed himself Loulie's guard went out of the cottage and locked its door behind him, sitting down on the front steps to wait for the others to return.

But meanwhile, back at Cloverlawn, Hap had discovered the semidismantled state of the picture gallery. He had given the alarm, that another burglary had been aimed against the mansion, and stationed the butler, Thomas, who had lately come to work there, the two detectives, and the male guests of the house party, in rooms that connected with the picture gallery, where they could watch, unseen, for the burglars, in case they returned for the paintings they had left rolled up against the walls after cutting them from the frames.

Then Hap himself went out on a tour of inspection of the grounds. He stumbled upon Loulie's slipper, which he at once recognized.

She had been borne away by the robbers, he instantly guessed, and, drawing the revolver with which he had armed himself before he left the house, he set forth to get her back at any cost.

The second slipper which Loulie had dropped at the turn her captors had made, guided Hap in the right direction.



"Allow me to present the Duc de Trouville's accomplice in the burglaries," said Thomas, the supposed butler.

He ran toward the deserted cottage near the beach at top speed. The man who sat on guard before the door jumped up, reaching for his own weapon, as Hap jumped for him. Hap fired, but his shot went wild. Dropping his revolver, he grasped the burglar's wrist, wrenching his pistol from his clasp. And then began a hand-to-hand struggle between them.

Loulie, inside the cottage, heard the fight going on. There was a scuffle of feet, and then the sound of two blows, cleanly struck, with knuckles against bone. There followed a fall. And then the door burst open, and in ran—Hap!

"Come on!" he cried cheerfully to Loulie, tearing off the silk scarf with which she had been gagged. "I'm going to take you back to the house."

As she came out of the cottage, hand in hand with Hap, Loulie found her former captor lying at the foot of the steps where Hap had knocked him out.

The man sat up, holding dazedly to his head, at that moment. Hap dragged him to his feet, and took him a prisoner, at the point of his revolver, which he recovered from the ground, back to Cloverlawn.

There the other two burglars, returning for the loot, had been captured by the butler, the detectives, and the men of the house party.

And then Thomas, the new butler capped the dramatic situation with a surprise.

Turning back his coat, he revealed the badge of a special officer of an insurance company. He had taken the position of butler in Mrs. Hazard's country house to guard the valuables of the guests at her house party from possible attack by the band of society burglars who were known to be operating in the neighborhood.

"You were right," he informed the company, "in believing that there was a confederate of the burglars inside the house. And here he is."

He stepper up to one of the captured crooks, and pulled off his mask.

A gasp of surprise went up from the assemblage, as they looked at the Duc de Trouville.

"It was he who stole Miss Moreau's bracelet when she fainted in the conservatory," Thomas went on. "And he went to her room immediately after and stole her brooch before either she or Mrs. Hazard's secretary, here, arrived there."

Loulie sighed in blissful relief at this exoneration of herself in the eyes of the guests and Hap, Laura, and their mother.

"Bring in Mr. Winthrop," Thomas ordered the detectives.

When the young writer appeared, the special agent of the insurance company said:

"This gentleman is no longer under custody. He is entirely guiltless of any part in these burglaries, having been merely another victim of circumstantial evidence."

Unnoticed, Keene Winthrop and Laura stole away into the garden, their faces shining.

"And you were right, too," Thomas

old the guests, "in supposing that the inside confederate of the burglars had a woman accomplice. Allow me to present her."

Walking past the cowering Duc de Trouville, the ex-butler took Mrs. Grosvenour Cutler by the hand and led her forward.

"Her grief over the supposed loss of her diamonds," he said smilingly, "was a little too extreme to be real. It aroused my suspicions. So I watched her, and found that she was on intimate terms with the duc, whom I already knew for a rascal. The finding to-day in her room of the supposedly lost jewels completed the case against her."

Later, another pair met in the arbor in the garden which Keene Winthrop and Laura had just vacated. They were Loulie and Hap.

"I'm afraid your mother will consider me a failure as a social secretary," said Loulie.

"Secretary of frivolous affairs," corrected Hap, with a smile.

"I haven't kept my promise to her to break off the match between Mr. Winthrop and your sister."

Then Loulie's smile deepened.

"But perhaps she will overlook that," said she, "in view of the fact that I have succeeded with the other commission she gave me. I told your mother, you know, that I would find another girl for her son."

And she laughed up at Hap, who stooped and kissed her.

An Unusual Help for Writers

WRITERS of motion-picture plays are coming into their own.

Not only are they being given credit on the motion-picture screen and higher prices for their work, but one motion-picture company has actually planned to give some practical education to the writers, believing that the time and money will be well expended.

There are not enough picture-play plots of certain kinds to supply the demand. There is a superabundance of dramatic themes and a startling rarity of comedy themes and Jungle-Zoo plots such as are desired by the Selig Polyscope Company, of Chicago.

The editor of the Selig manuscript department, when interviewed recently, asserted that a trip for motion-picture play writers to California had been made with an eye to the future. "We did it to afford the authors more practical education in their line of work in seventeen days than they could gain for themselves in seventeen months of hard work," he said. "We placed at the disposal of the writers a pullman coach which we named *The Carbon Copy*, and took the literary workers on a tour of California for one hundred and twenty-eight dollars the round trip, everything included, which was less than the cost of the ticket to us. Why did we do this? For many and various reasons. It was to aid the many authors of budding talent who are mislead by 'school' advertisements, and who get so far on the wrong track that they are no longer valuable to us, and other writers of talent who have no conception of the picture-play writing technique.

"We engaged the services of such star script writers as Gilson Willets and others, who gave daily lectures on the art while aboard the train. Our directors in California met the writers, informed them as to the proper manner of preparing manuscripts, and chatted with them in an endeavor to give essential instruction. This is the first occasion, in my somewhat lengthy experience, where the 'outside' writer, so-called, has been privileged to discuss the details of his profession with the men who put on the plays.

"We also showed the writers how motion pictures are produced. Strange as it may seem, not one writer in five has ever been privileged to see motion pictures in course of making. This instruction was also invaluable. We had society dramas, Red Seal specials, one-reel comedies, and other plays in course of production, and the authors saw the upbuilding of the plot structure in a practical way. A motion-picture scenario of the entire journey was prepared.

"A half million of dollars is spent nearly every week in California by the motion-picture producers, and the guests of the Selig Movie Special were no doubt greatly benefited by the movie atmosphere and the valuable instruction received."

News of the Photo-playwrights.

Thirty-nine reels in thirteen weeks was the record made by William H. Lippert when he first joined the Selig Polyscope Company. He is a seasoned writer, however, and saw to it that the speed at which he worked did not affect the quality of his creations.

Bess Meredith, the ever-happy authoress-actress, is back with Universal again after two serious operations, which kept her in a Los Angeles hospital for more than three months. She adapted Vance's "Trey o' Hearts" series to pictures, and has written and played in many Joker and Nestor comedies.

The Photo Drama Club, of Chicago, closed its season for the year of 1914-1915 on June 19th, with a banquet, at which most of the film notables in the Windy City were present. A review of the year's work showed that the benefit derived from the semimonthly meetings had placed many young writers on the path to the top and had helped others overcome their weaknesses.

Bert Ennis, who so long held down the advertising and scenario desk at the Eclair Company's New York offices, has left that firm to explore other fields.



Newly Arrived Missionary: "You say my predecessor died of a trifling illness. May I ask what was the nature of the ailment?"

Chairman of Reception Committee: "Oh, nothing much; merely a little boil."

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

Next in importance to the producer in the rise of motion pictures to their present standard and place in the world of entertainment, is the exhibitor. This article, complete in itself, is the fourth of a series dealing with the evolution of pictures and following the industry from its very beginning. Many of those mentioned in this article are now well-known and prominent men, and to read how they started, and what they did to make motion pictures what they are to-day, is extremely interesting.

IV.—THE EXHIBITOR

THE exhibition of motion pictures in this country did not attract the standard element among showmen to any extent until George Kleine, aided by Cohan and Harris, brought "Quo Vadis" to Broadway, utilizing a playhouse of the first grade—the Astor—and proving that people would pay increased prices for seats and sit for two hours with no other attraction to hold them than the well-woven narrative which as a spoken play had not profited stage producers, but which as a photo play made several fortunes.

It is true that the Kinemacolor Company had previously prospered along quite similar lines, but not with photo plays, its productivity consisting of the Indian Durbar, and the Coronation features inaugurating the reign of King George of England.

The exhibitor operated along the lines of the Ballyhoo more often than not, up to 1908, at which time the nicolet, or five-cent-store theater, was in its zenith. It was, however, a theatrical manager—Harry Davis, of Pittsburg, Pennsylvania, who first conceived the idea of erecting handsome, bijou auditoriums, with picturesque exteriors, such as afterward became the mode. Davis was the leading amusement caterer in the Smoky City. He had utilized the Cinematograph and Biograph in his vaudeville theaters from 1896 on, and in 1906 he came to the conclusion that the time was ripe to separate the film exhibit from vaudeville.

Possessing several playhouses located in the heart of the city, Davis discovered that he had an unused space between two of these which adjoined each other. There he built a cozy little bandbox of a theater, decorated the exterior attractively, placing a ticket booth on the sidewalk, and, with a uniform price of five cents, invited the public to enter. Once inside, the people saw a thirty-minute exhibition of the best available films of that day. From noon to midnight the little theater was packed.

Showmen from all parts of the country journeyed to Pittsburg. The Keith and Proctor interests had not yet entered the field save to utilize the films as an effective "chaser" to create an exodus in their vaudeville theaters. Such prominent factors as Marcus Loew and William Fox were not yet attracted. Loew was operating a penny arcade in Covington, Kentucky, and later one in Harlem. Fox was a performer, with an unimportant career; but when the word was heralded of Davis' big success, the "store-theater" movement started all over the country. Frank T. Montgomery, now famous all over the South, and one of the very first exhibitors of films, opened in Memphis, Tennessee, what he claims to have been the first concrete photo-play house in 1906. This was not a store-theater, but a well-equipped theater; not as sumptuous as those he now conducts in all the big Southern cities, but, nevertheless, he was the first exhibitor with confidence enough to establish a house of large capacity relying solely on the output of the film producers, which in that day was hardly important; in fact, it had not then been discovered that plays could be visualized on the screen.

Montgomery's idea was simply that people would appreciate an entertainment such as he could present in 1906, provided the house was attractive, the prices uniform—ten cents was the lowest he ever charged for seats—and, above all, he insisted on a musical setting. He was the first to "rehearse the films." Despite the meager supply of good productions, this expert showman made it a policy to prohibit the utilization of vaudeville talent. The slogan was "A clean moving-picture show." Two years later, in four big cities of the South, Montgomery erected palatial playhouses costing never less than one hundred thousand dollars each, until to-day he is one of the largest factors of a great industry. From the outset he had been uncompromising in a policy which has long since been successfully emulated by others.

The "nicolet" theater movement in New York City started in 1907. J. Austin Fynes was the pioneer. Fynes had been B. F. Keith's able lieutenant at the Union Square Theater when, in 1896, the Cinematograph was first shown. It is interesting to observe that, great showman that he was, it took Fynes eleven years to find out that people wanted to see a picture show separated from all other entertainment.

But Fynes had started a nicolet the year before in Paterson, New Jersey, making a huge success of it. He admitted that he got the idea from Harry Davis' Pittsburg undertaking. It was on West One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street that Fynes started his first nicolet in New York City; later on, in East Fourteenth Street, he opened another. Before the year was ended, Fourteenth Street and One Hundred and Twenty-fifth Street, east and west, were dotted with attractive-looking nicolets. These were all successful, and the average attendance at a prosperous nickel theater was about three thousand persons a day. Great fortunes were being founded; the nicolets were multiplied until there were over one hundred in Harlem alone.

Marcus Loew was quick to see the new trend. His penny arcade was diagonally opposite Fynes' Nicolet. Loew noticed the crowds flocking to the nickel shows; also he was satisfied that the day of the penny arcade was ended. Immediately, Loew began to dismantle his penny arcades, and, converting them into more commodious theaters than those already in the neighborhood, entered the field with determination. Prospering from the outset amazingly, Loew expanded, building more bijou theaters.

With Loew, at the outset, was Adolph Zukor, now the head of the Famous Players Film Company. Zukor started a chain of nicolets, and was the head of a corporation which established numerous motion-picture shows in what appeared to be a train of cars, wherein the audience was seated as if on a journey, while on the screen were shown scenes simulating the traveling of a fast flyer. This was so realistic that it was expected the novelty alone would mean a prolonged vogue; but Loew and Zukor, now enriched from their endless flow of nickels and dimes, had bigger aims.

Meanwhile, the productivity of the screen was gradually assuming a higher plane. The independent producers, such as the Imp, the Powers, and the Thanhouser brands of film, began to release one-thousand-foot photo plays full of thrills, which sounded the death knell of spoken melodrama all over the country, emptying the balconies and galleries in the regular theaters. In the so-called "one-night stands," there began a stampede of erstwhile house managers into the film arena. Theaters were converted overnight into gold-laden temples of the silent drama. As far back as 1909 there were no less than fifty cities in New England, of a population exceeding ten thousand, in not one of which was there a stage for the actor in the flesh to tread the boards.

Such were the conditions when Marcus Loew and William Fox decided that the time had come when theaters of the first grade, with large seating capacity, were necessary to accommodate the crowds. Loew organized the Peoples' Amusement Company, leasing several neighborhood theaters above Fifty-ninth Street. Success was instantaneous, influencing a growth best comprehended when it is stated that Loew now owns the majority of the twenty-four theaters in Greater New York under his direction. He has erected no less than eight amusement palaces in neighborhoods where there never had been a playhouse, and some of these cost a million dollars each.

When William Fox opened the first "store" theater in Brooklyn, in 1907, the people flocked to his box office. From the profits of the first few months he built another one, gradually establishing a chain of nickel houses; but Fox, like Loew, was quick to see the trend. Selecting Fourteenth Street as his locale, probably in a sentimental way, for it was on that street that he was wont to perform with the late Cliff Gordon for twenty-five dollars a week jointly, Fox began to convert all of the playhouses on this big thoroughfare into low-priced motion-picture resorts. The Dewey Theater was the first; then came the magnificent City Theater; and finally, Fox, fearing the advent of a competitor, leased the old home of grand opera, the Academy of Music, at a rental of one hundred thousand dollars a year.

But Fox wanted new theaters, so he started an era of building almost unparalleled in amusement history. Erecting million-dollar palaces in upper New York, of enormous capacity, and now possessing a circuit of his own, Fox resented the restrictions inflicted on him by the so-called picture trust; so this intrepid showman entered the industry from every conceivable angle, until finally realizing that others must follow his lead, Fox started to produce for the screen on a collosal scale, signing up directors, stars, and famous authors, and causing almost an upheaval in the entire industry. Here we have the true type of motion-picture product. In all the history of the theater one may not find a more interesting rise to fame and affluence, and the man's ambition is seemingly boundless.

Tom Moore—not the photo player of that name—like Fox, was a performer in the variety theaters, where he was wont to sing his own songs. On one of these songs Moore made five thousand dollars in royalties, which he invested in a small theater in Washington, District of Columbia. Moore, with the aid of his wife, did all the work. Between the two, the services of a house staff were divided. Mrs. Moore sold tickets, while Tom operated the machine. In a year, Moore had made enough money to build a modern playhouse. Now he has six in Washington, all veritable gold mines, and each compares favorably with the best legitimate theaters in the Capital City.

Nearly all the prominent film men of to-day began in a small way as exhibitors, and, strangely enough, most of these fared ill in their first venture. David Horsley, now one of the pillars of the industry, opened a nickel theater in New York. So bad was the business done that he converted it into a film factory. The man knew nothing about the mechanics of moving pictures, but he got hold of a primitive camera, and began to ponder over what ought to result from its operation. So, with ideas which caused his friends to regard him as a harmless lunatic, David invented a projection machine which really made good pictures. Now Horsley is known as much for his inventions as his producing proclivities.

It is a truth that from that factory where the first "independent" films were released, Horsley built up a vast organization which released the Nestor brand of films. A year ago he sold part of his holdings in the Universal Film Company for two hundred and eighty thousand dollars in cash.

Harry Myers, long with Lubin, and now with Universal, first entered the film game as an exhibitor. So did Charles M. Seay, one of Edison's best directors, and a comedian of great ability. Carl Laemmle founded his present vast fortune with the nickels that poured into his first store theater. Harry T. Aitken, John B. Freuler, William H. Swanson, Mark M. Dittenfass —the first to exhibit talking pictures— and a score of others now potential figures in the industry, all began their film careers in an effort to pile up the nickels.

Perhaps it is for this very reason that such pioneers are so reluctant to agitate high prices of admission, for they know that the great prosperity in motion picturedom was not only originally founded on the nickel theater, but the day may never come when its vogue will be wholly eliminated.

We earnestly urge material improvement in movie goatees.

The siphon is being overworked in movie comedy.

Destiny's Skein

(LUBIN)

By Roy Halstead

Tom Green is the subject of spells, when he loses all control of himself mentally, which accounts for his strange actions at times. But no one except his sister and another girl know of his ailment. Their attempts to keep matters straight only serve to make things worse. The solution to the whole affair which is sadly complicated, is Earl Fortier, and the part he plays is an important factor in this story taken from the Lubin film of the same name. Those who composed the cast are:

Earl Fortier.....Earl Metcalfe
Ormi Green.....Ormi Hawley
Tom Green.....Kempton Greene
Bertha Hubbard.....Hazel Hubbard

BUT the lumbering business doesn't appeal to me, father?"

Earl Fortier spoke patiently, as to a child of dull comprehension. He was weary of reiterating the same statement, in explanation of his disinclination to meet his father's wishes by devoting his life to the business of selling timber.

"There's money in it," growled the elder Fortier. "Look at the fortune I've piled up in my time, by 'choppin' down trees,' as you call it! If you'd be sensible, and accept the partnership I'm offerin' you, you'd be rich in five years or so, too"

His son smiled leniently.

"Money isn't everything, father," he pointed out. "There's something more than that in life. Fame, for one thing. And I never heard of any one becoming famous in the lumbering business. It's no use, dad. You can't make a business man out of me, when I've got my heart set on medicine as a career."

"You'd starve to death as a doctor," prophesied his father pessimistically.

"No, I wouldn't," laughed Earl Fortier confidently. "Give me a chance, and I'll prove it to you."

"All right," snapped the elder man in sudden anger. "You want a chance to show what you can do, eh? Well, that chance is what you'll get. I wash my hands of you. Do you hear? From this minute you can shift for yourself. Not a penny of my money do you get to help you. I disown you. Now, go ahead and show what you can do with your ideas and your craving after fame——"

"Father!" broke in his son remonstratively.

"I mean what I say!" roared the lumberman, swept away by his wrath. "You've defied my wishes long enough. I've offered you a good chance to learn my business, and you've refused it, time and again. I'm tired of arguing with you—of trying to make you see sense. You want to be a doctor. Well, a doctor you can be—and be hanged to you! Only, as I say, you'll probably die of starvation in a profession that's crowded to death, and where not one man out of a hundred makes a living worthy of the name. You want fame, you say. Well, go ahead and get it—if you can!"

Earl Fortier rose, his jaw set and his eyes flashing with indignation.

"Very well, father," he announced; "I accept your challenge. You disown me, and defy me to make good without your money to back me. I'll prove to you that I can make a living as a doctor. And until I do, you won't see me again. Good-by, sir!"

As the door of old Jabez Fortier's private office closed upon the erect back of his son, the lumberman half rose from his chair and stretched out his arms toward it. Then, his face hardening, he sat down again, and once more he struck his heavy fist on the desk before him.

"No!" he muttered under his breath. "Let him show me. He's taken the step against all my entreaties, and he'll come and ask me to give him a chance to enter the business with me yet. I'll wait until the world, with its hard knocks, has taught him his lesson!"

A year had passed. Jabez Fortier, traveling down South to look at some timber land that had been brought to his attention, had decided to purchase the tract and erect a sawmill near its site.

One of the first people he had hired from among the inhabitants of the near-by town had been a girl named Bertha Hubbard.

With a natural aptitude for business, backed by a six months' training in bookkeeping at the local night school, she had passed every test for competency to which Fortier had put her, and he had engaged her to look after the accounts at his mill and lumber camp.

Bertha's dearest girl friend was Ormi Green. Ormi had a brother, Tom. He made no attempt to conceal the fact that he was in love with Bertha, and that she reciprocated his regard was no secret between the two girl chums.

Exactly what was the matter with Tom, neither Bertha nor his sister knew. But that something was wrong with him, somewhere, was a fact known to them both. He had occasionally alarmed them by his strange conduct. It took the form of a complete change in character. Without a moment's warning, he had been known to turn from a good-natured, perfectly harmless young man, into a literal demon.

During these odd, because always unexpected, metamorphoses in his nature, Tom became a brute. He was as dangerous as any maniac at large. He had a passion for money, or bright-colored ribbons—anything pleasing to the eye, on which he could lay his hands—and,

if any one attempted to keep him from laying hold of what did not belong to him, his temper soared to murderous heights.

Nor was this the only strange thing about his "spells," as his sister and Bertha, the girl he loved, came to call these intermittent attacks of mania. Once they were over, he forgot all about them. No description of his acts, in detail, could make him remember that he had ever committed them.

At the time that Bertha secured her position with Fortier, Tom was out of work. She interested herself in his behalf, asking the lumberman if he did not have a place for Tom either at his mill or lumber camp.

Fortier, learning from her that Tom was not overly strong of physique, thought that he might make himself useful in the office of the mill, and so told Bertha to inform him that if he cared to accept a position as a runner of errands, the job was open to him.

And so Tom came to work in the same office with Bertha. Any qualms she may have had as to the danger of his experiencing one of his queer outbreaks, were lulled to rest as week followed week and Tom remained perfectly normal.

And then—as always—when it was least expected, he underwent one of his queer changes of character.

It took place one evening, after Bertha had left the office of the mill. Fortier was working late over some papers on his desk in his private room. And Tom, alone in the outer office, went to the safe and took out the cash drawer.

He cleaned out its contents of bills, and then, unseen, as he thought, left the mill with the stolen money.

But Fortier had watched him perpetrate the theft. He lost no time, but went at once to the village constable and swore out a warrant for Tom's arrest. It happened that Ormi Green had gone to the post office in town that same day, and she met the lumberman as he was leaving the constable's office.

Ormi had been waiting for a chance for a good while to speak to Fortier about Tom's peculiarities, and now she seized this opportunity to do so.

"Mr. Fortier, I am Tom Green's sister," she introduced herself to the lumberman.

Fortier eyed her coldly, in view of the errand from which he had just come.

"Well?" he asked shortly.

"I want to—I want to explain something to you about my brother," Ormi breathlessly went on. "Have you noticed, since he has been working for you, that he had acted queerly?"

Fortier's lips tightened grimly.

"Well," he answered, "I wouldn't say that his actions have been all I would expect of an honest man."

"He's not responsible for that, Mr. Fortier," Ormi explained, in the same eager tone. "I don't know what it is that Tom has done. But whatever it is, I hope you'll excuse it. You see, the fact of the matter is, he's—he's not always himself. He has spells when he acts queerly. But he's good at heart. You can take my word for that, sir. He doesn't mean any harm. What he does is due to the spells of which he is a victim——"

Fortier, checking her with uplifted hand, walked by her.

"Your explanation is a little late," he said in the same cold tone. "And you will have to excuse me now. Some other time I will listen to what you have to say in your brother's defense."

Ormi stood staring after the man as he continued on his way. She did not understand what he meant by saying that the explanation she had tried to make of any queer behavior he may have noticed on her brother's part, was too late.

But she was to understand, later.

Tom had taken the money which he had stolen from Fortier's safe into the woods and buried it under a certain tree. And then, not realizing that he had done anything wrong, the change in his nature having passed, he went home to the cottage which he shared with Ormi, on the outskirts of the town.

An hour after supper, that evening, the constable arrived.

"I've got to take Tom to jail," he told his sister apologetically. "You can read the warrant and see what the charge is for yourself."



"Don't worry," Ormi whispered to the bewildered Tom, as the constable waited to take him away. "I'll try to get you out of jail."

In fingers that shook, Ormi took the paper and read it through to the end. She saw Fortier's name down as the complainant, who charged her brother with having stolen the money from his safe. The constable was just in time to snatch the warrant back from her before she tore it to bits in the gust of anger that shook her from head to foot.

"I told him he wasn't responsible!" Ormi raged. "He might have stopped this, if he had wanted to. But he went ahead with it. And in spite of what I told him. But he'll pay for it—I swear,

here and now, that I'll get Jabez Fortier for this!"

The constable, taking the bewildered Tom in charge, tried to quiet her. But Ormi only repeated, her face contorted with bitter hatred against the man who had brought the disgrace of an arrest for theft against her brother:

"I'll get him—I swear it! If it takes a month or a year!"

Bertha was heartbroken, when she learned from Ormi that Tom had been made a prisoner. But Ormi sought to cheer her up, by whispering a plan that had come to her in her ear.



Ormi, with Bertha's help, hid Tom in the cellar.

"I can go to see Tom in his cell," she explained. "The constable has told me so. And I mean to pay him a visit tomorrow night. I'll have a stout file under my coat, and I'll pass it in to him through the bars. He'll be able to work at those same bars with it, when he's not being watched. And I'll be waiting outside the jail for him when he's succeeded in sawing his way back to freedom. Then——"

"Oh, Ormi!" broke in Bertha. "Do you really think he might be able to break jail that way? I heard Mr. Fortier say to-day that he was going to see to it that Tom was sent to the penitentiary for stealing the money. And you——"

"He'll get out!" went on Ormi confidently. "And show Fortier up for a windy braggart, with all his talk of sending him to State's prison for something he never would have done if he'd been in his right senses. I'm sure he can escape from the town jail. The place is nothing but a rattrap, anyway, and it ought to be easy."

"But where will be hide afterward?" asked Bertha breathlessly.

"I'm coming to that," Ormi told her. "I've thought it all out. You remember, don't you, that there's a trapdoor leading down from the middle of the kitchen floor in our cottage into the cellar? Well, once Tom succeeds in getting out of his cell, I'll take him home and hide him down the cellar. We can carry his food and water down to him through the trapdoor. That is—if you're willing to help him escape, Bertha. Are you?"

Bertha clasped her hands.

"Oh, Ormi!" she exclaimed fervently. "I'd do anything for Tom's sake. You know that."

Thus it was arranged between the two girls that they were to try to save Tom from the consequences of his unconscious theft of Jabez Fortier's money. Ormi, as she had explained she meant to do, brought the file in to her brother in his cell. Then she waited outside the jail after dark for the next three nights, until she received the signal from him which they had agreed upon—the whistle of a mocking bird—to signify that he had sawed through his bars and was able to leave the jail at will.

The signal came on the third night, and Ormi answered it—in token of the fact that she was waiting.

Through the darkness, she ran with Tom to their cottage. There, Bertha was waiting. Both girls urged him to go down into the cellar through the trapdoor into hiding. But Tom balked at doing so at first.

"Why should I hide?" he protested. "I haven't done anything—my arrest must have been all a mistake."

As usual, he did not know what he had done, after the change in his nature, which had led him to commit some act of which he would have been incapable when in his right mind, had passed.

"Go down in the cellar!" Ormi told him soothingly. "You must—it is for my sake, if not for yours!"

"And mine!" Bertha shyly added her persuasions.

Tom obeyed, at that. And so, a fugitive from justice, he spent the succeeding days in that dark hiding place underneath the small, two-story house at the edge of the woods which he and his sister called home.

Nobody suspected the place of his concealment. It was known only to the two faithful young women who loved him, and who both pretended their ignorance of his whereabouts when the constable and the posse he had organized after the discovery that Tom had

broken jail, inquired of them whether they could supply a clew as to the possible place he could have gone following his escape from the cell.

And at last the hunt for Tom was given up as hopeless.

It was a week later that Ormi, walking in the woods, came upon a stranger at a bend in the path down which she was going.

Lifting his hat to her politely, the man—young and handsome he was, Ormi saw in a single swift glance—inquired of her the way to town. She directed him, and watched him move away. Love for any other man save her brother had been foreign to Ormi's heart until that moment. But she knew, at her first sight of this stranger whom she might never see again, that she was capable of entertaining a deeper and more ardent feeling for some other man besides Tom, given the opportunity.

Earl Calmet was the name under which the stranger Ormi had met was traveling. He was none other than Jabez Fortier's only son, who had come South for his health. Overwork in the medical practice he had built up had caused his constitution to break down. He had chosen to change his name, after his rupture with his father, so that the latter might be unable to follow his early struggles to establish himself as a doctor, and twit him about them, until he had made good. In coming to that section of the country, he was in ignorance that the elder Fortier was located in business there.

Ormi's fair face filled all the young doctor's thoughts, as his did hers. On a chance that he might again encounter her there, he walked through the woods the next day. And Ormi, drawn by the same hope, did so also.

Thus they met a second time, and yet a third on the day following. It soon became a regular occurrence, their meetings in the woods. Long before he had seen her the sixth time, Doctor Calmet—as he chose to call himself—knew that he was in love with Ormi.

What her feelings were regarding him, however, he could not be sure. She seemed to be happy in his society—which was true, she was. And yet he noticed an agitation in her manner whenever he met her that was hard for him to fathom.

He did not know that Ormi was harassed by the fear that the constable might stumble upon Tom's hiding place any day, and take him back to jail, there to await his trial, which she had heard that Jabez Fortier meant to press to the limit, and which would mean that her brother would be sent to the penitentiary.

Doctor Calmet noticed that Ormi never invited him inside, whenever he escorted her to the door of her cottage, and he thought that odd, without asking her why she did not offer the hospitality of her home to him, good friends as they had by that time become.

Ormi lived in the cottage alone, he had been told by the villagers.

The day came when the young doctor at last asked Ormi to be his wife. She hesitated at first, seeming more agitated than ever. The fact was that Tom had escaped from the cellar the day before. He had returned to the cottage all right, but unable, as usual, to give an account of where he had been or what he had done during the recurrence of one of his fits of madness. And Ormi feared for the worst—more particularly as Jabez Fortier had not been seen either at his saw mill or lumber camp since the preceding day.

"Yes," Ormi finally answered Doctor Calmet, "I will marry you. Take me to town at once and make me your wife. And then—then I shall have something to tell you. Something about which I want your help."



Ormi knew then there was another besides her brother whom she could love—given the opportunity.

The young man took her to the village straightaway, and they were made man and wife a half hour later by the local justice of the peace.

But they had scarcely left the office where the marriage ceremony had been performed, when the constable's hand fell on Ormi's shoulder.

"I want you," he said grimly, "for the murder of Jabez Fortier, who was found dead in the woods not two hours ago."

"My father!" blurted the young doctor, his face paling. "You—you don't mean that he is really dead?"

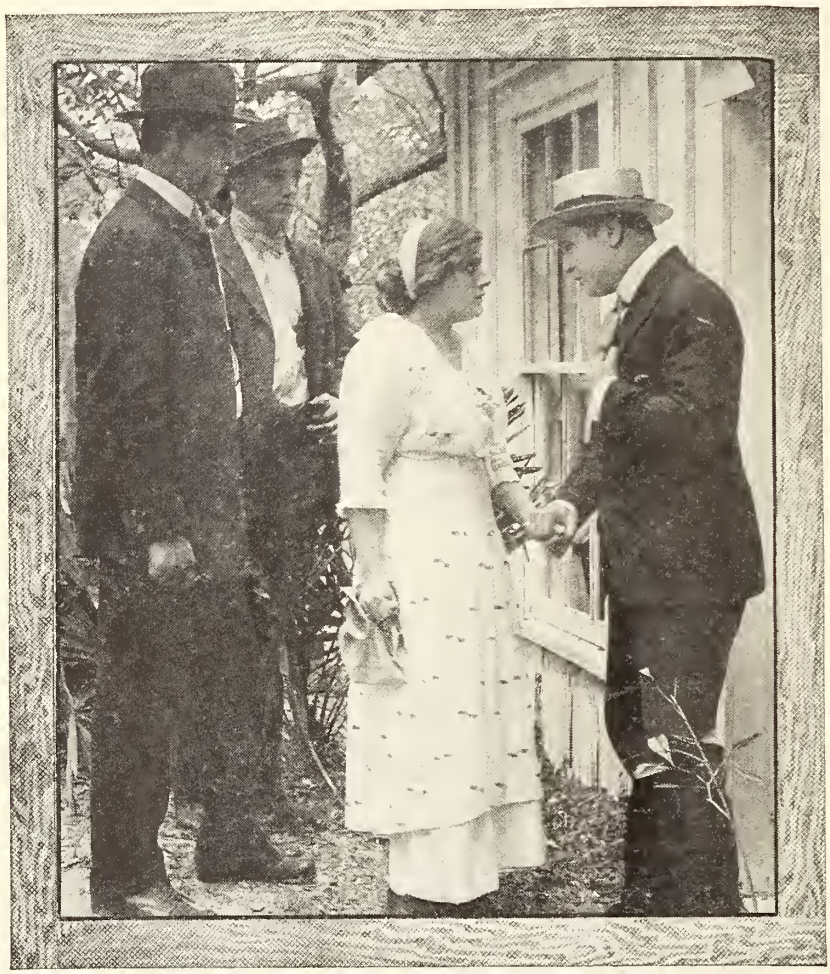
"I thought your name was Doctor Calmet," said the constable, turning to him.

In a word or two, Earl Fortier explained the quarrel that had preceded his separation from his father, the well-to-do lumberman, and his reason for adopting the name under which he had been living during the succeeding year and more.

"Well, I'm sorry to tell you that your father's dead, all right," the constable told him, when he had finished. "And this young lady is his murderer. She won't deny, I guess, that she told me once she'd get Jabez Fortier. And she's made good her boast. It was with her sash ribbon that he was found strangled to death, not a hundred yards away from her cottage in the woods."

Earl stoutly maintained his belief in Ormi's innocence of the charge brought against her; but the constable led her away with him to the town jail, just the same.

The young man soberly retraced his steps through the woods to her cottage. He hesitated for a moment before the door, and then he raised the latch and stepped inside for the first time.



"Whatever the world says," Earl told Ormi, "I believe in you, and always shall!"

He was confronted by Tom, who had emerged from the cellar, his face contorted with murderous rage.

Ormi's brother was in the grip of one of his maniacal changes of character.

"What do you want in here?" he growled at Earl.

The latter, who was ignorant of Tom's identity as Ormi's brother, answered coolly:

"I might ask you the same thing?"

And at that moment the door of the cottage burst open, and Bertha ran in.

"Don't hurt him!" she cried to Earl, who had fallen into an aggressive attitude to repel Tom's attack. "He's Ormi's brother—and he doesn't know what he's doing when he's this way. He's got another of his spells. Oh!"

Her agonized cry rang through the room, as Tom sprang forward and grappled with Earl. Through his clenched teeth, the temporarily demented young man hissed at his adversary:

"You came here to take me to prison, did you? To hang me for murdering old Fortier? Well, I had a right to kill him—as I did in the woods yesterday, by choking him to death with my sister's sash ribbon that I stole while she was out. He wanted to send me to the penitentiary for stealing his money. The money I hid under an oak tree. But I put him where he can't harm me again—and now I'm going to do the same thing for you!'

By his confession, Tom had completely exonerated his sister from the charge on which she was held.

Earl understood, from what Bertha had told him on entering the room, that the young man was not responsible for his acts. As he struggled with him, his thought was all of overpowering him, and of subsequently putting his medical skill into practice to effect his cure.

And this he later did. With his wife returned to him, and she with her brother permanently restored to his right mind, a new future, bright with promise of every happiness, lay open before the four—for Bertha, to whom Tom had at last spoken his heart, was numbered among the sharers in the good fortune which was a result of Earl Fortier's coming to that Southern town.

"If you had never come here, think what might have happened!" breathed Ormi, in Earl's arms.

"I know, dear, but it was all arranged," he answered her, "in the untangling of destiny's skein."

Eugene Aram

(EDISON)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

With his whole mind and soul buried in his studies, and his progress in them hindered by financial straits, Eugene Aram found life a series of worries. And then came varied interests and many happenings that changed the whole natural course of things. Then came even love. Though the entire story is replete with dramatic incidents, the greatest of them and the turn of the plot is at the very end—as it should be. Those in the cast included:

Eugene Aram.....Marc MacDermott
Madeline Bond.....Mabel Trunnelle
Eleanor Bond.....Gladys Hulette
Edmund Housman.....Herbert Prior
Walter Lester.....Edward Earle
Roland Lester.....Bigelow Cooper

NOT another minute!"

The speaker scowled as he directed the words at Eugene Aram.

"Just another fortnight, please," pleaded the man to whom the first words had been addressed. "These books are all I have to help me in this world. Every one and everything else has turned against me, and all the pleasure and good that I get out of life is derived from this reading and studying, and if you take away the books all my plans for the improvement of myself will be shattered."

The book seller scowled again, although more mildly, and then spoke: "I know that you spend all your time in studying, and from these books," he said, "but you have not paid for them, and there is little possibility that you ever will, even if I do grant the extension of time; so hand them over, please, and be glad that you got as much use of them as you did."

As the book seller finished, and turned toward the door as if as a sign for Eugene Aram to hasten and return the books, the latter reached over to the table, closed the one that he had been reading, and then took several more from a shelf where they had been kept. He gave them to their rightful owner with a sigh, and waited till the door had closed behind the man who had taken from him what he felt was all that he had in the world.

"I suppose he's right," he muttered, and then repeated over to himself, "I suppose he's right. I should never be able to pay for them in a fortnight. Where would the money come from? I haven't it now, and there is no hope of procuring it—yet. But I should have had it in time; when I had educated myself sufficiently to obtain a position as schoolmaster in some town. But now they are gone. What am I to do?"

Although he was almost in despair, Eugene Aram had one hope. It was in the form of a reply from an aunt to whom he had written for monetary aid. He wished to continue his studies, he said, and in order to do so needed money. If her answer would only be favorable, he might last a little longer, perhaps long enough to qualify himself for the profession he had chosen, if she were generous, and he worked hard. But this hope was a meager one, he realized, for once before she had recorded herself as being opposed to his "wasting all his time reading foolish books and studying, instead of occupying himself in some practical line of work."

With this hope in mind, Eugene Aram sat down at the table and commenced to figure. This was one thing he could do, at least, without the books. He could find how much he really did know about mathematics.

The Spotted Dog Inn, in those Puritan days in England, was something of a meeting place for the townsmen and a resting place for travelers. For this reason it is not extraordinary that both Mr. Clark, on his way to Grassdale, and Edmund Housman, an unscrupulous member of the community, should have been there at the same time.

Clark was seated at one of the tables in the large room, and had just completed a letter that lay before him, when Edmund Housman entered. With a sweeping motion of his arm, the former beckoned to the newcomer to join him in refreshments, enough of which he already had to make his journeying dangerous. Never were two invitations necessary to persuade Housman on such an occasion, and they were not this time. He seated himself beside the wayfarer and drank freely, until Clark took from the pouch at his side a beautiful jewel, and displayed it. That was enough to distract the attention of Housman, who, it already has been said, was not hindered from leading an honest life by scruples. But when the traveler emptied the pouch upon the table, and revealed a staggering number of gems, it can be imagined how the other occupant of the table felt. Clark gathered up the precious stones and proceeded over to the barmaid and others in the inn to show them. Any one not in his condition of mind, brought on by his generous administrations of liquor to himself, would have known better.

Hardly had he risen from his chair than Housman leaned over and ran his eyes along the lines of the letter that the traveler had finished just as he had entered. What he read was this:

MY DEAR WALTER: Am returning from a long voyage. I have with me that which will repay you for the inheritance I have deprived you of. While in India I saved the life of a

man, the reward of which will be yours. To my brother Roland I send hearty salutations. I hope he will look upon me with greater favor. I leave to-night for Grassdale."

Housman walked leisurely over to the group of men admiring the jewels, and looked at them carefully again; and then, turning on his heel, he hurried from the inn, down the road toward the home of Eugene Aram, of whose circumstances he was aware.



"Eugene Aram," cried the old woman, "beware of the future! It bears you ill!"

In answer to the knock at the door made by Edmund Housman, Aram started in his chair. He had been deeply buried in his figures, and had forgotten, for the time at least, the affair with the book seller and everything, even the dire straits in which he himself was, when the knock suddenly brought him back to things worldly.

"Come in!" he called, and Housman entered. The man who made a living by taking from others what they worked for glanced at Eugene Aram and then turned to scan the room. A chuckle came from his throat as he saw the paper covered with figures.

"Well," he said, looking the dweller of the house over from head to foot, "I see that you are not enjoying life as much as one with your ambition and love of work should. You seem to be in need of something—probably money." The last was uttered in a tone of suggestion, as though offering a loan.

"I am," replied Aram, "in need of money sorely. Even my books have been taken from me for lack of it."

"Then listen carefully to what I have to say," said Housman, with a smile, "and matters may be made much easier for you."

And he continued to relate what he had seen take place in the Spotted Dog Inn but a few minutes previous. When he had finished, having placed great emphasis on the enormous wealth of the traveler, he added slowly, watching the effect each word should have upon Aram:

"He is on the way to Grassdale. There is, as you know, but one road leading out of this town in that direction, and he must, of necessity, pass along it on his way; and, passing along it, he must also, of necessity, pass by the turn by the large rock. In a very few minutes this evening two men can be made very, very rich by waiting behind that rock."

Here Housman paused for a short time. Then, seeing that the information had had a deep effect on the mind of Eugene Aram, he continued:

"Let us ease Mr. Clark of his burden. I am offering you half. Share the enterprise, and you shall share the fruits of it."

Eugene Aram gazed at the floor. A look of horror spread over his entire countenance. He was an honest man. He had always been one, and honesty was one of the principles for which he had always been well reputed. But he was poor. Why must honesty and poverty associate with each other, he asked himself. He must live.

Edmund Housman, seeing his advantage in the hesitation of Aram, proceeded to make the best of it. He walked up to the poverty-stricken but also conscience-stricken man, and continued to tell him of the plan, continued to repeat it and the wealth that could be derived from it; and then, when he thought that the proper point had been reached, he stopped suddenly and added, in a tone of finality:

"We meet to-night at St. Robert's Lane, at nine o'clock."

When the words had been spoken Edmund Housman turned and left the room.

It was nearing night when an old woman, a neighbor of Eugene Aram, and a friend to a certain extent, entered, and handed him a letter. The man seized it eagerly, for the scrawling on the face showed that it had been made by a quill in the hands of the aunt to whom he had written for aid.

As he read, a cloud of despair fell over Aram's face. The letter merely repeated the former statement made by the same relative of his, and refused a single farthing, with the addition that she had no patience with her nephew's desire for study.

The paper fell to the floor, and Eugene Aram fell back into a chair, his

only hope gone. His only hope? No, there was another. And he remembered Housman. He glanced out of the window. Darkness had fallen, and it was not far from the hour of nine. With a bound, Aram rose from his chair and grasped his hat. His mind was still undecided as to what course to follow concerning the robbery, but he went from the house toward the curve in the road by the large rock. The course he chose was through the woods, and it was with much stumbling that he wended his way along.

As he drew near to the edge of the woods, Aram was startled to see Housman emerge from behind the bowlder at the side of the highway and run out into the middle of it. A short distance ahead he could see a horseman riding in that direction. Aram saw the glint of the steel of Housman's pistol in the moonlight, and the frightened look on the face of the victim, whom he supposed was Clark. Without thinking, and for no reason at all, except through excitement, Aram cried out:

"Wait!"

Housman looked toward the woods at the sound, and the horseman, taking advantage of the opportunity, hurled himself upon the highwayman. With a muffled curse, Housman turned, and by sheer strength cast off his assailant for a moment. In that moment he grasped a bludgeon that lay close by on the road and struck. The blow hit the traveler squarely on the head, and felled him, but Housman raised the club again.

Eugene Aram had been watching the affray from the edge of the woods, and as he saw the robber's arm going up for a second blow he rushed toward the pair. Just as the club was descending, with terrific force, he reached the spot and thrust the enraged Housman back.

"The first was enough," he said. "Don't you see that he cannot hurt you?"

As he spoke, Clark grabbed the right arm of Aram, and his body relaxed.

Housman had not waited when he saw that Aram had intervened, but was already untying the cord that bound the pouch he had seen that afternoon in the room at the Spotted Dog Inn to the saddle horn.

Having completed this task, he returned to Aram.

"Here it is," he said, in a trembling voice. "But now we must get this body out of the way before some one comes. Come! Help me lift it."

They did; and they carried it into the St. Robert Cave, a hiding place known to no one but Housman, and of which Aram had known nothing until that time.

When all the signs of struggle had been removed from the road the two turned back into the woods in the direction from which Aram had come. They returned to the latter's home.

When they entered, Aram seemed scarcely to be conscious of the other's presence. He was too preoccupied and worried over the horrible discovery of blood on his wrist, where the now dead man had grasped him. With a handkerchief he wiped the stain from his arm and burned the handkerchief. The next thing he did was to turn, with an angry snarl, toward Housman, and order him from the place.

"But the money!" said the latter. "I was just going to give you your share."

"I have no share," broke in Aram. "I had no part in the murder, and want none of the spoils of it."

Bewildered, and unable to understand how Aram could refuse the money when he needed it so badly, and it was offered to him, he turned and did as he was bid.

Then Eugene Aram, a haggard pallor whitening his face, turned toward the table in an effort to find distraction there.

He did find distraction, and much of it. It was a letter left there by the old woman, the kindly neighbor, and informed him that his aunt had died and left to Eugene one thousand pounds.

In the five years that succeeded the murder, Eugene Aram had, with the aid of the money left to him by his aunt, completed his education, and had procured a position as schoolmaster at Grassdale, the home of Walter Lester, and Roland Lester, Walter's uncle.

The crime of which he was the only living man, except Housman—who had actually committed it—who had witnessed it, was forever troubling him. His worry reached its climax when, one day, during the noon recess, he saw several of the children reading by a brook behind the schoolhouse. As he came up behind them quietly he listened to what one little lad was reading aloud to the others. It was poetry, and the verses sank into his very soul. As he gazed into the brook, he heard, in the quiet, unconcerned voice, the lines:

"Woe, woe! Unutterable woe!
Who spilled life's sacred stream?
For why? Methought last night I wrought
A murder in my dream!
I sought the black, accursed pool,
With mild, misgiving eye,
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry!
Aye, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh,
The world shall see his bones."

The boy's voice died away as he completed the poem, and Eugene Aram, forgetful of those about, his soul haunted by the visions that the verses had brought to him, cried out:

"The horrid thing pursues my soul! It stands before me now!"

The children turned in surprise at the sound of their teacher's voice, and saw him standing, with arms outstretched, looking up toward Heaven.

"My God!" he murmured. "I didn't do it! You know I didn't do it!"

When the words had been uttered, seemingly relieved by having placed his case before the judgment of God, Eugene Aram turned and left the brook, walking toward the road.

He had been trudging along perhaps ten minutes when a scream ahead attracted his attention. Looking quickly up the highway, he saw a young woman of about his own age and a man. The latter caused him to look carefully a second time, and then he was sure. It was Edmund Housman. In a twinkling, he saw what was taking place, and the cause of the scream that had attracted his attention. The woman was terrified, for Housman was blocking her way. Not knowing what else to do, and surmising that what the man wished was her money, she tossed her pocketbook to him. With a silly grin, he stooped, picked it up, and allowed her to pass. She rushed down the road as soon as she had got past the thief, and ran up to Aram, who was at the moment hastening toward the two.

"Please, sir, do not allow him to harm me! He has my money! I do not know what else he would want!"

Eugene looked up the road which had been the scene of the encounter, and

saw Housman dodge into the woods. He wondered if the thief and murderer had recognized him.

In soothing tones, he consoled the girl, Madeline Bond, and assured her that there was nothing to fear. By coincidence it happened that Madeline Bond and her sister Eleanor were members of the household of Walter and Roland Lester. Together they walked to the Lester home, where Aram was introduced to the family. It was very little later that he discovered something, much to his alarm, when Walter Lester and Roland were made acquaintances of his. It was that they were the two men who had been spoken of in the letter of the dead Clark. Clark's right name had been Lester, and his identity had been concealed by him under the assumed name.



To the horror of all, a skeleton rolled onto the ground at their feet.

As the evening progressed, Madeline and Eugene, who were alone most of the time, became steadfast friends. Eugene liked the girl more, he thought, than any other he had ever met; and her simple ways and intelligence attracted him even as his own did her. Then she confided in him that Walter, who lived with them, was deeply in love with her, while Eleanor, her sister, was infatuated with Walter. She, so she said, cared not for Walter more than as a friend. This, she said, had been the case for several years, and, although she knew that things could not go on always as they were, she knew that something must be done.

"It cannot go on as it is, because, supposing that I should fall in love with some one"—and at this point she cast a sly glance at Eugene—"what should I do with Walter,"

"Encourage him with Eleanor," was the reply of Eugene. "But, no, let things take their natural course. I think you shall soon find out—if we become as good friends as I hope—and you fall in love."

As time passed, so the friendship between Eugene and Madeline grew, until at length, as Aram had hoped, they fell in love.

Many twilights they spent together along the roads of Grassdale, for there alone could they be without arousing the jealousy of Walter, who forever sought to gain the love of Madeline. On one of these walks it was that an old woman trudging along with the aid of a stick halted before them. Raising her baton, she cried:

"Eugene Aram, beware of the future! It bears you ill!"

Eugene and Madeline both were startled at the words, but he succeeded in quieting his companion, who soon dismissed the incident from her mind, but nevertheless it bothered Aram for a long time after.

One evening, when Aram was calling at the home of Madeline, much to the discomfort of Walter, who had been watching with discomfort the increased friendliness between the two, the butler entered, and, calling Roland aside, whispered to him:

"Miss Eleanor has seen two men prowling about the house, and so have I. She is now with Mr. Walter, who has consoled her, and he told me to ask you what to do."

"Bar all the windows," ordered the older man; and then, calling Eugene aside, he asked: "Won't you stay with us to-night? There are two suspicious characters outside, and I'm sure that you can do more to quiet Madeline than any of us."

Eugene consented gladly, and informed his sweetheart, for they had by this time become such, of what her uncle had told him.

It was close to midnight when Eugene, who had been lying awake all the time listening for any sounds that might come from the men who had been reported to be prowling about, heard a low filing noise downstairs. Hurriedly clothing himself, and grasping a pistol, he softly left the room and went quietly down the stairs. Just as he reached the lower step he caught sight of the intruders coming through a window, the bars of which they had succeeded in filing away. Eugene raised his pistol, and there was a report. One of the men fell to the floor, and the other, frightened by the unexpected shot, fled through the window by which he had entered.

Eugene ran up to the wounded man. It was Edmund Housman.

"So it's you, is it?" the intruder asked. "Well, get me out of this."

Realizing that if he should refuse to help, Housman could make things extremely unpleasant for him, Aram helped him to the window and out of it. Then, as the others entered, he explained that he had shot at the burglars, but they had escaped, but without having stolen anything.

The encounter had served to have a serious effect on the life of Eugene from then on. Housman had seen him, and would, no doubt, attempt to benefit by the fact that Eugene wished to keep his reputation perfect. What would Madeline say if she knew that Aram was connected with the murder of the

elder Lester? And then, it helped Eugene, inasmuch as his bravery brought him admiration from Madeline.

It was the following day that Eugene Aram was walking along the road toward his home, after school hours, when the bushes suddenly parted, a short distance ahead of him, and Edmund Housman emerged from them. At first startled, Aram soon gained control of himself, however, and confronted the thief.

Neither spoke a word, and the only sign of recognition that passed between them was a motion of Housman's arm beckoning to Aram to follow him. For more than fifteen minutes Eugene walked in the footsteps of the highwayman along a path through the woods for a way, and then for a distance through places that were not marked by paths or any sign of life.

At length the man in the lead halted before a huge rock, pushed from before it a clump of bushes, and revealed an entrance to a cave. He motioned to Eugene to enter, and the latter obeyed.

When they were seated on crude benches inside, Housman spoke for the first time.

"I do not suppose you know what I brought you here for," he said, with a faint glimmer of a smile, "so I shall tell you without waste of time.

"You must be aware of the fact that there could be a great deal of damage done to your character and your love affair were I to mention what I cared to regarding a certain matter in which you were implicated some five years ago. Therefore, is not my silence worth something? You cannot prove anything about my connection with the affair, and even though I could not offer incriminating proof that you committed a murder, the mere fact that you were connected with it would tell heavily on your character."

When the other had finished stating his proposition to Aram, the latter looked up into the true murderer's smiling face. He fully realized that what Housman had said was a fact.

"How much do you want for your silence?" inquired Eugene.

"One-half of your marriage dower," was the ready reply.

Aram spent several minutes in soliloquizing. At first, he was angry, and refused any bribe at all, even threatening injury to the blackmailer; but finally he gained possession of himself and made his offer.

"If you will agree to quit England forever," he said, "and to keep quiet concerning the realtion of myself with the death of Clark, I shall pay you tomorrow the sum of five hundred pounds."

The conditions were satisfactory to Housman, and the agreement was made. The two left the cave, and Aram continued on his way home, feeling that a great burden had been lifted from him.

On the following day, true to his word, Aram brought the money to Housman, at the appointed place, and the latter left for the town of his nativity, where he had first met Eugene Aram, and where the murder of the elder Lester had taken place.

The same day another left for the same town. It was Walter Lester, and his mission was to attempt to learn particulars of the disappearance of his father, who had last been seen in the Spotted Dog Inn.

The inn, therefore, was the first place to which he went, and there, seated in the very room in which his father had met his murderer, Walter also met Housman.

The latter, practically without reason from heavy drinking, was mixed in a heated argument at the time that Walter arrived, and the argument was one to interest the young Lester.

The confab was in reference to the remains of a skeleton that had been found beneath an old house that day.

"Perhaps," suggested one of the villagers, "they are what is left of old Clark, who vanished five years ago."

"And who may Clark be?" was the interested question put by Walter.

"Oh," replied the first speaker, "he's a traveling man who passed here five years ago, and never went any further. No one ever heard what happened to him. Believe he was on his way to Grassdale, where he had folks. Said something about it."

Walter immediately surmised the truth. Clark was his father. He was about to continue with questions when Housman interfered.

"No more Clark than you are," he asserted, in drunken stupor.

"How do you know?" asked Walter, his interest ever growing.

"Because," Housman answered, with startling positiveness, "old man Clark's bones are lying this minute in St. Robert's Cave, in a wooden box."

His statement astounded all present, and, naturally, he was called upon for an explanation.

"Follow me," was his only reply, and every one did.

At the cave, Housman, still too intoxicated to realize what he was doing, pointed out the box to the others. They took it outside and opened it.

To the horror of all, a skeleton rolled out onto the ground at their feet.

"Did you kill this man?" roared out Walter Lester to Housman, in tones of accusation.

"No, no! I didn't do it! I didn't do it!" he shrieked.

"Who did, then?" raged Walter.

Seeing the folly of what he had done, and the possible result to himself, Housman cried:

"Eugene Aram! He told me so, and showed me where he had hidden the bones!"

Three days later, Eugene Aram, who had been sitting at a table in his home, reading, rose to answer a knock at his door. He swung the portal open, and faced Walter and Roland Lester and the village constable. Immediately Walter opened with a volley of abusing and accusing language. Eugene, despite his years of worrying, was complete master of the situation now that the time he had so long feared had arrived. In the midst of it all, after the constable had displayed the royal warrant for the arrest of Eugene Aram as the suspected murderer of Mr. Lester, Madeline rushed in. She had seen the trio come down the road toward the home of Eugene, and was anxious to learn the trouble.

When she saw the gyves on his wrists she nearly collapsed.

"What is it, dear?" she asked. "Why are they arresting you?"

Eugene cast his eyes toward the floor, and a look of shame came over his countenance. Then he said, in a low voice, the one word that dug into her soul:

"Murder! For the murder of Walter's father. But bear up, my girl, and all will be well, for I am innocent."

Before more could be said Eugene Aram was led away by the constable, and Walter remained to soothe Madeline, a task for which he appointed himself, for his old love had never died.

despite the affection bestowed upon him by Eleanor, and for which he was always gracious.

Little happened between the arrest of Aram and the trial for murder, except the decline in the condition of Madeline, who grew worse day by day under the nervous strain.

When finally the day for the trial arrived, and Eugene Aram was hopeful of the verdict, due to encouragement from all his friends, especially Roland Lester, the brother of the murdered man, who continually expressed his faith and belief in the innocence of the defendant, Madeline sat dejectedly in her room. She was restless and nervous to such an extent that there was no hope to quiet her until the news of the jury's decision could be told.

The chief witness for the crown was Edmund Housman. He told a fiction version of the murder, invented by himself, and stood through the cross-examination. Things looked very dark when Eugene Aram testified in his own defense. His story was the truth. He told of the offer made to him by Housman, and everything, including the payment of five hundred pounds but a short time before. No phase of the case did he omit.

"But why did you not expose the murderer, or rather the man whom you claim to be the murderer, instead of shielding him all these years?" asked the prosecuting attorney.

The question was one that Eugene Aram could not reply to, other than to lay the matter on the condition of his mind at the time, due to worry.

At last the jury filed out, and in due time filed back. The foreman handed the judge a slip of paper. All was quiet. The scene resembled a graveyard, and the attendants were still and appalling as tombstones; while the judge might have been a Calvin reading a prayer over a newly filled grave; and then he spoke a single word, and it rang as a death knell in the ears of all:

"Guilty!"

Eugene Aram stood erect and bravely as the hush fell on the courtroom. Not a sign of fear nor the indication of a tremble could be detected, for there was none, when he was led away.

That night, when Roland Lester entered the chamber of Madeline, his face was dark and haggard. Easily might one have guessed what his words were to be. Madeline cast just one anxious glance at Roland, saw his countenance, and fell over—dead!

It was early morning when the rising sun of dawn spread over the countryside gradually, breaking a dull, gray light over the desolate, forbidding jail-yard. Slowly in the vanishing darkness the dim outlines began to be visible. First the jail and the tall stone wall, then the yard itself, and finally, with its arm raised up toward heaven, the ghastly beam of the gallows.

An object moved by the door of the court and came out into the yard. It was a man. In his hand he carried something, a small, black, awful something—a flag, the signal of death. At the far end of the yard he halted, and raised it on the post. Crowds gathering at the outside saw it, and turned away in horror. It was the sign of an execution.

The dawn had broken when a small group came from the passageway of



Eugene Aram testified in his own defense. His story was the truth.

the brown-stone building, and the singing voice of the chaplain floated through the air, repeating the lines of the litany. Another voice, in the same unearthly tones, gave answer in dreadful monotony. Slowly the group went down the courtyard and up the steps of the scaffold, singing always the litany. At the top they halted, and the litany ceased.

Eugene Aram, with head thrown back in defiance of man, stretched out his arms toward heaven. Slowly over his head descended the fatal noose of the gallow rope, and Eugene Aram spoke: "Thank God, the end has come! She has gone ahead of me, because she knew I was going to meet her, and I am! Oh, Madeline, I'm coming!"

The trap snapped, and Eugene Aram went his way.

The Chaplin-Reeves-Ritchie Debate

By Rex Berry

"Who was the original funny drunk?"

If you are a follower of the pictures you have often asked yourself this question—but, without a doubt, you have never answered it satisfactorily. The debate between Charlie Chaplin, Billy Reeves and Billy Ritchie is as to who of them was the original "funny drunk" in the sketch "A Night in an English Music Hall" which part was played by them all, and from which originated the scheme of each of their respective present make-ups.

Here are the authentic facts of the debate, and the writer's opinion drawn from these facts.

WHO was the original drunk?

Three comedians, three film companies, and millions of photo-play fans, are interested in learning the answer to this question at the present time. Out in Los Angeles, California, Charles Chaplin, of Essanay, is so sure that he is the man to fill the rôle, at least as far as the screen is concerned, that he refuses to even notice the others; while in Universal City, very close to Los Angeles, Billie Ritchie spends his spare time telling his press agent the exact dates he did this, that, and the other thing. From the South, however, comes what looks like the most substantial argument offered, in the form of a guarantee of one thousand dollars to any person who can prove that Billie Reeves, of Lubin, did not create the mirth-provoking character.

The three comedians, each of whose individual ability is worthy of praise, are now playing the part before the motion-picture camera, and, because of the similarity in their make-up, are often mistaken for one another by the fans. Their companies have tried to offset this by distributing much publicity matter throughout the country, telling why their comedian has the best right to the make-up, and giving the dates that he did various things on in order to prove their contention.

Considering the motion-picture careers of the three, there can be but little doubt but what Chaplin leads the other pair in the make-up and the "funny business" which goes with the part. It was a little more than a year and a half ago that he introduced the eccentric character, which has become sort of a modern craze to the motion-picture public. It was just after Ford Sterling left Keystone, and at that time exhibitors and fans who followed the fortunes of this brand were wondering if Mack Sennet could ever bring out another comedian who would prove as popular as the clever Ford. Chaplin came with a rush, and his peculiar make-up, and unexpected twists when working in a scene, at once endeared him to the hearts of the slapstick-comedy lovers.



Charlie Chaplin making 'em laugh.

Everything went along smoothly until Billie Ritchie joined the Universal company. Nothing might have happened then, had not some one accused Ritchie of stealing Chaplin's character. In reply to this accusation, the Universal company sent out broadcast numerous statements, which ran several typewritten pages, telling how Chaplin was imitating Ritchie, and comparing him to a pirate of old, inasmuch as he was stealing from another man his very means of livelihood. To all of this, Chaplin and his company said nothing. Later he joined Essanay, and then his real popularity began. Broadway shows put on whole Chaplin choruses, a song entitled "The Charlie Chaplin Walk," made its appearance, several styles of statuettes appeared, and a law suit over them was brought into a Western court; stick pins, with the comical character on them, were worn by the fans; cartoonists on

the metropolitan papers used Charlie Chaplin as one of their characters, and at every private party there was some one to imitate the little comedian. This brings us up to the present time.

But while this was going on, Billie Reeves entered the debate, and stated flatly that he, and he alone, was the original drunk. Reeves had been working at the Amsterdam Roof Garden, in New York City, as one of the star attractions of the Ziegfeld's "Midnight Frolics," every evening, and had been quietly slipping over to Philadelphia every day to play several hours in comedies which the Lubin company was making. At the close of the "Frolics" engagement he deserted the musical stage



"Billy" Reeves in private life.

and went South with a number of Lubin players.

Just before leaving the bright lights of old Broadway, Reeves had a few words to say in regard to the careers of the men who had been claiming the make-up which he firmly believes is all his own. I think it would be best to let Reeves' own words tell his side of the story. So here goes:

"I am the original drunk, and I first played the part in an act produced by Mr. Fred Karno," he said. "The piece was at first called 'Twice Nightly,' but later the name was changed to 'The Mumming Birds.' These titles were used while it toured Europe, and when it was sent to America it became known as 'A Night in an English Music Hall.' The original production was made at the Star Music Hall, Bermonday, London, England, in 1904, and the cast included Charles Bell, the noted 'boy in the box'; Arthur Gallimore, the 'wrestler'; Miss Imy Minster—now Mrs. Reeves—the 'original soubrette'; and Billy Ritchie, who played the 'bum conjurer.' In this first showing of the piece I was the drunk character, who occupied a box during a performance on a stage within a stage, and who said nothing, having to 'get over' all the comedy by pantomime.

"The play was en tour three years, and the places in which we played included the leading cities and towns in England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales, France, Germany, Russia, Honolulu, Australia, and South America. During all this trip I played the drunk character. It was not until 1907 that Billy Ritchie got a chance to play the part, and then only because I was bound by a contract for a long stretch in Vienna, and could not get away. My brother, Alf Reeves, who was manager of the act, thought Ritchie could enact the part successfully, so he was given the chance.

"I returned to the United States after my Vienna engagement, and introduced the drunk character in the Ziegfeld 'Follies' in 1908. During the seasons of 1909, 1910, and 1911 I stayed with this organization, and kept the same part. After I left the 'Follies,' Leon Errol impersonated the drunk.

"Mr. Ritchie left the act under my brother's management and was succeeded by Harry Royston. Mr. Royston was deaf, and because of this handicap could not catch the cues, so he had to give it up after a short trial. Mr. Ritchie went to Gus Hill's burlesque show, 'Vanity Fair,' or 'Around the Clock,' and used the business of the 'Night in an English Music Hall" act, which was copyrighted. My brother sued Mr. Hill, and was awarded the verdict. It cost Mr. Hill in the neighborhood of thirty-five hundred dollars. Ritchie left Hill, and produced an act called 'The Dream Man,' which did not prove very successful, and was discarded after a short run. Ritchie then returned to Hill, and stayed with him about three years. After this he was taken ill, and was forced to rest for some time. It was after this vacation that he joined the Universal Film Manufacturing Company and introduced what he terms 'the-original-drunk' character to the screen in L-KO comedies.

"Now, in regard to Chaplin, I want to say that it is my honest belief that he originated the screen character which has made him famous. Both the actions he uses, and the make-up of the 'drunk,' have original twists to them which must be credited to the Essanay comedian. He was brought from England to Amer-



"Billy" Reeves in make-up.

ica about five years ago by my brother, for a part in an act called 'Wow Wows.' Because the 'Night in an English Music Hall' act was in such demand, however, Alf put him into the drunk part in a company which toured the country. He played this rôle about three years, and was very successful in it. In November, 1913, he closed in Kansas City, and joined the Keystone company. His year there served to make him a motion-

picture favorite, and the Essanay engagement followed."

Though he did not mention the fact, Reeves has gone on record as saying that he will give one thousand dollars to any person who can prove that he was not the original drunk in the "Night in an English Music Hall" act. As money is not so awfully plentiful, and as no one has, as yet, claimed the thousand, there must be something to his statement, though the data which Bill Ritchie supplied via the Universal company seems to contradict the fact, inasmuch as it credits Ritchie with playing the part in 1903.

Ritchie's career, as outlined by the Universal, shows that he started his climb to fame when ten years of age, with his mother's concert company. That was in 1888, and from that time until 1892 he had much varied experience in musical, dramatic, and acrobatic work. In 1893 he went into pantomime, but returned to dramatic work the following year, and continued in this work until 1896. Then he joined Fred H. Graham's pantomime act, entitled "Cinderella," and wore the same make-up he is using at present. He also carried the make-up into vaudeville during the same year, while working with his two sisters. From 1898 to 1903 he was with Fred Karno, and played in several well-known pantomime sketches. As I have stated before, it was in 1903 that Ritchie is said to have appeared as the "original drunk" in "A Night in an English Music Hall," and, following this engagement, the Universal company states that he came to America—though Reeves' story differs—and played the Orpheum Circuit here for a year. In 1906 he returned to Gus Hill's management—again using Universal data—and for eight years starred under this management. He used always the drunk make-up, making over twelve years he played the same rôle, for a total of over five thousand times.

There you are. By comparing what Reeves says about Ritchie's career, and what Universal says about their star, the difference will easily be noted. That is not all to be said about Ritchie, however, for his employers go a little more into detail in comparing him to Chaplin, and telling just how long he originated the drunk part before the popular Charlie thought of using it.

It was just three years before Charlie Chaplin was born, they state, that Ritchie first used his drunk make-up, though he was then only ten years old. Chaplin came into the world about 1890, so the dates harmonize at this point. They point out the fact that Chaplin admits that his first visit to this side of the water was made with the "Night in an English Music Hall" company, in 1910, as further evidence he was merely one of a number who played the part of the drunk after Ritchie discarded it.



"Billy" Ritchie in characteristic pose.

And now about Chaplin:

He doesn't seem to make any claim about originating the part in the stage production which has served for a pivot around which the argument may swing, but he has every right in the world to say that he was the first one to use it in motion pictures. Until he came to the Keystone company there were many peculiar make-ups in existence in the movie world, but perhaps the only one which had gained prominence was Ford Sterling's little chin whisker and general "Dutch" costume. With the coming of Chaplin, his funny feet, little mustache, tight coat, and big pants, and—more than all—his elastic cane, make-ups of a similar nature sprang up on all sides. Without a doubt, Ritchie and Reeves are the only two of the many who have any right in a dispute of this kind besides Chaplin, for the others were confessed imitators. Therefore, it seems that the smiling, little Essanay comedian need not speak at all in order to uphold his end, for the right of being the first man to introduce the "funny drunk" to motion pictures is acknowledged his without a chance to dispute, and he does not claim to have originated the part on the stage.

That leaves Reeves and Ritchie to quarrel over who was the first one to play the part in "A Night in an English Music Hall." If my readers will look back over the data, they will see that both the comedians claim this honor, and they will also note that Ritchie says he played it a year before Reeves. If this is true, and if it is a fact that Reeves has posted one thousand dollars to be given to the person who can discredit his claim—and I believe he has—it is easy to see that it is up to Ritchie to produce better proof of his statement and claim the reward. Otherwise, I'm afraid everything indicates that Billie Reeves was the original drunk.

In the matter of the present make-up used by the three, I feel those who have watched all perform, either on the stage or screen, will agree with me when I say that Chaplin's make-up was originated in the brain of Chaplin, Ritchie's in the brain of Ritchie, and Reeves' in the brain of Reeves. Without a doubt, all three based their weird costume and its trimmings on the character of the drunk in the "Music Hall" act, but each has changed minor things here and there until he has a right to call it his own.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

THE complaint most editors have to make against the scripts of amateurs is their utter lack of logic. Only the other day we saw an editor who was peacefully reading a script go into a spasm because one of the characters was sent to prison for twenty years because he stole a bottle of milk. This editor will probably remember the writer who sent in the script, but the memory will not be a pleasant one, and will not prove a selling asset for that writer in the future.

The cause of this unreasonable break was doubtless due to the writer's desire to get one of the characters out of the way for the twenty years. Friend writer hadn't learned that everything that is written must be made convincing in order to sell, so he simply dashed down the first thing he thought of for which a man could be arrested, and took it for granted that a judge would "slap on" the long sentence.

Amateurs have to learn to overcome this habit, and sort of "think from the other end," in order to make their scripts logical at all points. When you have a certain end to reach in order to make your plot work out the way you wish, think over its various possibilities, and apply each of them to real life. Ask yourself, "If I were this man, or this woman, would I act in this manner?" Had the amateur of the "twenty-years-for-a-bottle-of-milk" episode placed himself in the position of the judge who tried the case, he probably would have seen how impossible it was, and would have supplied a crime with a little more lawlessness attached to it in order to have his character draw the required sentence.

Learn to "think around" your subject, and thus avoid impossibilities.

WAITING.

About once a week some one comes to us, or writes in, that such and such a company has held a script for three or four weeks, and wants to know whether they are copying the plot, to be used without paying for it.

We don't say much, but we tab writers having such complaints to make as being of the class who will have trouble all their lives. No reputable film company will be so small as to steal a play, so why fuss around on that score? If writers wish to take the chance of submitting to unreliable concerns, who are nothing more than "get-rich-quick" schemes with a title attached, it is his own loss; but it does not pay to take such chances, and those who are in the game for a few months know it very well.

If one of the recognized companies holds a script for a month or more, don't write in and tell them you either want the script or a check by return mail. You won't get the latter, but you will get the former—and all other submissions for some time to come, unless you write a masterpiece. The longer a good company holds a script—with one or two exceptions—the more chance you have of selling it, for the policy of most big producers is to return at once all submitted scenarios that they do not consider worthy of purchase. There are several persons who have to O. K. a play before it is finally accepted, and this takes time. Learn to be a good waiter, and you will register many sales that might have otherwise become rejections.

HEAVY STUFF.

"He writes a lot of piffle, but his heavy stuff certainly goes big," remarked a man well known in the motion-picture world, as we were watching the unreeling of a certain author's story on the screen. The story in question was hopeless. There was no excuse for its ever having reached the screen, and it must have been "put through" because of an urgent demand for subjects by the company which made it.

The statement, however, is significant. It is possible for any person to "land" a script occasionally which is not fully up to the standard if at other times his work is of such merit that it stands far above that of others. Editors realize that a man cannot turn out work that is a "knock-out" every time he sits down at his machine, so they are considerate. This does not apply in any way to the amateur who has not yet proved that his work is deserving, but it does to the professional who earns his living by writing alone, and who gives a certain company the majority of his work.

Begin at the very beginning by making your heavy stuff, your real efforts, carry the very best that is in you, and write an occasional bad one once in a while just to get it out of your system if you must. Of course, the bad one is not to be submitted, but destroyed, while all of the heavy stuff will not prove quite good enough at first to deserve submission. It has, however, enough behind it to enable you to work on it until it is worthy of editorial consideration.

We know of three or four amateurs who are working out their scenario careers along these lines, and one of them only recently sold a two-reeler. It was his sixth submission in four months, but he had written many more. Slow but sure is a trite way, but it is and always will be, a sure one. It is the way that will make an editor smile knowingly as he O. K.'s your heavy stuff for purchase.

Answers to Readers.

R. P. Hodgon, Gloucester, Mass.—Your case is covered by the article entitled "Waiting," in this issue of the department.

Hugh J. Cassidy, Brooklyn, N. Y.—If it is not copyrighted, any author may, without danger of legal entanglements, use another's story; but there exists a sort of unwritten law among writers and editors forbidding it. One may "get away with it," but if he is caught, the results will not aid his future efforts.

J. Oliver Gegler, New York, N. Y.—From time to time we give lists of companies and their exact wants. You have the names of most of the leading companies now buying. We would advise against writing a serial, but if you are willing to gamble with it, it would be necessary to write a full synopsis, and designate where the various episodes would begin and end.

Mrs. Grace Prothers, Minneapolis, Minn.—When a company states it is "overstocked," it means that it has enough scenarios on hand to last for some time. Every week, Picture Play Weekly has the names and addresses of companies who are not overstocked, and tells just what they want. Mary Louise Farley is located in New York City. We have not got her street address.

R. I. Beale, Kansas City, Mo.—Charles Chaplin probably has a scenario for the general outline of his plays, but each individual scene is acted as it is taken. He claims that the less forethought he gives to his style of comedy "business," the better results he gets. You have the right idea about outlining the action, though. Just tells what happens, instead of how it happens. Essanay is the company Chaplin is with, but there is no chance for an outsider to sell any script to this firm for him, as they buy nothing at all.

C. B. van Dusen, St. Paul, Minn.—If one woman is talking to another in scene No. 70, telling her what happened in scene No. 35, and you wish to show it by a vision, you would write it thus:

No. 70.—Parlor. Ann talking to Mary. Tells her of death of John. As she speaks, fade into

No. 71.—Bedroom, same as No. 35. Same action as in scene No. 35, showing death of John. As he passes away, fade back into

No. 72.—Parlor, same as No. 70. Ann still telling of John's death, breaks down and weeps, et cetera, et cetera.

That is the way we like to handle it, though many writers do away with the extra scene No. 71, and simply write the vision scene within scene No. 70. It is merely a matter of technical choice, but inasmuch as scene No. 71 is photographed separately, we think it better to number it as a scene by itself. The other way is all right for staff writers who are on hand to explain any points the director does not understand.

Maude O'Brien, Portland, Oregon.—All that is asked of the amateur is a synopsis, list of characters, and detailed scene action. A scene plot is desirable, but optional, while very few free-lance writers give director's sheets. No company has compiled a book of all the scenarios used in producing plays. It would be almost an impossibility, and we don't think it would do an amateur a great deal of good, for it would confuse his or her ideas of the proper form.

Lillian M. Steele, New Rochelle, N. Y.—No definite number of scenes can be named for a reel. It all depends upon how much action is in each scene, as more action requires more footage. It is one of the points that each author must determine for himself or herself and determine to fit each script which he or she works upon. No general rule can be found which holds good.

Bernice Henderson, Lewiston, Maine.—The answer to your question is covered by our reply to Miss Steele, which appears directly above.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Biograph Company has added a three-reel picture to its list of regular releases, but whether or not they will purchase original scripts, or adapt, had not been stated.

Plays and Players

Charlotte Burton.

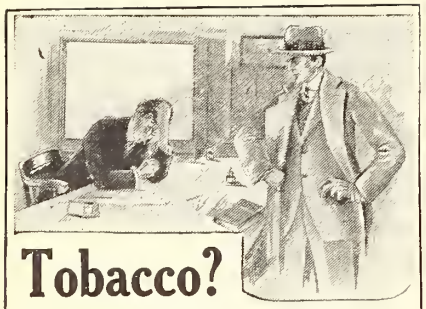
CHARLOTTE BURTON, the American-Mutual actress, who is playing *Vivian Marston,* the adventuress, in



"The Diamond from the Sky," is best described as a natural heavy. Of English-Spanish parentage, Miss Burton, to quote her own phrase, just "dotes on being a regular villain"—in the pictures, of course. Off the screen, she is most mild-mannered, and the direct opposite of the impersonated *Vivian Marston.* In the type of part she appears in most she is able to accent the sinister without in any way modifying her own charming femininity.

Miss Burton was born in San Francisco, May 30, 1890, and made her début when eight years old, in Samuel Friedlander's production of "Brownies in Fairyland." After playing several child rôles, the little actress retired, and attended the public schools in San Francisco until she was almost sixteen. It was during a summer vacation that her talents came to the attention of Nance O'Neil, and the great tragedienne made her an offer. For some time she continued with Miss O'Neil, playing small parts, at the old Grand Opera House in San Francisco. This was before the earthquake and fire.

Later, she played ingénue rôles with the Mordant-Humphrey stock company at the MacDonaugh Theater, in Oakland, going from there to Seattle with the same company. After this she headed a company of her own on the road, ending her tour in Chicago in 1912. Immediately after she was free she joined the American-Mutual company and went to Santa Barbara, where she is still located.



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Vol. 1

No. 19



HELEN HOLMES
THE STORY OF THE "KALEM GIRL"
BY HERSELF

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I No. 19 AUGUST 14, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

Helen Holmes, the Kalem Girl

Helen Holmes, the Kalem Girl who plays the leading role in the "Hazards of Helen" railroad series, is one of the best-known actresses on the screen. Her work consists mainly in taking risks, and as a result is the subject of much comment among picture followers. There is little that those interested in pictures do not know about Helen Holmes' acting, but what they want to find out—and that is just what is given here—is all about the girl herself and her career.

THERE is only one way to make good —grit your teeth and make up your mind that nothing can ever discourage you. Keep at whatever you are doing. This, in the long run, is bound to bring success!"

Just thirty-eight words, but, according to Helen Holmes, they contain the secret of her success as a motion-picture player.

Of course, you know Helen Holmes. The chances are that you have marveled at her amazing courage upon more than one occasion. She is the daring actress who is featured in Kalem's "Hazards of Helen" railroad series.

Knowing that motion-picture patrons would be greatly interested in the story of this performer's career, an interviewer recently made her way to the Kalem studios at Glendale, California. She came just as Miss Holmes was taking part in one of the scenes of "A Wild Ride," a forthcoming drama. Incidently the writer made the interesting discovery that Miss Holmes is one of those rare individuals who, contrary to the old axiom, can do two things at once, and do both well; for Miss Holmes not only plays the leading rôle in Kalem's railroad stories, but frequently attends to the directing of the scenes.

The Kalem star was directing the scene being filmed while the interviewer was present. It wasn't a long one, but in the few minutes required to "shoot" it the visitor found herself deeply impressed by Miss Holmes' thoroughness and her determination to have every detail absolutely correct.

One of the extras used in this scene was a brakeman who seemed to take a delight in misinterpreting Miss Holmes' instructions. With unfailing patience the star rehearsed the bit of "business" with the thick-skulled chap in her effort to get the effect desired. The man would not have been before the camera's eye more than thirty seconds, but in her determination to have every little detail correct, Miss Holmes spent over half an hour in driving just what she wanted into the extra's brain.

Later, in the course of the interview, the visitor expressed her surprise that so much time should have been wasted over so unimportant a character.

"Unimportant?" Miss Holmes repeated. "Nothing is unimportant in a motion picture! That man's bit is just as important, in its way, as the leading character's part.

"Supposing that extra had been allowed to get by with slipshod work," the actress continued. "Just as sure as you are alive, somebody with an eye for detail—and thousands of photo-play patrons are terrors in this respect—would have noticed it instantly. It might even have the effect of causing them to lose interest in the rest of the production."

"No," Kalem's daring star concluded, "every person appearing in the scenes I direct must be absolutely perfect in his or her work. Anyway, it is just as easy to have a thing right as wrong."

Later, while having luncheon with Miss Holmes, the interviewer succeeded in persuading the actress to tell about herself. Luncheon, by the way, was served in the studio. This, because it would have taken too much of Miss Holmes' time to have dined outside.

"How long have I been in pictures?" the actress repeated, laughing. "Oh, about three years or so. As a matter of fact, the time has passed so quickly that it seems much less than that. And it has passed so rapidly because I love my work! Although it is hard, I think it's fun—the bulliest kind of fun!"

The visitor wondered whether all photo players were of the same opinion, and ventured to put the thought into words.

"Then they have no business in motion pictures!" Miss Holmes sharply replied. "I suppose there are some players in the photo-play ranks who merely regard the profession as an easy way of making a living, but let me tell you that these people rapidly find their level. They either do small bits for the rest of their lives, or go back to pots and pans.

"Not that I would belittle housework,"

the star hastened to say. "In fact, I love it. But I do think that no person lacking in ambition should try to follow the profession.

"Personally," laughed Miss Holmes, "I would rather be a motion-picture actress than anything else in the world. Why, if all the suffrage organizations in the country were to nominate me for the highest position, I should turn my back upon it, and stick to my present work.

"You see," she went on, "it gets you, and you can't leave it. There was a time when the performers on the legitimate stage regarded the motion picture with scorn. They had nothing but hard words for it. Then some of them were induced to work before the camera. Since that time there has been a regular stampede on the part of these players for the photo-play stage!"

Curious, the writer asked for the reason.

"There are several reasons, in addition to the fascination of the work," Miss Holmes slowly said. "For one, the film appeals to the player's vanity, because the motion-picture performer plays to a vaster audience than the legitimate stage ever dreamed of. The whole world is his or her audience. Given an attractive personality, good looks, and histrionic ability, and within a few years the photo player can build up a following greater than the stars of former days possessed at the heyday of their popularity.

"And then," the star smiled charmingly, "we have the bread-and-butter reason. The legitimate performer thinks himself fortunate if the company of which he is a member has a run of say thirty or forty weeks. The majority of players frequently find themself 'at liberty,' which, in ordinary, every-day language, means out of a job. Now, the photo player, on the other hand, has a steady, all-the-year-'round engagement. This, providing he is in stock."



Helen Holmes' knowledge of the railroad is a great asset to her in her acting.

"Suppose you tell me something about yourself," the interviewer suggested.

"There isn't very much to tell," Miss Holmes answered. "I was born in Chicago in the early nineties, and when about a year old was taken to South Bend, Indiana, where my folks made their home. I received my education there.

"I showed a leaning toward art work, and so my parents finally sent me to the Art Institute at Chicago. A year or two later I broke down as the result of overwork, and when my brother invited me to spend some time with him out on his ranch in the Funeral Mountains, I accepted his invitation.

"I liked ranching so much that I gave up all thought of becoming a painter. Instead, I learned how to ride, shoot and how to throw a rope. Then my brother died, and I came out to Los Angeles.

"I met one of Kalem's directors, and he offered me a position in his company. I've been a Kalem player ever since," Miss Holmes concluded.

"Do you really risk your life in the pictures?" the actress was asked. The question brought a smile to her face.

"Just wait until you see 'A Wild Ride,'" she answered. "We took some of the scenes in which I encountered some hazards only yesterday. A crazy fireman ties me to the driving rod of a locomotive, and then starts the engine a-going.

"I remained fastened to that driving rod for more than ten minutes—although each minute seemed like an eternity," Miss Holmes declared seriously. "In fact, I was unconscious when finally released. The horrible, plunging motion every time the driving rod leaped forward made me deathly sick.

"Then, there were 'Near Eternity,' in which I jumped from a forty-foot trestle barely in time to avoid being run down by an engine, and 'The Midnight Limited,' in which I actually came within an ace of falling beneath the wheels of a sleeper. 'The Wheels of Death' was still another—yes, I guess that a girl with weaker nerves than mine would have succumbed to the strain long ago!

A Texas Steer

(SELIG)

By Richard D. Taylor

The side of politics that you never heard about and the rise in Washington society of the crude-mannered Texan family of Maverick Brander. A little love and a lot of wit all serve to liven what is even without them, an exceedingly fast-moving story. The leading role in the Selig picture of the same name, from which this story was taken, is played by Tyrone Power, famous for his work on the speaking stage and whose first appearance on the screen is in this picture. Others in the cast include:

Bossy Brander.....Grace Darmond
Mrs. Brander.....Francis Bayless
Capt. Bright.....John Charles
Mrs. Campbell.....Mrs. Tyrone Power
Major Yell.....Walter Roberts

"I'VE got bad news for you, Bossy."

Captain Fairleigh Bright addressed the only daughter of Maverick Brander, reputed to be the richest man in the Lone Star State, who sat beside him on the horsehair sofa under the crayon portraits of Ma and Pa Brander in the living room of the cattle king's ranch house.

"Bad news?" she repeated. "Oh, Fairleigh, what is it?"

"Well," said Captain Bright slowly, "I hope you'll consider it bad news. It's bad enough for me, goodness knows. I've been summoned to Washington, Bossy."

"What for?" Bossy breathlessly demanded.

"Oh," the captain assured her, guessing her thought, "this country isn't going to war with any other. Not right away, at any rate. I've been ordered to report at the capital for official staff duty, that's all. But it means that we're going to be separated. And——"

"Oh, I'm so sorry!" broke in Bossy, her pretty brows drawn together in a pucker of real concern. "Isn't there some way that you can get off? Can't you write to the president, or the secretary of war, or somebody, and tell them that you don't want to leave Fort Worth?"

"I'm afraid," Captain Bright ruefully explained, "it wouldn't do any good to tell them that. Which would be no more than the truth—I don't want to go away from here and you, Bossy. But I've got a whole fortnight before I have to report in Washington. And maybe something will turn up in the meanwhile to fix it so that we won't need to be apart. I—I wonder if I couldn't fix it myself?" he went on, in a musing undertone. Then, to Bossy: "Would you like to live in Washington, dear?"

Bossy clapped her hands in delight over the prospect.

"Oh, I'd love it!" she exclaimed. "I've read of the social life there, with the grand balls that are constantly going on, where the ambassadors of the various countries come with their wives in their splendid uniforms and court dresses, and——"

"Then," eagerly interrupted Captain Bright, "couldn't you persuade your father——"

"I don't believe so." Bossy shook her head.

"Why not?" demanded the captain.

"Dad couldn't be persuaded to leave Texas, by me or anybody else," Bossy explained. "While mother and I would love the social life in Washington, it wouldn't suit dad at all. It's been his home for so many years that he's grown attached to the climate, his neighbors, everything about it. I've heard him say often that he never meant to leave here, not even when he died. He wants to be buried in the soil where he found a welcome when he came here two decades and more ago, a penniless young man, and where he has since made a fortune. No, I know he couldn't be talked into leaving Texas. That's out of the question."

Captain Bright, preparing to take his departure, looked thoughtful.

"I'm going to try to hit on a way to induce him to go to Washington, just the same," he told the girl he loved. "I'll think the matter over, and see if I can't find a scheme. Leave it all to me in the meantime, dear."

The place into which Captain Bright went to do his thinking was a certain prominent café in that Western city. A drink, it had occurred to him, might cause his thoughts to flow more freely. He had put in his order over the bar, and was standing there sipping the Scotch high ball that the bartender had placed before him, when all at once he heard voices from the back room adjacent.

"We've got to put up somebody to run for congress."

The speaker, Captain Bright recognized, was Major Yell, who was called the political "boss" of the State, due to his ability to swing enough votes to insure the result of any election in the way he wanted it to go.

"But who can we put up?"

The second speaker, the young army officer knew, was Bragg, one of Major Yell's henchmen. And then he heard the voice of Blow, the major's other lieutenant, raised in the political conference:

"Yes, that's the question—who can we get to run?"

"It's true," Major Yell remarked, "that there's a dearth of applicants for the honor of looking after the interests of the State of Texas in the House of Representatives. Nobody seems to want to fill the post. But we've got to get

somebody to run. Can't either of you two think of a name?"

And then Captain Bright, entering the back room of the café, took a hand in the confab.

"Major Yell," he addressed the political boss, "I'll suggest the name of a candidate to you for the office of congressman from this State. It's Maverick Brander."

"Brander," repeated the boss musingly, inviting the captain to be seated, for he knew and liked the young man. "That's so. I hadn't thought of him before. He's popular, all right. But do you think he'd run?"

"I give up," announced Maverick Brander. "What's your good tidings?"

"You're about to receive one of the most signal honors that it is in the power of this State to give," answered Major Yell, adopting the grandiloquent attitude of a campaign speaker. "The populace of the commonwealth of Texas, sir, ask you to represent them in congress."

Maverick Brander laughed scoffingly.

"Come, come, major!" he protested. "What pipe dream of yours is this?"

"I'm tellin' you straight, Maverick," answered the major earnestly. "The voice of the people is calling you to Washington. They know and trust you. And they want you to represent them in the capital. The only 'pipe' about it is that you are sure of being elected—if I say the word."

"Waal, I decline the nomination," declared the cattleman firmly. "What do I know about governin' the country? Nothin' at all. And that's the truth. You'll have to look elsewhere for a congressman."

Major Yell was just about to launch into a fervid argument designed to cause the cattle king to change his mind, when Captain Bright, kicking him furtively, shook his head warningly. Later, when the three politicians and the young army officer had left the ranch, Captain Bright explained.

"There's no use talking to him," he pointed out. "You ought to know by this time that anything Maverick Brander makes up his mind to is as good as settled. But there's a way to get around him. And that way's his daughter. Leave her to me, and I think I can promise you that Brander will be your candidate for congress, all right. Meet me in the café in a half hour, and I'll report what progress I've made."



On several occasions at the official reception, Mrs. Campbell succeeded in gathering Bossy and Captain Bright into the same group.

"The honor ought to appeal to him," suggested the captain. "Why not call on him and find out if he'd accept the nomination?"

"A good idea," commented Major Yell, rising. "We'll do it right now."

Thus it came about, an hour after Captain Bright had left Maverick Brander's ranch, that he returned with his three companions, Yell, Bragg, and Blow.

"Maverick, old hoss," Major Yell greeted the cattle king jovially, "we've come here this afternoon to break open a package of good news before you. Give you three guesses as to what it is."

Back at the Brander ranch, Captain Bright explained to Bossy the offer that Major Yell had made to her father, and which he had declined.

"It's a fine way to arrange it so that you could be in Washington with me," the young man pointed out to her. "If only you could persuade your father to accept the nomination, Major Yell is sure to bring about his election——"

"How?" put in Bossy eagerly. "How could he do that?"

"Oh, he knows how, all right," the captain reassured her. "It would take money to buy votes, of course——"

"Listen!" broke in Bossy. "Father is going to run for congress. He may have his mind made up that he isn't, but my mind is made up that he *is*. He'll run without his knowing anything about it. And this is how it can be done: He's going over into Mexico to-night, to be gone three weeks on a tour of inspection of some lands that a friend of his is thinking of buying there. And in three weeks the election will be over. While he's away, we'll have him elected. I have power of attorney to sign checks for him. And I'll give you one now for thirty thousand dollars to defray the expenses of the campaign. For working to elect him, Major Yell, Bragg, and Blow can have five thousand apiece. The rest can go to buy votes."

"Make out that check right away!" the captain told her enthusiastically. "I'll take it back to the major and have him start the wires to working at once."

Within the half hour he had set, Captain Bright was back in the café in earnest consultation with the three politicians. They each accepted the assignment to try their best to elect Maverick Brander to congress, and the five-thousand-dollar fee that went with it with alacrity.

"The negro vote counts big down here in Texas," Major Yell announced, rising. "If we can secure that, the result of the election is practically assured. And I'll go out now and start spending some of that fifteen thousand dollars to clinch matters with the colored male population."

But, outside the café, the wily Major Yell winked to himself, for he knew a better way to secure the negro vote than by buying it—a way that would allow him to keep the fifteen thousand dollars for himself.

He sought out Mr. Fish, a long, lean darky who occupied the position of political "boss" among the people of his own color.

"Ham," Major Yell addressed the negro.

"Yessuh," replied that dignitary, straightening himself up and brushing the front of his coat, for to him it was an honor to be called by his nickname, or, in fact, to be even called at all, by one of Major Yell's position in the community. "What is it, suh?"

"Listen here," the major said, drawing the colored man aside. "Have a drink?"

"Huh!" gasped Ham, hardly able to believe that he was being offered a refreshment by Major Yell himself, and he looked up at the town's "boss" again to make sure that it was he. "Huh, well, I—I don't think—I don't think, suh, that I ought——"

"All right, that's settled; you'll have one," the major said, settling the matter by the words, for no objection passed between the lips of the negro, either because he was too bashful or for some other reason.

And then Yell leaned over and whispered into Ham's ear:

"You know who the Minister to Dahomey is, don't you, Mr. Fish?"

"Cuttiny," replied Ham, with a queer look on his face. He was puzzled. Who was this Minister to Dahomey, he wondered. But if that person was in any way responsible for the fact that Major Yell had taken up conversation with him, Ham thought that it was best that he should know who he was, and he said "yes" while making up his mind that the first chance he had he would look into the proper names in the back of a dictionary and learn who the Minister to Dahomey was and what he might have to do with Ham Fish.

And then Major Yell continued, leaning even farther toward the negro's ear:

"Well, Ham, how would you like to be the Minister to Dahomey?"

Ham Fish startled. What was he to answer? Now, even more than before, did he wish that he knew who this person was. But he was supposed to know, and so it was imperative that he answer. Surely, he thought, if the Minister to Dahomey was important enough for every one to know who he was, every one except Ham Fish, he must be a noted person. Ham thought that no matter who he was, whether Dahomey was a church or a foreign province, he would like to be the minister of it.

"Great!" was his enthusiastic reply to the question.

"Well," continued Yell, "all you have to do is what I tell you, and you'll be appointed the minister as soon as the election is over. Here is your part of the bargain: Get all the votes you can, and that's a lot, for Maverick Brander for congressman from this district. He is to be the candidate at the coming election, and I want you to get all the colored votes for him—then, when he's elected, you will be made the Minister to Dahomey by Brander's appointment."

Ham emptied the glass before him at a single gulp and headed for the door at a run. He turned his head over his shoulder just long enough to shout back to Yell:

"I'm on my way now. Brander's as good as elected as far as we cullud folks is consarned."

Major Yell grinned and returned to the back room, where he joined Captain Bright and the rest of the party.

"It's all O. K.," he said smilingly. "We have the colored votes collared, and it goes without saying that the white people who are in the majority will elect Maverick Brander to represent them."

Fairleigh Bright shook hands with all three of his campaign managers, wished them luck, told them to work hard, and left to join Bossy at her home. When he arrived there, her father was preparing to leave for Mexico, having entirely forgotten that there had ever been such a thing as a mention made of his being made congressman, and never suspecting what was being done to make that come about.

It was with a happy smile that both Bossy and Captain Bright wished him "good-by" and told him that they would expect him in three weeks, the day after election.

Everything connected with the election worked smoothly until the night when the votes were to be counted. Everything had to move smoothly, for there was no other course for things to take when "Boss" Yell had them under control. He could just as well have had Maverick Brander's dog elected representative to Congress as Maverick Brander himself.

Therefore, when, on the night following the counting of the ballots, Brander returned from his trip, a crowd great and surging was awaiting his train at the station. It was a very much surprised man who stepped down onto the platform, and a very angry one who heard, a moment later, the shouts:

"Three cheers for Maverick Brander, our new congressman!"

"What does this mean?" he asked of Bossy and Captain Bright, who were the first to reach him.

"It means that they have elected you to represent the district in the House of Representatives, while you have been away in Mexico," his daughter informed him slyly.

"Elected me!" Brander shouted. "Are you crazy? How could they do that?

Didn't I tell them that I wouldn't serve?"

"Of course you did," replied Bossy, "but I told them you would, and so they just elected you. I drew out the money to pay for the campaign expenses, and now all you have to do is leave your things packed, just as they are, and take a train for Washington."

Maverick Brander's eyebrows lowered. That was a sign that he was angry—very angry—and Bossy, knowing the sign, backed away behind Fairleigh Bright. The next thing that was noticed by the excited mob was a roar from the new congressman. "You bunch of hoodlums," he shouted, "I wouldn't serve you for twice the money and all the honor attached to being the President of the United States!" His words bellowed through the night air like a lion's roar, and he was about to continue when two men stepped up to him and checked the words. They were Major Yell and his assistant, Bragg. Both men held revolvers—very long and terrible-looking ones—directly under his chin, and Yell spoke in drawn, low, but emphatic tones:

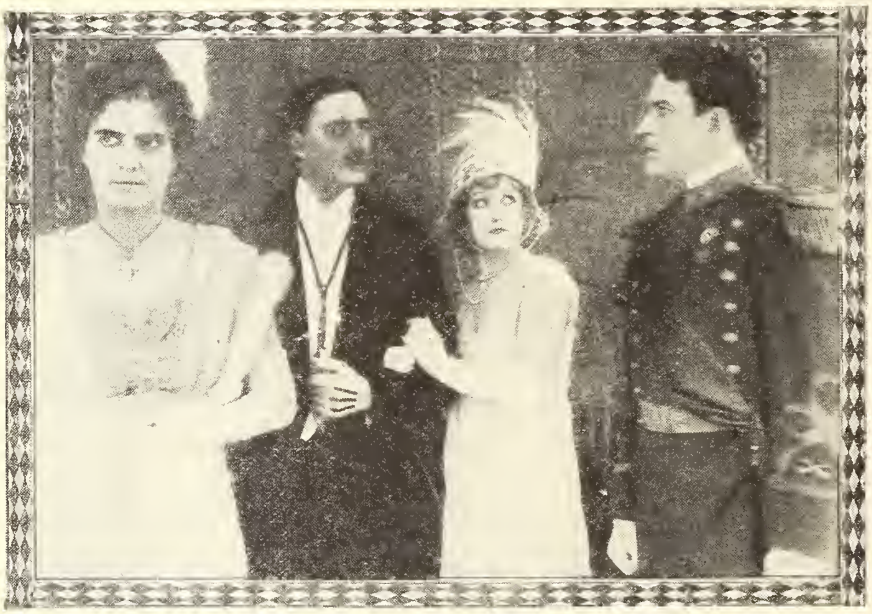
"If you think you're too good to represent us, just declare yourself."

"I'll serve," said Maverick Brander, suddenly changing his mood and replacing his frown with a broad smile.

"Three cheers for the new congressman!" shouted Yell again, and the crowd joined heartily. Surely no one could have had a more enthusiastic following than did Brander.

The following day, at the same station, Maverick Brander stood again. This time the crowd of the evening previous was missing, and in their stead stood Captain Bright and Bossy. The former carried a valise, and Bossy was holding tenderly to her companion's arm. Captain Bright was waiting for the train to take him to Washington.

"I suppose," Bossy chided, "that when you get to the capital, with all those pretty society girls, you'll forget that such a person as myself ever existed."



But at the last minute Count Freshette, with a lame excuse, came up and led Bossy into the conservatory.

"Don't worry, dear," he answered, laughing. "There won't be any one that can make me do that. And, besides, it won't be long before you and your family will move there, so that your father can take up his duties." He pinched Bossy's arm, and they both laughed as they recalled the success of their plan to bring each other together in the Capital City.

The train arrived, and Maverick Brander and Bossy bade the captain farewell, promising to look him up as soon as they arrived in Washington.

The weeks following were busy ones for the women members of the Brander family. All their time was spent arranging matters with dressmakers and trying on new gowns with which they intended to dazzle the society of the great city to which they were soon to depart. While Maverick Brander was learning all that he could concerning his new office, his wife and daughter did nothing at all but plan for their début into the world of fashion, so that when the time came for the departure for the capital trunks upon trunks had been sent ahead labeled all "Mrs." and "Miss"; while only one, and that none too large, was checked with a tag, "Mr. Brander."

A crowd that reached back into the side streets of the center of the town, and that packed close on both sides of the railroad tracks, gathered to greet the new congressman when he boarded the train for the East. It was a strange sight to the close observer, but there were few who noticed it, for attention was all on Maverick Brander alone. He stood on the platform, his face clothed in a smile from ear to ear and his body covered with a heavy brown suit and a revolver belt girdling his waist, while on his feet were large, cowhide boots. The women were dressed in beautiful silks and satins, cut into styles such as were never before seen nor heard of either in Texas or Washington.

Such was the party that entered the train with the cheers of the townspeople ringing in their ears.

When Washington was reached, the family of the Texan went immediately to the hotel that had been recommended to them by Captain Bright. The captain himself was there to meet them, and with him he had trouble for Maverick Brander—trouble in the form of a valet.

"Mr. Brander," Fairleigh Bright introduced, "here is your valet that I have employed for you."

"Valet?" repeated Brander. "Who's that? Oh, pleased to meet you, Mr. Valet," he said, turning to the sleek individual standing by the captain.

"No, no," explained Bright, "valet is not his name; valet is another word for your servant. He attends to you. His name is Jordan."

"Oh, I beg your pardon," apologized the congressman, and then proceeded to go up to his room.

He started toward the stairs that were at the end of the hall, but Captain Bright motioned to him to enter the elevator. Brander hesitated.

"What's that cage for?" he asked, as he saw the boy open the door.

Bright did not have time to give an

swer before they were shooting up the shaft and Brander was yelling again.

"Hey!" he called to the elevator boy, emphasizing his words by grabbing the youth by the back of the neck. "Who told you I wanted to come into this thing? What kind of a sky-sailin' thing do you call this, anyway? Stop, hang you, stop, I say!"

The elevator did stop, but only because they had reached their floor; and Maverick breathed a deep sigh of relief as he stepped out into the hallway. It required at least fifteen minutes for Captain Bright, betwen laughs, to explain to the Texan what an elevator really was; and when he had finished, the congressman only said:

"Well, I guess I'll walk up as long as my legs are good."

Having made the Brander family at home in their new quarters, Captain Fairleigh Bright took his leave, promising, however, to call as often as possible and see that things were going right.

In the course of the week that followed, the congressman made the acquaintance of many of the other representatives, and found them congenial indeed. In fact, he found the whole city and its people all much to his liking, with exception of one policeman, who made him remove the large revolver from his belt. Maverick Brander felt for a long while afterward as though one of his hands had been cut off.

The other members of the House of Representatives found the new man one with whom it was a pleasure to confer when a matter of importance was being considered. His excellent opinion in all affairs that were of bearing was of great value, but in minor matters he was at sea. He said so himself, and never said so much as a single word to any one while they were being dealt with. It was only in things of vital interest that he took a hand, and a strong hand that was.

One afternoon, about a week or a little more after the Branders had arrived in Washington, Captain Bright called them up on the telephone and made an appointment with Bossy and Mrs. Brander to take them to supper and to a theater after the meal. He arrived at the appointed time, and entered the room where the women were waiting. They were dressed in a manner that was the result of three hours' preparation, and had donned the best, or what was in their opinion the best, of the gowns that they had brought with them from the Texas dressmaker's. Fairleigh Bright cast one glance at them as they rose to greet him, eyed their apparel, and suddenly blurted out:

"Oh, heavens! I just remembered that we have a meeting of the officers tonight. I am terribly sorry, but we'll have to call this off—until later." The last two words were spoken with an effort, and the suddenness of the Bright's whole recollection of the "meeting" made even the elder lady doubt the sincerity of the statement. To Bossy there was no doubt. She saw immediately that it was an excuse.

"You are ashamed of us," she cried, a large tear popping out from the corner of her eye, "and I'll never speak to you again. I won't even notice you!" she added, with a stamp of her foot upon the floor, as if to punctuate the sentence with an exclamation mark. And as the captain left the room he did not know whether to be glad or sorry at the turn affairs had taken.



When they arose the next morning three wet towels for headaches and three large pitchers of water took the places of breakfasts.

Three days later, a dark figure, dark in clothes and natural color, trod dejectedly down the railroad tracks leading into Washington. It was Ham Fish. Ham had "beat" his way down to the Capital City by transferring from freight train to freight train until he had reached a point about ten miles from the city. From there he was forced to walk, as trains were scarce; and when they had passed him it was at a speed far too great for Ham's tired legs to board.

But finally his heart rose high within him as he viewed the depot that he knew marked the entrance to Washington. Already visions of soft, cushioned chairs, a huge, wide desk, a host of waiters—and a private bar, which he thought must all be accessories to the office of the Minister to Dahomey, came fluttering to him, and went fluttering away again to make room for more fantasies of his imagination.

When he neared the capitol buildings, Ham set out on a run for them. Having made inquiries as to the offices of Maverick Brander, nothing short of a twelve-inch gun could have removed him from the place. He dashed into the presence of the Texas congressman without so much as announcing himself or his business.

"Well," said Brander, as Ham rushed into him, "I surely am pleased to see one of the old fellows from home. But tell me, Ham, how did you get in?"

"Just come in, suh," was the unconcerned reply. "But that ain't de question, boss. What I come for, suh, was to find out when I'm goin' to get that appointment as Minister to Dahomey. How about it, suh?'

"Minister to Dahomey?" repeated Brander, his face plainly showing that he was puzzled. "What do you mean? I never heard of such a position. Tell me, Ham, what do you mean?"

"Well, suh, it's this way," explained the negro: "Befoh you was elected, Major Yell, back in Texas, come to me an' told me that if I got you all the cullud votes for congressman I'd be appointed Minister to Dahomey. I got de votes, suh, and now I want de appointment. I went to Major Yell about it, an' he says to see you. I wore out three pairs of old shoes doin' it, suh, but I'm here. Now how about Dahomey?"

Maverick Brander laughed aloud. He saw immediately what the major's scheme had been, although he did not know that Yell had placed fifteen thousand dollars in the bank by having it work out—the fifteen thousand dollars that was to have paid for the votes. But Ham Fish could not see the joke, and said so. When the congressman explained to him that he was the victim of a trick, Mr. Fish groaned. All his hopes were shattered. There was nothing left for him to do but to ride freight trains back to Texas, he said, and live in whatever way he could after he reached there. But the man of Maverick Brander rose up within him.

"Here, Ham," he told the loyal vote-getter, "take this money and stay here for a few days. I'll see what I can do about getting you work here in Washington."

The negro jumped up in his chair at the sight of the few bills the congressman held out to him. It was just one mass of smiles and gratitude that left the office of Maverick Brander with a promise to return once a week to find out how matters were turning out regarding his "appointment."

For several weeks following, all went well with every one except Captain Bright. With him nothing went well, for, true to her word, Bossy would have nothing to do with him. She never even noticed him when they passed on the street.

During that time, having noticed that something was wrong, Bossy and her mother spent much of their time studying the rules of etiquette. They became subscribers to nearly every fashion and style magazine published, and their tables were covered with books on the subject. Then a light began to dawn. In none of the publications were they able to find a gown or dress that in any way resembled the ones that they were wearing—those that had been made by the leading dressmaker in the Texas town.

Then, after several approaches on the bank book of Maverick Brander for which no explanation was given, the congressman saw changes in the gowns the women of his family wore. He did not know why at first, but they slowly began to look more and more like the other women that he saw. At last matters reached a point where the dresses were exactly up to style, and they set the congressman's mind working. The result was that one evening he appeared in the doorway in a suit that almost served as a disguise. He, too, had changed the fashion of his clothes, and for the better by a great deal. Instead of his heavy Texan suit, he was clad in a neat-fitting and neat-appearing blue serge. The old slouch hat was replaced by one up to the minute in style, and all in all he was a city man.

And then followed a lapse of time during which the Branders rose swiftly in society. Dances, receptions, and dinners, theater parties, card parties, and social gatherings, all were graced by the presence of the congressman's family. Their dreams, formed back in the little town in Texas, were coming true, and life was becoming, to the womenfolks at least, who had no work to worry them, one grand, prolonged joy. They had nothing at all to bother them, until finally the close of the congressman's term drew near. It was coming to the time when a campaign for his reëlection would have to be planned.

Nor did those in the election district which Brander represented overlook the fact that very soon it would be time to either reëlect their congressman or replace him with another. A meeting was held at which Major Yell was the chief figure. He placed in a comprehensive way the situation before the voters, and then said a word of his own. It was this that set the townsmen to talking and wondering:

"My friends, I have been informed, though not on entirely reliable information, that our present congressman, Maverick Brander, is about to pass his vote in favor of some 'graft bills.' Though we know nothing definite about this, it is a matter of grave importance in consideration of the fact that very soon he will be up for reëlection, and I am of the opinion that it should be investigated. I suggest that an investigating committee be appointed to wait on Mr. Brander in Washington and learn the facts."

When he seated himself, Major Yel noted the silence that reigned through out the room. Every one was thinking At length one of those present arose an stated his belief that the suggestio should be acted upon. It was, and committee composed of Major Yell Colonel Bragg, and Colonel Blow wa appointed to go to Washington regard ing the matter.

Meanwhile, in Washington the socia affairs of the Branders were progress ing wonderfully. Bossy was blossomin out as a leader in the fashionable cir cles, and, much to the distress of th ever-faithful Captain Bright, suitors fo her hand were coming fresh and fast None, however, made an impressio great enough to worry the army office to any high degree, until one Coun Freshette, a gentleman of leisure, wa introduced. This person made an ap pearance that came up to and above th standard set by Bossy's mother, whil Maverick was highly displeased the firs time he met the count. As for Bossy the central figure, nothing concernin her attitude could be learned. She wa always polite and even very friendl with her new acquaintance, but neve could she be said to have allowed at tentions from him that she would no have as readily accepted from any o the other of the many who sought he hand. Captain Bright was in a quan dary, and sought once to speak to Bossy but she only turned her back to hi and said, loud enough for him to hea but without so much as looking at him

"We weren't good enough for yo once, but when others begin to take no tice, why, you come around again."

And so Fairleigh Bright was left t worry over his troubles.

One week later, Mrs. Campbell, a old friend, arrived for a visit to th Branders, from the Texas town. Sh was at first taken by surprise at th change in her former neighbors, but wa informed by Bossy that it was due t the fact that all had become member and important ones, of society. Whe she inquired about Captain Bright, frown spread over the countenance o Bossy and no answer was given. was evident to her that there was som thing unusual in this quarter, and sh sought to find out what it was from th captain himself.

"I can not tell you what it is Bright informed her, "but she won't pa any attention to me any more. I wis

omething could be done. Can't you rrange, Mrs. Campbell, to have a duel ake place between that fool of a Count reshette and myself, or something whereby I can have an excuse for part-ng his empty head from his narrow houlders?"

"I'll see what I can do," was the en-ouraging promise of Mrs. Campbell. Of course it was understood that all the elp she was to give would be merely oward a reconciliation and with no re-ation to violence.

help, she thought, could easily be brought to the desired reconciliation.

On the following evening, as planned, the four attended the reception—Bossy with the count and captain with Mrs. Campbell. On several occasions the former sweethearts were gathered into the same group, but never were they able to induce Bossy to enter into conversation with Fairleigh. At length, however, by the careful manipulation of Mrs. Campbell, a dance was arranged during which the two were to be part-

dance passed without the reconciliation, to the great disappointment of Captain Fairleigh Bright.

The following day was replete with surprises for every one. When Ham Fish paid his weekly visit at the office of the congressman, he danced with glee, for the latter had procured him the position of general supervisor of the dumping of wastebaskets. Both the fact that he had a regular job and was to receive a regular salary so overjoyed the old negro that, after promising that the



Directly behind the "investigating committee" marched a negro with a trayful of highballs.

Soon after, the result of Mrs. Campell's efforts began to show. She called n Captain Bright and told of her plans. hey amounted to the following:

On the next evening there was to be n official reception which the Braners were planning to attend. Count reshette was to escort Bossy, and Mrs. ampbell was to have as her companion aptain Bright. During the course of he night, Mrs. Campbell was to try to ring about a meeting between Bossy nd Fairleigh. This meeting, with her

ners. She had procured a promise from Count Freshette to dance with her in order to get him out of the way. But at the last minute the count, with a lame excuse, having noticed that something was about to take place that would not aid his coming into a portion of Maverick Brander's fortune, came up to Bossy and led her into the conservatory. Mrs. Campbell heaved a sigh as she saw her plan spoiled, and, try as she could, it was impossible to shake off the leechlike count for an instant after that. So the

"cullud" vote would always be for Brander for Congress, he forgot his way out, and entered the room adjoining the private office instead of the hallway. No sooner had the portal been opened than another cry came from his lips—this time one of surprise. He dashed into the other room calling names that rang familiarly in the ears of Congressman Brander. They were "Yell," "Blow," and "Bragg." Maverick Brander jumped from his chair and went into the adjoining room. There, crouched on

the floor, were his three former neighbors.

"What are you doing here?" he asked, in mock anger.

And then Major Yell announced that they had just arrived from Texas and had been on their way to his office when they heard Brander's voice. Being there with the purpose of investigating Brander's politics, they had crouched by the door to listen. Apologies followed, and the congressman only laughed at them.

"Make yourselves at home," he said, "and while you're investigating me consider yourselves my guests."

Brander told them of a good hotel for them to stay at, dismissed them until the working day was over, and asked them to call in the evening.

Early that night, a hall boy knocked at Maverick Brander's door.

"There's a bunch uh cowboys downstairs," he announced, "an' they want tuh see you. I askt 'em f'r cards an' they give these." The hall boy held out a poker deck.

Maverick Brander laughed as usual. Then he went downstairs and saw his friends. The Texans had a joyous time that night—so joyous that when they arose the next morning three wet towels for headaches and three large pitchers of water took the places of breakfasts.

Less than a week after the arrival of the "investigating committee" at Washington, a reception was given in their honor by Congressman Brander. Mrs. Brander was disgusted. She was ashamed of her former neighbors and the men who had placed her where she was by electing her husband. Calling Maverick Brander's secretary aside, she placed in his hands a crisp, yellow bill.

"Take this and get those cowboys so intoxicated that they cannot attend the reception," was the way she instructed him in an effort to ward away the impending disgrace.

Five minutes before the reception was to begin, yells and shooting were heard just outside the door, and the three Texans entered carrying on their shoulders the limp form of Brander's secretary. In words none too clear, they announced briefly that he was "drunk." The guests of honor were not, although they were feeling very happy from the little they had imbibed. Directly behind the "investigating committe" marched a negro with a trayful of high balls—enough for all.

In a room on the second floor of the hotel where the reception was to be held, Colonel Pepper was shouting angry words into the mouthpiece of his telephone. The man at the other end was the police sergeant, and the colonel was explaining that some murder-loving ruffians were shooting through his window. Only after he received word that a squad of policeman would be sent over immediately did he hang up the receiver.

From before the door of Colonel Pepper's apartment a figure arose. It moved swiftly toward the stairway and down them. Quickly it proceeded into the reception room. It was Captain Fairleigh Bright.

"Quick!" he shouted to the three Texans who had just finished dumping the form of Brander's secretary on the floor. "The police are after you. They want you for shooting. It's against the law."

A look of surprise came to the faces of all three. How could shooting be against the law? But a word from Maverick Brander, and all were scurrying to the back of the apartment, where they let themselves out a window.

"We'll tell the folks in Texas that the investigation was satisfactory and Brander will be reëlected," they called, as they dropped one by one out of sight.

Fairleigh Bright stood before Bossy.

"I was coming to answer this letter of yours," he said, "when I heard Colonel Pepper yelling upstairs, and I went up to find what the trouble was. It was trouble indeed, for he was planning the arrest of our friends. But now, how about this letter?"

He held in his hand a note written to him by Bossy—the first since they had left Texas. Bossy smiled and walked up to Fairleigh. Her both arms stole about his neck and she whispered:

"That letter is only a hint at the way I really feel. After seeing the three men from home, I can easily see how you felt that night when you came to take us to dinner. Can't you forget, dear, the way I have acted—so meanly—since that night? Please, Fairleigh, do!"

In answer the captain took Bossy into his arms and drew her to him.

"I'm going to clinch," he whispered. "Go get Count Freshette to referee."

Many a good motion picture of the days when knights were bold has been spoiled by an eight-day clock.



Mr. Serious: "My son, if you saw an bad, wicked boys going fishing on Sun day, what would you do to stop them?

Youthful Reformer: "Steal thei bait!"

What the Animal Actors Cost.

THE wild animals housed in the Seli Jungle-Zoo, recently opened at Lo Angeles, California, are of every de scription, ranging from elephants t guinea pigs. The wild animals alon are valued at three hundred thousan dollars. To feed the animals, the Seli company orders each day two beeve fifty gallons of milk, a ton of ha twenty-five bushels of oats, three sack of bran, eight hundred and fifty loav of bread, three bunches of bananas, an a wagon load of vegetables. The Sel Jungle-Zoo and park are composed o forty acres. In the park are the larg dancing pavilion and picnic grove. Th landscape gardener who designed th park was paid twenty thousand dollar

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News of Photo-playwrights.

Monte Patterjohn, of Boonville, Ind ana, is living the simple life these da and writing scripts by the bushel. H threatens to come out of retirement July and invade California, aboard th Selig Movie Flyer.

So many changes have taken place the ranks of the salaried photo-pla wrights at Universal City, Californi that one would not recognize the d partment, should he stroll into it.

By the Flip of a Coin

(LUBIN)

By Roy Halstead

A story in which the whole course of events is governed by two men tossing up a coin, to decide—to decide everything. When two men are in love with one woman, one of whom is her husband, and she is in love with the one who is not married to her, you can imagine the situation that results—at least you can imagine part of it. To find the rest you will have to read this story taken from the film production of the Lubin Film Manufacturing Company, of the same name. Those in the cast of the picture are:

Gerald Notter, a young lieutenant.....L. C. Shumway
Colonel Owen Coll ....George Routh
Marian, his wife.....Velma Whitman
Marian's father. .....Sidney Hayes
British officers..... { Melvin Mayo / Robert Gray

THE mail, sir."

Colonel Owen Coll, of His Majesty's Sixty-first Regiment of Infantry, stationed in India, looked up at the private who stood stiffly at attention in the doorway of the room.

The soldier's face was graven as an image's. His eyes were fixed on a point six inches above the colonel's head. For all his expression or manner showed, he was oblivious of the condition in which he had found his commander.

Colonel Owen Coll, of the Sixty-first, was drunk.

The quick gesture he had made to cover up the bottle and glass before him with the papers on his table, could not conceal that fact. It was written in his flushed cheeks, the unnatural brightness of his small, tricky eyes, his tousled black hair, and the untidily open collar of his uniform. This was not the first time that his men had found Colonel Owen Coll intoxicated. It was common gossip in the barrack room, where he was cordially hated, that the colonel had been drinking heavily for the past six months.

And to the soldiers' hatred had been added contempt for his disregard of the unwritten law laid down for all those who sojourn in a tropical climate against hard drinking.

Unless a man wanted to die, he let whisky guzzling alone in India. But perhaps Colonel Owen Coll was trying to kill himself by drinking? That belief had some supporters in the barrack room; those who maintained that the colonel's act was deliberate, and not one of folly, pointing to the rumor of high words floating out upon the stifling air by night, and even at mid-day, from the colonel's quarters, which had put in circulation throughout the post a story to the effect that the colonel and the young wife he had brought with him from England less than a year ago were not getting along well together.



Both Marian and Gerald showed signs of agitation at their remeeting—but for different reasons.

"And small wonder," the wit of the barrack room, Jerry O'Shayne, had commented to his mates, "small wonder for that. How could she get along with that snarlin', crooked baste? The swate, gentle lady that she is, who made the mistake of her life by marryin' the likes o' him!"

Much as the rank and file of the Sixty-first

hated the colonel, they loved Marian Coll, his wife. It had long been a mystery to them all how she could ever have been blind enough to marry him.

Rising unsteadily, Colonel Owen Coll held out his hand for the packet of letters the private on the threshold was holding.

"Give 'em here!" he snarled.

Colonel Owen Coll looked down at the first letter of the little stack in his hand. And his eyes opened wide, while slowly all the color was drained from his cheeks. He expelled his breath through his parted lips in a gasp of dismay.

"His handwriting!" he muttered to himself, his eyes lifting from the letter to fix themselves on space, as though at a ghost that had risen to confront him out of the past. "His—I could pick it out among a thousand! What can he be writing to me for?"

Tossing down the rest of the letters on the table, with fingers that shook Coll tore open the envelope of the missive the sight of which had so strangely moved him as to drive away all traces of his former intoxication. He unfolded the single sheet the envelope contained, and read these lines:

"My Dear Coll: I have been transferred to the Sixty-first, under your command. I am leaving England tonight, and should turn up almost as soon as you get this scrawl. Looking forward to renewing our old friendship, ever sincerely, Netter."

Coll crumpled the note in his fist and struck the table with it. The color had rushed back into his face in a red tide of anger. His close-set eyes, narrowing, fixed themselves once more upon space. The wall at which he looked faded out before his inner vision, and in its stead he saw an English drawing-room.

On a wide sofa, before the fireplace, sat a beautiful girl, while on the rug at her feet knelt a handsome young man in the uniform of a British officer.

The girl was Marian Denby, while the young officer on his knees before her was Lieutenant Gerald Netter.

Once again, as more than two years before he had done, Colonel Owen Coll stood on the threshold of that drawing-room, looking in upon the couple in front of the fireplace, who were unconscious of his presence behind them.

He had been Captain, not Colonel, Owen Coll then, and, like Lieutenant Netter, he had come to say good-by to Marian Denby, whom both of them loved, for their regiment had been ordered into action in the Boer War, and they were leaving for the front on the morrow.

Lieutenant Netter came to the end of the impassioned avowal of the undying love he bore for her, while Coll looked on, and then the latter saw the girl bend forward and lay her hands on the young lieutenant's shoulders.

"I love you, too, Gerald," she had said simply.

The eavesdropper had clenched his fists until his nails bit into the palms. His dream lay shattered at his feet. Marian Denby was not for him—he had just heard her confess that she loved another.

In that moment, black hatred against Lieutenant Netter, who had hitherto been his friend, had surged up in Coll's heart. If he, Coll, could not have the girl, he vowed that Netter should never live to make her his wife.

They were both going away to war next day. They were going together, as brother officers, in the same regiment, and—if he watched for his opportunity—he might be able to arrange it so that the lieutenant would not return.

Without betraying the fact of his presence on the threshold, where he had seen and heard Lieutenant Netter's proposal and acceptance, Coll had turned and stolen out of the house on tiptoe.

It had been six weeks later, on a battlefield in the Boers' territory, that the chance for which Coll had been patiently waiting came his way.

Lieutenant Netter, out on the company's firing line, had his back turned as he directed the men's fire toward the enemy. A quick glance around him over his shoulder, showed Coll that he was unperceived. Drawing out his revolver, he had taken deliberate aim at the lieutenant, and fired.

And Netter—winged, it seemed, by the enemy who were returning the hot fire of the English with interest—had flung up his arms, reeled, and fell prone.

The bugler sounded the retreat just then. Captain Coll had led his company away from the battlefield—leaving the lieutenant lying there for dead. He had dispatched him neatly from his path to the heart of the girl he loved, or so he thought.

Later, in his report to the regiment's commander, Coll had entered the name of Lieutenant Netter on the list of the casualties, which would be communicated by cable to England, and printed within another twenty-four hours, in all the papers there.

But the lieutenant, as it turned out, had not fallen a victim to his supposed friend's treachery. A chosen four of the men of the company who had all been fond of the lieutenant, had gone back to the battlefield under cover of the night; and they had brought Netter back, not dead, but wounded so seriously that in the opinion of the doctor he had little chance of recovery.

Coll, emboldened by the physician's statement to corroborate the report of the lieutenant's death which he was aware must by that time have met Marian's eyes in the papers, had written her a letter to state that Lieutenant Gerald Netter, though having been recovered from the field of battle and taken into the hospital, had died there of his wounds.

A few days later, calling for appearance's sake on Netter in the hospital, the latter had given him a letter to mail to Marian.

Coll had destroyed the epistle, instead. And then the war had abruptly come to an end. Netter had been in too critical a condition to be moved from the hospital, and there he had been left behind when the rest of the regiment, including Coll, returned to England.

As soon as he arrived in London Coll had sought Marian out to renew his suit for her hand, now that his rival was out of the way.

Sadly, when he begged her to become his wife, she had refused. Her heart had already been given, she informed him. It made no difference that the one to whom she had given it was no more. She meant to go down to her grave true to the one and only man who had ever won her love.

Coll was rich, which Marian's father was not; and he knew, from the manner in which Sir Christopher Denby had received the information that he was in love with his daughter, that he had an ally in him.

So, refusing to take her answer as final, Coll had told Marian that he would call upon her in a week's time to renew his offer of his hand and fortune.

By mail the next morning he had received the following note from her:

"My Dear Friend: Do not come back to me. I can never marry you, knowing, as I do, that it is another I love and always shall. If you want my friendship, that is yours. But it is all you need ever expect from,

"Marian Denby."

Coll had read the missive through twice. And then an evil smile had lifted the corners of his thin lips. Placing the note in another envelope, he had addressed it to Lieltenant Gerald Netter in the hospital in the Transvaal, and sent it to him.

"If he should pull through," he chuckled to himself, "that will keep him from turning up to spoil my game. It might be what she would have written to him, in case she had met another man that she liked better—and that's what he'll think, I hope. That she's jilted him."

It was six months later that Marian, urged to take the step by her father, who pleaded his poverty and the fact that Coll, as his son-in-law, stood ready to rehabilitate the family fortune, had reluctantly consented to become Coll's wife.

"But it must be understood clearly between us that I do not love you," she had told the scoundrel. "I will try to make you a dutiful and obedient wife, but farther than that—well, I have told you that my heart belongs to some one else."

"It will belong to me in time," Coll had reassured her. "You will learn to love me, even if you don't now. I am willing to stake everything on it."

Marian had shrugged wearily.

"If you are willing to accept my terms," she had repeated, "then I will become your wife."

That had been a year before. Within a fortnight of his marriage, Coll had received the colonelship of his regiment, and been ordered to take it to India, which he had done. Since his arrival there with his wife, he had tried in every way he knew to change her from the woman of ice that she had warned him before their marriage he should find her. But in vain—and that had led to the quarrels between them which had come to the ears of the men in the barrack room.

What the enlisted men suspected was the truth—Colonel Owen Coll was drinking heavily because of those same frequent disagreements with his wife.

Lieutenant Netter, when he thought of him at all, he had thought of as dead. It had seemed impossible, back there in the hospital in South Africa, where last he had seen him, that he could recover from the bullet wound through the lung which Coll's pistol had made. There had been the doctor's prediction, too, that the lieutenant stood a slim chance of recovery.

And now——

"He's coming here!" Coll grated through his set teeth, his eyes returning to the letter in his hand. "Under my command. He doesn't know that Marian is my wife—he never knew that I was in love with her, too. What's to be done about it? I wonder—I wonder if I couldn't succeed in putting him out of the way, this time for good?"

For several moments the villain stood lost in thought. Then, with a shrug, he seized the bottle from the table and poured himself a stiff drink, which he downed at a single gulp.

"I'll brazen it out, and bide my time," he announced the decision at which he had arrived. "That's the best course I can pursue."

It was two days later that Lieutenant Gerald Netter arrived at the post.

Unaware of the unhallowed trick that Coll had played upon him, the lieutenant reported to the commander, and warmly congratulated him on his lately acquired rise in rank. Coll said nothing at the time of his marriage to Marian. It was left till the officers' ball, on the following night, for Lieutenant Netter to find out that Marian Denby had become the wife of his supposed friend, Owen Coll.



"And you, Colonel Coll, are a false friend—a liar—and a cheat!"

Both Gerald and Marian showed marked signs of agitation at their remeeting—these being particularly manifest on her part, having been led to believe that the man she really loved was dead.

Gerald, with the note signed by her which Coll had sent to him fresh in his memory, wherein he believed that she had cast him off for another, was surprised only to find that it was Coll she had married.

The coolest of the three was Colonel Owen Coll himself.

"My wife," he introduced Gerald to Marian, with a sneering smile.

But the ease of his manner defeated his own ends. Marian darted a withering look at him, in which was plainly written the fact that she guessed much, if she did not understand all, of his duplicity. It was apparent to her, at least, that he had known Lieutenant Netter was not dead. Otherwise, how could his easy manner before him be accounted for?

And more than that Marian saw. Which was that Gerald was entirely unsuspicious of the man he called his friend. She determined, with a squaring of her shoulders, to open his eyes to the deception that Coll had practiced upon them both, before another hour had passed.

Later, during the dance, she slipped her program into Gerald's hand.

On it she had scribbled a request for him to meet her in the garden in five minutes. When, at the time appointed, Gerald stepped out into the garden, he found her already waiting for him there.

"Listen!" she began breathlessly. "Colonel Owen Coll has deceived me. He told me that you were dead. Or I should never have married him—him, or anybody else——"

"But," broke in Gerald in mystification, "your note to me——"

"What note?" demanded Marian in an equally puzzled tone. "I never wrote a note to you. How could I, when I thought you were dead? When, by that man's rascality, I was led to believe so?"

"I received a note, signed by you," Gerald told her earnestly, "addressing me as 'dear friend,' and informing me that you could never be anything else to me, since your heart was already given to another——"

"I wrote that note," cried Marian, "to Colonel Owen Coll himself. Did he—yes, he *must* have sent it to you! Oh, the scoundrel! And you thought it was meant for you——"

"Marian!"

And, with the glad cry, Lieutenant Gerald Netter gathered her unresisting form into his arms, crushing her to him while his starved lips sought hers.

There was an interruption in their rear.

"So!" snarled Coll, who had come out into the garden after his Marian, unperceived. "Making love to my wife, are you?" he demanded of Gerald, taking an aggressive stride toward him. "She *is* my wife. Do you understand? I won her away from you——"

"Yes," cut in Lieutenant Netter, his tone vibrant with suppressed wrath, "yes, you won her—by foul means. We both know how you have tricked us, Coll. And you'll answer to me for it, so help me——"

Coll stepped nearer, his face livid with anger.

"You'll do the paying!" he rasped out. "I caught her in your arms just now. And she's my wife. I mean to kill you like a dog for that! You hear? Like a dog! Of course, there must be no scandal. I will give you cause to take action at the club, later on to-night."

Turning sharply away, Coll addressed Marian.

"Into the house, you!" he coarsely ordered her.

Gerald took a step after him, his fists clenched. And then he stopped, letting his hands fall open in a helpless gesture at his side. There must be no scandal in which Marian's name would be dragged—Coll had been right about that, Gerald quickly realized. He, too, turned on his heel and strode away to the club, there to await Coll's promised coming.

The colonel drove home in his carriage with Marian immediately after. He ordered her, in the same grimly discourteous fashion, to go to her room; and when she had done so, he sought the garden of his house and fell to pacing back and forth, with his hands gripped behind him, and his brow knit in a frown of thought.

Duelling was forbidden by the army code, he remembered.

It would have to be in some other way that he and Gerald could settle their difference together. But what other way was there? For another five minutes Coll continued to pace the garden walk. And then, all at once, he smote the fist of one hand against the palm of the other, his eyes alight with a sudden idea that had come to him.

"Nimbo Dhin, the native jeweler!" he murmured in a tone of elation "It was not longer ago than last week that he showed me the rupee. I remember it—yes, by George, that's the very thing!"

Fifteen minutes later, Colonel Owen Coll was entering the doorway of a dingy building in the village adjacent to the regimental post, that was the domicile and place of business of Nimbo Dhin, the goldsmith.

In less than another five minutes he reappeared, chuckling to himself, and walked briskly away in the direction of the club.

"Lieutenant Netter," announced Colonel Owen Coll, walking straight up to Gerald, who had risen from the table at which he had been sitting as he saw Coll enter the room, and speaking loud enough for every one in the place to hear, "allow me to inform you, with my compliments, that you are a coward!"

There was a dead hush among the officers looking on, in which a pin might have been heard to drop.

And then, in a level tone, Gerald replied:

"And you, Colonel Owen Coll, are a false friend—a liar—and a cheat!"

At each accusing word, Gerald had struck Coll smartly across the face with his glove. An awed gasp went up from the onlooking officers, who had not the remotest idea what could have caused this quarrel between the two men who had been reported as life-long friends.

"Of course," said Coll, drawing back, with the same sneering smile returned to his cruel lips, "we both understand that duelling is forbidden by the code book. Duelling, that is to say, with sword or pistol, as it is understood in the ordinary sense. But I will ask you to give me satisfaction, Lieutenant Netter, in a way that is a little bit out of the ordinary. And that also is a safe evasion of the army regulations. Do you accept my challenge?"

"What is it?" asked Gerald, watching him stiffly.

"Simply this," and as he spoke, Coll drew out of his pocket a rupee of gold. "I will ask one of the other officers present to flip this coin. If it comes down a head, you are pledged to commit suicide before ten o'clock to-morrow night. If it falls a tail, I will blow my brains out. Is that fair enough?"

"My gad, colonel!" expostulated a captain, stepping forward from the knot of officers. "You can't mean that, you know. It's too cold-bloodedly inhuman ——"

Colonel Owen Coll was steadily returning Gerald's stare, the smile which still remained on his lips seeming to imply mockery for the other's delay in

speaking, which he interpreted as the result of the cowardice with which he had charged him.

"I accept the challenge," answered Gerald.

"Flip the coin, Captain Hardeane!" said Coll shortly, handing the gold rupee to him. "I order you to do so, as your superior officer."

With a hopeless shrug, the captain spun the coin in the air. All pressed forward about the table on which it fell, still spinning. There was a moment's tense pause. And then Colonel Owen Coll's bitter laugh rang through the room.

The coin had turned up a head.

"You lose!" gloated Coll, grinning into Gerald's ashen, but firm-jawed, face. "Before ten o'clock to-morrow night you kill yourself—or stand branded as a coward and a welcher in the eyes of all men forevermore!"

Without a word, Lieutenant Netter turned and walked from the room.

But every man there, as he looked after his erect head and squared shoulders, knew that he meant to fulfill his end of the murderous bargain.

The next night, as nine o'clock struck, and the minute hand of the clock on the mantelpiece began to creep around toward ten, the officers sat in hushed knots in the club—waiting for that fateful hour to strike.

Colonel Owen Coll, alone at a table in the middle of the room, was making himself drunk again with a bottle of whisky that already stood half empty at his elbow.

Presently he began to chuckle tipsily to himself.

"I'll go home and tell her," he muttered half aloud, "what's going to happen to the—the man she loves so much more'n she does me. She doesn't know that he'll be dead in less'n 'nother hour. And it'll be fun, watchin' the clock with her that means her—her lover's doom. I'll go home and tell her!"

Coll met Marian in the hall as he opened the front door of his quarters.

"I've got something to tell you, m' dear!" he informed her, trying to stand up straight, and failing to accomplish his ambition entirely. "Something to tell you—ver' important. See this little gold rupee?" he went on, drawing the coin out of his pocket, and holding it up for her to see. "Well, last night at the club I won a little game with it. A game against Lieutenant Gerald Netter, curse him!" he continued. "Last night we had 'n arg'ment—about you. We decided one of us had t' get out of th' way to make room f'r the other. You can't handle two men. So we tossed up this coin t' see who'd kill himself by ten o'clock t'-night. Heads th' lieutenant lost an' tails I lost. We tossed it like this, see, an' it come heads. When that clock," he said, pointing to the timepiece in the room, "strikes ten—fifteen minutes fr'm now—your lover, the dear, will be dead."

As he spoke, Coll tossed the coin up for a demonstration. It fell to the floor, and Marian rushed and grabbed it. Three seconds later she discovered why her husband had won on the previous night.

Both sides were heads!

"You—you wretch!" she cried in anger at her husband. "You were too much of a coward to play the game fair! You cheated. But I still have time to save Gerald, and I shall."

Even as she spoke, Marian dashed toward the door at the opposite side of the room. But Coll was upon her before she was able to reach it.

"You will, will you? I guess not!" he fairly yelled at her, lifting her bodily as he cried it, and carrying her up the stairs to her room. Having placed her securely there, guarded by lock and key, he put his mouth to the keyhole and said:

"Now enjoy yourself watching the hands of the clock finish the last ten minutes that your sweetheart has to live!"

Marian did some quick thinking and acting in the five minutes that followed. Before Coll had reached the bottom of the stairs on his way to the parlor, where he was intending to sit and gloat over the success of his dastardly scheme, she had the bedspread, blankets, and sheets torn into strips, and was busily engaged tying them together. At five minutes before ten she was speeding along the road toward the club, and a minute later she dashed into the room where the groups of Netter's friends were standing, solemnly watching the clock, absolute silence reigning.

But when Marian entered they all started. She was too faint from her race against time to even speak. Holding out the coin for the scrutiny of the men, she turned it over in her hand. They understood!

All eyes suddenly turned toward the clock. The hands pointed to three minutes before ten—and Netter's home was a twenty-minute automobile ride away!



"See this little gold rupee? Well last night I won a little game with it. A game against Lieutenant Gerald Netter, curse him!"

All hearts sank, until Marian, at last having found her voice, half moaned.

"The telephone—quick!"

There was a dash of officers to the phone, and in less than two-thirds of the time before the clock was to strike the fatal hour, they were speaking to Gerald at the other end of the wire.

"What do you want? Can't you let me alone for the time I have to live? Hurry, now, I have to ring off!" he murmured dejectedly, though with no sign of fear in his tones.

"Wait!' shouted the one with his ear to the receiver, who had heard the words. "It was a cheat. There were two heads on that coin."

Lieutenant Netter thought at first that he had misunderstood. And then his next thought was that his friends were deceiving him to save his life. After some persuasion, however, he was made to believe that it was the truth.

He hung up the receiver, with a dark cloud covering his countenance. How could even Colonel Coll be guilty of such an act? But he was satisfied that such was the case; and he threw himself into a chair until the nervousness and tension brought about by the strain of the evening and the sudden discovery should relax.

Meanwhile, the friends at the club, however, were by no means resting easily. They felt relieved to know that Gerald had been saved, but were much wrought over the deed of Colonel Coll.

In a body, they left the club, and set out, accompanied by Marian, to her husband's home. They had decided that an explanation must be given, and they were going to get it.

In the parlor of his home, Colonel Owen Coll was sitting facing the mantle. Huge beads of perspiration stood out on his brow, and he was muttering to himself. In the best way he could, in his semistupor of drunkenness, he realized that his life and honor were gravely in danger. His wife loved Lieutenant Netter, and now she knew how his death had been arranged. What she was liable to do no one, not even he, could tell or control. But there were many things that she might do.

He reached into the drawer of the table and took out a revolver. Seeing that it was loaded, he proceeded upstairs, muttering between his teeth.

"I did it because I wanted her. But I want myself more, and she will have me killed if she can get away. Unless I can stop it. This won't be the first time that a revolver has been 'accidentally discharged.'" And he continued his way up the steps. As he reached the door of Marian's room, he drew the key from his pocket, where he had placed it after locking her in, and held up the revolver before him.

He turned the key in the lock, and entered. A gasp escaped him, and the weapon dropped at his side It was too late. She had done it already.

At that moment there was a noise and a ring at the front doorbell.

The group of officers waited outside but a moment to make sure that Coll did not intend to open the portal, and then walked in. Hardly had they all crossed the threshold when suddenly all stopped.

A sharp report sounded throughout the house.

And, rushing toward Marian's room, from whence the shot had come, they came upon Colonel Coll, lying stretched out on the floor—dead!

Marian turned from the sight, and, leaning her head against the foot of the bed, began to weep. Between her sobs one low, faint word was audible:

"Gerald!"

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

The five handsomest men! Your opinions may differ, but here are those I pick as the five beauties: Carlyle Blackwell, Lasky; Herbert Rawlinson, Universal; Donald Hall, Vitagraph; Wallace Reid, Lasky; and King Baggot, Universal. Some matinée idols!

The Federal Film Company have produced some remarkable slapstick comedies that are bound to make a hit with a slapstick audience. "Nothing But Love," "The Tailor's Romance," "His Jealous Wife," and "An Accidental Hero," are some of the funniest pictures the Federal has released.

New programs are bobbing up all the time. The Associated Service begins August 16th. The Kriterion is coming back to life, and the Standard program is about to blossom forth.

The Essaney company, at Chicago, is working day and night to make up for lost time. Oh, yes, actors and actresses have an easy life—sometimes.

Mack Sennett has just made a statement that he has exactly one hundred and eleven people in stock at the Keystone studios!

D. W. Griffith certainly fooled quite a gathering of picture people when he made the announcement that he would never leave the Mutual as long as Harry Aitken was connected with that organization. Of course not! Aitken left Mutual to become president of the new Griffith-Ince-Sennett Company.

Tom Ince keeps his eyes out for the big stars to play in his company, and to-day has a fine collection of stars in one company. Margaret Gibson, the former Vitagraph star, is getting along famously under Ince's direction.

Great news! Watch for a new big feature with William S. Hart. It will be called "The Disciple," and arrangements indicate a wonderful production. More news: Hart is to have one of his famous scraps. Even better than the one in "On the Night Stage." Worth watching!

Henry Walthall writes that he is getting along splendidly with the Essanay company, and hopes to do even better work than he did when under the direction of the "Master Producer." Yes, Walthall has ideas of his own, and owns his own home, which shows he puts his knowledge to good advantage.

The Vitagraph recently celebrated the turning out of their three thousandth picture since they began work, with a big blowout.

Looks like the good old days to see Tully Marshall and Thomas Jefferson playing together, eh, what? Yes, in a Majestic picture, "The Sable Lorcha." Lloyd Ingraham directed.

Next Week. Have seen so many good comedies lately that I am forced to change my list of greatest comedies. Besides this, I will name the five best child actresses and actors.



"Bress Moses! I'se seed dis mule do mighten near everyt'ing, but dis is de fust time I eber see him lie down and die."

The Cub

(WORLD FILM)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

Humor and tense action blended into one story. A narrative of a Kentucky feud and how a cub reporter handled it for his newspaper. While there are laughs throughout they do not in any way digress the thought from the excitement and gripping plot of the tale. Steve Oldham, the cub, gets into many serious complications because of his views of women, and the way he seeks out of them is unique indeed. This story is taken from the picture of the same name produced by the World Film Corporation. Those in the cast are:

Alice Renlow.....Martha Hedman
Steve Oldham.....John Hines
Captain White.....Robert Cummings
Becky King.....Jessie Lewis
Tilden White.....Bert Starkey
Peggy White.....Dorothy Farnum

CIVILIZATION makes slow progress even under the most beneficent circumstances, but when a community is shut off from the rest of the world and enjoys but scanty means of communication with the great outside, then its inhabitants are quite likely to be but grown-up children in their simplicity. The child seldom thinks of settling his differences in any other way than by strength, and so it is not strange that those people of the kind mentioned should throw all thought of legal procedure to the winds and decide to let the court of might adjust their troubles.

It takes but little to bring such people to collision, and was quite natural, therefore, that when Bill White, a typical resident of the little Kentucky town of Kenton, became heated when he found Jim Renlow's pigs saving their owner the cost of feed by living on his turnips. There had been some feeling smoldering between the family of White and that of Renlow for some time, and this incident was all that was required to set the blaze roaring. Jim Renlow, on his part, simply replied that Bill White should feel highly flattered on being able to raise turnips that could attract a Renlow pig.

Then, when the dispute had exhausted and White decided to let it rest for a while, as though such an occurrence were not sufficient, on his way home from remonstrating his neighbor White encountered Tilden White, his son, in earnest conversation with Renlow's pretty daughter, Alice, regarding their future. Their every word and look indicated their fondness for one another, and Bill White again fumed with anger. With an effort, however, he smothered his feelings, for he knew that after his dispute with Jim, should he allow sentiment to rise within him, he should do something for which he would have cause to regret. And so he hurried on, leaving the two planning still for their happiness to come.

Whatever divinity was shaping the end of Bill White that day certainly was a most unkind one, for just about as he was to enter his home there came, walkink leisurely down the road, Peggy White, Bill's daughter, laughing and joking with young Renlow, the son of Jim. Bill's wrath reached uncontrollable bounds, and between set teeth he hissed that no human being could be expected to bear so great a load of humiliation in one day and stand up under it.

"I'll fix you!" he grumbled to himself, as he beheld the two in the roadway. Withdrawing to one side of the house whence he could have a good view of the leave-taking of the young couple, and satisfying himself that things had come to that pass where it was necessary to take strenuous steps, he prepared to take the course which he chose to settle the affair.

The young couple unconsciously kept Bill waiting a much longer time than would have been advisable had they known that their actions were being closely watched, and the delay did not serve to appease the continuously rising temper of Peggy White's father.

After they had finally separated and his daughter had entered the house, Bill stepped out from his hiding place. Young Renlow had turned in the direction of home, and the angry father called to him:

"Wait a minute! I want to see you."

For a distance down the road they walked together, White all the while repressing his anger as best he could. When finally they reached a point not far from the Renlow home, Bill suddenly whipped a revolver from his pocket and emptied the contents of it into young Renlow. Then he turned contentedly and returned to his home.

Word quickly followed through the country that a White had taken the life of a Renlow, and it was not necessary to inform the natives that unless something providential happened both Whites and Renlows for generations to come would go down like pins in a bowling alley. All ceremony would be dispensed with, as well as law, when in the future a member of each of these families happened to meet on the same square mile. The advisable thing for a timid one to do would be to get into some other square mile as soon as possible.

The White and Renlow feud was on!

Before long the news of the feud was brought to the notice of the Louisville *Star*, and the editor, realizing the possi-

bilities that it offered, was disconsolate at the thought that his star reporter was unable to cover it. Certainly it was most unthoughtful of a man who had always been so well treated by the paper to pack up and go off on a wedding tour just when he was needed so badly. And this was not the first time he had done it! When he took his first wife to his heart, he did it at a time when it interfered with the best interests of the paper. But there was nothing to do but to send a fresh cub reporter to cover the story, and he would probably make a botch of it. It really seemed a shame, he thought, to waste good money on his railroad fare. It would not have been so bad if in the editor's opinion there was the remotest chance of the cub delivering, but the circumstances of his coming with the paper forbade the hope. Often the editor had thought that he was afflicted with the youngster because in his own early life he had been guilty of some horrible crime. But there was no one else to send, and so Steve Oldham received the assignment.

"What!" he asked, in terror. "A family war? Am I supposed to be a war correspondent at this early stage of my career?"

But the order had been given, and so Steve bolstered up his courage and took a train.

"Let me off at Kenton," he told the conductor, but he received the reply that



The White and Renlow feud was on!

that town had been divided into two since the feud began. The northern part, to which the train came nowhere near, was known as Renlowtown; and the southern end was called Whitesburg. There was a station eight miles from the latter.

"Holy gee!" gasped Steve, when he got the news. "Looks like I'm in for a regular time. Guess I'll write to the boss for an aëroplane to take the mail to the post office in. Eight miles——"

And Steve began to sing.

Late that afternoon, a person dragged his way along the road leading into Whitesburg. He moved slowly, and it appeared to require all his strength to drag one leg after another. The hotel where he decided to stop was a simple one, and it was an easy matter for Steve to pick it out. It was the only one in the place, and right over the door there was a sign announcing to the unbeliever that it was a hotel. That he might give some reasonable excuse for his coming to the town and make sure that he would get information that was not to be had by the general run of strangers, he let it be known that he was related to the White family.

When Steve entered the hotel, there was a crowd gathered by the front door. All raised their heads as he came up the steps, and stared at him in a way that made him scrutinize himself from head to foot before entering. He could

see nothing that was wrong about him, and was in a quandary until he overheard one of the natives whisper to another near him:

"Some dizzy covers, what?"

Steve knew that the remark must be directed at his clothes, and snubbed his nose as he regarded the apparel of the man who had formed the statement. Then he walked into the "hotel" and up to his room. When he came down soon after to rest up on the porch after his journey, Steve was attired in a smoking jacket. The men eyed him long and carefully, and as soon as he was gone all the cracker-barrel citizens were provided food for entertainment for the remainder of the evening discussing what styles in the outside world must be.

"If that's a specimen of how they dress when they want t' take it easy," was the way one expressed himself, "I'd give all Bub Hodkins makes in a month on moonshine t' see 'em dressed up f'r a show."

But those very clothes that caused so much comment upon the men of the community were what made Steve's stay in Whitesburg interesting as far as the womenfolks were concerned.

It was they that were the means of making Becky King, the plain but well-meaning daughter of the innkeeper, fall desperately in love with Steve Oldham.

But alas for Becky, it was not to be! She was not to lead the life of a princess in the city with this fashioner of fashions. Instead, she was destined to keep her present position of explaining to her father's guests that "that peculiar odor did not come from the butter at all, and no gentleman would say it did."

And Becky's chance, however slim it might have been, was ruined forever when one day Steve Oldham caught a glimpse of the beautiful Alice Renlow. Alice was the school-teacher of the two towns of Renlowtown and Whitesburg, and since the feud began her position was a hard one. Without a doubt, were she deprived of her entrancing charms, her life would have been none too safe.

It was not difficult in so small a place to meet the girl he was sure he had always dreamed about but never expected to see in earthly form. And, having once succeeded in procuring the introduction, Steve quickly showed that however little ability he might have as a reporter, as a lover Romeo and some of the others with established world's records for wooing must watch for their crowns.

Day after day his thoughts were of Alice Renlow, and as she loomed large in his thoughts he gave less and less attention to gathering news of the feud. Telegrams began to come from his paper, but he accounted for the meagerness of news by telling his chief that the feudists were aware that some government agents were lurking about, but as soon as they went the fight would start up with the energy that had been temporarily pent up.

Steve's love affairs were progressing wonderfully. Each afternoon he called at the school for her, and they stayed together until late in the evening. For a time there was nothing said about the attentions poured upon Alice; but finally, much to the astonishment and terror of Steve, Bill White approached him and in a severe tone proceeded to remonstrate him.

"Look here, Steve," he said, "you are a White. You admit it. And yet every night without a miss you go down to the school and meet an' make love to a *Renlow!*"

Steve literally shook in his shoes until they almost fell off. Here was a complication to which he had never given a thought. While he had given his correct name, it was generally understood that he was a cousin to the Whites, and he had almost forgotten his supposed relationship to that side of the feudists. Gladly would he have given all the money the paper sent him as a compensation for the time he spent in one week making love to Alice, if he could only have changed himself to be a cousin of the Renlows. Then, too, that would have made it easy for him to go about with his sweetheart, for who cares when or where cousins go together? But the fact remained that he was in a dangerous position.

As Bill White ceased speaking to Steve, there was a rustle in the bushes behind the reporter. Tilden White slid unnoticed around to the back of the house. There was a smile on his face, for he had been eavesdropping and the turn that fortune had given things made things a little brighter in connection with his love affair with Alice that Steve had so unceremoniously shattered on his arrival.

Then, as though in answer to the reporter's prayer for something to turn up and clear matters for him, the "Truce Dance" was announced. This was an annual affair of which the proceeds went to pay the salary of the local school-teacher. The name was given to it because in order to get a sufficient amount of money both Whites and Renlows and their respective followers must needs attend it; and in order for them to do this without considerable loss of life, it was necessary to institute a temporary truce. The rule of the dance was that the coin of the realm was to be liberally taken from the pockets of those who were present, and the shooting irons were to be kept there.

Steve spent all afternoon "dolling" for this ball, and turned his room literally inside out searching for his favorite tie clasp.

It was in the event of this dance that Steve Oldham saw success smiling to him and Alice. When he entered the hall, his steps, unlike those of the others, were directed immediately toward the contribution box. Standing before it with an air of great importance and little concern, Steve reached into his pocket and with a sweeping motion aimed to attract the attention of those few who might by chance be looking in another direction, he brought forth his pocketbook. From it he carelessly, or, rather, apparently carelessly, but really with great care and well-defined motion, extracted a yellow twenty-dollar bill. Tossing it seemingly unconcerned into the box, he sauntered off to find Alice. All eyes were upon him, and they would have been even had he donated but ten cents—for Steve was dressed in evening clothes. Who in that town could help but notice him?

Hardly had Steve made his generous offering than he felt a hand on his shoulder, and, turning, saw the smiling face of Jim Renlow.

"Mr. Oldham," said the feudist, in the kindliest of kind tones, "you have been made the floor committee in thanks for what you just did to help this here affair along."

"Floor committee?" repeated Steve, puzzled. "What is that?"

"You must stand by the door, there," was the explanatory reply, "and stop anybody who tries to come in without paying his way. And women, too. You're the only one in the house who can use a gun. Have you got one?"

Steve said that he did, and took up his position at the door after considerable hesitation. He did not relish his appointment, but if he was to carry out his intent with Alice he felt that he must serve as the floor committee. And so he stood and waited, ready for any trouble that might arise. No, not any trouble, but almost any.

The only trouble for which he was not prepared was the first to present itself. It was in the form of Becky King, who pranced joyfully through the door very soon after Steve had stationed himself there.

"Oh, dear, I'm so glad to see you!" she cried, throwing her arms around the floor committee's neck. "Won't this be fine? Just think, I can be with you all evening!"

"Just where you make your mistake," snapped back Steve, casting her away from him rudely. Did you pay yet? I'm floor committee, and if you didn't I have orders to shoot you."

Becky only smiled back.

"No," she said, with a toss of her head, meant to be kittenish, but which really resembled more the jerk given by a derrick just before it dumps the contents of its haul. "I didn't pay yet, and I won't until after you kiss me."

She protruded her lips in anticipation.

What could Steve do? He tried hard to think of some way to rid himself of her, for he wanted to be with Alice the minute she came in. The only alternative that he could imagine was to kiss Becky and thus silence her, for a while at least. And so he leaned over and administered a resounding smack. He had just touched her lips with his own when the entrance of the hall was darkened by a figure.

And in walked Alice!

Steve straightened to his normal position to find himself confronted by a frown from the pretty school-teacher.



"What!" asked Steve in terror. "A family war? Am I supposed to be a war correspondent?"

"What does this mean? You are a fine one to be asking me to be your companion to the dance!" was the way Alice summed up the situation.

Steve motioned to her to wait a minute and he would explain, and meanwhile persuaded the innkeeper's daughter to leave him for a while. She, elated by the fact that she had been so lovingly treated by her prospective lover, and feeling assured in her own mind that their marriage was to take place in the near future as a natural course of events after receiving a kiss from Steve, rushed off to issue wedding invitations to her friends and relations.

"Come over here, will you, please, dear?" Steve addressed to Alice, pointing toward a corner and advancing in that direction.

The beautiful daughter of the Renlows followed, for she was loath to believe that such a man as her idol Steve Oldham could be so deliberately deceiving as to kiss another in her supposed absence. There must be some reason for his action, and she was exceedingly anxious to find out what it was.

"Well, what is it?" she asked, when they were out of notice in a corner.

"You see," began Steve, drawling out his words in order to give him time to think of an excuse, "you see, Becky King came in and—she came in from that way," he said, pointing to the front door, "and——"

"Yes, I see, naturally she didn't come in the window; but why did you kiss her?" exclaimed Alice, pressing the point.

"I didn't kiss her," answeerd Steve, still in his long-drawn tone. "You see, she came in while I was attending to my duties as floor committee—— Oh, by the way, did you know that they made me floor committee? You did? Well, anyway, to get back to Becky—she came up to me and told me something from the paper." Steve smiled as though he had just discovered something, and paused for breath, for his was almost gone. Then he continued:

"She said that it was secret and that she wanted to whisper it to me; so I leaned down to hear what it was. That was all. There was no kissing by me."

"But how do you account for that loud smack that I heard just as I came into the hall?" she asked, determined to find out all the facts.

"Oh," replied Steve promptly, with a shade of contempt, as though she should have known all about it without being told, "Becky did that. She tried to kiss me."

Whether Alice placed any belief in the story which he had invented, Steve did not know and could not find out. At any rate, she seemed satisfied, and asked no more questions. Probably she was content to know that if her lover took enough pains to deny the story he must hold her affection in regard, and so what did it matter whether the story was true or not, since it served as an excuse?

To give a touch of finality to the re-

conciliation, Alice held out her hand. She expected Steve to press it to his lips, but he—well, he was only a newspaper man and a Kentucky floor committee. What did he know about the manners of high society folks? Nothing, and his words proved it.

"I put it in the box when I came in," he said, interpreting her action as he would had he been in church were she passing the collection plate.

"No, no," she said. "I just wanted to make sure that you meant what you said about not kissing Becky King, and held out my hand for you to kiss—as she would have done had she been polite."

Steve grunted at his ignorance. He raised Alice's dainty hand to his lips and pressed it tight. He held it there as though entranced.

There was a flutter in the doorway as though a pigeon was just alighting from a flight. Something white stopped before the two, and the fluttering ceased simultaneously. Steve dropped Alice's hand with a suddenness that made her step back. Both looked at the white something that was before them.

It was Becky King in her ball gown.

Behind her was the innkeeper and his wife, and they were followed by what appeared to be every one present. All seemed to be afflicted by a dread of sound. No one even moved. Finally Becky's father broke the tension by growling, in a harsh voice:

"What kind of business do you call this, anyway? First you make love to a Renlow; then, when you're called down about it because you are a White, you switch off and do your lovin' to Becky. Then you promise to marry her, an' just when we all come in to congratulate you about the weddin' we find you kissin' a Renlow again. What kind of a business is this, I ask?"

Then Jim Renlow spoke up. He, too, demanded an explanation. Both of the feudist families were reaching out to break the hair from which the sword was suspended over his head.

But throughout it all Alice clung loyally to Steve. The man who was receiving the brunt of all the anger stood still and stared. Beads of perspiration stood out on his forehead, and he realized that the situation in which he had placed himself was embarrassing not to say dangerous, which would have been putting it mildly. There was nothing for Steve to do—nothing at all, and so, acting on a quick impulse that was a characteristic of his. Drawing the revolver from his pocket, Steve cried out, facing the crowd.

"You can all go to hell!" he shouted, and punctuated the statement with several shots into the ballroom floor. Then he bent over and kissed Alice.

The next thing that the people noticed when they came back to earth after being carried aback by the suddenness of it all, was that both Steve and Alice were missing.

When the first party to reach it arrived, a shout went up, and a volley of reports from the "forty-fives" in the hands of the men rent the air as a signal to the others. It did not require long for the entire populace to again reach the hall, where excitement was running high.

"Get him?" inquired a dozen voices in harmony.

"No," replied the innkeeper, who stood at the inside of the group that was gathered in a corner of the room. "But we got *her*."

Alice was sitting on a chair in the cen-



Becky King, the plain but well-meaning daughter of the innkeeper, fell desperately in love with Steve.

In another three minutes the hall was empty, and with loud yells and shots the crowd was surging down the road in two groups—one in each direction. All the way along the highway, parties of two and three men broke away from the rest when they reached a place where in their opinion the fugitive might have gone.

For fifteen minutes they continued without result; and finally, seeing that to give chase to a person when they knew nothing of where he might have gone was useless, they began to return to the ballroom.

ter of the crowd. She was not weeping at having failed to escape, nor was she frowning with anger. Instead her face was lighted with a broad smile. Despite the fact that all the evidence appeared to the contrary, to judge from her appearance everything seemed to have gone exactly as she wished.

There were questions to which she gave no reply and anger to which she paid no attention. Every one wanted to know everything, and no one found out anything. She just let them talk and rage, and she sat there smiling pleasantly.

Until suddenly, looking around from one face to another, she called out:

"Where is my father? And where is Bill White?"

Those in the hall turned and looked at each other. Nowhere among them were either of the two men mentioned.

"Guess they didn't hear the shots," reasoned the hotel proprietor. "I'll go out an' shoot some more for them."

with the affair—too much else of superior importance was taking place. And so they filed out, one, two, three, and four at a time, until the hall was deserted save for Tilden White and Alice. The former approached the girl and repeated his offer.

"Shut up!" she snapped at him "Your father has broken his truce, from all appearances, and has placed my father



Steve literally turned his room inside out searching for his favorite tie-clasp.

He did, and for five minutes they waited anxiously for shots in answer of the appearance of the feudists in person, but there was no sound nor sign of either. Alice was almost in hysterics. Tilden White offered to escort her to her home, but she gave a deaf ear to his words. The townspeople who had gathered for the dance finally decided that there was no use in going farther

where he won't be of any more trouble to you and your family. I never want to see a White again—except, perhaps ——"

"Yes," broke in Tilden, "except, and no perhaps, one—Steve Oldham. But what makes you so sure that it was not your father who killed my dad?"

"Because," she said, "he is a Renlow. Only a White could break a truce."

In her mind the matter was settled, and Tilden recognized the futility of pressing his offer further, so he took his leave.

As soon as he had passed through the door, Alice arose slowly. She glanced about her to make sure that there was no one to watch her next action, and slipped out of the building. Even more swiftly she ran around it into the woods. After proceeding for about fifty yards, Alice halted and seated herself on a large rock. She waited until the last signs of habitation had left the hall and the lights extinguished. Then she got up and walked noiselessly toward the rear of the building. Just as she emerged from the woods into the clearing, three distinct but low whistles sounded. She answered with two and hurried toward them.

In another minute she was in the arms of Steve Oldham. "Gee," he blurted, "that was a narrow escape. I suppose you are all worried about your father, but you needn't be. When I left you after planning to meet you here, I followed the crowd that thought that it was following me. They all broke up before they got very far away from here; that is, all except your pa and Bill White. They kept on straight. Your dad was walking ahead and didn't know that he was alone with his enemy until all of a sudden three men jumped on him. Two of them I didn't know. The other was Bill White. At first I was going to run out and help him, but I knew that it wouldn't do any good, and so stayed back and watched. They carried him to Bill's house, and he's in there now, tied up. The reason I said not worry is because I am going to get him out to-night."

Together they walked along the road to Alice's home, and there he kissed her good night. It was a record-setting kiss, for never before in one night had he touched her lips with his own so often.

And then Steve took his leave and started on his mission to release the father of the girl he loved. Steve waited until long past midnight before attempting to enter the White home. When he felt that the time had arrived, he sneaked quietly up to the window of the room through which he had watched when Jim Renlow had been brought into the place. With dexterous fingers he pried at the frame, and finally felt his heart leap as there was a snap and the

window moved upward. He straightened up, and pushed it up as far as was necessary to allow his body to enter. And then he lifted himself up and climbed into the room.

Noiselessly he picked his way to the opposite side where he knew Jim Renlow was.

But suddenly from behind him a figure loomed up and grabbed his both arms, bearing him to the floor. In less time than it took for him to realize what was taking place, three men were upon him; and while one stuffed a piece of dirty rag into his mouth, the other two busied themselves tying him hand and foot. Having made him secure, Bill White, one of the three, delivered a kick into Steve's stomach that sent the reporter rolling into a corner.

It was early the following morning that Steve was awakened by loud talking in the room and groans from Jim Renlow, who was lying near him.

The men were just finishing a discussion as to the disposal of the two, and had decided that the best thing to do for the satisfaction of all the Whites and the progress of that family in the future was to add a few pounds to the weight of each by that quantity of lead being shot into them. The case against Jim was plain—he was a Renlow, and that was sufficient. While Steve proclaimed to be a White, they decided that he was a disgrace to the name by having turned down so unceremoniously the heart of Becky King. Naturally, in their opinion, he was worthy of death.

And as they were still talking a commotion was heard outside. The three men picked up their guns and faced the door, ready to meet any emergency. As they stood thus, with their weapons to their shoulders, a voice at their rear called out:

"Hands up!"

They turned toward the window at their backs from whence the order had come, and as they did there was a thud against the door, and the portal fell in. The feudists were caught between two fires, and the only thing left for them to do they did—they surrendered.

The men who had so suddenly spoiled the plans of the Whites were clad in khaki uniforms, and it was evident that they were members of the State militia. But what had brought them there.

The answer stood behind them, and entered the room, bringing up the rear. It was pretty Alice Renlow.

In three minutes both Jim Renlow and Steve were standing up, free of the cords that had bound them. The reporter's first words were addressed to Alice.

"How did they get here?" he asked.

"I brought them," was her smiling reply, and then she continued in explanation: "When you didn't show up with father, I knew that they must have caught you, and rode to the station on horseback to telegraph for help. When the soldiers came I brought them here.

"Great!" cried out Steve enthusiastically. "That makes a fine head!"

"Makes a fine head!" repeated Alice puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Oh, a fine head for the story, of course," he replied, with a laugh. "That story I've been promising my chief ever since I came here. Listen: Feudist's Daughter Saves Father's Life—Pretty Alice Renlow, Daughter of Famous Feudist Calls Out Militia When Father is Captured, Ending Feud. How does that sound for a headliner on the first page of the Louisville *Star?*"

And all that day Steve Oldham, the cub reporter, spent sitting at a table piling up copy paper with the story of the feud. When he sent it to the editor of the *Star* he inclosed a note that read:

"As evidence of the accuracy of the story am bringing with me on the next train—the girl. She can tell you herself the story of how she saved her father—and her husband."



Fatty: "Say, what yer lug dat bundle uv ole almanacs 'round wid yer for?"

Slim: "When I git to Florida—goin' ter plant 'em, and raise *dates.*"

What Is It?

WILLIAM DESMOND declares his desire for settling under the same rooftree for a while, and said he had had enough of long tours for the present.

"Down in Australia last season," he said. "My manager and I were motoring one night from Melbourne to Aubrey. It was pouring rain, and suddenly, on a road where it was dark as the inside of an infidel, we blew out a tire. There was a farmhouse close by, and I went over and knocked at the door.

"'What is it?' came from within.

"'Why,' I said, 'I'm William Desmond, the actor, and I'm motoring to Aubrey. I've blown a tire. Can you put me up for the night?'

"There was a long pause. Then: 'What is it?' from inside. I patiently reiterated my plea. Another pause. Then: 'What is it?' Again I went over the formula, with the rain pouring down inside my collar and my teeth chattering. Just then a window opened. 'What is it?' inquired a voice.

"'Why, hang it, I've told you three times!' I cried.

"'Oh,' responded the voice, 'you've been talking to the parrot.'

"No, they didn't put us up. They referred us to a hotel. I think they were afraid I'd kill the parrot."

Weber and Fields Join Keystone.

ANNOUNCEMENT has just been made that Weber and Fields, world-famous comedians and costars of many Broadway successes, will, for the next three years, appear exclusively in Keystone productions. The contract signed by Weber and Fields also gives the Keystone company the right to picture any or all of their many stage successes.

In the signing of these two celebrated laugh makers, it was said that over six hundred thousand dollars will eventually change hands, making it the largest contract of its kind ever entered into. The comedians, who are now winding up a few business and personal affairs in New York, expect to take up their screen work about the middle of this month.

With the engaging of Weber and Fields, the Keystone studios now have the exclusive services of Raymond Hitchcock, Eddie Foy, Sam Bernard, Hale Hamilton, and Bert Clarke.



SOME DOG LOVERS OF THE FILMS.

(1) Stella Razeto and "Paddy Wuffen." (2) Bessie Barriscale and her favorite dog. The picture known at the studio as "Beauty and the Beast." (3) Neva Gerber holding her actor-dog "Brutus." (4) Helen Holmes and "Casey Jones," the dog that helps her in her pictures. (5) Hobert Bosworth with "Skookum" the Russian sheepdog brought by him from Alaska. (6) Margarita Fischer and "Peter the Great." (7) Belle Bennett and one of her strays.

Favorite Pets of Favorite Players

By Richard Willis

Even among ordinary people it will be found that nearly every one has some animal or other pet which he likes to have as a companion, and with which there is no law of conventionality against caressing. But among actors and actresses, with their characteristic sentimentality, the love of pets is even greater. Some like dogs—very many do—and then their favorites range so far as to include lions and elephants. Here are pictures and a story of the favorite pets of those players who are some of the most popular on the screen to-day.

A LARGE number of motion-picture actors and actresses have no children—some of them have, but those who are not so happily placed are, being artists, temperamental, and, therefore, very affectionate, and they must have something to lavish their affection upon. Thus it is that so many of them have pets, some of which appear in pictures occasionally, and some of which are never seen on the screen.



Mrs. David Horsley and her "pet."

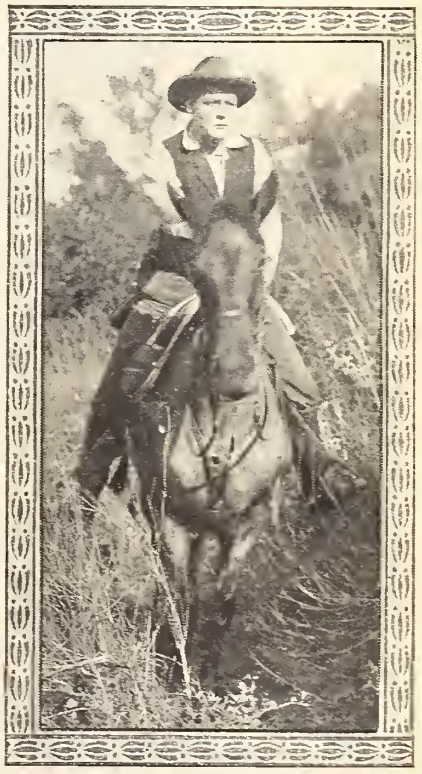
One of the most terrifying and yet the most gentle of pets is "Pete," a short name for "Peter the Great," the English bulldog which was presented to Margarita Fischer, of the American company, by the president, Mr. S. S. Hutchinson. Several months ago it



Anna Little on "White Hope."

was necessary to obtain a genuine bulldog for a series of pictures to be produced by Harry Pollard, and Mr. Hutchinson finally came across Pete, then a big, awkward puppy, all teeth and paws. Pete struck up such a friendship for Miss Fischer that Mr. Hutchinson gave the dog to her, and now Pete is quite a character in Santa Barbara, and every one knows him. The worst of Pete is that he loves children, and will insist upon trotting up to them to be patted, and he is such a terrifying animal, with his prominent teeth, that as a rule they are frightened, and Pete is very offended when he gets "shooed" off. He and Kathie Fischer are the greatest of friends, and have big times together, and when he is missing, a telephone call is always sent to the place where Kathie lives, and the answer is generally to the effect that Pete and Kathie are in the garden, dirty and happy.

Harold Lockwood, also of the American company, has a favorite horse, "Chestnuts," and when he went East with his company he was very loath to leave Chestnuts behind, but as his length of absence was not determined, Chestnuts was left with a friend, who promised that the horse should not be used in pictures until Harold returned, so Chestnuts had the best of times, and got



Harold Lockwood and "Chestnuts."

lots of hay and exercise, and his master found him fit and well on his return.

Another horse that is one of the best-known characters on the screen is not a horse, that is "Comanche" is a pinto pony, and the constant companion of Mona Darkfeather, of the Liberty company. Comanche is so intelligent that he reminds one more of a great, big, playful dog than anything else. Comanche is a well-trained pony, and accompanies Mona on her walks in the hills, when not being used in the photo plays. He can do all the usual tricks that one associates with a performing pony, and a lot more, and he has a way of always keeping his nose over Mona's shoulder which is amusing. Comanche will run through fire, and likes going into the water, and he dearly loves a game. When he is not performing, Mona takes him from the stable—and such a stable!—at the back of her bungalow, and chases him over the vacant lot next door. Comanche will run, and then in turn chase her and catch hold of her overalls at the shoulder with his teeth. He is very jealous, and will resent any one talking too long with Mona while he is present, and will catch hold of her sleeve and drag her away. Really, Comanche is about as human as any animal I ever saw.

"Paddy Wuffen" is a rascal. He belongs to Stella Razeto, of the Selig company, and he is only at the studio when he is required for some particular scenes, for Paddy is never still a moment, and is no respector of persons. The last time he was at the studio he chewed up some necessary properties, and was shut in Miss Razeto's room, where he promptly made himself sick with the grease paints, then took a dive through the thin netting which was over the window, and, rushing to his mistress, spoiled the scene and some sixty feet of film by jumping up at her. Paddy is a lovable rascal, though, and the boys like to see him around, and lead him on to depredations, for Paddy will tackle anything once.



Grace Cunard and one of her animal friends. Miss Cunard is the only person who could approach this lioness. A keeper was killed when he entered the cage with it.



Mona Darkfeather, the popular Indian actress, and her favorite mount "Comanche."

Hobart Bosworth has a great pal in "Skookum," who is *not* exactly a lap dog; he is, in fact, a Russian sheepdog, and was brought from Alaska by Jimmy Atkinson for Mr. Bosworth, to use in the Jack London pictures. Skookum has drawn many a sleigh, and endured numerous hardships, and is the more able to appreciate the good time he now enjoys.

Charles Ray, of "Inceville," owns, loves, and is much loved by his horse, known as "Mutt," whose idea of happiness is to feel his master on his back and a firm road under him, and then to go like the wind. Mutt whinnies like other horses, but he has a particular whinny—a sort of croon, which he keeps for Charley. Mutt is an accepted favorite at the Santa Monica studios.

Neva Gerber, playing in the "Beauty" pictures at Santa Barbara, is the owner of "Brutus,' a mischievous and clever little bull pup. Brutus is an actor of parts, and can be seen in the bank scenes in "The High Hand," when he has a tug of war with Cariyle Blackwell over a pair of Neva's gloves. Brutus accompanies Neva to the studios, and is well known in Santa Barbara, as he insists upon standing with his front paws on the side of the automobile in order to better enjoy the view.

Grace Cunard is a natural lover of animals, and is seen here, stroking the big lioness, which later attacked and killed her trainer at the Universal Ranch. Grace could do anything she liked with this wild animal, who would not allow a man to enter her den. They were great friends during the taking of the "Lucille Love" series, and every time the lioness saw Miss Cunard she would give a low growl of satisfaction, and go to the bars to meet the actress.

Edna Maison had her picture taken with "Blobs" especially for this magazine. Blobs was sent from the Middle States from a farmer admirer, and is now a prime favorite in the bungalow where Edna lives with her father, mother, and sister. Blobs has his own basket and his own pillows to pull to pieces, and is one of those lovable, naughty pups, who can tear something to smithereens and then look so abjectly miserable when scolded that he gets away with his iniquity without serious damage to his hide. Miss Maison says she is going to show him, as soon as he is old enough, and believes he will be a blue-ribbon earner.

Bessie Barriscale, the delightful little actress, who is being featured at the New York Motion Picture Corporation's studios, at Santa Monica, has several pets—all dogs—but the favorite of them all is the little bulldog which she holds in her lap. She was very offended when some one dubbed the picture "Beauty and the Beast," and says that the doggie is very pretty, and must not be insulted. Doggie has the same opinion of his mistress, and will allow no liberties to be taken when he is around.

When Anna Little left the New York Motion Picture Corporation, she sold her big horse, "White Hope," to a friend, and whenever she goes to the beach she takes her riding costume along, and has a ride on her old favorite, and White Hope shows his recognition, and is always delighted to meet Anna again.

It is hard to keep track of Belle Bennett's pets, for she has so many. Lost, stolen, and strayed pups insist upon following her home, and her present home in Minneapolis—for Belle is the big noise in the Minnehaha company there—is like a dogs' hospital or refuge.

Helen Holmes, of the Kalem company, is joined in many of her hazardous adventures by her dog, "Casey Jones." He may be seen in many of the "Hazards of Helen" pictures, and is quite at home on trains or among the rails. He will run along the top of the cars or underneath them, and is known as the railroad dog around Los Angeles.

Mrs. David Horsley, the wife of the owner of the Mina company, has made stanch friends with the elephant who will appear in many photo plays made by the company. Mrs. Horsley can do just about what she wants to with the monster, who comes at her call.

Looking over the list of pets owned by actors and actresses, I find that dogs are easily first favorites, horses come next, and then cats, but the latter are in a big minority, for artists as a class are superstitious, and cats do so many unlucky things!



Edna Maison and pet "Blobs." Miss Maison had this picture taken especially for this article.

Hush! Don't breathe it to a soul. Bobby Fuehrer, the "Komic Kid," has bought himself his first pair of long trousers. Keep it secret.

"I believe that before many years a motion-picture screen will be found between the pillars of every large church."
—*Tyrone Power.*

Selig's Changes for the Better

IN an effort to improve the output of Selig pictures, Colonel William N. Selig has recently appointed J. A. Berst as vice president and general manager of his company. Working together with Colonel Selig himself there should be some excellent films placed before the public by that company from now on.

Besides Mr. Berst, several other additions of well-trained and valuable men have been made to Selig, including directors, players, and authors.

Among the various accomplishments of the new force, some that will play an important part in the betterment of films are being registered by the "Diamond S" outfit, such as story plots that are strong in construction and interest, careful production, clear photography, and artistic acting—qualities that count.



When the administrative shifts were being made, the Selig company started on a still hunt for the best directors and stage stars. Many such have been engaged within the past few weeks, and these, together with the directors and artists retained by the Selig company, are given every convenience in order to enable them to do noteworthy work.

We present the names and the faces of the producers now engaged in filming the Red Seal plays, the Selig Diamond specials, in three reels, and the one and two-reel comedies and dramas and Jungle-Zoo wild-animal picture plays the new move in pictures.

There is J. Colin Campbell, dean of the producing corps, whose production of "The Spoilers" set a new standard; Edward J. le Saint; Thomas Santschi, producer and star; Guy Oliver and Tom Mix, who produces and stars in Selig Western dramas, and whose dare-devil feats of horsemanship have thrilled the multitudes. These directors are producing worthy productions.

The new producers signed by the Selig company within a few weeks are all men of high standing in the ranks of their different profession, and the list of names is one of which any motion-picture company could well be proud. There is Marshal Neilan, producer and actor; T. N. Heffron, in charge of production at the Chicago studios, and who is specializing in Red Seal plays; Louis W. Chaudet; Frank Beal, and George O. Nichols. All are hard at work producing Selig films of quality.

And it was not only in the producing end where the stimulus to the hardest kind of artistic work is being felt. Both Mr. Selig and Mr. Berst believe that the story, the plot of the picture play is the foundation for the entire structure. In other words, they agree that if the story or plot is weak, then no matter how beautiful the acting or how artistic the direction of the picture play, there will be something sadly lacking.

So it is that the best editors and authors in the film world are regularly engaged by the Selig company. Gilson Willets, for example, writes exclusively for the Selig company. He has world-wide fame as a novelist and short-story writer. He wrote Selig's "Adventures of Kathlyn," "In the Days of the Thundering Herd," et cetera, and adapted such Red Seal plays as "The Millionaire Baby," "A Black Sheep," et cetera.

Lanier Bartlett is another veteran author and editor long exclusively engaged by the Selig Polyscope Company. He wrote "Ebb Tide," that noteworthy Selig Diamond special, in three reels, adapted "The Ne'er Do Well" for the screen, and accompanied Colonel Selig and a company of players to the Canal Zone, where the scenes in Rex Beach's novel were taken.

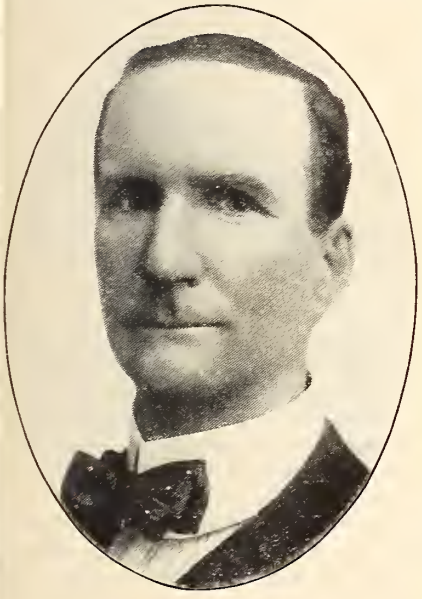
Wallace C. Clifton, Pacific coast editor for the Selig company, has written hundreds of picture-play stories, and is particularly happy in the writing of wild-animal comedies and dramas. Emma Bell is another versatile editress and authoress who is employed in the Selig Pacific coast editorial department. In Chicago, Clarence A. Frambers, successful as a writer, is engaged as Eastern scenario reader, and W. H. Lippert, another versatile writer, is at work at the Selig Chicago studios. These authors are striving to give Selig producers high-class stories, and are succeeding along that line of endeavor, which speaks well for Selig's future plays.

Plays and Players

Frank McGlynn.

STEALING the thunder of the joke-smith, we might say that Frank McGlynn makes so real a screen criminal because he has been a lawyer. But giving even the—the actor his due, it must be said that this thoroughly good "bad" actor is such because he brings a well-educated mind, broad experience, and a varied life to his work. For he's been professional man, actor, director, producer, and dramatist—quite a list to plead guilty to.

Like many an actor, Mr. McGlynn hails from old San Francisco, where he studied law and practiced for two years.



He was for seven years chief clerk in the office of Matt R. Sullivan, now chief justice of the California Supreme Court. He liked to study law, but not to practice, and it is small wonder that the man who "always wanted to be an actor," as symptomized in his name as an amateur comedian, should soon be seen in George Lederer's comic opera, "The Gold Bug," and then in "Jack and the Beanstalk." He next was in the original production of "Under the Red Robe," where, as Clou, he attracted the attention of Frohman. He then played with, at different times, such actors as William Farnum, William Morris, and Mary Hampton, and was for four years under Frohman with Henry Miller, and has impersonated *Rupert,* in "Rupert of Hentzau."

Mr. McGlynn's next three years were spent in stock, first with Proctor and then Keith. A successful venture was his own company, which played the summer season in comedies in Rochester, New York, after which he left for San Francisco again to stay four more years in stock, playing every kind of a character, mostly heavies and character, except juvenile.

With this rich experience, he went with Edison, where he directed for over a year, leaving to play the detective in Cohan & Harris' Chicago production of "Officer 666." Mr. McGlynn took the White Sox ball players, sixty-seven in the company, around the world on their famous tour, directing the taking of motion pictures at their games and journeyings in the different countries, getting the only such picture of King George of England at a baseball game.

Mr. McGlynn prefers dramatic and emotional rôles, and never hesitates to depict the criminal in all his unlovableness and reality. To him, true depiction of whatever the type is valued more than popularity earned by always shining forth in likable characters. But that he is an actor of skill is shown in presenting such widely ranging characters as the criminal, and the kindly old grandfather in "The Shadow of Death," and Abraham Lincoln in "The Life of Abraham Lincoln."

Mr. McGlynn has also written several plays, one of which, "Right's Might," earned very favorable press comment upon its Western coast appearance.

Stewart With "Flying A."

THE addition of Roy Stewart Stewart to the "Flying A" stock company is an important one, for Mr. Stewart possesses a dramatic virility that is convincingly effective. He is a California native son, his parents being among the first residents of San Diego. Mr. Stewart is a film actor of wide experience, and has been cast in important rôles in various productions. With the American, he will appear in many of the "Flying A" dramas.

Charles Ray.

CHARLES RAY, leading man for the Kay Bee and Bronco companies of the New York Motion Picture Company at Santa Monica, California, was born in Jacksonville, Illinois, in 1891, and is, therefore, one of the youngest leading men, with real experience, in pictures. He does not inherit his talents, but adopted the stage as a profession while very young, and does not mind admitting that his first job connected with theatricals was delivering handbills. He became water boy, usher, and box-office clerk, in turn, went on as an extra hand,



and finally traveled with a repertoire company.

Things came easily after that, and Ray was with one traveling company for over two years, starting at the bottom and working up gradually to leads. Then came numerous stock engagements in different parts of the States, interspersed with occasional tours, the very finest schooling for a young actor. During this time Charles Ray played every variety of part, from singing and dancing to Shakespeare. Following this, he joined the New York Motion Picture Company, and now, well into his second year with them, is considered one of their best actors.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

FEATURES AND FLAMS.

AT a gathering of big authors recently, Rex Beach is quoted as making a speech in which he said there were two kinds of motion pictures, film features and film flams. The statement is typical of the writer whose stories of Alaskan life are so popular, and we do not believe it needs any explanation, for it conveys its own meaning to almost any mind.

Mr. Beach, of course, was taking into consideration only multiple-reel features when he made the division, but it can also be applied to smaller subjects. A motion picture is either worth while or not worth while. True, as we have said in this department before, there are many films which can be "endured" by those who see them, but in making a general classification we feel they cannot be considered worth the time spent seeing them. The question of why there should be so many flams that they are entitled to a rank alongside the features, arises, and is easily answered by producing an undeniable fact—that overproduction rules supreme in most quarters.

That was the point Mr. Beach was making in the speech, and that is the point we have tried often to impress upon our readers in the past. "Go slow," is our advice to scenarioists. Don't think because you read that such and such a writer has turned out a large number of scripts in a few days or weeks, that you can do likewise. Some day you may be able to, that is true, but don't think you can right offhand. Wait until it is necessary, and then do it, but be sure you take a rest when you finish, or the grind will have a fatal effect upon your work.

The sooner amateurs, and those who are halfway toward the top, realize the truth of the statement in this paragraph, the sooner the general standard of photo-play writing will be raised and the sooner we will be able to see better pictures upon the screen, for staff writers and professional authors will have to meet the competition of the outsiders and turn out better material in order to sell.

ONE REASON.

We know one reason that many writers have not sold their first script, and that reason is that they are firmly convinced that they must write a "thriller" if they expect to escape rejection slips.

This is far from true, though it is a fact that most of the pictures one sees on the screen contain more or less action of this variety. It is only natural, we suppose, that a beginner should try to make his scenarios as much like those he sees on the screen as possible. The folly of doing this cannot be conveyed to him in his full strength via the printed page or by word of mouth. He must learn it for himself. At the very outset of his career, however, he should think of the logic behind the statement he reads and hears so often—that producers want something different—and try to guide his steps accordingly. If he did this, it is certain that he would not do over and over that which he sees so often on the screen. He would write something the direct opposite.

Let us look at the proposition from the editor's point of view. His company is producing "wild-action" plays because their staff writers and regular contributers are writing them. The editor has orders to get variety into the program and naturallly looks for something which is the opposite of what he can easily secure from the trained authors about him. It is easy to see why a strong dramatic script from an outsider, minus killings, accidents, thrilling escapes, et cetera, would be purchased.

We would suggest that each of our readers who are on the treadmill of rejections look over their late effort and then think over the general trend of productions they have seen within the past few months. After doing that, sit down and truthfully answer this question for yourself: "Didn't you write something that was conventional?" It's more than an even bet that the answer should be "yes" in most cases, and that the scripts you have been looking over are "thrillers."

KEEPING THE SECRET.

When some one tells you he—or very probably she—has a secret to tell you, aren't you just a little bit interested in learning what it is, and doesn't your interest increase if you are not told right away, especially if the secret is hinted at continually?

That is just how an audience feels toward a photo play upon the screen. When you start to write your scenario you know what it is going to be about, if you are a good author. The object in developing its action, then, is to keep the final result from the audience until the proper time comes—at the climax—and to stimulate the interest in the secret throughout by giving hints.

There are far too many subjects reach the screen whose dénouement is obvious. Not so very long ago we heard of a director, who insisted upon explaining every little point as the story progressed, so that before half the film had been unwound the result could be guessed, being let out by one of the large companies. He was right in trying to make his subjects clear, but he overlooked the fact that the secret—the result of the plot—must be kept hidden almost to the

very end, in order to hold the interest of the spectators.

Beginners will find it to their benefit in working out their plots to try and think that the ending is just opposite of what it is, and making the story run this way as much as is possible without its becoming implausible. It is in working it out in this manner that hints are made use of to good advantage, for they both increase the spectators curiosity, and explain the points which are liable to be criticized when the film has been finished.

BROADENING.

Learn to think over everything that you come in contact with, whether it be the works of a master or a little newsboy on the corner. Look at everything and every person as an object, and try to get all you can out of each object that crosses your path for use in your fiction work. Study the possibilities of each, their incentive in the world, and, in short, just what they amount to, what they have amounted to, and what they will amount to.

This method of "sizing up things" will bring you closer to life than if you started out to live a life of adventure and will also allow you to continue writing regularly every day. We know that there are many who will claim that they do not need to study persons and things as they already have more ideas than they can put into scenario form, but these same persons find it very hard to take any idea and work it up into any class of the silent drama desired on short notice. If they had, at their finger tips, a knowledge of life that was broad enough to allow them to draw on it at will and for any purpose desired, they would find no such difficulty.

Just keep your eyes open all the time, and be ever alert for dramatic possibilities in everything that happens about you. Some things will require a very keen insight in order to be recognized so it is worth dollars and cents to you to develop this.

THE ABILITY TO REWRITE.

A few days ago, a photo-play author whom we have always considered very capable had lunch with us, and during our conversation told us that he had just received a script back from a company with the request that he rewrite it along certain lines which were outlined, and that he drop out one of the characters, whom the editor considered unfit for screen presentation. When he said that he could not rewrite it, though he had tried, we were surprised.

As we talked the thing over, we soon learned why he couldn't. He had the plot set in his mind as though it had crystallized, and the objectionable character had been frozen in its center. A few carefully worded inquiries gave us the information that he had never rewritten a script in his life, and that everything he had sold had been disposed of just as it was when he first wrote it. He admitted destroying several scripts, which had been rejected by all the companies on his list.

This is a sad example of an author, who, though capable in many other ways, has never added to his list of accomplishments the ability to rewrite. He would be useless in a studio, therefore, where men of good all-around ability are needed who can write and rewrite as ordered. There is no reason why every author or author-to-be should not know how to take a rejected story and turn it into something so utterly different and superior that it is sure to sell. It is simply a matter of allowing your mind to become elastic and keeping it in this condition at all times. A character can be dropped out of any story, or any of the action—even the climax—taken away and something else supplied which will better it, if the writer who does the work is capable.

EFFECTS AND PLOTS.

Effects gained by suddenly springing dramatic climaxes are one thing and honest-to-goodness plots are another. Many beginners get them mixed, and think that, because it would be very dramatic to have the hero dash into the sitting room just as the villain was about to kill the girl's father, the story has a very strong plot.

In every writer's mind these things should be kept distinctly different. He should keep clearly before him the fact that the plot of an acceptable story contains everything which, when elaborated, catches the attention of the onlooker and holds it to the finish. The effects aid materially in holding the interest, we agree, and also furnish the "high spots" which will be remembered long after the main story has been forgotten. Often the effects are the main punches of a story, but they are useless alone, and must be worked into a logical plot at just the right time. Don't waste a splendid dramatic effect—or single bit of business action—by hastily dashing off a plot to fit it. Sit down and think out a wonderfully strong plot, and then spring your effect at just the right time, and you will have something which stands far better than an even chance of selling.

SOME REAL TRUTHS.

Though the article which is reproduced below, from one of the Pacific coast newspapers, was written in a rather light vein, and greatly exaggerates certain conditions, it nevertheless contains some real, honest-to-goodness truths. You can read it through for yourself, and see if you agree with the writer:

"Scenario writing, the great, international indoor sport of the world!

"At last the Peepul have a whack at art; Parnassus has its Coney Island; the hoi-polloi may buy drinks for the Muses.

"Art, to change the figure, is tired of getting a crick in the neck looking up, has come down to dwell among us, donned a kimono, and let down her back hair.

"Everybody, from preachers to push-cart men, from manual-labor musicians to ministers, from elevator boys to editors, from diplomats to dishwashers, is in the business.

"And the funny part of it is, that many times the screen story of the dishwasher is infinitely better than that of the diplomat; the chauffeur's scenario puts it all over that of the champion essay builder of the brow factory; the elevator boy rudely snatches the blue ribbon from the indignant bosom of the editorial writer.

"Reason? The soul of the scenario is action, and the soul of action is contact with life. That's where the cashier girl sometimes grabs the laurel wreath plum off the brow of the insular literary lady president of the local literary society, who reads Ibsen, still considers 'Uncle Tom's Cabin' the great American novel, and thinks a Turkish corner and cigarettes spell Bohemia, and that oyster cocktails are immoral.

"As Frank Woods, head of the Reliance scenario department, put it: 'There may be a few people who have not written any plays; there are possibly one or two in the world who haven't done a drama in blank verse; and there may be a Hottentot or so who hasn't written a musical comedy, but I'm convinced there isn't a dashed

person on earth that hasn't written a scenario.'"

Mr. Woods probably had just finished wading through a batch of hopeless material when he made his statement, and felt that there could have been very few persons on earth who had not contributed to his misery; but it is a fact that in the rank and file of laymen you will find three or four times as many who have written scenarios as you will those who have made other "stabs" at literary fame.

The real worth of the article lies in what it says about the soul of the scenario being action, and the soul of action being contact with life. This does not mean, as we explained recently, that a person must live a rough-and-ready life of adventure, or that he must stroll far off the beaten paths; but it does mean that he must be close to the life about him. He must come in contact with it.

Answers to Readers.

LE ROY TAYLOR, New York, N. Y.—All scripts submitted to the big companies have to be typewritten in order to receive a careful reading. By watching our market department you will be able to build a nice list of companies who are in the market for material.

HELEN S. FOOTE, Cleveland, O.—A sample scenario was printed in this department in the June 26th number, and this will give you the correct idea of how to prepare scripts for editors.

CARL MYHRE, Stewartville, Minn.—We cannot read or criticize scenarios, but we will give personal help through this department or by mail, if return postage is inclosed. Ask whatever questions are puzzling you. By watching the subjects on the screen, you will learn to "sense" just about how much action is needed to make one reel. We do not think your cut-backs were numerous enough to cause rejections, though some companies will turn down a script because it has too many of these.

PEARL DOUGHERTY, San Antonio, Texas.—By watching our Live-wire Market Hints, which appears weekly, you will keep track of the companies which are buying at the present time. We would suggest that you cut out these hints and paste them in a scrap book, so you will have a complete market before you all the time.

WINNIFRED BARNARD, West Springfield, Mass.—There certainly is a demand for good scenarios at the present time. More so than ever before. The above answers cover your other questions.

FRANCIS AUGUSTUS APPEL, JUNIOR, New York, N. Y.—A sample scenario appeared in the July 24th issue of this book, and every week we list one or more companies who are in the market for material. By keeping these companies and changing their wants and addresses in your scrap book as we announce them, you will have an up-to-the-minute market report all the time.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The American Film Manufacturing Company, Santa Barbara, California, is reported to be buying considerable material at the present time. American always treats authors fairly, and pays well. While their specific wants have not been made known, they probably include one and two-reel dramas and melodramas.

A Billy Reeves comedy might find favor with the Lubin company, Twentieth and Indiana avenues, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, but it would have to be written by an author who knew what was required by this comedian.

Short Shots.

Learn to think first, and write afterward.

Don't scatter your action too much. The more you can contract it the more strength it will have.

Getting a new "slant" at an old plot is the process which brings home the bacon nine times out of ten. If you refuse to admit that there are any old plots, you are sure to write trite stories.

The ups and downs of the photo-playwright are many, but through all his trusty typewriter sticks by his side.

A carefully chosen library is an invaluable asset to any author.

For Men: Smoking a pipe while writing is only a habit—and not altogether a good one, if the smoke gets in your eyes.

Do without leaders wherever possible but do not omit them if they are necessary to the story.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1 No. 20



"WORK"

CHAPLIN'S COMEDY AS A STORY

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. I CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 21, 1915 No. 20

WORK: A CHAPLIN COMEDY. . . . **B. Quade** **1**

Whether or not it is for you, for Charlie Chaplin, "Work" is a funny thing. It may never have occurred to you but it has to most people, that work is something to be dreaded. Just mention the word and half the world runs away. The other half runs for this story for it has seen it in pictures and wants another good laugh. Better get your share of the fun!

SCREEN GOSSIP. . . . . . **Al Ray** **8**

A hundred reels of the happenings in filmdom condensed into a few columns.

WHEN MAUD ALLAN DANCED. **9**

She has danced before kings, and often. She has danced in all parts of the world, and beautifully—always beautifully. Very probably you have not been fortunate enough to view her graceful performance, but you shall be given the opportunity, for Maud Allan has danced for pictures. Here is an article on when she danced for the camera.

FOR HIS MOTHER. . . . . . **Waldemar H. Sympson** . **11**

Neither for his mother nor his father did Jim Brennon have a thought until he was expelled from his family at the age of twenty. And then he had to think. He had to make a man of himself. Army life was what he chose to change his ways and it is left to you to decide if he succeeded.

THE EVOLUTION OF MOTION PICTURES—V. . . . . . **Robert Grau** **16**

The conquest of speech is the subject dealt with in this article of the series following the growth of the motion-picture industry. Speech was one of the many things that the film man had to overcome and here is how he did it.

KILMENY. . . . . . **Robert Keene** **18**

For years this daughter of a wealthy family lived as a gypsy, with gypsies. For years she did not know her real identity and for years it was better that she did not. Then came a time when her true person hidden by her name, the Doris of Kilmeny, came to the surface—and remained there.

THE REAL STARS OF FILMDOM. . **Robert Grau** **26**

There are many film players and most of them are considered by some as stars. But who the real stars are is something few people know. This article tells who they are—and why.

PLAYS AND PLAYERS. **29**

Short biographies of the popular screen stars livened with spicy anecdotes. What you want to know about your favorite. Notes of the current pictures and those to be soon shown.

HINTS FOR SCENARIO WRITERS. . **Clarence J. Caine** . . . **30**

Instruction and advice for amateur and professional photo playwrights with notes on where and what they can sell.

ANSWERS TO READERS. **31**

Replies to aspiring picture-play authors.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 20 August 21, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

Work: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

Charlie Chaplin, his derby hat shrinking from perspiration, struggles like a man—or more like a horse—into this story, dragging behind him a wall-paper hanger's cart and enough paraphernalia to build a railroad. It isn't so much with the purpose of hanging wall paper that he brings his material in as it is to have the necessary implements for making you laugh—and he has, as you will decide as soon as you begin to read this story written from the Essanay-Chaplin comedy of the same name.

THE house looked as though an earthquake had struck it—and an earthquake with a bent for playing practical jokes, at that. The dining-room table stood in the hall; the chairs stood on top of the table; pictures, instead of hanging on the walls, were stacked on the floor; rugs, instead of lying on the floor, were rolled up and leaning against the walls; curtains and portières were folded and lying on top of the pictures. Everything was topsy-turvy.

Yet it was no earthquake that had wrought this nightmarish upheaval. It was the work of human hands—planned and executed by the lady of the house, with the assistance of the maid, an hour before the master of the household rose.

The paper hangers were coming. So the lord and master of the dwelling was informed when he gazed, in round-eyed bewilderment, upon the dismantled dining room and the confusion in which his household goods were piled up in the hall without.

"You'll have to eat your breakfast in the kitchen," his wife informed him preoccupiedly. "And you can get it yourself. You'll find the coffepot on the shelf, eggs in the refrigerator, and bread in the box. Gladys and I haven't any more than time to get the things out of the parlor before the men come."

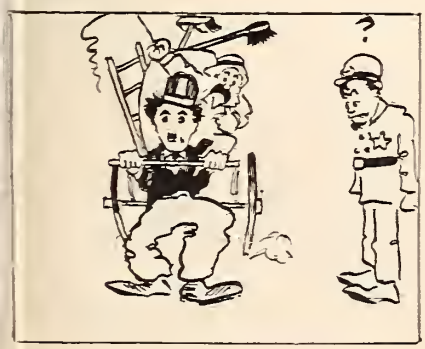
Her husband roared—as husbands, under the circumstances, are wont to do.

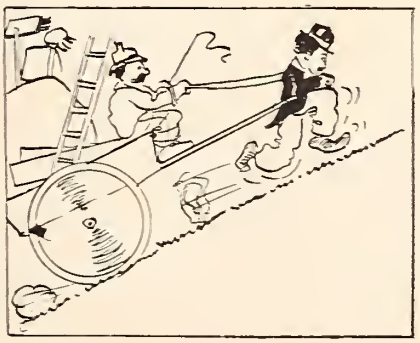
"I don't want my breakfast in the kitchen!" he emphatically declared. "I don't want to get it myself—for one thing, I've got an important engagement at the office this morning, and I can't spare the time. Have Gladys get my——"

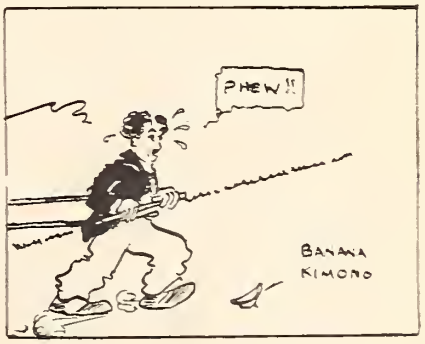
His wife waved him imperiously oward the kitchen.

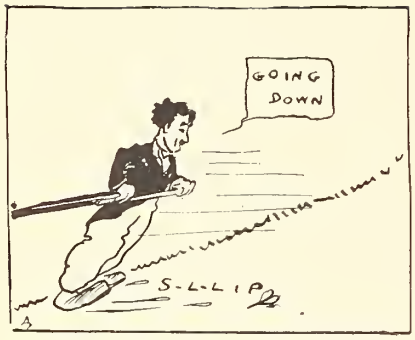
"Gladys is going to help me clear out the parlor," she announced in a tone which implied that the matter was settled; "and we've got to hurry. It's after eight o'clock, and the men should have been here three-quarters of an hour ago."

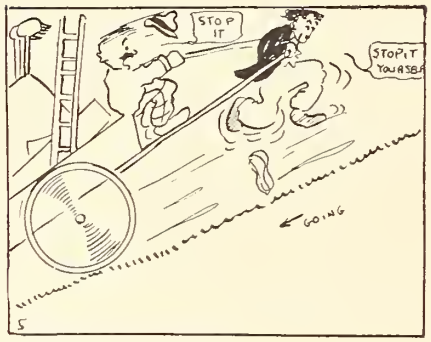
Up the principal business thoroughfare of the city, toward that house, Izzy A. Wake, painter and paper hanger, was hastening even then, with his assistant.

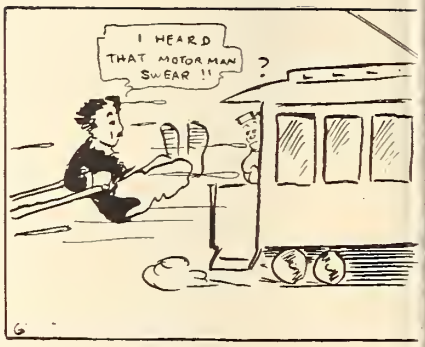












Rather, it was the assistant who was hastening. In a pushcart that was additionally loaded with (item) one step-ladder, (item) one two-by-four plank, (item) one gallon bucket of paste, with brush, (item) six rolls of wall paper, and other paraphernalia of the painting and paper-hanging trade too numerous for detailed enumeration, sat Izzy A. Wake, the owner of the outfit, in person—two hundred odd pounds of it. With the handle of the cart gripped in both hands and straining against his puny chest, his assistant puffed and struggled to draw the load along.

On the assistant's bushy hair was a derby of antiquated design, and dented, weather-beaten aspect. Buttoned tight about his unheroic chest and narrow shoulders was a coat that must have been cut originally by a tailor who feared a shortage in the woolen-goods market. What the coat lacked in material, however, was more than made up for the trousers below it. They hung upon their wearer in folds, wrinkles, pleats, billows, and festoons. They were not alone too big for him—they would have lapped over if three other persons besides himself had stood in them.

On his feet were a pair of shoes, either of which could have been hung up as a sign outside a shoe dealer's store, and with the perfect assurance that it would be seen twenty blocks away.

The shoes needed a shine—had needed it, and gone without that need being filled, for years, it seemed—and as their wearer ran in them, pulling the push-cart with its load of painters' supplies and his employer along the busy street, the turned-up toes of those shoes were pointed almost at exact right angles to each other.

Charlie Chaplin paused to recover his breath; but at once his little bamboo cane, in the hand of his employer who rode behind him, descended on his back.

"Git ap!" ordered the boss paper hanger. "Don't you know we're late, as it is? Move along—as fast as you can travel!"

Charlie Chaplin's little black mustache took a woebegone slant on his upper lip, and he lifted his eyes hopelessly to heaven. Seizing the handle of the push-cart once more, he obeyed his employer's command. But as fast as Charlie could travel was not a very high rate of speed—due to the fact that he relied solely upon his heels as a means of locomotion.

Motormen clanged their bells at him. Chauffeurs honked their auto horns in his ears. Drivers of trucks and delivery wagons shouted anathema upon his head. He was blocking the traffic.

His employer, spying from the push-cart the approach of a brass-buttoned and blue-uniformed custodian of the law, hooked Charlie by the back of the coat collar with the handle of his little cane, bringing him to a halt.

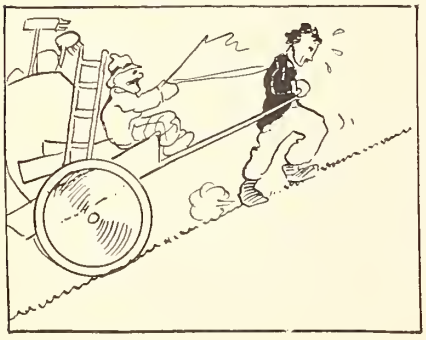
"Turn into this street," he ordered Charlie. "We'll take the short cut."

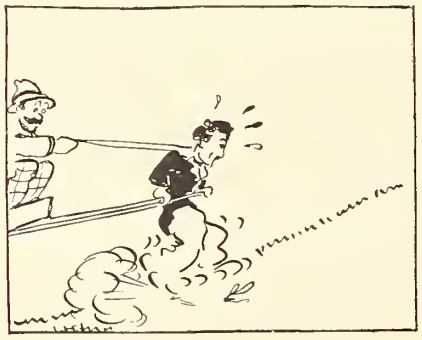
Obediently Charlie swung the car around, and drew it across the car tracks of the main thoroughfare into the mouth of the side street his employer had indicated. Looking up the street before him, Charlie groaned. It was a hill—steep, almost, as the side of a house. And this was what his boss had called a short cut!

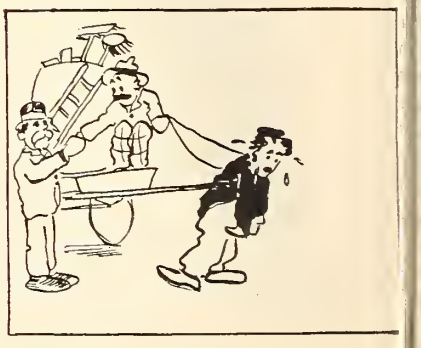
"Git ap!" ordered the paper hanger, slapping him across the shoulder once more with the cane.

Charlie began the toilsome ascent of the hill. The steep incline added to the weight of the cart behind him. A third of the way up he came to a pause. But only for an instant. In vain he tried to keep his feet. The cart began to pull him back faster than he could pull the cart forward. In vain his employer beat him with the cane, urging him on. The cart, the paper hanger, and Charlie Chaplin slid down the hill.

The cart rolled across the car tracks of the main thoroughfare. Unconscious of his danger, Charlie started to draw it back across them just as a trolley came whizzing along.







The motorman shouted, and jumped up and down on the gong, waving his arms. Charlie paid no heed to him. And on the car came—bent, it seemed, on smashing the pushcart, with its load, into kindling wood, in another moment. The rear of the cart cleared the car tracks just as the fender of the trolley went swishing by.

The outfit had missed destruction by the margin of a hair.

Up the hill once more Charlie tugged and pushed the cart. He got two-thirds of the way up the ascent this time before the law of gravity began to exert itself again. Frantically Charlie's feet pawed the ground. He struggled gamely to secure a foothold—gamely, but to no avail. Back the cart pulled him, gripping the bar betwen its two handles, to the thoroughfare at the bottom of that steep side street once more, and onto its car tracks.

A second trolley was approaching, nearer than the first had been; but again Charlie paid no heed to it, dragging the cart back onto the tracks again, and squarely into the path of the onrushing car.

The second motorman clanged the bell, shouting. With his eyes fixed straight before him, his whole weight thrown forward, Charlie was serenely bent on tackling the hill in front of him a third time. The trolley was now only ten feet away, and coming at a twenty-mile-an-hour clip. But for all the attention he paid to its clanging bell and shouting motorman, Charlie might have been alone in the middle of the Sahara Desert, instead of standing five feet—now it was only three—away from sudden death under the wheels of the car.

He rolled the cart across the tracks just as that trolley, too, swept by, without an inch to spare.

This time, Charlie assaulted the hill on "the high," as it were. Running on his heels, he hauled the cart up the incline at a brisk pace. And this time, encouraged by the shouts of his employer, he succeeded in reaching the summit.

He had not dragged the cart forward another block, however, before the paper hanger again pulled him to a halt by inserting the crook of the bamboo cane down the back of his coat collar and giving it a yank.

"Good morning, Mr. Hemingway!" the painter greeted a man with mortar on his shoes and a hod over his shoulder, the sight of whom had caused him to bring Charlie Chaplin to a halt. "On your way to work?"

"Right!" assented the hod carrier, with a lugubrious shake of his head. "Bad 'cess, and double bad, to the man that invented it, too!"

"Hand me your hod," said Charlie's employer heartily. "I'll put it in the cart with my things, and you get up here on the seat beside me. If you're going my way, you might as well ride along with me. It'll rest you—go ahead, there, Sylvester!" this to Charlie, as the paper hanger's friend, the hod carrier, accepting the invitation with alacrity, added the burden of his not-inconsiderable weight to the load poor Charlie was hauling.

Charlie, sighing, plodded onward. Again his eyes were fixed straight ahead, as he threw his weight against the handle of the cart. Thus it was that he did not see the pitfall that yawned literally for his feet. He was approaching an open manhole in the street. He raised one foot; it hovered for an instant above that round, black opening before him——

The paper hanger and his friend the hod carrier were deep in an animated discussion of ways and means whereby the semblance of having put in an eight-hour day of hard work could be given by the expenditure of but one hour or less. From this improving conversation they were roused abruptly by the fact that the cart had stopped with the same suddenness.

They turned simultaneously to look for Charlie Chaplin—and saw him not.

He was gone. He had vanished, disappeared, as utterly as though—what indeed was the case—the ground had opened to swallow him. The hodcarrier climbed quickly down on one side of the cart. The paper hanger followed his example on the other.



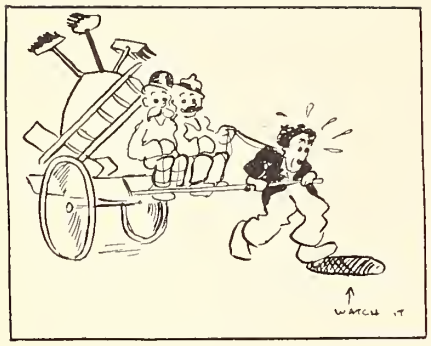
Charlie Chaplin was rapidly rolling up a heavy debt of trouble with his boss.

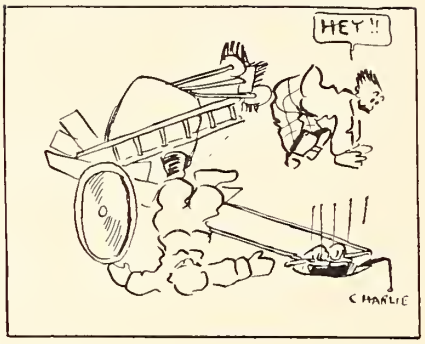
"That's odd!" said the painter, staring blankly at the vacant space between the handles of the cart where Charlie should have been. "He—he isn't there!"

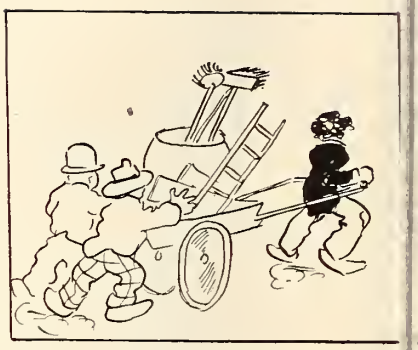
"It's a fact," agreed the hodcarrier, scratching his ear in perplexity, "he ain't. Now, where can he have gone to?"

In an endeavor to find the answer to that question, the hodcarrier went to the rear of the cart, bent down with his hands on his knees, and looked under it. Charlie's boss joined him in the attitude and occupation.

"Maybe," the hodcarrier suggested, straightening and laying hold of the back of the cart, which was tilted above







his head, "he's in here among the ladder and the buckets and the paper and things. Let's take a look."

As both seized the rear of the cart, and pulled it down, Charlie Chaplin, still clinging to the bar between the handles, was lifted out of the manhole. He stepped across it and dragged the cart forward.

And that was how the hodcarrier, loosing his hold on the back of the cart as he felt it start ahead, and just as he was borne over the manhole down which Charlie had temporarily dropped from view, came to leave the paper hanger and his outfit at that point in the journey.

"We've done him a favor," Charlie's employer remarked, gazing down into the hole through which his friend had gone. "He can bring a suit against the city, for leaving that manhole open. And, if I know Percy Hemingway, that's what he'll *do*. No more work for him for the next three years! He'll be too busy pushing his lawsuit for damages suffered in body and feelings, by shooting eight feet down into this hole and landing on both feet at the bottom. We don't need to worry about him. Come on—let's get to that house, before we're any later!"

They were only an hour and a half behind time, when Charlie brought the paper hanger's outfit and its owner to a halt in the yard of the house whose redecorating the painter had contracted to do at union rates, plus all the speed of which he was capable.

The ride there, it seemed, had fatigued Charlie's employer. He descended, with frequent groans, from the cart, and drew two black leather articles from his pockets. They were wrist straps. He handed them to Charlie, who adjusted them on the boss paper hanger's wrists, while the latter stood listlessly waiting. Then Charlie's employer lifted his arms above his head and yawned. After which Charlie removed the black leather straps from his wrists, and the paper hanger went into the house to arrange for the starting of the day's work.

Charlie Chaplin, left alone in the yard, leaned up against the side of the cart and groped in the pockets of his short coat.

"I've been working like a horse," he commented to himself, "and I guess I'm entitled to smoke a cigarette."

Charlie put the cigarette, which he had found in one pocket, between his lips. He struck a match along a fold of his loose-fitting trousers, and had just lifted the flame—when he dropped match and cigarette both, with a disconsolate sigh.

"Chauncey!" his boss called to him from the house.

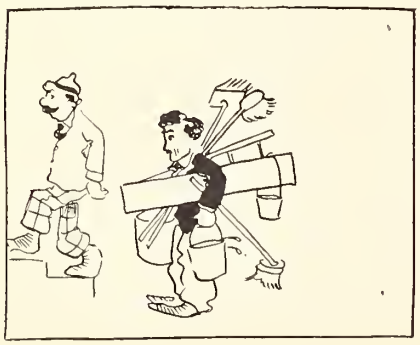
From the cart Charlie took the step ladder and succeeded at last in getting it tucked under one arm. He gathered up the plank under the other. Then with the paste bucket and brush in one hand, and the rolls of wall paper gripped by the cord that bound them together in the other, he waddled obediently into the house, with his battered derby perched on top of his bushy hair.

Mr. Izzy A. Wake sat in the parlor where Charlie found him with the mistress of the house and her maid, fa down on his spine in one upholstered chair, with his feet in the seat of an other. He was smoking a cigarette, o the "roll-your-own" kind that is fa vored by men who own their ow yachts, embassy attachés with red sil bands across the front of their evening dress shirts—and paper hangers.

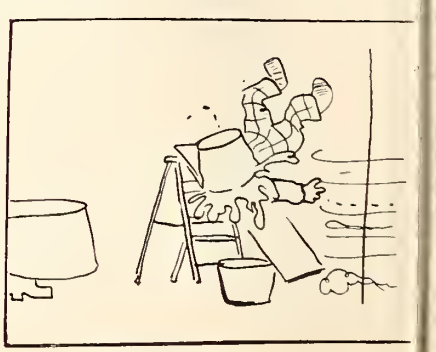
"Ethelbert," he addressed Charlie with a languid wave of the hand tha held the cigarette—"help the dame clear out this room. I think I'll tak a little snooze while you're doin' it. was worryin' about my Wall Stree stocks last night, and I don't believe slept more'n forty winks the livelon night through!"

Charlie Chaplin, while he listened t his employer, was not looking at hin He was looking at the maid.

Gladys was worth looking at. Cha lie, flashing her one of his irresistibl







smiles—as friendship-compelling as the wagging of a puppy's tail—tipped his hat to her by the back of the brim. And the maid, behind her mistress' back, smiled back.

In a laudable, if unthinking, desire to appear well in her eyes, Charlie turned and laid hold of the piano as the first article to remove from the parlor in obedience to his employer's orders.

"Filbert!"

The boss paper hanger addressed him reprovingly. He pointed to a vase, about three inches high, that stood on the mantelpiece.

"Let go o' that piano! Do you want to lay yourself up? I've spoken to you about overworkin' before, I guess! Take out that vause. And, after you've come back and rested, you can take out the mate to it, there on the other end of the mantelpiece."

Charlie—the "vause" as his boss called it, in his hand—turned to leave the room with it. And then he stopped. Stopped and wriggled his shoulders embarrassedly. His eye had just caught sight of something else. It was a statuette—Venus rising on a point of order, or something—and, as he looked at the statuette, which stood on a table beside him, Charlie's face turned red as a beet.

He turned around and faced the door. Then he looked back over his shoulder again at the statuette. He lifted his hand an inch to touch it; and then, pulling his hand back by the handle of his little bamboo cane, he shrugged and walked out of the room.

He was greeted by an explosion that shook the house from cellar to garret.

"It's my husband!" gasped the lady of the house, rushing by him. "He's trying to get his own breakfast, and that's the third time in the last hour that that stove has exploded!"

Charlie Chaplin, guided by curiosity, followed her to the kitchen.

There he found the master of the dwelling ruefully looking up at the ceiling, where were stuck the remains of two fried eggs, surrounded by a brown stippling of coffee grounds—the spot to which his breakfast had flown from the top of the stove, beyond recovery.

The head of the household bore a smudge of stove polish on one cheek, while his eye on the other side was completely surrounded by a circle of the same sable substance.

"Will you have Gladys——" he began.

"Wait, John!" hastily put in his wife. "Perhaps this man can fix the stove. Do you think you can?"

She addressed Charlie Chaplin. Thus appealed to, Charlie lifted his arms and let them fall again to his sides, in a gesture significant of the fact that he felt what was asked of him to be a thing childishly simple of accomplishment.



"It's a sad story," Charlie Chaplin informed the maid. "I'll tell it to you. Years ago——"

Charlie approached the stove, drawing out a match. He struck the match and applied the flame to one of the stove's burners. Then gingerly he turned on the gas. It lit, without a single splutter, and burned steadily.

Charlie turned away, repeating his indifferent gesture.

"There you are!" said he.

The next second there was another booming explosion. And Charlie, who had been facing the open door of the kitchen, was wafted through it and back into the parlor. Picking himself up, he found that the maid and his employer between them had emptied the room of all its movable furnishings during his absence. The boss paper hanger was ready to begin the task of recovering the walls.

He had opened the stepladder and placed it beside one of the room's four walls; and now he rested one end of the plank on one of the ladder's upper steps, and gave the other end of it to Charlie to hold on his shoulder.

Then, the bucket of paste in his hand, with another yawn, Charlie's employer mounted the ladder and seated himself on the board, with the pail of paste beside him.

The maid smiled at Charlie.

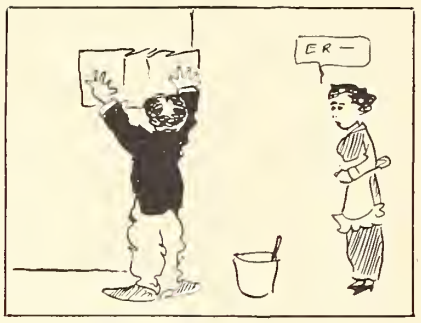
"Lovely weather we're having, isn't it?' he addressed her conversationally, with one end of the plank on which sat his employer resting on his shoulder.

"Yes," giggled Gladys; and came to his side.

"What are you going to be doing a year from next Fourth of July?"

"A year from——" she began, puzzled.







"Yes; I expect to have two dollars laid by out of the wages I'm getting in this job by that time," explained Charlie, "and I thought I'd like to take you out for a good time then."

The maid laughed.

"Why do you want to take me out?" she inquired archly. "I'll bet you know lots of girls."

"But none as pretty as you!" protested Charlie; and in the fervor of his declaration he forgot himself, and took a step nearer to her side, moving out from under the end of the plank.

The plank fell with a crash, sending the paper hanger to the floor. The bucket of paste landed with him—literally so; for it had dropped upside down on his head.

Charlie essayed to go to his employer's assistance. He stepped in a slippery mass of the paste that had splattered on the floor, and measured his length at the paper hanger's side. Getting to his feet with difficulty, Charlie tried to stay on them. The area surrounding the boss painter—who sat bolt upright and speechless, with that overturned pail of paste on his head—was like a sliding pond. Charlie fell down twice more before he succeeded in getting the other by the hand and pulling him up.

Then they both fell down again. Charlie rose, and his feet flew back and forth on the slippery floor under him as a skater's—without moving him off that one spot. At last, regaining his balance, he left his employer sitting there, and removed the bucket from his head.

The paper hanger looked like a man who had run headfirst into an open can of ice cream. Paste filled his eyes, his ears, and his nostrils. His hair was full of it. Charlie, picking up the brush and placing the bucket before him, removed about two pounds and half of the sticky stuff from the other's countenance with a sweep of the brush, and deposited it in the waiting pail.

He had succeeded in removing, in this way, about half of the paste from his employer's head and face, which his own carelessness had placed there, when the maid reëntered the parlor.

"The room upstairs is ready now," she informed Charlie, "if you want to go up and start papering it."

Turning from his boss, Charlie dropped the brush into the bucket of paste and lifted it in one hand, picking up a roll of wall paper in the other, and obediently followed the maid from that room to the one she pointed out to him on the second floor of the house.

Whistling a tune, off key, while he worked, Charlie tore off a long, ragged strip from the roll of wall paper he had brought with him, and slathered it on one side with paste. Then, forgetting that he had done so, he smeared it with paste on the other.

The paper curled up in his hands. It seemed possessed. The harder he struggled to get rid of it, the more it tangled and twisted and writhed—like a thing alive, and full of mocking perversity—around him. He managed to get it off one hand, only to find that it was then stuck fast to the other. At length, perspiring and wild-eyed, he managed to tear the last of the paper from him, and added it to the scraps that littered the floor at his feet.

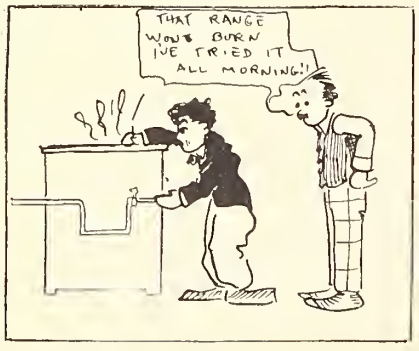
Then breathlessly he sat down on the side of the bed to rest.

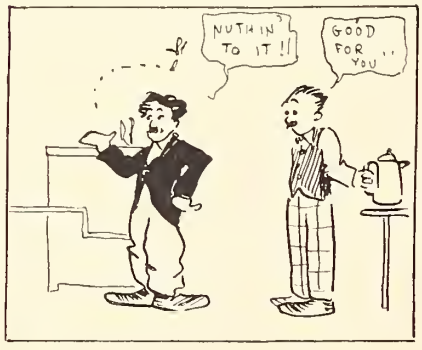
"How did you come to be a paper hanger?" asked Gladys, who had been watching him.

"It's a sad story," said Charlie in a tone in keeping with that introduction. "Sit down here beside me, and I'll tell you all about it. Years and years ago—I think it must have been at least two weeks from last Wednesday—I happened to see an advertisement in the paper."

At that moment there had come into the house downstairs, without the formality of ringing the front-door bell, the foreign musician who lived alone in the house next door.

His card, which he handed to prospective piano pupils, bore the information that he was M. Edourd Chateaubriac,







late of the Conservatoire of Marseilles; and he was more kinds of a nut than you will find at the grocery in a pound marked "mixed."

As evidence of it, he had fallen head over heels in love with the lady of that house; and, moreover, he imagined that she was in love with him.

It was a combination of the artistic temperament and the French nature—a "mixed" nut, that's right.

Stealing on tiptoe down the hall to the door of the kitchen, M. Chateaubriac saw the object of his adoration standing there—alone, as he thought. He did not know—how could he, for he could not see him?—that her husband was underneath the stove, where he had crawled to see what was the matter with the "double-dot, dashed thing," as he called it.

"Ah-h, *ma cherie!*" gurgled the Frenchman in tones of rapture; and he rushed forward and clasped the good lady in his arms.

At that moment, the husband crawled out from under the stove. He took one look at his wife in another man's embrace, and ran to get his gun.

"I saw an advertisement in the paper," Charlie Chaplin was continuing his "sad story" to the maid in the room upstairs. "It offered a good, steady job to a young man who was not afraid to work. That is one thing I have never been afraid to do. Stealing—for fear of getting caught and going to jail, yes. Or fighting, and rough things like that, for fear of getting hurt, I've been afraid to do. But not to work. There have been too many poems written and songs sung about the virtue of honest toil. Nobody would deride me for going to work. It would be a shock to the family, who would feel that I had disgraced them—but, there; we won't go into that. The story is sad enough as it is, without making it any sadder by telling you about my family. Where was I?"

"You weren't anywhere," said the maid, somewhat sharply. "You hadn't got any place yet."

"I'm not boring you, am I?" asked Charlie Chaplin anxiously. "Well, I answered the advertisement. And you see me now. Didn't I tell you that it was a sad story?"

"But what's sad about it?" demanded the maid.

"Why, the advertisement was for this job. And I got it. You don't want anything sadder than that, do you? At least, *I* don't, knowing what I have to put up with."

Three shots rang out on the stillness of the house at that moment.

The master of the dwelling had returned to the kitchen with his gun to open fire upon the foreign musician in whose arms he had seen his wife. Where two of those shots landed, Charlie Chaplin did not know. But he was personally able to account for one. He bounded up from the side of the bed, clutching at his coat tails.

In a single leap, he had crossed the room and was frantically lathering the wall with the paste brush.

The door beside him flew open, and in stalked his employer. The boss paper hanger's eyes, inflamed from the paste, of which he had but just now succeeded in freeing them, turned a deeper red with wrath as they rested on Charlie Chaplin.

"So here you are!" roared Charlie's boss, above the rattle of pistol shots that rang through the house, as its infuriated owner pursued the foreign piano teacher, whom he mistook for a home wrecker. "You dropped that plank of purpose, and let that paste bucket come down on my head! I'm going to teach you a lesson you won't for—— *Glup!*"

He ended thus abruptly. Charlie had dipped the brush in the pail of paste at his side, and let him have it full in the face.

As the paper hanger fell back through the door, the fleeing Frenchman burst into the room. Charlie sent him back with a blow of the full paste brush between the eyes, too.

The owner of the house ran in, firing the revolver in his hand into the air as he did so. Charlie presented him with a faceful of paste, also, and then ducked to avoid a bullet from the gun, and ran out of the room.

Downstairs he raced, two at a time, with the paper hanger in pursuit.

The Frenchman ran after him.

And the husband pursued the wild-haired musician.

As the trio ran into the kitchen, there was an explosion that was worse than any of the others that had gone before it.

The paper hanger went flying out of one window.

The Frenchman followed suit through another.



Charlie Chaplin slipped down the ladder, headfirst, and hung by his toes.

And the owner of the residence shot through a third.

The lady of the house and the maid, covering their ears, ran out of the front door.

There was only one left inside the house—and what of him?

One minute passed. Then two. And then, slowly, the oven door opened, and out of the stove looked Charlie Chaplin—where he had hidden to escape from his pursuers.

"Well," said Charlie Chaplin, with an emphatic nod of his head, "I agree with the hodcarrier: Bad 'cess, and double bad, to the man who invented—work!"

SCREEN GOSSIP.

By Al Ray.

Although I was reported drowned in a couple of New York papers, I am still here to write my "Screen Gossip" each week, and from henceforth will give you a page of it each issue.

It is certainly a hard job picking the five leading "villyuns" of the films. There is such a mob of fine heavies that it is quite a task. However, here goes: Harry Carey (Majestic), Arthur Maude (Kay-Bee), Jack Dunn (Vitagraph), George Fisher (Broncho), and Harry Morey (Vitagraph).

Now that Pathé has contracted to release all of the Starlight comedies, James Aubrey and Walter Kendig, better known as Heinie and Louie, can once more dine at the Astorbilt (quick lunch).

Looks as if there wouldn't be any more "Ham" comedies. Ham has been severely hurt, and Gertie Bambrick tells me that Bud Duncan is no longer with Kalem. Wonder what Rube Miller, the director, will do?

Have to hand it to Charlie Chaplin for being the boy to turn out some great comedies. "Work" and "A Woman" were screams, and of course packed the houses wherever they were shown. It's a wise exhibitor that realizes the value of a first-run Chaplin release.

Surprise for you, by heck! Did you ever know that Carlyle Blackwell at one time drove a delivery wagon for a grocer? 'Tis so, and Carl admits it. He might not be in the films to-day had it not been for the fact that he ran over a quantity of fowl in his reckless driving, and was told to hunt another job. Carlyle did, with a show, and look at him now! Quite a difference, eh? He claims the distinction of being the only one to be fined for speeding in a delivery wagon. He says he was pinched and fined seventy-five cents.

Blanche Sweet is one grand little actress. After seeing her work in the "Case of Becky," I have to admit that she ranks with the best.

These Biograph reissues! My, how they must make the producer of to-day feel. Although two years old, I will be bold enough to state that there isn't a man living to-day, with the exception of Griffith, who produced these pictures, who can put on a series of pictures to equal these little masterpieces. The cast, of course, has something to do with it, but at that time none of the Griffith bunch were well known. Henry Walthall, Blanche Sweet, Mae Marsh, Bobby Harron, Eddie Dillon, Charlie West, W. Chrystie Miller, and Lillian Gish appeared in a one-reel reissue! Can you beat this cast? I should say not!

There is going to be a wedding at the American studios in Santa Barbara shortly. Wonder who it will be? I would like to bet that Webster Campbell will be in on it somewheres.

Have just heard an earful. American is not the only company that is going to hear the sound of wedding bells. There will be the same doings in the Sterling company. It's a secret, but I'll tell you if you promise not to say a word to a soul. Hush! Bob Roberts and Lottie Donnelly are about to perform the seemingly impossible mathematical problem of making one and one—one. It's a good thing that many miles separate them from yours truly, or I would be getting measured for a suit of armor.

Francis Barnard, the well-known vaudeville comedienne, is going in pictures. They all fall.

Marshall Neilan is getting along splendidly with Selig, and is at present producing the "Bloom Center" series, which ought to be very good. Marshall was the originator of Kalem's "Ham" comedies, and, believe me, they were good then. The reason: Marshall and Ruth Roland played leads, supported by Ham and Bud. "Love, Oil, and Grease," was one of the best of the "Hams." Oh, yes, young Neilan is right there when it comes to directing.

Why not start a question department? First off the reel: Where does Raymond B. West get that "Boy Director" stuff? One look at his photograph and all doubts about his age are settled. From his photo I would judge he is about thirty-two.

Poor Tom Ince! Automobiles are certainly a hoodoo with him. Not so long ago he broke his collar button (I mean bone), and recently he narrowly avoided being seriously hurt when his auto took a dive over an embankment. No, Thomas does not drive his own car, but he must have some "shover."

Chester Conklin writes, or, rather, somebody writes for Chester, that he was very astonished at my assertion that he couldn't speak seven languages, having a hard time making himself understood in English. Chester, or, rather, his friend, asserts that he knows all the nineteen and a half letters in the alphabet, including the capitals. Excuse me, Chester.

Speaking of Keystone, Owen Moore writes that some one must have a grudge against him out there. The other day he was supposed to have a bottle broken over his head. Of course, the bottle was fixed to break. However, when he received the crack over the "dome," the bottle refused to separate itself, and a large lump appeared where the bottle and head met. It was discovered that Harry McCoy had picked up a real bottle instead of a reel bottle, and slammed Owen with it. Where is the investigating committee, demands Owen.

The five leading female villains next week. Believe me, I have some five picked out. Wait until you see them.



Mrs. Newly Rich: "All of my silver is branded 'sterling.' Haven't you some other make?"

When Maud Allan Danced

Miss Maud Allan, probably the most famous dancer in the world, who has on many occasions danced before kings of different nations by royal command, has at last been secured to perform before the motion-picture camera of the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company. The picture was recently put before the public and has brought much commendation. The following article was written by one who was present at the filming and describes, not so much the dancing, but what is of more interest since the picture can tell that story best, the preparation and actual work of making the film.

ONE Saturday morning, with the California sun at its actinic best, orders ran through the big Morosco-Bosworth studio for "The Rug Maker's Daughter" company to prepare to go out to a "location," where the star of the photo drama, Maud Allan, famous the world over for her interpretative and classical dancing, would be photographed in one of her dances.

Under the personal leadership of General Manager Eyton, five machines and a huge five-ton truck in due time arrived at the location, the private grounds of a magnificent West Adams street mansion, the privilege to whose use for the occasion was kindly extended by the owner. Slim young cypresses and playing fountains, broad lawns and pergolas, and the ornate façade of one of the finest examples of residence architecture in southern California made the setting ideal for the celebrated dancer, whose early career had been godfathered by such hierarchs as Brahms, Joachim, Ysaye, and Marcel Remy.

The little fleet of motors drew up at the far curb of the boulevard opposite the mansion. The boys from the property room fell to unloading the truck. The camera men reclaimed their machines. Charley Witaker went over to send in his card by the butler to apprise the family of the company's arrival. A small boy poked his head into the machine, where sat Herbert Standing, the noted English actor, an austere Turkish patriarch in his fez and flowing robes, and asked: "Where's the Shriners' parade going to be?"

At length all disembarked, and as Herbert Standing and Maud Allan, in their Turkish costumes, led the way across the street and through the deep lawns and high-groined aisles of trees which parked the front of the mansion, the trailing cloud of directors, camera men, property boys, chauffeurs, and nondescripts made the procession seem the march of some high Turkish dignitary and his daughter under guard of a host of secret-service men in plain clothes.

Meanwhile Mr. Standing might have been heard to chat on the way:

"What are your plans, my daughter?"

"I am returning to England presently, father."



Maud Allan's beauty is of the langorous, Oriental type.

"Oh, England! In what part do you reside?"

"Regents Park."

"God bless my soul, I lived for five years in Finchley Road, just outside Regents Park, four doors from Charley Wyndham's—I beg his pardon, *Sir* Charles Wyndham."

"Why, father, how strange!" Straightening her arms playfully in front of her, she bowed her head between them in a graceful imitation of the Turkish salaam. "I know your house well! Burnham House, on the road to the Swiss Cottage."

The stage brother of Irving, Wyndham, and Hare seemed touched with a faint nostalgia at mention of the famous old coach road which leads through one of the quaintest parts of London to the little fashion colony.

"We must have met many times, my daughter, and did not know each other then."

Having crossed the front lawns, they all proceeded by the driveway around the great stone house, and finally debouched upon the gardenspot in the rear; its cypresses, fountains, and arbors making it the real showplace of the estate.

Losing no time, a draped divan was placed between two trees. A canopy of rich Oriental hangings was pitched above it with four knobbed lances. The loom, which figures throughout the story of "The Rug Maker's Daughter," was placed close by. Three costly rugs were unfurled upon the grass. The four cameras were mounted and trained upon the nook.

Off behind some smilax, Maud Allan was giving the tempo to the orchestral accompanists for their guidance in the eagerly awaited dance. It was an important precaution, for to Maud Allan in her dancing, music is everything. Each bar of music, the color of each phrase, each limpid accent makes her "do something." Her method, if it can be called a thing so mechanical, scorns mere memorized "steps." Its whole success lies in its being a flowing, lyric, spontaneous evocation of the mood the music creates within her. Music must be more than good, more than correct, to become the inspiration upon which Maud Allan depends. She was conducting the musicians through a passage



Maud Allan when she danced for pictures.

from "Salome," as they had probably never been conducted before. She was a celebrated pianiste before she found herself in the art of the dance. There are very few maestros she cannot tell something.

Final rehearsals were brief. The scene was to be almost wholly the dancing of the daughter before the father. An extra reflector was planted to mirror more light upon the father, who was shadowed by the canopy, and two prop boys were told off to hold it at the proper slant. The "plain-clothes men" took places outside the cinematographic danger line. Governesses and servants upon balconies and peeking from behind bushes were shooed out of the background. The director gave one quick, final look around. He glanced at the father under the canopy; at the daughter standing upon the rugs; at the camera men. He clapped his hands with a little electric crack.

"Picture!"

The strange, low, seductive wail of "Salome" began to issue from the strings of violin and cello.

The camera men began to grind.

An instant tension, an instant silence descended.

Nothing but the cranks.

Nothing but the throbbing strings.

Nothing but the dainty leaflike sound of the girl's footfalls beginning to play upon the rugs.

She was one of the most celebrated dancers in the world. She had been "commanded" by the late King Edward VII., at Marienbad; by Queen Alexandra, in London. Ovations had followed he from Berlin to Monte Carlo; Sa Francisco to Bombay.

She was dancing.

She was dancing, and the three word could not be improved with three thou sand. The cameras alone would be elo quent enough to tell it. They alon would tell to the fullest of the willow body; the marvelously mobile shoul ders; the arms that fairly floated; th seductive plucking hands which wer as swiftly expressive as lips. All th while she was dancing against the mas sive urns and shrubberies she woul utter impulsive, contralto-toned crie which chorded poignantly with the wail ing minors of the strings.

One of the property boys let a re flector slip, blinked his eyes at the mis hap as in a trance, mechanically fe around with his hand till his hand too hold of it again, his eyes never movin from the dancer.

One of the distant governesses poppe up from behind an oleander, and threat ened dangerously to intrude into th field of the picture.

The director shrieked over the lawns

"Get out!"

The poor little governess scamperec

It was all quiet again, save for th rustling of those little leaves upon th rugs; save for violin and cello.

At length the strings began to hur more slowly. The bows began t slacken. Maud Allan floated down int the rugs in a last salaam to her fathe It was as exquisitely graceful as th closing of a flower at night. The hur of the strings ended. The crank whirred just a little longer, then stoppec The dance was over.

The watchers seemed turned to ston For a full moment there was not word; not a sound; not a breath. The just gazed at each other, spellboun With their own eyes they had seen treasure of gold inhaled from the ai through a lens, and heaped within th chests of the cameras; aye, a treasur of much fine gold.

She had danced.

Rumor from Chicago has it that H Tipton Steck and Edward T. Low scenarioists de luxe of the Essana forces, have taken unto themselves wife apiece. The report that it was double wedding was killed before w could print it.



Maud Allan injecting inspiration into the music before her dance.

For His Mother

(EDISON)

By Waldemar H. Sympson

The way of the world is a hard one to travel for all, but it was unusually hard for Jim Brennon. He started his life at twenty. Before that it was not really life for him, but at that age Jim was sent out into the world by his father with the order to make a man of himself. Army life and army hardships, with the help of army training, did much for him, but the turn came just before the end of his second enlistment. Whether he succeeded in making a man of himself or not is left for you to decide. This story is written from the Thomas A. Edison picture of the same name. The principals in the cast are:

Jim Brennon.....Carlton King
Mrs. Brennon.....Helen Strickland
Mr. Brennon.....John Sturgeon
The Kid.....Herbert Yost

FIFTEEN years ago it had happened. Jim Brennon was sure of that, for day by day, month by month, and year by year he had recorded time as it passed. Fifteen years it had taken him to make a man of himslf, and in another three weeks he would be able to return and honorably say that he had succeeded. In three weeks he was to receive his honorable discharge from the army, at the end of his second term of enlistment.

As he looked back into the past—those fifteen years back—Jim saw with disgust what he was then. He remembered a night, *the* night, when he returned home, as he had often done before, his face flushed, his step uncertain, and his breath smelling of liquor. His father's words rang in his ears, as though they had just been spoken. They were the final words after long pleading:

"Jim, you are a disgrace to the Brennons. Leave the house, for you are not worthy to live under the roof that covers your own mother and little brother, and your father can put up with you no longer. Do not come back until you have become a man—a real man—and I pray God that you will come back soon."

The old man lifted his eyes as he spoke, and his reverence of tone proved that his last words were from his very heart. He turned from the door through which Jim had passed faltering, and regarded his sorrowful wife with a poor attempt to appear unconcerned.

"It is all for the best," he confided, "and Jim will come back again, as he never could if he stayed here. He will be a man, and I am sure of it, for he is a true Brennon."

Out in the night the youth, unrealizing the gravity of things, plodded on he knew not where. He only walked. At early dawn he threw himself beside the road, rested his head on a clump of grass, and fell to sleep. It was well into the morning when he awoke, wondering where he was and why he was there. In a few minutes, however, he came to himself, and the facts, cold and cruel, stood out before him. He was in the world, that was all he could tell, and he was there to shift for himself—to make a man of Jim Brennon.

After less than an hour's travel along the dusty road the outskirts of a town loomed up before him. He trodded until he reached it, and, while wondering what was best for him to do, he approached the public green. His question was decided for him, for there on the grass was pitched a tent, before which were stationed two officers—army officers. It was a recruiting station for the army, Jim decided, and he walked quickly to it. It was only a matter of minutes before. Jim was signifying his willingness to join the army. Much to his relief few personal questions were asked, and those that were he passed over easily. He was young, and he was handsome physically. He would make a good soldier, and that was all that was necessary. His name he gave as Carlson.

Shortly afterward he was assigned to his post in the barracks of the army, far from home. The strict military rules against drinking were at first hard ones for him to obey, but with the shock of finding his future in doubt, Jim had been forced to realize that his old ways must be overcome. Before long he had accustomed himself to do without liquor, and slowly the hidden man within him came to the top.

The good will of the officers, his natural qualities as a mixer with men and the army routine made the time pass swiftly, so that almost before he knew it his term had come to a close. He reenlisted, and as before he went on well. Among the men he was considered somewhat of a leader, and his dexterity with his fists on necessary occasions held for him that position.

It was fifteen years ago that Jim Brennon had entered the army, and now, as he sat on the edge of his bed in the barracks, he was thinking longingly of home. It was his intent not to reënlist at the end of his present term, but instead to return to his old parents and prove to them that he had become what they had always hoped he would—a real man and a true Brennon.

He tucked away in his pocket a photograph, the only remembrance he had of home, the photograph of his mother and his five-year-old brother. At least, the brother who was five years old fifteen years ago. Then he walked out to the parade grounds.

There his attention was attracted to a group of soldiers who were celebrating the advent of a new man by tossing him into the air and catching him in a blanket as he fell. Jim smiled as he

witnessed the hazing, but his countenance changed when he came up to the crowd and saw the look on the new soldier's face. It was one of fear. He saw at a glance that the youth was "green" to the ways of the soldiers, and realized that the hazing had reached a point where enough had been given.

"Cut it, fellows," he called. "The kid's not hardened enough for that yet."

A few more bounces from the blanket and in obedience of the order from their recognized leader, the initiation of the new man stopped.

But the crowd had hardly left than another of the soldiers, one who hated Jim for the coveted regard which the



In a very short time the "post bully" was lying on the ground from a blow under the jaw delivered by Jim Brennon.

others held him in, came out onto the grounds. He had watched the proceedings, and determined to take hazing matters in his own hands. Walking up to the new arrival, he gave a poor excuse, and commenced to administer a thrashing. The soldiers who had just left, Jim among them, came running to the spot. No one moved to take a hand in the defense of the lad except one. That was Jim Brennon, and he went directly to the older soldier, who because of previous cases of the same nature had been named the "post bully," and proceeded to turn the tables. In a very short time the bully was lying on the ground from a blow under the jaw delivered by Brennon, and the latter was being loudly cheered by the others, who pressed close around.

Jim walked over to the frightened youngster, and patted him on the back.

"Don't worry about him," he said encouragingly, "and if he bothers you again just let me know of it."

And then the crowd separated, leaving the fallen bully to care for himself.

Time passed on for a while, and the friendship between Jim and the Kid, as he called the new man, grew stronger. They walked together often, which Jim always tried to have happen, for he wished to keep such affairs as had happened on the other's arrival from being repeated. At night they slept in adjoining beds within the barracks, and so the Kid held a position that many of the others had longed for, in the eyes of the leader of the men.

It was in the barracks one night that Jim and his friend had a talk. They were seated on their respective beds, and the conversation was commenced by a word from the younger man.

"You certainly have been fine to me, Carlson," he said with gratitude.

"I don't know why it is, either, Kid," replied the older soldier, "but I feel that you need whatever help I can give you, little as it may be, and so I give it gladly. There are times in this world when we do things and we don't know how or why we do them."

"That's right," answered the other musingly. "I have read that there were lots of men who fought for Napoleon and never saw him once."

"My boy," broke in Jim, with a smile, "don't talk of Napoleon in the same breath with me. I wasn't speaking or even thinking of him when I made my remark."

"I know," was the reply, "but he was brave, and so are you. I like to think of those who are brave, for sometimes do you know, I almost——"

"Sh-h-h-h!" contradicted Jim again.

"I know what you are thinking of," continued the Kid, "but you cannot always be around, and I do get a good drubbing at times. But I suppose I deserve it."

"Don't you ever suppose that again," replied Jim. "Now turn in and go to bed."

Jim was asleep in a short time, but the Kid lay awake thinking. As he had told Jim, he often received blows from the bullies at the post, and he was unable to stand it. The life was too strenuous for him.

Long after "taps" had sounded, the young soldier rose from his bed and proceeded to don his clothes. The life in the army and the contempt of the others there, with the exception of Jim, had preyed upon his mind until he had resolved that there was but one way to put an end to it. That way was to desert, and it was with that motive in mind that he arose, when all the others were sound asleep and began to dress.

Everything in the room was still, and the silence made his heart bound within him. He could hear it beat, he thought, and wondered if it would arouse the others in the room. Thoughts were many in his mind, and suddenly among them there leaped up a vision of the man who had befriended him and done so much to help him. Could he leave without even so much as a word to Jim?

He leaned over to Brennon's bed and put his head close to that of the older soldier. Jim awoke with a start.

"What is it?" he asked, surprised as he found the Kid beside him.

"Oh," replied the younger man, who was in reality even more startled than Jim, but who was able to conceal his true feelings, "you were snoring, and

couldn't get to sleep. I tried to stop you, but didn't mean to wake you."

"That's all right," was the good-natured reply. "Excuse me for being so mean to you. Good night."

And Brennon turned over with a smile.

The Kid waited patiently until he was sure that his friend was sound asleep again, and walked over to a window. The moonlight was pouring in through it, and its rays fell softly into the room in a manner that reminded the young soldier of the pictures he had seen of the sun creeping into the prison cells in books. This was his prison, he thought.

Again his thoughts returned to his friend, and, wondering what to do, he decided to leave a note of explanation. Feeling in his pocket the only paper he could find was a portrait that he had brought from home. It was one of himself and his mother, such as was often one of the treasures of the soldiers, and he had kept it as a token of love until he would be able to go back to her. But at length he turned it over on the blank side, and scrawled a message on it to Jim.

"I can't stand it any longer," he wrote, "and am leaving. The only way out for me is to desert. But I'll never forget you, and hope that I'll see you again."

The photograph he carefully placed under the pillow of his best friend, and began to walk with slow and easy step toward the window. It seemed to be the longest journey that he had ever taken, but finally he reached it.

Outside the sentry was pacing back and forth. His watch was halfway around the barracks and back again. Here was a danger that the Kid had not counted on. But it could not stand in his way, he thought, and determined to make the best of it. When the guard had reached the lower end of the building he climbed through the window and dropped to the ground below. Crouching low, he sneaked into the bushes.

A deserter and a coward, he thought! What would Jim think of him in the morning when he found the note?

In the shadows the deserter dodged on into the night. But the sentry was on his way back, and caught sight of the moving figure. Quietly running up behind, he followed. The young soldier ran on, staying where it was darkest unmindful of the fact that the guard was watching him.

His only thought was to get away, and get away he must. He turned his head slightly as if to look back, when he heard a voice call out:

"Halt!"

A cold shiver crept down his back, and he stopped short in his tracks. Not knowing what else to do, he started to run, and as he did he caught sight of the sentry with a gun at his shoulder, pointing at him. He stopped short, and walked slowly toward the sentry, who led him back to the barracks.

When the morning dawned, Jim arose as usual, but started when he found the Kid's bed vacant. There was a look in his face which betokened both surprise and grief. All the other soldiers, the "post bully" especially, were busily engaged speaking of the youngster's disappearance. Hurriedly, and with a look of worriment on his countenance, Jim pulled the bed clothes into order. Before it would be possible for him to investigate the matter of his young friend's desertion the rules of the army had to be obeyed, and therefore his bed had to be made in order for him to leave the squad room. As he lifted his pillow to lay it carefully down in order, something fell to the floor—the photograph that the Kid had placed there before taking his departure. Jim reached down and picked it up. He read the message, and a dark cloud fell over his face. He knew that with sentries on guard outside it was futile to attempt to make an escape, and he was also aware of the punishment of those who attempted it.

While buried in his thought, he unconcernedly turned over the photograph on which the note had been written. A short cry escaped him as he viewed the face of it. He put his hand into his pocket and drew out the picture of his mother and brother that he had so carefully preserved for fifteen years. Then, holding it next to that which had been left under his pillow, he scrutinized them carefully. A look of bewilderment showed on his countenance. On one was a five-year-old boy, on the other a lad of about seventeen or a little more—but the woman on them both were the same!

The Kid was his own brother!



When the guard was at the far end of his watch the Kid climbed through the window and dropped to the ground below.

Jim dashed from the squad room outside, and ran to the guardhouse, but a short distance away. His words to the soldier on duty were answered by a nod, and Jim rushed inside. There in a cell, sitting dejectedly with his head in his hands, sat his brother.

Then, with an effort, Jim straightened up and addressed the youth.

"What do you mean by trying to desert?" he questioned. "I thought that you were more of a man than to do a thing like that."

The prisoner looked slowly up and eyes that drooped with shame turned to Jim.

"I know what you think of me," he said calmly, "but I couldn't help it. They can't let me live in peace here—no one except you has any use for me, because I am not so strong of character as the rest. But I'm caught now, and I don't ask any sympathy from any one. Not even from you. I know that I'm a branded coward, and I'm here to take my medicine."

"Bear up," was all that Jim replied, and left the guardhouse.

He went directly to the squad house, and then to his brother's locker. From it he took a suit of civilian's clothes, and wrapped them into a package. Laying the bundle on a bed, he hastened to his own locker and procured a box that was in it. Opening it, he emptied its contents, a sum of money, on the bed. And then he thought. His plan to save his brother might be successful. But what if it were? Jim's discharge in another week was to be an honorable one. He placed the money in his pocket, put the box back into the locker, took up the bundle of clothes, and left the squad house.

By a roundabout way he reached the end of the post grounds, succeeded in passing the guard, and ran to a railroad track that was near by. In a cluster of bushes, he hid the bundle and placed the money in it. Then he ran back, by a different way, to the squad house.

Just as he reached it an officer was calling his name. Jim answered, and was told that he had been placed in charge of the prisoners at work. His brother, though the Kid did not know of his relationship to the man whom he considered his closest friend, was brought into the room. In his hand he carried a scrubbing brush, and all the other prisoners were each equipped with some like article—mops or brooms.

Jim's plan was working!

The young soldier rose from his work a few minutes later to rest. Jim called to him to resume his scrubbing, and scolded at the delinquency in obeying. The Kid was surprised, and did not know what to think of the way in which his former friend acted toward him.

"Here," called Jim to one of the other guards, "watch these fellows while I take this man out."

He motioned to his brother to follow, and the latter obeyed, though not without questioning what was the matter.

"Stand there!" ordered the soldier, without paying any attention to the inquiry, "until I tell you to come with me. From his pocket Jim drew a pencil and a piece of paper. He scribbled a few words on the paper, folded it, and placed it in an envelope that he took from his coat, sealed the envelope, and replaced it in his pocket.

"Now, follow me," he called to the prisoner.

The way Jim led was toward the railroad. No one questioned his right there, inasmuch as he was in the capacity of a guard himself, and could be trusted even were such not the case.

When the two had reached the tracks, Jim lowered his gun, and brushed aside the bushes, revealing the package. He drew it forth, unwrapped the clothes, and ordered his brother to change.

"But I can't do this," the prisoner protested. "Think what——"

"Do as I tell you," broke in Jim. "No more words about it, and hurry."

There being no other alternative, the younger lad proceeded to change, while Jim stood guard to see that no one approached to spoil the plan. When the change had been made, the older soldier handed his brother the money and the letter that he had written.

"Take this," he said, handing them



Jim handed him the money and the letter he had written.

over, "and go home. The money is enough to take you there, and when you arrive give the letter to your mother—unsealed."

Then Jim gave the other the proper directions to follow and grasped his hand.

"I'll see you later, and God bless you," he said.

In the distance a freight train came into view, and the soldier turned toward the post with a sigh—whether a sigh of relief or discouragement he did not know.

Fifteen minutes later the guards returned, and placed their prisoners in the cells. Jim walked slowly up the steps into the sergeant's office, opened the door, and approached the desk of the officer.

"I came to tell you that I have returned without my prisoner," he said, in low but even tones.

And as he spoke, he unstrapped the belt from his waist and laid it on the sergeant's desk. Then he awaited judgment.

The officer pressed a button at his side, and eyed Jim coldly.

"I thought much better of you than that, sir," he said, with a voice full of accusation. "And within so soon a time before an honorable discharge. Indeed, I cannot help saying that I am extremely sorry for what you have done."

Two soldiers entered the room. They were men who looked up to and admired Jim, and it was with a strange feeling that they led him out toward the guardhouse. Both were too overcome with surprise and sympathy to speak a single word.

That night, as it was growing dark, from between two box cars a man dropped to the ground. He straightened himself, brushed off his clothes and arranged his hat. It was Jim's brother.

In the latter part of the evening a knock sounded at the door of the Brennon home, and Mrs. Brennon answered it. With outstretched arms, she greeted her son as he entered. But he broke down amid the joy of it all, and drew from his pocket the envelope that Jim had given him.

Far away at the post the trial of the soldier who had aided a desertion was just completed, and the verdict was handed down.

"Guilty" was what the sergeant announced, and then imposed the sentence.



"Jim says to ask you," she informed her son, pointing to the letter, "if he has made himself a man."

"Eighteen months and a dishonorable discharge from the service!" he said, in measured tones.

Instead of shrinking, as those in the court had expected to see him do, Jim stood erect and nodded when he heard the words. When he was led away to his cell it was with a smile that lightened up his countenance.

Mrs. Brennon opened the envelope. She read it with tears in her eyes.

"Jim says to tell you," she informed her son, pointing to the letter, "that he is your brother. He says that I should ask you if he has made a man of himself, and if he has, as soon as he serves his term for returning you to me, he will come back to us, too."

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

A difficulty of important moment that stood as an obstacle for a while in the path to the success of motion pictures, was the necessary omission of speech in the films. For those who were accustomed to the speaking stage it was a hard matter to acquaint themselves to the pictures. Several inventions whereby the public could hear the lines by means of a phonograph were tried but soon failed. Practically everything was attempted to furnish the talking, but finally the producers realized that they actually had to conquer speech. Some of the players, by careful pronunciation before the camera of the proper words aided. Here is an article telling just how the producers succeeded in their conquest of speech.

V.—THE CONQUEST OF SPEECH

THE efforts to effect a perfect synchronization between the two great inventions of modern times, so that the phonograph and the moving picture could be utilized to present plays in their entirety, also grand operas, with the world's greatest singers seen and heard, have all failed, in so far as to create the illusion of realism so necessary in these days.

Always the incongruity of the players and singers rehearsed to achieve this conquest was apparent. Mr. Edison himself came to realize this condition when he practically withdrew his kinetophone from exhibition about a year ago, despite that for a few months the vogue of what was called "The Talkies" was almost sensational. So confident were a group of vaudeville magnates that "The Talkies" would be a craze, that they contracted to pay Mr. Edison a quarter of a million dollars for the mere privilege of exhibiting the kinetophone and its productivity in their playhouses.

It is on record, too, that Mr. Edison was so disappointed at the outcome of the first days' showing in a half dozen theaters simultaneously that he offered to refund the two hundred and fifty thousand dollars at once, but the name of Edison and the splendid exploitation in the press served to pack the theaters for a week or two, after which there was a gradual decline in attendance. The late B. F. Keith, after a close observation of the experiment in New York and other cities, concluded that the day was not yet here when public entertaining was to be revolutionized along these lines. "The Movies" were, after all, in no danger of being supplanted in the public favor.

But there are those who believe that the conquest of the spoken and silent drama is yet to be accomplished, and efforts are continuous to discover that something which may yet make it possible for future generations to enjoy



WINIFRED GREENWOOD.

plays and operas sung and acted by the public idols who have passed away.

The first talking-picture device was called the Cameraphone; also it was regarded as superior to those later efforts because of the importance of its productivity. One could see and hear a fairly, concrete rendition of a comic opera, such as "The Mascot" and "The Chimes of Normandy," also such celebrities as Eva Tanguay in their vaudeville specialties, but the people simply would not be attracted to the box office. The company went into bankruptcy, leaving a trail-of-debts disaster.

Since then, there have been scores of talking-picture devices, each one having some new angle, but all seemingly presenting the same fault, that of imperfect synchronization. The Gaumonts, of Paris, have always been prime factors in this field, and probably have not abandoned their efforts.

It was thought good business to have talking pictures made of Harry Lauder in the wonderful specialties with which he has conjured. A Philadelphian, by name Kitzee, backed by John Cort, the well-known showman, was the inventor of the device, yet with all Lauder's amazing popularity, the people stayed away.

Even the vaudeville managers, despite their experience with the Edison kinetophone, believed that the Lauder scheme would be successful; in fact, they paid one thousand dollars a week for the privilege to show the "singing pictures," but they paid it just one week. Evidently, then, the problems of the talking picture have yet to be solved.

The main influence of these efforts to achieve synchronization has been seen in the constantly improving musical accompaniment of photo-play production. This is so true that not a few great authorities in the producing field have predicted that long before the inventors discover a solution of the problems of synchronization, the distinctly musical side of picture production will assume

heights never dreamed of as recently as two years ago.

Such men as S. L. Rothapfel, Tali Esen Morgan, Jesse Lasky, B. A. Rolfe, and J. Stuart Blackton have been unceasing in their efforts to provide a concrete musical setting to their productivity. George Kleine engaged the Russian Symphony Orchestra for one of the Cines-Kleine photo plays, imparting a grand-opera environment, also leasing the magnificent Auditorium in Chicago for the purpose. It was the splendid musical setting given by Harry R. Raver to "Cabiria" that caused that photo spectacle to be hailed as having created an epoch, and no less a master of filmcraft than D. W. Griffith authorized a weekly expenditure of fifteen hundred dollars for vocal and instrumental music to add to the artistic value of "The Birth of a Nation."

This musical trend is to be observed now at every turn. When Lasky engaged the diva, Geraldine Farrar, at what is said to be the largest honorarium ever paid to a screen star, he knew that even without utilizing the voice that gave her fame he had secured a great actress, and when these Farrar productions are revealed it will be found that the scores of "Carmen" and "Tosca" will be adequately rendered. There are rumors emanating at this writing from Los Angeles which indicate that the new art will be vastly enhanced as a result of new ideas suggested by Miss Farrar to overcome that greatest of problems, namely, a substitute for the speaking and singing voice.

This very condition has been the means of prodding the producers to establish some type of play and players that will necessitate no omission whatsoever. To attain this goal, the Universal Film Company is first to show the way. This company has secured the world's greatest Terpsichorean artiste, Anna Pavlowa. For once the craze to secure famous names was based on truly high ideals, for Pavlowa is not merely selling her name, in fact, before she would consent to bestow of her art for the screen she insisted on a maze of unparalleled artistic obligations which caused Carl Laemmle to remark that profit on the Pavlowa production is absolutely impossible.

But while Laemmle would have probably made a fortune if he had merely presented the greatest living dancer in a mere dancing number, he decided to assume all of Pavlowa's demands, hence an eight-reel production of musical pantomime is to be released, which is expected to eclipse all previous screen efforts, and to send the camera man another step forward in his march to a final goal.

In this production, a visualization of Auber's "Massaniello," Pavlowa will appear as the dumb girl of "Portia," and will be revealed as an adept exponent of the art of pantomime. In truth, it is expected that the talking picture will be relegated to oblivion as a need of another age. Success of the Pavlowa enterprise will mean the revival of a nearly lost art—that of classical pantomime.



ANITA STEWART.

Dancing will be a mere incident—and wholly in accord with the plot. The present writer has persistently endeavored to impress the producers with the importance of such subjects as "Masaniello." So replete with pantomimic possibilities, no one can doubt that with the consummate art of Pavlowa and the genius of Lois Weber, who is the Universal's choice to prepare the scenario and also to direct the production, that a new era is at hand in which the conquest of spoken dialogue will be the goal.

American producers of photo plays are so impressed with the possibilities of a revival of genuine pantomime that the foremost directors of the French theaters and film studios are being enticed to these shores. The World Film Co. particularly is leading in this respect. One has only to observe the way MM. Capellani and Tournier insist on the players speaking the text to comprehend how near is the day when the subtitles and inserts so disillusionizing on the screen will become a relic of the primitive period in film production.

The French actors are the most adept in pantomimic expression, which explains why so many are coming. Strangely enough, while the great Bernhardt herself failed to score on the screen sensationally, this was due to the manner in which her productions were filmed, the effort being confined to reproducing the stage versions of her plays.

But some of Bernhardt's supporting company now in this country are due to become permanent acquisitions to the silent drama. Edouard Jose's portrayal of the fool in "A Fool There Was," was a masterly rendition in which the need for explanations was reduced to a minimum. We are soon to see Jose in a production of his own wherein the dialogue will be spoken, the "close-up" being utilized to convey the text.

Lou Tellegan is another former Bernhardt player who is expected to become a screen idol. Louise Beaudet, of the Vitagraph company, speaks her lines so distinctly that the use of inserts and explanations for her speeches are superfluous. This lady was schooled in the art of pantomime, and once held all New York at her feet by a daring portrayal in the French language. In any other hands the performance would have been impossible.

Of all the American photo players, the two most successful in the effort to conquer spoken text are young women: Anita Stewart and Winifred Greenwood.

It would be well for ambitious players to watch Miss Stewart's portrayal of "The Goddess," and observe how conscientiously she tries to make every word understood, then ask your neighbors in the theater if they "get her."

As for Miss Greenwood, the writer called attention to her magnificent diction two years ago. One can understand her every word. This is so true that Mr. Trenler, the new head of the Mutual Film Corporation, probably had her in mind when he stated that the American Film Company productions in the future would show great development in the matter of spoken dialogue.

Kilmeny

(MOROSCO)

By Robert Keene

That was the name the gypsies gave to Doris Calhoun, whom they kidnaped from her father's country estate in England when she was but a child—"Kilmeny." And as Kilmeny she was afterward known; also, as a gypsy girl born and bred—not even she herself knew who her parents were, or what her past life had been. How she regained her own home, more besides, is entertainingly and thrillingly told in this story, based on the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company's picture play of the same title. The cast:

Kilmeny.....Lenore Ulrich
Gypsy Chief.....Herbert Standing
Barouche.....Howard Davies
Pierre.....Marshall Mackaye
Lord Leigh.....Frederick Wilson
Lady Leigh.....Myrtle Stedman
Bob Meredith.....William Desmond

WON'T you come and see our camp?"

Pierre, the crippled boy who followed the gypsies' caravan, thus appealed to his playmate of the past three days, little Doris Calhoun.

She was the daughter of a millionaire, and he was but a lad of a tribe of penniless nomads; and yet they had got along well enough together during the half week that had just gone by. The gypsies were encamped in Mr. Calhoun's field, on the other side of the wood which separated the chimneys of his mansion from their camp fire's smoke.

Pierre, limping abroad to inspect the neighboring countryside, had come to a house that was finer than any he had ever seen before, and in its garden he had found Doris.

A warm friendship had sprung up between the crippled gypsy boy and the small heiress, with that quickness which characterizes the forming of likes and dislikes between children. The gypsies were going away on the morrow, however. And before they departed, Pierre wanted the little girl with whom he had made friends to come and see what the camp of his tribe was like, with her own eyes.

"We can easily get there in five minutes," the boy told Doris. "I'll show you the way, and introduce you to our chief, and have old Nana tell your fortune, and—and everything. And I'll bring you back here, safe and sound, to your father's house again."

The little girl hesitated.

"What's the matter?" demanded Pierre. "You're not afraid to come, are you?"

"Oh, no," said Doris. "But my papa might not like to have me go to visit a gypsy camp, that's all."

"We won't hurt you!" scorned the lad. "You've never seen a camp of one of our people, you said. And you'd like to see what its' like, wouldn't you? Well, then, come on."

And so, being thus urged, Doris placed her hand in that of the gypsy boy, and together they walked away down the road in the direction of the field, where the gypsies had brought their wagons to a halt, staked out their horses, pitched their tents, and lighted their camp fire.

One of Mr. Calhoun's farmhands watched the youthful pair walking hand in hand down the road toward the field which the gypsies had taken possession of without so much as a "by your leave."

The farmhand stood scratching his head for a minute or two in indecision. Then, making up his mind as to the course it was his duty to pursue, he turned and set off for his employer's mansion, to inform the latter of the visit his little girl was about to pay to the camp of the vagabonds.

When Pierre led Doris into the camp, the gypsies were at their midday meal.

They stopped eating at once, however, at sight of her gentle face and bearing, and the expensive clothes in which she was clad. Among the half dozen men in the tribe which, with women and children and infants in arms, numbered at least a score, shrewd glances were exchanged.

Up to the eldest of the men, a gypsy with long white mustaches and a bandana handkerchief tied around his head, with its ends hanging jauntily down beside one ear, Pierre led the rich man's little daughter, and introduced the white-mustached gypsy to her as the chief of the tribe.

"Who is she?" the chief asked, in an eager undertone, of the crippled boy. "Does she belong to the rich folk who own this estate? And do they know that you have brought her here?"

"They do not know it," innocently answered Pierre, innocently unaware of the purpose for which the gypsies' leader had asked him the question. "But I told her that I could bring her back again in a half hour, and so they won't find out that she has been here, and perhaps punish her for coming."

A series of sharp looks passed among the men once more. The chief flashed them a quick glance, with a warning shake of his head. Then, bending, and taking Doris' hand in his, he smiled down on her.

"What is your name, my daughter?" he inquired.

Doris told him, shyly. A woman came forward and put her arm, it seemed protectingly, around Doris' shoulders, drawing her back from the

chief and launching a flood of speech at him in a tongue that was foreign to the little girl's ears. Then, out of the circle of dark-skinned and gaudily-clad onlookers, a bent and witchlike figure hobbled forward to the side of the woman who had drawn Doris away from the chief.

Pierre, who stood at Doris' elbow, whispered in her ear:

"That is old Nana. She comes next to the chief, in saying what the tribe shall do, or shan't."

The aged old "gypsy mother" struck the woman who held Doris across the mouth with the open palm of her gnarled, brown hand.

"Hold your tongue!" said she. Then, turning to the chief: "It is high time you administered the oath of allegiance to the tribe, oh, Hegar," she suggested grimly.

Straightening, the chief lifted both arms on high. The nomads gathered round him, each one standing erect with his or her eyes fixed on the face of the leader expectantly. And the chief spoke solemnly:

"By this right hand——"

Lifting their right hands, the gypsies chanted after him:

"By this right hand——"

"I swear never to betray the tribe——" continued the chief.

"I swear never to betray the tribe——" the chorus gave back.

"Or I will pay the penalty—exile or death!"

The gypsies, men and women both—and including Pierre, the crippled boy—repeated the oath after the leader .

Old Nana pushed Doris forward.

"Swear her, too," she had advised the chief.

Doris, beginning to feel frightened, had just permitted the chief to take her hand in his again, when there was an interruption. It came in the form of her father, who, with the farm hand who had gone to warn him of his daughter's whereabouts, at his heels, strode into the field. Rudely pushing his way through the gypsies, Mr. Calhoun confronted the chief.

"What are you doing with my daughter?" the irate gentleman demanded.

The chief, surrendering Doris' hand into that of her father, spread out his palms with a cringing smile.

"Nothing, sir," he protested hastily. "Nothing. She has not been harmed."

"Who gave you permission to camp here in this field?" went on Mr. Calhoun.

"Why, no one, sir," answered the gypsies' chief. "But we have done no harm here, and we are planning to move on to-morrow——"

"You'll go to-night," put in the owner of the estate bluntly, "do you understand? I want every last one of you off my grounds before midnight. If you're not gone then, I'll set my dogs on you."

Hegar, the chief, straightened proudly.

"Be careful, sir!" he warned the man before him, with flashing eyes. "We have already told you that we mean to leave your land. There is no need for you to talk of setting dogs upon us to drive us away, as though we were outcasts. We——"

"You are a lot of dirty ragamuffins," blazed out Calhoun, taking a step toward the chief to shake his fist under his nose, "and I've warned you of what will happen to you if you don't clear out to-night. I mean what I say—I'll set my dogs on you, remember that!"

And, with Doris' hand in his, the owner of the estate turned, and led his little daughter back to her mother at the mansion from which she had strayed in company with crippled Pierre, the gypsy boy.

Hegar stood looking blackly after him as he went.

"He has insulted the tribe!" he muttered under his breath.

"And for it we should make him pay," whispered a stalwart young man who had stepped to the chief's side. "He has asked us to remember his words. Let us give him cause to remember our deeds—by taking his child away with us when we go."

The chief smote the palm of one hand with the fist of the other.

"Yes, he shall pay," he agreed. "The way you have suggested, Barouche, is a good one. We will steal his daughter—not to hold her for ransom, as we thought of doing at first—but she shall go away with us, never to be seen by her parents again, and thus we will be revenged upon one who has scorned us. As soon as darkness has fallen——"



Pierre was forced to climb up the tree to the window of little Doris' room, by his older companions.

"No, no!" cried out Pierre, the crippled boy. "Oh, Hegar, don't take her away from her father and mother! She loves them dearly, I know, and you would hurt her most of all by tearing her from them——"

The strapping gypsy whom the chief had called Barouche, seizing the lad by the wrist, rudely shook him to silence.

"Here is the tool with which we can turn the trick," Barouche told the chief, dragging Pierre forward. "The child knows this lad. She will go with him, if he asks. It shall be the work of Maygar and myself to get him into the house to-night, where he can lead her forth to us."

The gypsies had made up their minds to steal her, and they would do so despite any efforts he could make to prevent them; and so the boy was prepared to carry out the bidding of his two older companions without resistance.

Leading him stealthily up to the garden surrounding the mansion, in the shadow of the house they drew Pierre to a halt. They were standing, the boy saw, at the foot of a tree that rose along the side of the dwelling.

"Have Gecko and the others had time to set fire to the stables yet, do you think?" the gypsy named Maygar inquired, in a whisper, of Barouche.

By way of answer, the latter pointed



Kilmeny had joined in the life of the gypsies who had kidnaped her—she told fortunes, with the rest, to visitors to the camp.

In the next hour the chief of the tribe was busy apportioning to the other members of the band the parts they were to play in the contemplated kidnaping of little Doris that night.

At eight o'clock Pierre was led away between Barouche and another young man of the gypsy band. A beating, administered meanwhile by Barouche, had sufficed to take all the protest against the deed his tribesfolk were plotting out of the crippled boy.

Besides, though he knew it was wrong to take a child reared in luxury away with a band of rough-living wanderers, the thought had come to Pierre that it would be pleasant to have Doris always near him as a playmate.

in silence to the sky above the tree tops in their rear, a sky that turned pink as they watched.

Running feet sounded from that direction, a farm hand lifted his voice in an alarmed summons for Mr. Calhoun, and the next moment the door of the house opened, and closed with a bang, and its master ran down the steps and away at the heels of his employee toward the burning stables.

"Now!" grunted Barouche; and he lifted Pierre to the tree and gave him a shove up its trunk. "Climb in the window of the little girl's room, and ask her to come and see the fire with you; but when you have brought her out lead her toward the field instead."

Pierre, going up the tree with the agility of a little monkey, swung across one of its upper branches, and so to the sill of Doris' window, from which he dropped lightly down onto the floor of her room.

Doris was looking through the window on the other side of the room, toward the blazing stables, where her father was even then working furiously with his hired men to bring out the horses.

Pierre, behind her, spoke her name softly.

"Oh!" exclaimed Doris, turning. "Hello!"

"Hello!" answered Pierre; and then he went on, as he had been instructed to do. "Wouldn't you like to come with me and watch the fire?"

Delightedly Doris assented. With her hand once more placed confidingly in the crippled gypsy boy's, she went out of her room with him, down the stairs, and through the front door of the house.

"This way," said Pierre, attempting to lead her in the opposite direction from the stables.

"But the fire is over here!" Doris objected.

"Come this way," Pierre insisted. "This is a short cut."

Doris allowed him to lead her down through the garden to the road, and along it in the direction of the field where she had visited the gypsies' camp earlier in the day. The bushes parted at the side of the road, and Barouche and Maygar stepped out. Doris was snatched up in the latter's strong arms, a soiled bandanna handkerchief was bound over her mouth, stifling the cry she had been about to utter, and so, a captive, she was borne away.

Away to the field where the gypsies were waiting, their tents struck, their camp fire extinguished, and their horses hitched to the wagons, in readiness to depart.

And away, in one of the covered wagons, out into the great outside world of which she knew nothing, Doris was carried, five minutes later, with the tribe of nomads—to forget, in the course of time, that she had ever been anything but a gypsy herself.

By the time she was sixteen, Kilmeny—as the gypsies had rechristened Doris Calhoun—was a beautiful girl. Naturally dark, her life in the out-of-doors had tanned her skin most becomingly.

Nobody, seeing her, would have guessed that she was anything but a gypsy, like the rest of the tribe with which she roamed over the country.

One day Barouche went to the chief of the band.

"Have I not always served you and the tribe faithfully, oh, Hegar?" the man began.

"You have, Barouche," answered the chief.

"Then I ask a favor, which I hope you will grant, in view of my faithful services. I love Kilmeny. Will you give her to me for my wife?"

The chief rubbed his chin reflectively.

"True," he said, after a thoughtful pause, "she has reached the marriageable age, and she is beautiful—I myself have noticed that of late. But, of course, I am an old man. I have not gazed upon her fairness with any desire to possess her. Perhaps, though, there are others in the tribe who love her, too, and would take her to wife, even as you say you desire to do. What of that, Barouche?"

The tall, broad-shouldered gypsy's brows darkened.

"There may be another obstacle, my son," he suggested to the other, laying his hand on his shoulder. "Kilmeny herself may have something to say about accepting you as her husband. Do you know if she returns this love you speak of bearing for her?"

"I have spoken to you first," Barouche answered. "She does not know my heart toward her, but if I have your permission to wed her, if she is willing, I will ask her now."

"Let me do it for you," said the chief. He turned to look around him, and his eye fell on Pierre. "Come here, Sick Foot!" he called to the crippled youth, who was known by that nickname in the tribe.

Pierre limped to the side of the chief.

"Go find Kilmeny," the latter ordered him, "and tell her I wish to speak with her here."

The chief's suggestion, although he did not know it, that there might be another in the tribe who loved Kilmeny, besides Barouche, was borne out in the person of Pierre. His early friendship for the little girl he had helped to kidnap had ripened to love as they had both grown up. It was the dumb affection of a dog, which the crippled youth kept locked in his heart for Kilmeny, for she, as well as the others in the tribe, was unaware of his love for her, as he had never spoken of it to her.

Now, unaware of what the chief and Barouche had been talking about, he limped away to carry out the leader's bidding.

"You wish to speak to me, O Hegar?" inquired Kilmeny, when she stood before the chief, at whose side Barouche was still waiting. "Have I done anything wrong that you wish to chide me for?"

The chief shook his head smilingly the while he steadily regarded her.

"Not yet, my daughter," he replied. "You have done nothing, so far, to earn a rebuke from me; but you may—which I should be sorry for. Look upon this man who stands beside me. Of all my tribe, he is the bravest and boldest. A man who has served me long and well. He has asked a favor of me to-day, which I am disposed to grant him. It is my permission to claim you in marriage. He loves you, he has told me. Do you hold him in favor, too?"



"Yes," said Mr. Plunkit reflectively, "'R. I. P.' may mean 'Rest In Peace' all right on the headstone of a parson or a schoolmarm, or any sech peaceable critter, but as concernin' any citizen who has the bad taste to objec' to my re-election as mayor of Blue Dog, it will mean 'Removed by Ike Plunkit,' and don't you fergit it!"

Kilmeny drew back with a sharp cry, her eyes going round with fright as they rested first on Barouche's dark face and then turned back to the chief's.

"No, no!" she exclaimed. "I cannot marry him!"

"And why not?" asked the chief.

Kilmeny hung her head.

"I do not love him," she murmured.

The chief's gaze upon her face became more searching.

"Do you love any other?"

"No," answered Kilmeny, lifting her eyes to meet the chief's gaze frankly. "But, oh, Hegar, I am too young to think of marriage! I don't want to be any one's wife—really, I don't! Let me go back to my garland wreathing, my bird taming, and my——"

"It is high time that you were wed," interrupted Hegar, in a tone of finality, "and Barouche shall make you his wife. I have spoken. Be sensible, and do not cross my wishes in the matter. Otherwise—well, I believe you will find cause to regret it. Prepare for your marriage, which will take place on the morrow."

Kilmeny, the tears starting to her eyes, turned and ran from the camp into the surrounding forest. She flung herself down on the moss between the gnarled roots of an oak and wept. Pierre, who had followed her, knelt at her side.

"What is it?" he asked anxiously.

Kilmeny sat up, rubbing the back of her hand across her eyes.

"Oh, Pierre!" she cried. "They want to make me marry Barouche, and I don't want to marry him, for I don't love him!"

Pierre, his teeth setting, turned to look back in the direction of the camp. His hand, unnoticed by Kilmeny, stole toward the handle of the dagger that was thrust out of sight under his coat, through the red sash at his waist.

"Barouche, eh?" the crippled youth grated menacingly. "The bully of the camp, who would beat you within a week after your marriage to him! No, you shall never be his wife!"

Kilmeny jumped to her feet.

"I know I never shall!" she exclaimed. "Listen, Pierre! I have thought of a way out. It is the only one open to me—I am going to run away—yes, here and now! I will never

see the camp, or any one in it, again! No, don't try to stop me! My mind is made up! I shan't starve, knowing the woodland as I do. Good-by, dear Pierre, my friend!"

And, standing on tiptoe to brush the crippled youth's forehead with her lips, in another moment Kilmeny was running off through the forest glades, faster than Pierre's poor lame foot could carry him in pursuit of her.

In a moment more she had vanished from his sight.



Kilmeny met Lord Leigh in the forest on the land he owned, and where he often hunted.

Pierre halted, and looked back toward the gypsies' camp once more; and then his shoulders straightening, as though his mind was made up, he turned his back upon the camp and hobbled off through the wood after Kilmeny.

The report of a huntsman's gun wakened Kilmeny the next morning from the branches of a tree where she had passed the night under the open summer sky.

As she sat up, with a start, she was just in time to see a bird, the prey of the hunter's gun, drop, fluttering down from the branches above to the ground.

With a pitying exclamation, in another moment Kilmeny had jumped down from the tree and gathered the wounded bird up in her arms.

And here the huntsman, bent on bagging his game, found her in the glade where he had seen the bird fall.

"Why—good morning!" he exclaimed, in surprise, lifting his cap to her.

He was Lord Leigh, a sportsman of middle age, who had gone forth that morning into the forest, which was on the land he owned, and that adjoined the grounds of his estate only a quarter of a mile away. One of the kindest and best-natured men on earth, he was taken aback at the charge Kilmeny brought against him without a moment's warning, as she looked at him with blazing eyes over the wounded bird which she hugged to her breast.

"You are a cruel monster!"

Lord Leigh, bringing the butt of his gun to rest on the turf, and folding his arms upon its muzzle, looked at the beautiful young girl before him—whose beauty was but enhanced by the indignation which deepened both the color of her cheeks and the sparkle of her eyes—and a smile slowly drove away the expression of surprise from his face.

"Oh, come, now," he protested, "aren't you a little hard on me?"

"Why did you shoot this bird?" Kilmeny demanded, her anger unabated. "It hadn't harmed you in any way! You shot it just for fun!? And I say again, you are cruel to have done so!"

"Who are you?" asked Lord Leigh, watching her. "A gypsy, I should say from your dress. Is that correct? Where is your camp?"

Kilmeny drew back a step timidly, still holding the bird.

"I—I have no camp," she answered. "I am all alone here in the woods—all alone in the world! But promise me," she resumed eagerly, "that you won't shoot another bird, or any wild thing that is not molesting you! You look like a kind man, one who would not willingly hurt a weaker thing."

Lord Leigh's cheeks flushed. For a moment he stood stroking his mustache hesitatingly. Then, clapping the butt of his gun on the ground, as though in accompaniment to a decision he had just made, he spoke:

"You have showed me something about sportsmanship that I hadn't thought of before," he declared. "It *is* unfair to hurt a weaker thing, for the selfish desire to boast of my aim and quickness at the trigger. You have my promise. I will never shoot anything again!"

Kilmeny clapped her hands delightedly.

"Oh, that's splendid of you!" she cried. "I *knew* you were kind at heart the moment I looked at you!"

Lord Leigh, approaching her, took the bird from her arms. He stroked its plumage and examined it. The shot had but clipped the feathers of one of its wings; he opened his hands, and the bird flew away, unhurt. Turning to Kilmeny, the owner of the land on which they stood placed his hand under her chin, lifting her face to gaze into it long and silently, while a wistful expression rested on his own countenance.

"My child," he said at last, "my wife and I are lonely. In all the years that we have been married Heaven has not seen fit to bless us with children. You say that you are alone in the world.

How would you like to come and live with Lady Leigh and me?"

Kilmeny gasped: "But wouldn't she mind?"

Lord Leigh laughed kindly.

"I think she would be glad," he answered. "As I would, too, if you would consent. You would be conferring a favor upon a lonely couple, my dear, rather than being yourself the recipient of one, if you would make your home with us. Won't you decide to give us a trial, anyway?"

Kilmeny nodded, her eyes glistening, at a loss to find words to express the gratitude with which she accepted the rich man's offer of the first real home —so far as she remembered—that had ever been hers.

And thus it came about that Kilmeny joined the household of Lord Leigh, a member of the British peerage, and whose fortune was placed on a par with that of any man in England.

Lady Leigh, as her husband had predicted, accorded Kilmeny a warm welcome when Kilmeny was first introduced to her. Bathed, and dressed in a made-over gown of Lady Leigh's, Kilmeny's beauty was shown off to better advantage. But it was this same beauty of the supposed gypsy girl whom her husband wished to adopt that caused a change in Lady Leigh's feeling toward her as the days passed.

Kilmeny and Lord Leigh were almost constantly together.

And the truth was, Lady Leigh had begun to grow jealous of the young girl in whose society her husband seemed to find so much enjoyment.

She said nothing of what she felt, but watched Lord Leigh and Kilmeny closely. Doing so, she seemed to find fresh cause for jealousy in the openly manifested pleasure each took in the other's company day by day; and slowly but surely Lady Leigh's manner toward Kilmeny began to turn cold.

Then, one morning at the breakfast table, Lady Leigh opened a letter from her brother, who was attached to one of the embassies in London.

"Dear Sis: I have been given a month's leave of absence, and I am coming to pay you and Dick a visit.

"Your affectionate brother,

"Bob Meredith."

On the following afternoon Bob arrived.

He was introduced to Kilmeny, in whom he promptly became interested to the exclusion of all else. He neglected the society of both Lord and Lady Leigh for that of the dark-haired girl of the wilds, who was a refreshing novelty to him after the artificial women of the fashionable London world to whom he was accustomed. But it was not alone because Kilmeny was different that Bob confessed to himself that he had fallen in love with her before he had known her twenty-four hours. She was the one woman in all the world who was meant for him; he told himself that, and he determined that he would not rest until he had won her love in return and claimed her for his wife.

To Kilmeny, Bob was a prince from fairyland. She had never known a young man before who was so handsome, and who could do so many wonderful things, such, for instance, as converse in six different languages, and his love for her was soon returned, though unspokenly, in her heart.

A week had passed, and Kilmeny had begun to forget her old life among the gypsies, when one night she received a sharp reminder of it.

Lord Leigh, in the drawing-room, to which the party had gone to take their after-dinner coffee, asked Kilmeny to dance to the accompaniment of a lively Hungarian air Lady Leigh was playing upon the piano. Complying with the nobleman's request, Kilmeny was gracefully pirouetting about the room before the admiring gaze of Lord Leigh and Bob, when suddenly she saw a face framed in the window.

It was the face of Pierre, who had traced her to that mansion.

With a scream, Kilmeny stopped her dance, and flung herself, with her face covered by her hands, into a deep armchair. To Lord and Lady Leigh and Bob, who crowded anxiously around her, she merely cried out, in explanation of what had frightened her:

"There's somebody looking in at the window!"

But Pierre, by the time Bob and Lord Leigh reached it, had gone from the window; and Lord Leigh, coming back to Kilmeny, placed his arm about her shoulders and soothingly reassured her that there was nobody there. Her alarm must have been the result of her imagination. The fatherly embrace which he gave her might have passed without making any impression upon Lady Leigh or Bob; but Lord Leigh went further than that in his effort to calm the girl he had already come to love as though she had been his daughter. He lifted



In another moment, Kilmeny had turned and seen the face peering in at the window.

Kilmeny's tear-stained face and kissed her.

It was the last stick of fuel necessary to add to Lady Leigh's jealousy to make it blaze up in action.

"Leave the room!" she ordered Kilmeny harshly.

Kilmeny rose, and stood looking at her in round-eyed wonder.

"My dear, what is it?" began Lord Leigh, in equal surprise.

"What have I done?" Kilmeny appealed to Lady Leigh.

The latter, stiffening, pointed toward the door.

"Leave the room!" she repeated.

Kilmeny came to Bob, laying her hand on his folded arms.

"Won't you tell me what I have done?" she appealed to him.

With a hopeless gesture, Bob turned away from her without answering. Kilmeny ran from the room. There was a moment's pause among the three left in it, and then Lord Leigh strode to his wife's side.

"What does this mean, Agnes?" he demanded.

"It means," she answered, wheeling on him, "that I have watched you falling in love with that girl under my very nose during this past week. Do you think that I am going to stand quietly by and permit——"



Pierre, the lame gypsy youth, had followed Kilmeny after she ran away from the band.

Bob, his hands clenched behind him, turned away. He had only that day heard from his sister of what she feared were Lord Leigh's real feelings toward the girl he had found in the forest and brought into his home; and now he had seen with his own eyes what had seemed the positive proof that his brother-in-law was in love with Kilmeny. Having sulked all day long, his jealousy now was like something clawing at his heart.

Lord Leigh's great laugh checked her.

"So *that's* it!" he roared. "You foolish woman—to be jealous of the girl I care for only as I might if she were a child of my own!"

Lady Leigh's eyes opened with a glad light.

"Dick!" she cried. "Do you mean it? Oh, how stupid and blind I've been—and now I've hurt that dear child's feelings! I'll go after her and bring her down again right away!"

But when Lady Leigh returned, it was with a frightened expression on her face—and alone.

"She's gone!" she informed her husband and Bob. "She took off the dress I had given her and put on her old gypsy costume; and she left this note behind. Read it," giving the single sheet of paper to Bob, who was the first to stretch out his hand for it.

"'DEAR FRIENDS,'" he murmured aloud, as he quickly scanned the lines the paper contained: "'I am sorry if I have made you unhappy, and I am going away, so that everything will be just as it was for you before I came. I will never forget your kindness to a poor, homeless girl.'"

Dropping the note to the floor, Bob turned to the door.

"Come on!" he called to Lord Leigh. "She can't have got far away in this length of time. We'll go after her and bring her back."

But though they searched the woods and the surrounding countryside all the rest of that night, and for the two days following, no trace of Kilmeny were they able to find.

She had gone—where, there was no telling.

It was evening, three days later, when Kilmeny was found; found by the same gypsy tribe from which she had run away.

The old chief, walking before the first wagon of the caravan, which was on the move, all but stepped on her as she lay sleeping at the foot of a tree in the heart of a forest many miles distant from Lord Leigh's estate.

Dragging her none too gently to her feet, the chief shook the last grains of sleep from her eyes.

"So you have come back to us again, eh?" he growled. "Well, we shall take good care that you do not run away again. Ho, there, Nana!" he called to

the old hag, who hobbled forward at his summons. "Here is our runaway, back once more. Take her in your tent, and guard her well to-night, for to-morrow, before the sun has risen an hour, she shall marry Barouche. It shall all be as was originally planned. That is my word—see to it that she has no chance to escape, and discredit it again, as she has done once before."

Listening in the thicket near by, having followed Kilmeny through the woods to the spot where she had fallen asleep, and watched her recapture by the gypsy band, Pierre waited until he saw the camp of the tribe pitched for the night, and then, wriggling noiselessly back through the bushes, he gained the open road.

There he halted and lifted his eyes to the rising moon.

"To whoever betrays the tribe," the crippled youth murmured to himself, "death or exile!"

A moment longer he hesitated, and then, with a determined tightening of his lips, he set off as fast as he could drag his lame foot, down the road on his long journey, a journey he must complete before sunrise the next morning.

Under a gaudily striped tent top in the center of the gypsies' camp, Barouche stood waiting beside the old chief, an hour after the sun had risen the next morning.

Old Nana appeared from her tent, leading Kilmeny reluctantly by the hand. The "gypsy mother" brought her to the canopy where the leader of the tribe stood with her intended bridegroom. The old chief placed her hand in that of Barouche. Kilmeny closed her eyes. In another five minutes it would be all over.

And then, as the chief opened his lips to begin the gypsy marriage service, there was an interruption to the solemn ceremony, as once, years before, there had been.

Mr. Calhoun strode through the tribe, followed by Pierre, who had gone back to the house whose daughter he had helped to kidnap so long ago, to warn her father of his lost child's whereabouts and of the fate that was in store for her there.

"Doris!" the gentleman cried to Kilmeny, opening his arms to her. "Don't you recognize me, dear? I am your father, come to take you away from these people, back to your own home and your mother, who is waiting for you there."

Kilmeny stared incredulously at the speaker.

And then Pierre, limping to her side, began to call back to her memory all that had happened so many years before—the fire at the stables, and how he had come to lead her forth from the house to watch the blaze, only to give her into the gypsies' power, instead.

And at last Kilmeny remembered, and threw herself, with a glad cry, into her father's arms. In another five minutes she was in the automobile in which Calhoun had raced to the gypsies' camp with Pierre, his guide, and riding back to her own home, where her mother welcomed her, with what joy may be imagined.

Pierre, left behind, waited not for his tribesfolk to inflict the penalty of his betrayal upon him, but took the law of the band into his own hands.

His beloved Kilmeny was lost to him forever; he had nothing left to live for; and in a pool in the heart of the forest he plunged head first, to rise no more.

It was three weeks later. Mr. and Mrs. Calhoun, who had heard all of Doris' adventures since she left their roof, invited Lord and Lady Leigh, with the latter's brother Bob, to pay them a visit, "to meet our daughter."

When they found Kilmeny to be the daughter in question, all three were loud in their requests for an explanation; but it was to Bob that Doris made it herself, leading him away with her to the library, where she told him her story from beginning to end.

When the Calhouns saw the young couple return, hand in hand, they smiled happily, for they understood that they had not alone found a daughter, but a son-in-law.

News of the Photo-playwrights.

It has developed that Will M. Ritchey, who wrote the scenarios for the Balboa-Pathe "Who Pays?" series, also originated the plots of all but one or two of the pictures.

William E. Wing, recently appointed editor of *The Script*, the official organ of the Photo Play Authors' League of America, is busy gathering newsy material for his worthy publication, and threatens to spring many surprises in the near future.

Marion Fairfax is the latest well-known author to become a scenario writer. She has given up her other work for a short time, and is busy turning out adaptations for the Jesse L. Lasky Company, under the guidance of William C. de Mille, the head of the scenario department of this firm, and himself a well-known dramatist.

Three-ring Movies Latest Idea.

"THREE-RING movies" are the latest. Three-film plays are shown at one time on three screens. This is at the Grand Central Palace in New York.

If you don't care for the comedy on the screen to the left, you can look at the romantic play in the center screen, or at the thriller on the screen to the right.

The chief advantage is that when you go in to see your favorite hero of the movies, who is billed on the posters outside, or go in to see a certain comedy, you aren't compelled to sit waiting through a program of pictures you don't care about particularly. It is an arrangement for busy folk who drop into a movie theater at the noon hour.



"My father started in as an office boy in a bank, and now he is the president."

"That's nothin'; my fader run away from home before he was a year old, and now he's a sergeant on de police force."

The Real Stars of Filmdom

By Robert Grau

One of the marked distinctions between the legitimate stage and the motion pictures, and one that is hard to account for, is the success on the screen of players and directors who are not at all, or very little, known on the boards. Some of the greatest stars with the greatest salaries are those who never appeared to any great advantage on the stage. Much is said of the popular film favorites, but the following article tells who they are—and what few people know and every one wants to know—why they are.

THERE is no angle of the amazing vogue of photo plays that is more widely discussed these days than that one by which men and women who achieved little or nothing on the speaking stage have made their impress immediate and lasting in the film studio.

Players, authors, and directors almost without number are now enjoying fame and prosperity through the silent drama such as was never theirs in the older field. Not a few who had never trod the boards in the flesh are real stars of the screen, earning annual incomes exceeding in some instances those meted out to a grand-opera diva, and these are usually youthful products of a new art development, who but a few years ago defied the wrath of theatrical producers who threatened an embargo if players dared to bestow of their artistry for the screen.

Alice Joyce, the star of the Kalem brand of films, never appeared on the speaking stage. Recently she declined one thousand dollars a week offered by vaudeville managers. Miss Joyce, like so many others now famous, was not even known by name to the millions of photo-playgoers as recently as three years ago. Now she is raved over by as many as one hundred audiences simultaneously each day.

It was the same Alice Joyce who in a most unostentatious manner sent a check for five hundred dollars to David Frohman recently as her mite toward the Actors' Fund Charity.

Anita Stewart, who became famous in a night through her portrayal in "A Million Bid," not only was never on the stage, but it is not over three years ago since she made her début on the screen. To-day rival film magnates are trying to tempt her away from the Vitagraph studio in Brooklyn by offering her a weekly honorarium written in four figures.



The greatest star in the world of pictures—Mary Pickford, of the Famous Players company.

Even the idolized Mary Pickford, now the highest-paid woman in the world of entertainment, has had only three "fat" years. In 1912 she was not even advertised. To her artistic colleagues she was known as "Little Mary." On the speaking stage, Little Mary earned a little salary. Belasco paid her fifty dollars a week. One day Belasco chanced into a neighborhood theater and recognized his former protégée on the screen. Immediately he sent for her to create the rôle of the blind girl in "The Good Little Devil," but Mary was not happy as a Broadway star, even with her salary exceeding that of a cabinet officer. Adolph Zukor and Daniel Frohman, heads of the Famous Players Film Company, enticed her back to movies with a guarantee of twenty-five thousand dollars for one year. In that year the name of Mary Pickford became one to conjure with the world over.

To retain her services beyond the year contracted, Messrs. Zukor & Frohman were forced to pay Mary Pickford the extraordinary annual emolument of one hundred and four thousand dollars. Even so, Mary made a big sacrifice to remain with the organization wherein she achieved her greater fame—declining a bona-fide offer of two hundred thousand dollars annually from the New York Motion Picture Company.

Lillian Walker, of the Vitagraph company, never earned in the year or two she was on the stage one-tenth of



Lillian Walker, of the Vitagraph company, one of the earliest and best stars in pictures.

the salary she now receives. Margaret Gibson, Naomi Childers, and Rosemary Theby, all stars of the screen, never trod the boards of the stage in the flesh in their lives.

None of these women have had anything to fear from the present invasion of stage stars in filmdom. Of all the actresses who have changed their environment from stage to studio, few have made the excursion with grace and dignity. But one, Marguerite Clark, has indicated the nearest approach to a Mary Pickford. Even the great Bernhardt "came a cropper" when she endeavored to convert her fame into cash by way of the theater of silence. It is true she was paid thirty thousand dollars for each of her four portrayals, but Sarah has not hesitated to proclaim that such of her art as has been revealed on the screen could not by any stretch of the imagination be regarded as on a par with that wherein her superb voice held the people spellbound.

Few indeed of the great directors of photo plays ever had a reputation as stage managers. D. W. Griffith, who produced "The Birth of a Nation," was, six years ago, so discouraged in his effort to obtain recognition as actor, author, and director that he accepted, with alacrity, five dollars a day from the Biograph company. A year ago he went to Los Angeles to direct for the Mutual brand of films at an actual salary of one hundred thousand dollars annually.

No one in the film industry will tell you Griffith is overpaid. As a matter of fact, this extraordinary income is wholly inadequate to-day to represent Griffith's earnings for 1915, for it is understood that he owns a large interest in his latest production. Hence, as "Quo Vadis" made a million in two



Marguerite Clark, of Famous Players company, another in the stellar ranks.

years, "The Birth of a Nation" should double that record, provided copies of the films are available for simultaneous production the world over.

There are two directors besides Griffith in the Mutual Film organization who earn as much as the President of the United States. One is Thomas H. Ince, who, six years ago, turned to a Western studio in sheer



Mack Sennett, the greatest genius for producing comedies that pictures have ever seen.



David W. Griffith, without a doubt the best director of the silent drama, and one who has accomplished much for its progress.



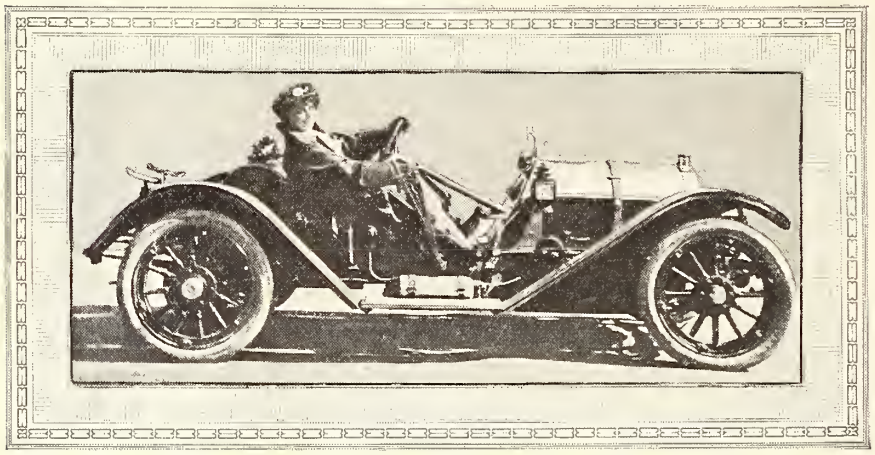
Thomas H. Ince, another who helped the rise of pictures to their present standard.

desperation to provide a place of shelter for his wife and baby. Ince's two brothers direct photo plays for the Vitagraph and Lubin companies. Ralph is the youngest, and he, too, earns ten times as much as he ever was paid on the stage.

The other director who is paid in excess of seventy-five thousand dollars a year is Mack Sennett, perhaps the greatest genius in creating comedy pictures in the world. Mr. Sennett had a prolonged stage career, but he never prospered there unusually. Any one who has seen Marie Dressler on the screen in "Tillie's Punctured Romance" will understand that if any director is worth seventy-five thousand dollars a year it is the one who conceived this production.

"Jack" Warren Kerrigan and Carlyle Blackwell, two of the highest-paid photo-players, are still in their twenties. Both but a few years ago were playing minor rôles in the same company, supporting James Young in "Brown, of Harvard." Young himself is firmly entrenched in the newer field, where he is not only a star, but he writes his own photo plays, and directs them as well. Hobart Bosworth, who became famous through the company which bears his name, is no longer with that film-producing concern, but is directing for the Universal, also writing his own scenarios, and assuming the leads in all productions.

Romanie Fielding, now at Phoenix, Arizona, in complete charge of the Lubin plant, is a concrete illustration of what



Lois Weber in her racing car. She is another whose name is at the top of the list of filmdom's stars.

One may name a score of directors who earn, in the newer field, more than the average Broadway star. Herbert Brenon, who produced "Neptune's Daughter," left the Universal Film Company because he wanted to produce for himself. His one production, "The Heart of Maryland," with Mrs. Leslie Carter featured, is already a "best seller." Now Brenon lives like a Wall Street magnate, and belongs to a dozen swell clubs. The writer recalls the same Herbert Brenon as an usher at Weber & Fields' little Broadway Music Hall. Such amazing changes are so common now that one may only conjecture but not doubt as to new revelations.

The so-called matinée idols of the screen were all fighting for their existence a few years ago on the stage. the new art has meant to stage folk who were early in the field and quick to grasp opportunity. Fielding was on the stage for at least fifteen years, yet the closest scrutiny of stage history fails to reveal any achievement of note to his credit. But in the film studio Fielding is supreme. Not only does he write and direct the photo plays he appears before the camera in, but he is the head of every department. The pictures he releases are always sold before they are half made.

Like Fielding, Miss Gene Gauntier is monarch of all she surveys in the film studio. Here we have a mere slip of a girl who has been all around the world—has written hundreds of original photo plays, and it was she who wrote the scenario of "From the Manger to the Cross," which was staged in Palestine after a year of hardships unparalleled even in the precarious motion-picture field.

The name of Lois Weber was probably not known to one in a hundred of movie fans until she attracted attention by her daring production of "Hypocrites," which she wrote and directed. Like so many others, she sought opportunity in the very first days when it was discovered that stories could be told in sequence on the screen. Miss Weber's career on the stage was no different from that of hundreds of others. In the chorus she began, and was destined to remain but for her adamantine persistency.

Lois Weber is Mrs. Phillips Smalley. The two are now writing, directing, and acting for the Universal films. Their combined salary is said to be written in six figures.

Talk of Charlie.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN is reported
Many tortures to have courted.
People say his sight is hazy,
Others claim that he's gone crazy.
Some tell us he can't hear or see,
While we read he broke his left knee.
And the last thing that has been said
Is that for months he has been *dead*.
All this talk of our friend Charlie
Is just bosh and idle parley;
His only change from man or lady
Is the change he gets on pay day.
The only difference is he's funny
And can make a lot of money.



Esmeralda: "Come, Reginald, let's go to the corner and see the soldiers march past."

Reginald: "Dat ain't drums wot you hears, Esmeralda, dat's me 'art beatin' fur luv ur you!"

Plays and Players

Lenore Ulrich.

LENORE ULRICH, who has just made her motion-picture début in "Kilmeny," the latest release of the Oliver Morosco Photoplay Company, and who appeared as "Luana" in Mr. Morosco's big stage success, "The Bird of Paradise," played a greater number of leading rôles than any other actress of her years upon the English-speaking stage, either at home or abroad.

Miss Ulrich has just made an exit from her twentieth year, and in the maze of parts one may select eighty-six



rôles of size enacted by her in a space of twenty-six months—truly a record in itself.

Some five years ago, Miss Ulrich left her studies and began her stage career in Milwaukee. From there she went to Chicago and played in stock for some time, until her engagement in "The Bird of Paradise," in which she played the lead for two years.

Miss Ulrich's last performance before coming to the screen was in "Twelfth Night." It was in this play that she attracted the Morosco company, who immediately set about to secure her for work in its pictures. Although Miss Ulrich will continue to appear on the screen, she will not, to any extent, lessen her activities on the legitimate stage.

Among the plays in which she played leading rôles may be mentioned "The Fortune Hunter," "Get Rich Quick Wallingford," "The Dawn of a Tomorrow," "Twelfth Night," "The Return of Eve," "Overnight," "The Virginian," "The House Next Door," "The Deep Purple," "Seven Days," "The Chorus Lady," and "Cameo Kirby."

This is neither a chronological nor even partially complete list of her rôles. It is merely a selection intended as representative of her versatility. The young girl scored almost equal critical praise in such distinctively different plays as "Wallingford," "Twelfth Night," "The House Next Door," and "The Chorus Lady"—surely catholicity when it comes to varying rôles.

Nor would a selection of her parts be complete without enumerating certain musical rôles. Her natural nimbleness and vocal resources, so splendidly exploited by "The Bird of Paradise," are partially explained by the fact that she was exceedingly successful in the singing and dancing part in "The Time, the Place, and the Girl," and "Little Tommy Jones," and also won personal commendation from Author Locke and Producer Weber by her superb singing in the chief rôle of "The Climax."

Adele Lane.

ADELE LANE, who was for so long one of the Selig company's leading actresses, is now with the Universal, playing the leads in feature films under the direction of Burton King.

Miss Lane is an emotional actress of attainments, and is much pleased at her return to the screen after an illness of quite a long period.

She was born in New York, and started to make her own way in life at an early age, playing *Little Edith,* in "Edith's Burglar," when six years of age. From then on she never stopped until she became leading lady at the age of fifteen. A long course of repertoire and stock led to New York again, and she appeared in various plays under the Sullivan, Harrison & Woods management, and was featured in "Eben Holden" and in "Sky Farm."

Vaudeville claimed her for many months, and she appeared with Mamie Seligman, Aubrey Boucicault, Cissie Loftus, and Joe Welch.

For a long time she took the part of *Countess Dagmar,* in the first Western company, and when an offer came from the Lubin company to play in pictures she accepted gladly, to settle down for a while. For two years she was identified with this company, and then joined the Selig Polyscope Company, left them, and later joined her present connections.

She is small, but a powerful actress,



is retiring and modest, and a very hard worker. Qualities that are a real asset to her are that she is an artist and a lady.

Realistic Prison Scene.

THE terrible, heavy shackles used for the arms, feet, and waist in the prison scene of the Edison feature, "Eugene Aram," in which Marc MacDermott is featured, are exact duplicates of that historic symbol of a cruel age. Mr. MacDermott tells of similar and worse cruelties of old prisons, in a room known as the "press" room. The prisoner was strapped to the floor by iron bands, hand and foot, and a heavy iron slowly lowered on the victim, with the intent of making him confess. The more rugged would endure this crushing weight almost for two hours.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

A NEW STYLE OF FARCE COMEDY.

DOUBTLESS many of you have seen the latest Keystone releases in which a noticeable change from the old style of farce appears. Mack Sennett, the wizard of this style of motion-picture plays, has decided that the day of brick throwing, et cetera, is over, and that the comedy of the future must be a little more genteel. To bring his productions up to the new standard he has set for himself, he has secured several well-known actors, who have appeared in what is popularly known as the "polite comedy," and has "toned down" the actions of his own comedians.

This does not mean that Keystone will at once forsake the old style of comedy, but it does mean that you will see many more productions of this kind in the near future than you will of the old variety. From the outside, the change certainly looks like a good one, for if the pictures can be kept as spontaneously funny as some of the past offerings of this company—we do not say all of them—and also present a sort of finished effect which will make the audiences feel they have seen a real play, there can be no doubt but that the end of the rough-and-tumble picture's life is very near.

Much of the success of the plan will depend on the actors and upon Mr. Sennet and his directors at first, but if this style of comedy becomes popular there will be a splendid market opened to the writer of really humorous plots—a market which has been closed to most writers for a long time.

ATTENTION, AMATEURS!

This department is not in position to buy scripts from writers, or to act as a selling agent, though many amateurs appear to be laboring under the impression that it is. Neither can we read and give personal criticism to scripts which are submitted. Letters from amateurs regarding questions pertaining to script writing will be answered through the department or personally—where stamps are inclosed—as promptly as possible, but the number of such inquiries on hand may cause some delay, so we ask those who write in to be patient. We certainly do not intend to overlook them, and their inquiries will be answered in full as quickly as possible.

THE METAMORPHOSIS.

Speaking of the gradual "settling down" of the motion-picture industry, a thing which is being watched with interest by millions, William Lord Wright, through his department in the *Dramatic Mirror*, recently said:

"If there is any limit to what the motion pictures can do and do do, it is yet undiscovered by the general public. Possibly, even the producers of the films have not found it. The law of gravitation appears to have been suspended as a special mark of favor to the photo-play writers and producers. Motion-picture actors leap from speeding trains and pick themselves up from the right of way with only a bit of dust on their garments. They descend from exploding dirigibles, drop from the skys'l yardarms of square-rigged ships, descend into mines and caves on frayed ropes, and hang on the rear axles of jumping motor cars. The animal kingdom affrights them no more than the basic laws of nature. For the artists are to be held in the cages of savage lions and tigers, daring the dangers of the jungle, making at least the appearance of sport at teasing wild boars and diving into shark-invested tropical waters. Mayhap it is a matter of pride. Mayhap the bold and fearless author writes in these 'bits of business' and then the actors and the producers get together and determine to show these gosh-dinged 'dopesters' that they cannot imagine any stunt that cannot be accomplished by the right people. We cannot help but think that the business of motion-picture acting and of motion-picture writing has the enthusiasm, the imagination, and the recklessness of youngsters just turned twenty-one. Yet we may expect it in time to sober down—to banish all the impossible romances, take thought of the realities of life, cease to court death-bed scenes, and let the accountant have a word to say as to the expenses. And that is the approaching consummation. Motion-picture securities are being listed, lines of rivalry marked, but, to date, the limit of its powers has not been established. Is it possible that the author has not as yet reached the limit of imaginary flights? We are glad, however, that we have been enabled to see and participate in the industry in the period of quick-throbbing beginning. It is now more exciting and astonishing than it will be when it decides, after all, that life is not made up of impossible occurrences."

His words are about all that are needed on the subject. They point out an undeniable truth—that motion pictures now are flying among the clouds of fancy. It will be but a short time when the public will demand reality instead of romance from the motion-picture screen, and it is then that the photo-playwright who is able to turn out stories that show the trade-mark of life clearly will have his day. He will be able to write plausible stories that are filled with human interest, and he will be able to give these stories just the right amount of action to keep the interest alive throughout.

Are you, Mr. Writer, preparing for this, or are you following what you believe is the crowd?

A PUZZLE.

"Why should my scripts be rejected by a company who says they would not pass the censors, and who have a printed rejection slip telling the various things forbidden, when I can go to a theater and see pictures put out by the same company and containing the forbidden things, untouched by the censors?" writes a correspondent.

That is quite a question, we admit, but we wonder if the writer did not look at the picture on the screen with a prejudiced mind. There may have been a murder in the film she saw, and her script may have contained a murder. In rejecting it, the editor cited the fact that they could not use murders because of the censors, in order to discourage her use of such incidents in the future, as he saw she did not know how to handle them. In the picture which she saw in the theater the murder might have been "gotten over" by means of a cut back, the actual murder not being shown.

There are thousands of suppositions we could make, but they would all fail to convince because in the amateur's mind a murder in a script is a murder, an accident an accident, and so on. He has not yet learned to appreciate the fact that success or failure lies in the handling of the dangerous element. It takes time and experience to absorb that fact.

The one and only safe way for an amateur to do is to avoid those things the censors are known to frown on, at least in the beginning. After a time he will become more skillful, and will be able to use them without offense. There are plenty of other things to write about, and your scripts will not lack action simply because you have not incorporated a lot of forbidden things into them. Do not think that the editor is trying to furnish an excuse when he tells you your script was returned because certain incidents wouldn't pass the censors. He is under no obligation to furnish an excuse, and the mere fact that he pointed out your weakness shows that he is trying to help you.

A DESCRIPTIVE LINE.

Though not at all necessary to sell a script, it is of great benefit to the reader and editor if you run a short descriptive line under the title of your story on the first page of your manuscript, telling the class and length of your play. Thus if you have written a two-reel modern drama entitled "The Lost Love," you would arrange it in this manner:

"THE LOST LOVE."

A Two-reel Drama of Present-day Life.

This holds good on all varieties of plays, and allows the person who reads your script to put it into a certain class in his mind at once. If his company is in need of the particular style of play you have submitted, a favorable impression is created at once, and your chances of sale are increased in accordance. It is but very little extra work, and the possible returns certainly are worth the effort.

MULTIPLE REELS AGAIN.

We have treated the subject of what makes multiple-reel plays different from single-reelers before, but apparently it is one of the points which is never quite settled in the minds of amateur writers, so we are again bringing up the subject.

Our contention is that if a story is to cover twice or three times as much footage as another it must be just so much larger. By using the word "larger" we take into consideration a great many things. First of all, the idea must be bigger and better. It *is* possible to build a multiple-reel scenario around a single-reel idea, but the script will be padded with superfluous action.

After the idea of sufficient proportion has been secured, it must be developed more carefully. Every possibility must be investigated, and all the legitimate action securable introduced. There must be more minor climaxes, and the method used in arranging them so that they lead up to the big climax must receive more consideration. The "business" of the characters also must be treated more fully, and their every action accounted for. Everything connected with the script must be handled in a larger manner. It is much the same as the amount of thought and care a business man gives to large deals and minor ones. He does not neglect the little deals in any way, but the greater ones bring so much more reward that he just doubles or triples his efforts in working them out.

There is no mystery about writing multiple-reel stories, as some amateurs seem to imagine. They are simply larger stories worked out more carefully, and the whole attitude of the writer toward them must be that of a man tackling a larger task than he usually sits down to. There is no reason why any writer cannot write acceptable two and three-reel scripts if he has the ideas; the trouble is that most amateurs have not these very necessary and elusive little—or, rather, big—things; and, therefore, feel that some power, mysterious and hidden, has to be found before they can turn out multiple-reel plots.

Answers to Readers.

Samuel Estrin, New York City.—A sample scenario, showing the correct manner in which the scenes should be divided, appeared in our June 26th issue. The number of words used in a scenario mean nothing, when it comes to determining its length. That is decided by how much action is contained within the story. Our "Live-wire Market Hints" should prove valuable in finding a market for your scenarios.

G. G. Grazier, Salt Lake City, Utah.—We do not buy scripts, as this department is conducted to help the writer only, and is not connected in any way with the film companies.

Mrs. M. L. Retallack, Northfork, W. Va.—The scenario proper is the scene action worked out in detail. A sample scenario was published in this department in the July 24th issue, and a copy may be secured by applying to the publishers.

Frances McEvoy, Emporium, Pa.—Answer to above question tells where you can secure a sample scenario. All scripts must be typewritten in order to receive proper consideration from the editors of the film companies.

M. Davis, St. Louis, Mo.—The answer to the above questions covers your inquiry.

Van C. Smith, Kansas City, Mo.—We would advise you to closely study the screen to learn the various methods used by different companies in working out their stories. If you will write Street & Smith for a copy of the July 24th issue you will find a sample scenario in this department.

Mrs. E. W. Jennings, Bradentown, Fla.—If you will read the above answers, part of your letter will be explained. You are quite right about the

editor reading the short synopsis to learn if the rest of the play is worth considering. Your synopsis must act as your selling agent, and get the editor to consider the goods.

FRANK REED, Baltimore, Md.—The sample-scenario question is answered above. It would be a waste of time to act out each scene in order to get the footage required, as the director who produces the script, if it is accepted, may change the entire action. By studying the screen closely you will, in time, be able to "sense" just about how much action is required to make a reel.

ARTHUR F. LA DUC, Escanaba, Mich. —Technique is the method used in presenting the story in scenario form. A sample scenario was printed in this department in the July 24th issue, and a copy may be bought from the publishers. Scripts must be typewritten. We think the best school is that of experience. The writer can teach himself more by reading everything available on the subject and applying all that he learns to his own work than by any other method. It is understood, of course, that one must study the screen, also, to learn why produced plays have been purchased.

THOMAS SHARPE, Paterson, N. J.— We believe that the Vitagraph company released a film by the title you mention about a year or so ago. John Bunny had the leading rôle, and, of course, it was a comedy.

Short Shots.

Learn your own ways, and write accordingly.

When tired, a happy thought for a photo-playwright to have is that every scene he writes brings him nearer to the thing he is working for—success.

When an idea comes to you, use it if you can, and if not, file it away for some future day, when your brain is not so productive.

Have you ever tried to see just how much you could tell in a three or four-word title without revealing your plot?

We have worked out a salable scenario from a word taken from the dictionary. Have you ever tried it?

If the "open market" becomes a reality in the near future, many writers will find things greatly changed. It's up to each individual to discover whether he will be helped or hindered by his present methods, and to govern himself accordingly.

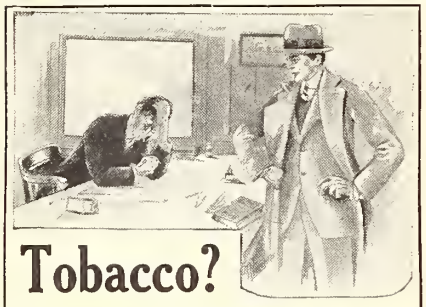
Some writers work best in the evening, while others turn out their cleverest work long before others in their homes are awake in the morning.

The play with an unexpected, but plausible, climax is the one which will make the author be remembered by "the men above."

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Selig Polyscope Company, No. 58 East Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois, is willing to consider very exceptional plots in one and two reels which feature wild animals. The Selig Jungle-Zoo, at Los Angeles, California, contains almost every species in captivity. The editor announces that novelties are not what is wanted, but rather real red-blooded plots, in which the beasts can be used to good advantage.

The Biograph company has returned East, and scripts should be sent to its New York address, No. 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street.



Tobacco?

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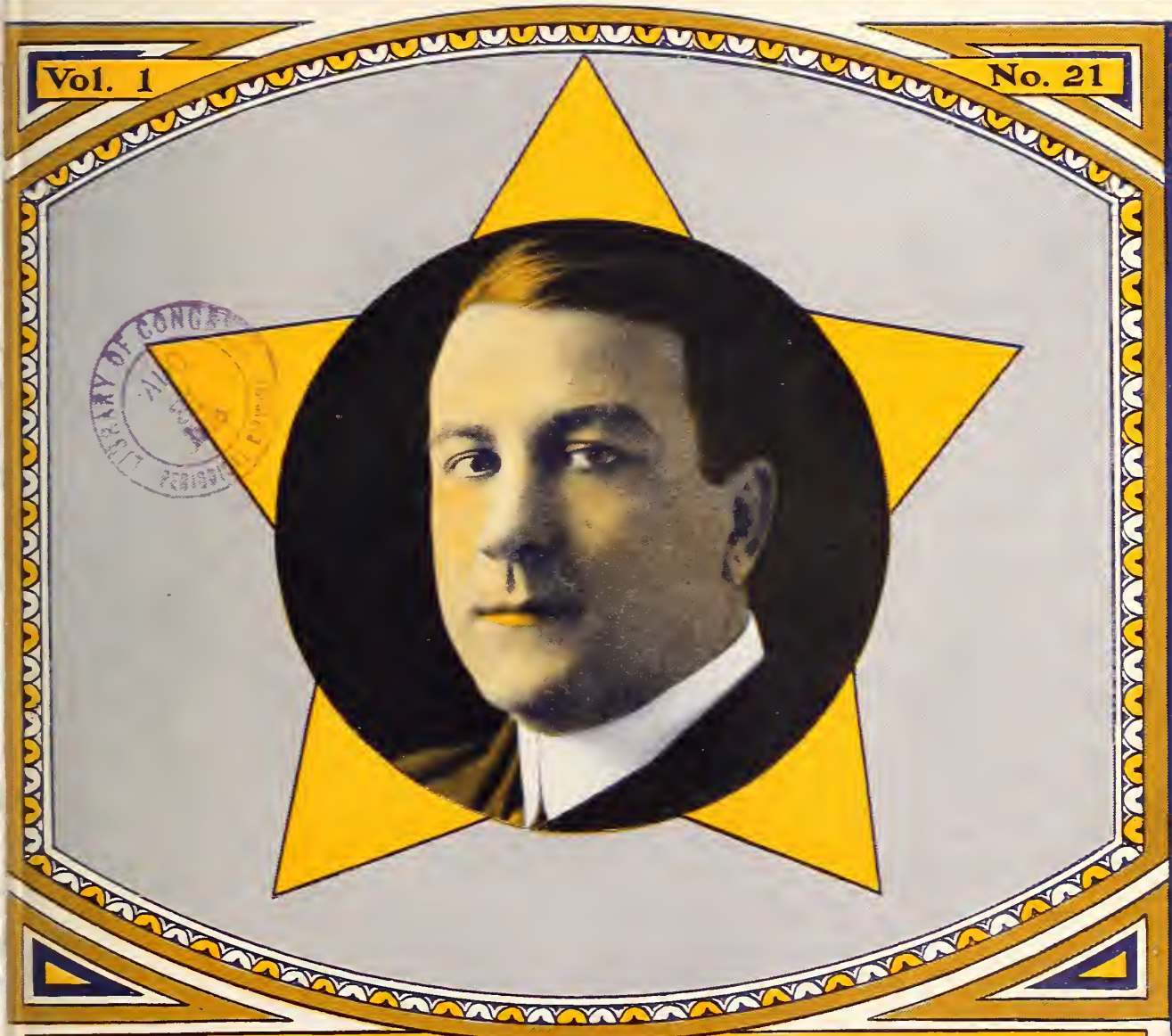
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1 No. 21



KING BAGGOT

HIS LIFE, HIS WORK AND HIMSELF

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. I CONTENTS FOR AUGUST 28, 1915 No. 21

AS KING BAGGOT SEES HIMSELF. . **Hugh Hoffman** **1**

An interesting interview with one of the most popular players, containing facts and anecdotes of his life, his work and himself which he tells with the hope of giving to the admiring public what it most wanted to know. King Baggot's career as an actor is only one of the features of this article.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY
Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors
Vol. I. No. 21 August 28, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

As King Baggot Sees Himself

By Hugh Hoffman

King Baggot has been bestowed with two titles by his admirers: One is "The Matinee Idol of Pictures" and the other, almost the exact contrary in meaning, is "The Real Man of the Films." It is left for you to decide what you think of him after reading this interview, which consists mainly of his own story of his life, his work and himself. In the latter he deals of his personality both in pictures and in private life. There is much about an actor that the public would like to know but that it never hears. King Baggot has tried here to tell you just these things.

KING BAGGOT sat alone in his dressing room at the Universal studio, overlooking the Hudson River, in New York City, after a hard day's work. His knees were crossed, and on his knees his hands were also crossed and hanging limp. There was a little stoop forward in his shoulders, and he sat gazing out of his window in a deep reverie of some kind, while the setting sun of a late February afternooon poured in upon him like an orange limelight. He was wearing a thin, sleeveless undershirt and a pair of dark trousers. Over his shoulder was thrown a towel, which completed the picture of a tired athlete.

The studio was quite deserted. All of the other actors had shed their make-ups and had hastened away toward Broadway, where the lights were just beginning to twinkle. But Baggot lingered behind and sat and gazed in meditation into the far, far distance. He seemed to be in a state of contentment. It was one of those rare moments that thinking men welcome; when they can be left entirely alone for a spell to think and think and think, with no one to intrude. The make-up was still upon his face, and he perhaps had an idea that he was all by himself. If he heard a footfall of the interviewer in the hallway, he took no notice of it, and gazed straight ahead through the window. The door was open.



A triple exposure of King Baggot. He is seen here as himself and impersonating both name characters in "The Corsican Brothers."

The film star turned his head slightly with a fine poise. His look had a little resentment in it for a brief instant at being intruded upon, but his expression broke into a faint smile as he recognized the visitor. There was a gruff little "Hello; come in!" King Baggot is one actor who is not loquacious. If any-

thing, he is the reverse. He hates to talk idle talk. At times, when he has something important upon his mind, his conversation is like that of an Indian—in monosyllables only. His gruff but kindly little "hello" bespoke a weariness, and yet it seemed that he was just a little glad to have some one drop in who might possibly say something refreshing; and brighten up his mind.

Behind him, in the half darkness, stretched a forest of men's clothing. If he had been made up for the part of Svengali he would have resembled a secondhand clothes dealer sitting in front of his shop on the Bowery during a lull in business. The greater part of Baggot's dressing room truly resembles



When not before the camera King Baggot can find plenty of work for himself and his secretary replying to letters from admirers.

a secondhand clothing store. Hundreds of suits of clothes of every kind and description hang in long rows that stretch somewhere back into the gloom. Between these rows are narrow alleyways. Electric lights dangle above these alleyways, but they are seldom lit.

It is difficult to imagine how any one could find a certain suit of clothes that was wanted except by referring to some sort of a catalogue. There is a catalogue, but this catalogue is not a book, it is a man; Frank Smith is his name. He is the friend, adviser, assistant, and companion of King Baggot. He knows everything there is to know about that big dressing room, and King Baggot doesn't pretend to know anything; he leaves it all to Frank Smith. If he wants a pin he asks Frank Smith for a pin; if he wants an opinion on literary matters, past, present, or future, he asks Frank Smith. By this it will be understood that Frank Smith is not a valet. He is King Baggot's pal, as well as being an actor. Baggot would not be bothered with having a valet around him. Nor does this all mean that Baggot is a helpless creature, mentally or physically. It simply means that he and Frank Smith understand each other so well that they can be perfectly happy together for hours without saying a word.

But Baggot was quite alone when the interviewer called. His expression indicated that he would be willing to talk at any length if only he could be allowed to sit where he was without having to move.

"I am a little bit tired," he said. "You see, I have been playing a double part. We are doing the 'Corsican Brothers,' and I am playing both brothers. We do this by double exposure. A little while ago I was fighting a duel with myself, and a while before that I was fighting another duel with my other self. And when I was not fighting duels I was changing costumes from one brother to the other. Sometimes I would get mixed up, and dress for Louis, when I was supposed to be Fabian at that moment, or vice versa. It is rather a strain because I have to keep thinking all the time whether I am Louis or Fabian, and that is almost as much of a strain as doing the actual work. Toward the close of day, tense concentration of this kind has a tendency to make us a little cranky, and I sometimes have words with my director, who may himself happen to be worn down a little fine. That is why I was having such a good little rest, sitting in here alone as you came along."

"Were you thinking about anything particularly interesting; that is, something that the photo-play fans would like to know?"

"Well, I don't know whether it would be interesting or not. My thoughts were wandering from one thing to another, without any particular aim. Generally, when you see an actor in deep meditation he is not pondering on the immortalities of Shakespeare or Alexandre Dumas, but is more apt to be thinking whether he will take ham or bacon with his eggs. There is some connection between Shakespeare and hams, I will admit, but I was thinking of neither at the time. My mind was beyond the Palisades, over there, away out in St. Louis, the town where I was raised. I was thinking of a duel with sticks that I once had with a playmate. The duels that we were having in the studio today sort of brought up this old reminiscence of the days when I was a boy, dreaming of being an actor, and played a leading part in a boy's theater in the woodshed of a young friend of mine.

"I remember on this occasion I poked my adversary rather hard with the pointed stick that I used for a sword, and caused him much pain. Being a larger and stronger lad than myself, he immediately dropped his sword and started in to give me a licking. Suddenly put on the defensive, I had no chance to run away, and was obliged to fight it out then and there on the stage, with the boy audience in front in high glee at the turn affairs had taken. I surprised myself and every one else by giving this boy a good thrashing, and my fame spread through the neighborhood. In this way I came to take up boxing, which has always remained my favorite sport. I know it will amuse you when I tell you that the other boy was Frank Smith."

One doesn't realize what a handsome man Mr. Baggot is until standing close by him. The screen hardly does him justice because it cannot show the pinkness of his skin or the golden-brown of his hair. Baggot, in color, is a far bet-

ter-looking Baggot than he is in plain black and white. This pinkness of skin is not confined to his face, but his arms and shoulders reflect the same healthy hue. For make-up, he merely touches up his eyes and lips, and lets it go at that. As he stood on his feet a moment later, the perfection of his physique was such that it could not escape notice. He is tall and trim, heavy about the arms and shoulders and diminishing in size from that point downward, with no trace of approaching avoirdupois or flatness of foot.

"I began my stage career in St. Louis," continued the actor in response to the question. "I started first, as many actors have done, by doing amateur-dramatic work whenever an opportunity presented itself. I used to hang around the theaters hoping that some actor would step out of the stage door and recognize in me a future star, but no actor ever did. I had to get right down to the ground and work my way up. After a lot of wasted time, I left St. Louis one day with a very shaky repertoire company, playing very small parts and doing lots of hard work besides. My salary at that time was so small that even a sweatshop proprietor would be ashamed to offer it to any one. As might be expected, the company went on the rocks before many weeks, and I was left stranded in a Western town. By rare fortune, I had noticed that there was a better-known company that would be playing in a few days in the last town where our show had been. I walked back to that town and waited there for that show to come in. When it came, I found the manager, and convinced him that he needed me, and that was a very hard thing to do in those days when repertoire actors were all supposed to double in brass.

"That was the beginning of my career. I finished out the season with that company. The following season I got work in my home city of St. Louis at a theater doing small parts in a stock company. After that I joined other road attractions and other stock companies in different cities and worked myself up to the position of leading man until I was finally playing the lead in support of Marguerite Clark, in the 'Wishing Ring.' I then accepted an offer to become leading man of the theater in St. Louis where I had formerly tarried about the stage door in the hope that some great actor would come out and discover me.

"But all that is far in the past, and I would not have mentioned it, perhaps, had not my mind been in St. Louis when you came in. I am living in the present now, and everything that happened before I went into the movies was only a preparation for this. I like the movies better than the stage, and I am always going to remain a camera actor. The scope is so much wider and greater, that there is no question when it comes to making a choice. I have been five years with the Imp company, which is the only motion-picture company I ever was with. I joined it at a time when any actor of standing was likely to be boycotted by his brethren for appearing on the screen. It was considered professional suicide to become a movie actor, and it was a big gamble to stake my all on the turn of the wheel. During those five years, I have seen nearly all of the better class of actors follow my example."



King Baggot and his director, George Lessey, going over the action of a scene.

"According to that, Mr. Baggot, you may be rated among the pioneers, may you not?"

"Speaking by comparison, I suppose that I may be. There are several other well-known people who were ahead of me, but they are very few. I am not sorry that I made the decision to go into motion pictures. In fact, I am rather proud of the fact that I am a figure in motion-picture life."

"What do you find about motion pictures more to be preferred than the theater?"

"My home," said Baggot, without hesitation. "The movies have brought the actor to the dignity of the citizen. Very few of us had homes that could really be called homes, in the common acceptance of the term. Many of us had homes somewhere, where we went during the off season, but none of us had permanent homes for fifty-two weeks in the year, as we now have. This gives us an opportunity to interest ourselves in civic life and to become more substantial. We are many times removed from the gypsy element in theatrical life. Some of us have automobiles and farms and various business interests. You would be surprised to hear a party of movie actors in discussion at the Screen Club. The idea of traveling and doing one-night stands is with them, indeed, a laughing matter. They look back upon their early days as some sort of a dream that they hope will never come true again. They discuss politics and other matters much the same as you would hear it discussed in any other metropolitan club."

"By the way, Mr. Baggot, are you not the man who is known as the founder of the Screen Club?" At this question, a smile came into Mr. Baggot's face, and his eyes lighted up.

"Now you have struck a tender spot in my heart," said he. "I do not like to boast of the fact that that remarkable institution came from my suggestion and early efforts, but next to my home my heart is and always will be given to the Screen Club. If I may be said to have a hobby, the Screen Club is my hobby.

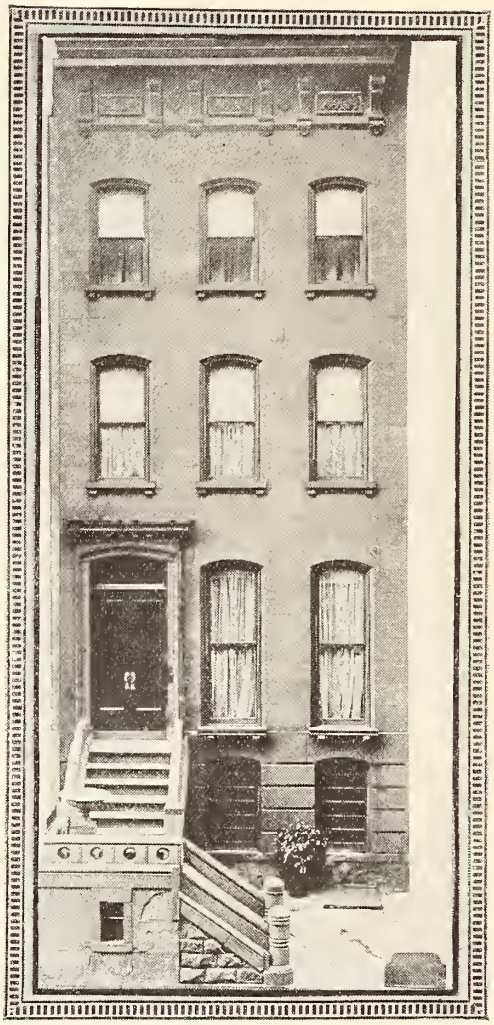
"Before there was any Screen Club, moving-picture men were, to a large extent, strangers to each other. There was no place of meeting except in restaurants and other public places, and that is where the Screen Club came into the world; in a restaurant, a little over two years ago, I was sitting with a party of friends who had dropped in one by one. The conversation was general, and I suggested, quite spontaneously, what a good thing it would be if the motion-picture people had a common place of meeting. The idea met with the approval of those present, and I proceeded to follow up the idea at my own expense. I sent out notices to everybody in the moving-picture profession around New York of a meeting to be held for the formation of a club. At the very first meeting we got a membership of nearly two hundred, and the club became a reality. For the rest of the story I can do nothing but point with pride to our splendid clubhouse at No. 165 West Forty-seventh Street. Some day we hope to be as prominent a club as the Lambs Club. I am a member of the Lambs Club, also, and receive my mail at both. While I think that the Lambs is the most flourishing theatrical organization of its kind that has ever been, my heart must always remain with what I fondly call my first baby, the Screen Club."

"Would you mind telling what is the favorite photo play in which you have appeared, and why?"

"Offhand, I should say 'Ivanhoe.' Scott has always been my favorite author, and when I was informed that the Universal company had decided to send me and my coworkers to Scotland to do 'Ivanhoe,' I was pleased beyond measure. I have always suspected that some friend of mine in the inner counsels of the company may have overheard me remark at some time that I would love to play 'Ivanhoe.' At any rate, we went to Scotland and did 'Ivanhoe,' and with me it will always remain a favorite. Still, I consider that 'Absinthe,' which we did in Paris a little later, is equally strong. As a photo play, 'Absinthe' was not taken from any novel, but is an original screen drama, depending on nothing but its merits for success. It is now a couple of years since we did 'Absinthe,' and the picture is still going strong. I think it is an example of my best work. However, I hope to eclipse it in this forthcoming production of the 'Corsican Brothers.'"

By this time, Baggot had gotten rid of his make-up, and was putting the finishing touches on his street toilet. On the window sill was a vase with several white carnations in it. As the last touch, he took one and put it in his lapel. "I get a bunch of these fresh every day from a lady admirer of mine," he explained. "She happens to know my favorite flower, and sees that I am always supplied with one. Her name is Mrs. Baggot, my mother.

"Yes, 'this is the life!' When I get home, she will be there, and my favorite food will be cooking on the stove. Then, while I wait a few moments, she will put on a record, and we will listen to some of Grieg's wonderful music. You see, she happens to know that I am also very fond of Grieg, and she always sees that there are plenty of Grieg records in the house."



The Screen Club in New York City, of which King Baggot is founder.

When this was said, darkness was complete. Mr. Baggot's automobile was throbbing its young life away on the deserted street below. He clicked the key of the electric light, and we groped our way out through the empty hallways, and left the big, gloomy warehouse in darkness except for the puny, flickering gas jet of the night watchman. The motor car left the squalid regions of Eleventh Avenue and headed for the Screen Club. Baggot signed his name on the register.

"Put your age opposite your name," we suggested.

"What's the idea?" he smiled.

"Nothing, only some folks like to know those things."

"Oh, very well, if you insist," and he wrote down thirty-two.

The Disadvantage of Experience.

VERNON CASTLE, who is appearing with Mrs. Castle in a polite melodrama for the Cort Film Corporation, knows more about the big police dog which he keeps about the place than an extra player who took part in an auto chase and fight the other day, near the home of the Castles, on Manhasset Bay.

Castle knew that the dog would do things he was told to do, so he advised the extra man to wrap his wrist up in heavy cloth, if he was going to take part in the scene with the dog. The extra man laughed away the fears of the elongated dancer, and the scene was started. Away went the two autos, with a dog loping behind. Then came the crash, and the fight, and the dog considered it a regular police case. As the supposed thugs began to make their get-away, the extra man, who was supposed to be the leader of the gang, made off alone, and the dog rightly singled him out as the object of legal pursuit. There was a leap, and a cry of pain, and before they got the two untangled the dog had pretty well worked his teeth toward the bones in the wrist of his captive.

A Bunch of Keys

(V. L. S. E.)

By Robert Keene

A bunch of keys—three of them—and all girls, a Lawyer Snagg, a widow whom he had jilted, three young men in love and a host of mysterious people compose the characters in this story taken from one of the best comedies ever shown on the screen. With such a collection of people to carry along the thread of a tale there is much to be anticipated—but not too much, for all you can look for in the way of fun is here. The girls are all pretty and are exceedingly proud of it, but if one was willing to admit being homely it would mean a fortune to her. See how they attempt to clear matters and what everything leads to. This story was taken from the Essanay picture released by the Vitagraph-Lubin-Selig-Essanay, Inc., the cast in which film consisted of:

Jonas Grimes.....John Slavin
Littleton Snaggs.....William Burress
Teddy Keys.....June Keith
Rose Keys.....Charlotte Mineau
May Keys.....Leota Chrider
Matilda Jenkins.....William Castelet

THOSE Keys girls were quarreling again.

Motherless and fatherless, they all lived together in what could only have been called harmony by a person who was utterly stone-deaf. They were Rose and May and Teddy. The latter was a tomboy—wherein she differed from her sisters, who were prim and dignified and quite devoid of all claim to a sense of humor.

Rose, who was pretty, considered herself more so than May. And May, who had inherited her share of the justly famed Keys good looks, objected to Rose's claim of superior attractions, and entered a counter one to being the fairest of the two. Which led to incessant bickerings between the pair.

Teddy—who, if the truth be told, was really the prettiest of the three sisters—contented herself by poking fun at the pretensions of the other two to being village belles—and thereby added her share to the bickering that went on among the trio from morning till night.

It was said by the inhabitants of Dingleville, where the Keys girls lived, that there never were three such scrappy sisters in the world before—they couldn't seem to get along together anyhow.

Now, as has been mentioned, they were quarreling again.

The dispute this time was on a brand-new subject. It had that to commend it, at least. Rose and May were not wrangling about which was the better looking, nor were they turning their combined forces into an attack upon Teddy for her ridicule of their primness and vanity. This time their family jar had to do with a question of money.

The Keys girls were not exactly poor, but they were the next thing to it. They had the family roof over their heads, and enough of an income, in the way of an annuity paid out of the slender estate their father had left behind him, to feed them and supply them with clothes. Rose and May paid a great deal more attention to this last item than did Teddy. Being of the tomboy type, as has already been explained, she did not care for ribbons and furbelows in which to deck herself out, as was the case with her two sisters.

In passing, it may be said, however, that in spite of this Teddy had succeeded in doing as well in the matter of beaus as Rose and May. Each of the Keys girls had a swain sighing in her train.

Rose's was Gilly Spooner.

May's was Tom Harding.

Teddy's suitor was a young man with the forbidding, dry-as-dust name of Jonas Grimes, which his bright, gay, fun-loving disposition quite belied.

That morning, a letter had come to the sisters Keys, bearing upon its envelope the postmark of Pillett's Corners, a town forty miles away. The communication, which filled but six lines of a sheet of cheap, ruled note paper, was signed with the name of Littleton Snaggs, attorney and counsellor at law. In four words it announced to the girls the fact that their uncle was dead.

After which, Mr. Snaggs went on to explain in his own curt style that the uncle had left a will. The will was in his—Mr. Snaggs'—possession. This much of its contents he was prepared to reveal: The hotel which had been the girls' uncle's source of income for years he had left to them. Mr. Snaggs advised them to pay him a visit at once in the hotel, of which he had taken possession. There were conditions—he hinted, without saying more—on which the property had been left to them, which he would explain in person. And he begged to remain, et cetera.

Scarcely had the letter been read, when Rose and May and Teddy Keys were in the midst of a lively dispute.

"Of course," announced Rose loftily, "uncle meant the hotel to come to me, as the niece who was always his favorite."

"Indeed, he was fonder of me than of you," returned May in the same frigidly polite, but firm, tone which was characteristic of the two sisters' prim na-

ture. "I had uncle's own word for it that *I* was his favorite—he told me so himself. And I know he meant to leave the hotel to me alone."

Then Teddy, the harum-scarum, chimed into the discussion.

"Such an idea!" she scoffed, with one of her short laughs that were so exasperating to the other two. "Uncle Ben wasn't so senile as you seem to think—he saw through both of you, with your airs and stuck-up ways, in a wink. And *I* was his little golden-haired niece, the pet of his declining years. He meant

"Not if I see you first!' put in Teddy. "I'd like to know where either of you think you come in, to gobble it up over my head? And suppose either of you did get it? You'd make a failure of it in less than three months. Yes, you would! Neither of you has got enough common sense to run a stray dog out of the front yard, let alone run a hotel to make it pay. And that's what I could do; it's what I'm *going* to do—become the only successful woman hotel proprietor in the State——"

How many minutes, or hours, more



Mr. Jonas Grimes was well pleased with the way things were working out.

that *I* should come into his hotel after he died, knowing more about how to run it in two minutes than either of you would in a year. And you can bet your boots"—Teddy's language was sometimes as undignified as her conduct was unconventional—"I'm going to have the hotel all for myself!"

Then the quarrel was under way in earnest.

"Nothing of the kind!" cried Rose. "It's mine by rights!"

"I say it's mine!" May's voice rose above her sister's "I'll make the lawyer turn it over to me——"

the argument might have gone on, there is no telling. For at that moment the three sweethearts of the three girls entered the gate and came up the garden walk toward the veranda of the house, where the Keys girls sat. The young men heard about the legacy to which their several ladyloves had fallen heir; and Jonas Grimes asked to see the letter from Lawyer Snaggs, which he read through.

"It seems to me," he announced to Teddy and her sisters, "that you're all taking more for granted than this notification of the general nature of your uncle's will implies. So far as this legal light, Snaggs, has deigned to inform you as to the contents of the document, you've all been left the hotel together, share and share alike. That is, until you hear the conditions, which he hints are mentioned in the last testament of your relative. The lawyer asks you to come to the hotel, which he is managing until you show up, to learn what those conditions are. The sensible thing for you to do, before you get into any deeper mix-up over who's to have the property, and who's not, is to pay a visit to the attorney and hear what he has to say."

The sisters looked at one another.

"I, for one, had already made up my mind to go to Pillett's Corners on the first train to-morrow," declared Rose firmly.

"And so had I," announced May, through lips which were set in an equally straight line.

"We'll all go together," remarked Teddy cheerfully, "and have the matter settled, as Jonas suggests, once for all. The lawyer will tell us on what condition the hotel is to be turned over for the exclusive benefit of one or the other of us, and then you'll see that I'll win it. I can't imagine a condition uncle could have named that I can't fulfill better than either of you—no matter what it is. And I'm satisfied to prove my claim to being the one who's entitled to own and manage the hotel."

Attorney Littleton Snaggs, of Pillett's Corners, was a shrewd, farseeing individual.

Some months prior to the demise of the Keys girls' uncle, which had enabled the lawyer to secure a temporary hold of the hotel of the deceased, who had been his client, Snaggs had laid siege to the heart of Mrs. Matilda Jenkins.

Mrs. Jenkins was a widow. She was spare of frame, and with a sourness of visage that "would curdle milk, if she looked at it," in the words of the rest of her neighbors. In addition, her tongue was as long as her temper was short. Altogether, Mrs. Jenkins possessed few attributes to endear her in the eyes of the average seasoned bachelor, tempted to exchange his state of single blessedness for the realm of matrimony.

And yet Lawyer Snaggs, thereby proving his claim to shrewdness and farsightedness, had wooed her as though

she had owned all the charms of Venus and Helen of Troy combined.

The Widow Jenkins was rich—and there lay Lawyer Snaggs' sole reason for courting her with an ardor that one would not have thought him capable of at his fifty-odd years.

But all that had ceased to be, a month or two before. For then Lawyer Snaggs had made a dicovery. A most important discovery it was. The Widow Jenkins' fortune—although she herself had not was concerned, were those protestations and avowals of deathless affection forgotten. She refused to be a closed incident. The lawyer had plainly declared his intentions. He had got the widow's hopes all up of taking another plunge into the hymeneal pond. And, privately, she declared that he was not going to back out of the match—not unless she first knew the reason why.

It was just at this time that the uncle of the Keys sisters dying, Lawyer letter advising them of their uncle's death, and the hotel he had conditionally willed to them, the three Keys girls presented themselves before the attorney, who was on duty behind the desk of the establishment.

Accompanying them on the journey from Dingleville to Pillett's Corners were Gilly Spooner, Tom Harding, and Jonas Grimes—each young man weighted down with the bags and baggage of his sweetheart, for Rose and



Lawyer Snaggs did not recognize Teddy Keys in her disguise as a drummer.

then been aware of it—had all been swept away, due to the collapse of the city gas company, in whose bonds all her wealth had been invested.

Straightway, Snaggs had been no longer interested in her. His calls at her cottage had ceased abruptly. She was a closed incident in his life. As far as he was concerned, it was as though all the vows of undying love he had breathed into her ear had never been spoken.

But not as far as the Widow Jenkins Snaggs had taken over the management of the hotel pro tem.

Among the very first visitors who had shown up at the hostelry and engaged a room there had been a man of a spare, angular frame, with a large, black beard concealing most of his face, and a suit of clothes that fitted him queerly—almost, one might have said, as though their wearer was unaccustomed to being clad in such garb.

Early in the forenoon of the day following their receipt of Lawyer Snaggs' May and Teddy Keys had come to the hotel prepared to stay.

"I am Rose Keys," announced that one of the sisters, to Lawyer Snaggs, "to whom my uncle willed this hotel."

"And I am May," her equally prim sister declared, "the one my uncle *really* intended the hotel to go to."

Teddy addressed Snaggs smilingly:

"You can consider yourself fired as the manager of this hotel, Mr. Lawyer Man! I'm here—ready to take over the running of the place. Teddy Keys is my

name—the one, you know, that my uncle meant to give the hotel to when he should be called away to learn harp playing, in six easy lessons, inside the pearly gates."

Lawyer Snaggs looked apprehensively from one to the other of the girls before him for a moment.

And then a crafty expression settled down on his lean, shrewd countenance. He shifted his quid from right cheek to left. And then, leaning back against the letter rack behind the hotel desk, he announced good-naturedly:

"Now, one at a time, ladies! You don't none o' you know who your uncle really left this hotel to. Do you, now?"

Again looking from one to another of the sisters, Snaggs' eyes narrowed still farther to conceal the triumphant glint which sparkled there over the idea that had suddenly come to him—an idea whereby he could carry out the purpose that was now firmly fixed in his mind, in place of his former aim of adding to his worldly possessions by marrying the Widow Jenkins, which was none other than to get this hotel permanently into his hands.

"You ain't seen the will yet," the shrewd attorney went on. "And I have—so I know more'n you do about this matter. Now, as I told you in my letter, your uncle left this hotel to you—*con*ditionally. It was to go to the one that——"

Snaggs paused to frame the idea which had come to him, in the proper words. He had noticed that all three of the Keys sisters were pretty. And that was what had given him the germ of his scheme.

"It was to go to the one," he resumed, "who was voted the homeliest of the three of you by the first drummer that stopped at the house!"

A gasp went up from the three girls.

And the next moment they all stepped back from the hotel desk as though away from the vicinity of a wet Newfoundland dog, who was shaking himself off after a swim.

If *that* was the condition their uncle had placed upon the ownership by one of their number of the hotel, none of them wanted it. Even Teddy, the tomboy of the three sisters, showed by her manner that she was unwilling to accept it on those terms. For all her romping ways, she was still a woman. And one, moreover, who was by no means blind to the fact of her own physical attractions. Thus she had a perfectly natural feminine disinclination to be awarded the prize of even a good-paying hotel as the homeliest girl of the three—the hotel, as a matter of fact, instead of a gift to be desired, had become a booby prize, due to this absurd stipulation in their uncle's will.

Rose was the first to recover from her amazement and find her voice.

"I will withdraw from the contest," she announced, with an icy smile to May, whose claim to being the most beautiful of the three sisters she had long considered, "in your favor, my dear. Of course, if the hotel is to go to the *homeliest*—you will win it, hands down."

May promptly turned toward the door to take her departure.

"Of course, I withdraw, myself," she declared frigidly. "The question of who gets the hotel is to be decided between you and Teddy."

Rose turned to their harum-scarum sister.

"You said there wasn't a condition uncle could have named that you wouldn't be able to fulfill better than we could," she informed her. "And you were right, sister, dear. By the terms of his will, the house goes to you."

Teddy's face reddened angrily at the thinly veiled reflection upon her charms. Nevertheless, her tone was mockingly light when she spoke.

"Indeed," said she, "I am the one to give up the field to you two. If it came to a vote as to which was the homeliest of us three, I wouldn't stand a chance of winning. Even a drummer with only one eye, if he was the first one to stop at the house and thus become the settler of the question, would dismiss me at a single glance. But it seems very strange to me that uncle would have made such a provision in his will. I would like to see the document. Where is it, Mr. Snaggs?"

The lawyer's face reddened in turn, and he cleared his throat, shifting embarrassedly from foot to foot.

Of course, the truth of the matter was that Teddy, either unwittingly or otherwise, had put her finger on the weak link in Snaggs' scheme. He could not produce the will to prove that the condition he had named was really in it—for it existed nowhere outside of his tricky brain.

"I'll tell ye," he stammered out—"I'll tell ye how it is. I'm mighty sorry about it, but there's no use in cryin' over spilled milk. The will—the will's lost. I've hunted high and low for it, but I can't find it. It's just like I tell you, though—your uncle wrote down in black and white that this hotel was to go to the one of you three that was declared the ugliest by the first drummer that stopped at the house."

Jonas Grimes pulled Teddy's sleeve, and beckoned her to follow him outside the hotel.

"Do you know," he said to her, when they were out of earshot of the others, "I don't trust Mr. Littleton Snaggs any farther than I think I can throw him? My personal opinion is that he's not telling you girls the truth about your uncle's will."

"But what would be his object in saying what wasn't so about what it had in it?" questioned Teddy.

"I don't know," replied the young man, rubbing his chin reflectively. "But, just the same, I think he'll bear watching. What were you thinking of doing, after hearing the condition on which the hotel was to be given to one of you three?"

"Why, of turning around and going back to Dingleville again, of course," answered Teddy promptly. "You don't suppose I want the hotel, and the reputation of being the homeliest of the Keys girls at the same time, do you? If you do, you're mistaken—I don't!"

Jonas stood thoughtfully stroking his chin for a moment or two more.

"I'll tell you what I'd do, if I were you," he suggested at length. "I'd stay here for a while, and watch how things go. Mind you, I tell you that man Snaggs will bear watching. In my opinion, he's up to something—— By jingo, I know what it is, I'll bet a dollar. He's after this hotel himself. He wants to get it into his hands in some way. Teddy, you and I will put a spoke in his wheel!"

Teddy's eyes sparkled.

"I'm with you, Jonas, if what you suspect is a fact," said she. "But what's the first thing for us to do?"

"Lay low, and hunt for the will," counseled her sweetheart. "If Snaggs is telling the truth about not being able to find it, perhaps we'll have more luck than he has. If there wasn't any such absurd condition made by your uncle in it, there may be some other way that you can get hold of the hotel."

Meanwhile, Gilly Spooner had led Rose off to one side.

"I wouldn't go back home, if I were you," he advised her. "That would leave Teddy alone on the ground when the first drummer came along to choose between them as to which was the homeliest. And one or the other would get the hotel, and you'd lose your chance of owning it, you see. Stay here for a day or so, at least, and see how things turn out."

May agreed to do as her admirer suggested. And so the three Keys sisters asked Snaggs to assign them to rooms in the hotel, in which they each expressed their intention to remain for a few days.

The details of the deep-laid plan which the shrewd and far-sighted lawyer had concocted for becoming the proprietor in earnest of the hotel, were

Was the plan a neat one, Snaggs asked himself, chuckling? He answered, still chuckling, that it was extremely neat, indeed. Already he had perceived that Teddy was slightly more attractive than her sisters. And, almost at once, he began to pave the way to the proposal of marriage he meant to make to her as soon as the drummer, who was due to come along almost any day, and who



Lawyer Snaggs found that every hand among the guests in the hotel was raised against him.

Rose yielded to her beau's persuasion.

"If you go back home right away," Tom Harding was saying to May, whom he had also drawn aside to give her the benefit of his loyal advice, "you'd be clearing the way for either Rose or Teddy to win the hotel by the decision of the first drummer that came along—I'd stay here for a while, anyway, and see what happens."

these: One of the three Keys girls alone could win the hotel, by the terms which he had told them were incorporated in their uncle's will. He meant to marry that one.

She would be declared the homeliest by the first drummer who should stop off at the house—and whom he, Snaggs, the crafty and all wise, would bribe to pick out the prettiest.

would be bribed by the lawyer, should have named her as the homeliest of the three sisters.

Finding Teddy alone on the veranda, an hour after her arrival at the hotel with her sisters, Snaggs engaged her in conversation with his most ingratiating manner.

"If you should win this hotel," he began archly, "you'd find it kind o' hard

to manage without a husband to help ye."

Teddy stiffened.

"Indeed?" she said indignantly. "And so you think that I'd be likely to win it, do you?"

Snaggs bit his lip in vexation over the false step he had taken. He had forgotten for the moment the uncomplimentary nature of the decision that would give the hotel to one or another of the sisters, and that any hint of who he thought would be likely to win it would not be taken kindly by any one of them. He quickly shifted to another tack.

"Of course," he hastily corrected himself, "of course you wouldn't be likely to win it. But it'd be a disappointment to you, wouldn't it, to lose a fine-payin' hotel like this? An' mebbe if you was to get married it might sort o' even things up—make the blow less hard to bear, as you might say."

Teddy turned her head away.

"Oh, Mr. Snaggs!" she said in a voice that sounded strangely choked. "This is so sudden!"

Snaggs' eyes popped open with alarm.

"No, no!" he protested, backing away and looking apprehensively over his shoulder to see if by any chance she had been overheard. "I ain't said nothin' to you—yet. Remember that. The time ain't come for that. But—but I don't say that I mightn't go further'n this with you some day. Just so far, I ain't declared myself."

And the lawyer hastened back into the hotel, as he saw the black-bearded man with the spare frame, and in the awkward-fitting suit of clothes, approaching along the veranda.

Beside the chair in which Teddy sat shaking with silent laughter, the owner of the black beard stopped and looked down at her from under lowering brows.

"I heard what you just said to Snaggs!" he bent and hissed in Teddy's ear.

At the unexpected sound of that rasping and oddly high-pitched voice, Teddy started up in surprise. The wearer of the black beard took a menacing step toward her.

"I warn you," Teddy was threatened, "to keep away from Snaggs! He's makin' up to you—an' don't you let him do it—hear? It's not you he's goin' to marry, miss. I can tell you that! And I'll tell you somethin' more."

Teddy stared in amazement at the speaker.

"I'll tell you how I'll fix you if you don't give Littleton Snaggs to understand, the next time he comes around you, that you ain't never goin' to marry him, no matter how he begs you to. I'll come out an' say I'm a drummer. An' I'll name *you* as the homeliest of you three sisters—an' I guess you don't want *that* to be tagged to you for the rest of your life, do you? Mark my words: that's what I vow I'll do, if you don't send Snaggs marchin' about his business!"

And, with a final, impressive glower at Teddy, the black-bearded guest of the hotel turned on his heel and walked away—with steps, in his too-large trousers, that must have impressed any beholder as being strangely mincing for a man's.

Two days later, Teddy and Jonas again talked matters over.

"I've thought of a scheme," announced Teddy, "by which I think I can keep my eye on Snaggs better—or, rather, by which I may be able to succeed in finding out what he's up to. I'll declare my intention to go back home this afternoon. And I'll leave the hotel. But I'll come back to it again, in disguise. I'll dress up in man's clothes, and nobody will recognize me—including Snaggs, I hope. And then we'll see what will happen."

Teddy was as good as her word, and announced her intention of returning to Dingleville by that afternoon's train. But she found that her sisters had gone away before her, having promised to return in a day or so.

As a matter of fact, Rose and May had also been talking things over with Gilly Spooner and Tom Harding. And they had come to the conclusion that Snaggs had not told them the truth about what was in the will. They had determined to institute a search for the document on their own account. And it was for that purpose that the two girls had ostentatiously left the hotel.

They returned to it, an hour before Teddy came back in her disguise of masculine attire, themselves disguised, in pursuance of the plan they had worked out with their beaus, as two foreign ladies who engaged rooms at the hotel from the unsuspecting Snaggs.

When Teddy showed up, to the name of "Richard Bangs," which she signed to the hotel register which Snaggs, unsuspicious of her disguise, presented to her, she added the words, "Drummer, for Hoozis & Co."

Snaggs fell into the trap. Fifteen minutes later, he sought Teddy out on the veranda as once before he had done, and handed her a cigar as an opening wedge into the good graces of what he supposed to be a "brother of the road."

Teddy put the cigar into the pocket of the coat she wore, explaining that she would smoke it after dinner.

"Do you know who owns this hotel?" Snaggs began.

"No," answered Teddy, "I don't."

Snaggs laughed, and gave the supposed drummer a nudge in the ribs.

"Neither do I!" he cackled. "Does that sound funny to you, mister? Waal, it's a fact. *I* don't know who owns this hotel, and neither does nobody else. But maybe you can decide the question."

Teddy's heart bounded, feeling that she was on the trail at last of finding out what Snaggs was up to.

"*I* decide who owns the place?" she repeated in surprise. "Why, what have I got to do with it?"

Snaggs' manner became furtive.

"I'll explain," said he in a guarded undertone. "This place was once owned by an old man, who had three nieces. They were his only living kin. And so he left the house to them. But he put a condition in his will. The one of the three that was to call the hotel her own was to be picked out by the first drummer that showed up at the house after his will was opened. Do ye understand so far?"

"Yes; go on!" said Teddy.

"Waal, *you're* the first drummer that's turned up here. So you're the one that can decide which of the girls is to get the place. They've been given to believe that whichever is called the homeliest by the drummer will be given the hotel, stock, and good-will—the whole business. Now——"

"But what do the girls look like?" inquired Teddy. "Are they noted in the country hereabouts for being bad looking?"

"Just the other way around, stranger!" corrected Snaggs promptly. "Just the other way around—they're three of the prettiest girls you'd find in a month's journey!"

"But, then, what——"

"Now, wait. I haven't told you the whole of it yet, by a good deal. They

aren't triplets, you understand, and so they don't all look alike. And, for that reason, one may be prettier'n the others. That's possible, ain't it? The red-haired one might appeal to one person, the black-haired to the next, and the blonde to the other. It's all a matter o' personal taste. But whichever one the first drummer that comes to the house thinks is the least good lookin' o' the lot, why, she gets the hotel—accordin' to what the girls themselves has been given to understand."

Teddy rubbed her hands with a semblance of masculine pleasure over the prospect of acting as judge of such a trio of beauties.

"Where are the girls?" she demanded. "Let me see them, and I'll tell you which two I like best, and which is the one that goes into the discard!"

"They ain't here just now," Snaggs informed her.

"Then how am I to pick out the homeliest one, for Heaven's sake?"

"Oh, they'll be back!" the lawyer hastened to assure her. "They've all three of 'em gone back to their home, in the next town, forty miles off, but they'll be back in a day or so. In the meantime, I wanted to see you, and have things all fixed up."

"How do you mean," inquired Teddy, "'fixed up'?"

Snaggs lowered his voice to a stealthier tone.

"Listen to me," he said impressively. "You've heard me say that the one you say is the homeliest of the three gets this hotel, haven't you? Waal, that one I'm plannin' to marry. That 'll make me the half owner of the house, d'ye see? An' I calc'late on havin' you pick up the *prettiest* one o' the lot to name as your selection as the homeliest!"

The lawyer drew out a plump wallet.

"I'll pay you well for doin' it," he went on. "Say twenty-five dollars when you've chosen the one I tell you to. That's a lot o' money for doin' a little, ain't it? Now, I'll tell you which one it is that you're to name as homelier than her sisters—though, bless her cute little soul, she's prettier'n they are, by a good long chalk!—and that's the one they call 'Teddy.' It's a queer name for a girl, ain't it? But they call her that because she's full o' cuttin' up an' mischief. She's the one that gets the hotel. And she's the one who gets Littleton Snaggs for a husband, not twenty-four hours later!"

Again Teddy turned away her head to keep from betraying herself.



"I'm goin' to start a breach-of-promise suit against Snaggs," the Widow Jenkins announced, "unless he agrees to marry me by twelve o'clock to-morrow!"

"She'll be proud to get such a fine man as you for a husband, I know," she said. "It isn't every girl that could hope to do so well in life."

"I know it," agreed Snaggs readily. "But wait till you see her—an' I know you'll say that I ain't doin' so bad myself! But is it a go? Will you name her as the homeliest for the price I've named?"

Teddy nodded, moving away.

"Yes, Mr. Snaggs," said she, "I'll promise you this: When I see her here with her sisters I'll say that she's not nearly as pretty as they are. Will that do?"

Snaggs nodded elatedly.

"That'll do," said he, "fine!"

And Teddy hurried off to hunt up Jonas Grimes and have her long-repressed laugh out on his shoulder.

In the meantime, Rose and May had not been idle. While Snaggs was out on the veranda with Teddy, they had been searching the hotel office for some clew that would lead them to the whereabouts of the missing will.

They, and the two young men who were in love with them, and who had helped them in the search, came to the conclusion at last that the location of the document was probably the safe behind the desk—but the safe was locked, and the combination the secret of Littleton Snaggs.

Then it was that Rose reminded May of the two unshaven and unshorn men of obviously foreign birth they had seen seated beside a camp fire at the edge of the woods along the road by which they had driven back to Pillett's Corners that afternoon after getting into their disguise.

"What was it you said you thought they looked like?" Rose asked May.

"I said they might be anarchists, to judge from their appearance," May answered.

"Exactly!" nodded Rose. "And how do we know but what you were right? We can easily find out, anyway—by driving back along that road and asking them. If they are anarchists, they have bombs in their possession. And with a bomb they can blow open this safe, and we can find out what really is in uncle's will—that is, if it has been locked up here for safekeeping by Mr. Snaggs. What do you say?"

"I say," answered May, with alacrity, "that we'll do it!"

And, both Gilly Spooner and Tom Harding agreeing, the four young people immediately left the hotel by the back way and soon were driving back along the road where the two girls had previously seen the pair of unwashed and wild-haired foreigners.

Questioned as to whether or not they were anarchists, the two men who were still sitting where Rose and May had first seen them beside their camp fire, answered fiercely, and without the remotest hesitancy, that they were.

One, springing up, mounted a literal stump in the woods, and had delivered a wild harangue against the crowned heads of Europe, and of American capital, as well, before he could be checked.

"Have you a bomb anywhere about you?" asked Gilly Spooner.

The anarchists had not only one, but a dozen.

"One will do," said Tom Harding. "And now we'll tell you what we want you to do with it—what we're willing to pay you five dollars apiece for doing."

And the anarchists were informed of the location of the hotel, and the safe in it which they desired to have blown open. The two foreigners promptly agreed to carry out the commission; the young men paid them the fee named for so doing, and drove back to the hotel with the girls.

That night Teddy confronted Snaggs in the lobby, and before Jonas Grimes, the two foreign ladies—who were Rose and May—and the latter's two suitors, with the fact of his duplicity.

"You thought I was a drummer today," said Teddy, unpinning the cap under which her hair was piled up out of sight, as she spoke, "and you offered to bribe me to pick out the one who was really the prettiest, as the homeliest of the three Keys sisters. But behold—I am Teddy Keys herself!"

Snaggs stared at her, dumfounded.

"I won't expose your duplicity to my sisters," Teddy went on, "by telling them how you were willing to pay to have me, who you said was the prettiest of the three, picked out as the homeliest, so that I could get the hotel, and so that you could afterward try to marry me—on one condition. That is, that you will give me our uncle's will and let me see what is in it before they come back here."

At that, Rose and May discarded their disguises and stepped forth in their true identity.

"Who ever said you were prettier than I am?" demanded Rose of Teddy indignantly.

"Or than I am?" chimed in May, with equal ire.

Teddy stepped back, and, with a bow, indicated Mr. Littleton Snaggs.

"He did," said she. "Which shows, at least, that he has good taste—trickster though he may be."

Rose and May started for the lawyer, who cowered back at their militant advance. But an interruption occurred at that moment to save him. It came in the form of a thunderous explosion—as the bomb which the anarchists had placed under the safe behind the desk went off, blowing the safe open.

Rose and May turned and snatched up the missing will from the wreckage of the safe.

But Teddy, springing to their side, caught the document out of their hands before they could stop her, and hurriedly scanned it.

"Snaggs fibbed to us!" she announced triumphantly to the others; "just as I thought he had. Here is a clause which says that the hotel may be owned jointly by all three of us, if we so desire."

There was another interruption just then.

The man with the black beard, and in the ill-fitting suit of clothes, strode forward to face Mr. Littleton Snaggs. With a sweep of the hand, the black beard came off—and the Widow Jenkins stood revealed under the disguise in which she had come to the hotel after her jilting by the lawyer, to keep watch over him.

"So you planned to marry this girl, did you!" she charged Snaggs, who was mopping his perspiring face, nodding over her shoulder toward Teddy. "Well, you'll find out whether or not you can make love to me one week and somebody else the next! I'll give you your choice of just two things you can do: Either marry me before twelve o'clock to-morrow, or defend a breach-of-promise suit for every dollar you own!"

Snaggs capitulated. He stated humbly that if the widow would have him, he would be delighted to lead her to the altar on the morrow.

And the widow, with a grim clicking together of her teeth, informed him that she would make the journey with him without his worrying.

But the Keys girls did not divide the hotel among them, after all. They no

longer needed the revenue from it. For Rose had decided to marry Gilly Spooner. And May had made up her mind to settle down for life with Tom Harding. While Teddy had promised to be known as "Mrs. Jonas Grimes" thenceforth. As all three young men were earning good salaries, the days of comparative poverty for the Keys sisters were over—the hotel would only have been a troublesome burden on their hands.

And so they gave it to Littleton Snaggs and the Widow Jenkins—for a wedding present.

FILM FLAMS.

By Dean Bowman.

CANADA imports ninety-five per cent of the films used there from America. Strange as it may seem, there are no producers of films in the Dominion.

Wild West films are not popular in South America, but that country is open for good films of the comedy sort, and detective stories go some, too.

A Boston vaudeville-movie house is making a big hit with an "amateur night." Prizes go to the best imitators of Charlie Chaplin.

St. Louis claims the champion movie fan, Mrs. Barbara Guentert, who in five years has attended eighteen hundred evenings at the same motion-picture house.

It is estimated that one million dollars is spent every day by Americans to see the movies, ninety million feet of film is reeled off daily, and that some sixty million dollars is invested in motion-picture theaters.

A new organization, to protect writers of photo plays, has been formed. F. E. Woods is president, and it is expected that a large membership will be enrolled.

The National Tuberculosis Association, of No. 105 East Twenty-second Street, New York, are asking for a picture play depicting the stampede of some fifteen thousand affected patients to the West every year, with the end of the reel showing the comfort and care afforded in the many tubercular sanatoriums throughout the East that they will take pleasure in naming.

Boston is trying the experiment of giving free open-air picture plays in the parks, but rather than stand up through a two-reel show even the kids pay a nickle for an easy-chair at one of the regular theaters, so the free shows are not very well patronized.

James Eads Howe, the "Millionaire Hobo," writes to the dean from St. Louis, signifying his pleasure at the passing of the tramp from the scenes on the screens, for he says it has been found that people who go to the movies now have only pity for the poor down and out.

It is said that one of the funniest creations yet staged by the Equity folks is a farce called "The Janitor's Birthday," wherein a goat butts in, and butts out the crowd; and it is claimed orders for the film are coming fast and furious.

If any film concern has views of the rubber plantations of our hemisphere, they will run a good chance of getting six hundred dollars for a camera snap of a rubber-making plant by sending descriptions to No. 13 Kneuterdyk, The Hague, Netherlands, before March 1, 1916, when that amount is to be awarded for the best views submitted.

America is advertised by the movies around the world to a greater extent than by any other medium. Every day long reels of real American stuff are reeled off before audiences all over the inhabitable globe, whetting the wishes of the people for a home in the land of the free.

A reputable writer says that there is only one way now to successfully market your picture plays. Send them directly to the scenario department of one of the film companies, and remember all manuscripts must be typewritten to receive favorable attention.

Billy B. Van says that what appealed to him most in taking the step from the stage to the studio was the one thought that he could at last be at home to vote, a long-cherished desire that the constant traveling of the star prevented.

The Brazilian Poultry Association calls attention to the fact that films picturing American rural life are desired for the week of September 5th to 11th, when the society's international show opens at Rio de Janeiro. A few Americans, headed by Curtis E. Huebner, are anxious for this country to make as good a showing as England.

Charlie Chaplin says that he likes Los Angeles much better than he did Niles, and has high praise for his new location in California. He also says that some of the amateur make-ups imitate the original so closely that he is amazed.

The large number of aliens of both sexes held in the detention camps cannot now be deported, on account of the fear of submarines, and they must miss the movies, for they have petitioned Uncle Sam to put picture plays on at Ellis Island, New York, and Long Wharf, Boston.

Fashion films are becoming more and more popular, and there is a loud call for strictly American styles, as seen on Broadway, from all over the country, including Canada, Cuba, and Mexico.

Dirt and Business.

CHARLES EYTON insists that the Bosworth studio be kept neat and clean as Spotless Town. When he arrived, one morning, and found the rear entrance a disgraceful chaos of ash barrels, tin cans, radishes, cabbages, waste paper, and what not, he instantly put his janitors to work on the mess, and started a still hunt for the persons to blame.

About an hour later Director Frank Lloyd was seen rushing around wildly looking for his "alley." He and his technical man had selected the rear gate to build a set suitable to the important alley scenes in Maclyn Arbuckle's new picture, "The Reform Candidate." At great expense and trouble they had assembled purposely the pot pourri of ancient hardware already dead and the equally ancient vegetables rapidly failing, which the janitors innocently had been told to clean up.

When General Manager Eyton learned of the amusing situation he laughingly called off his white wings, and Frank Lloyd's man built their scene a second time.

Age.

ONE of the motion-picture magazines recently wrote that Harold Lockwood was thirty-five. Missed it about ten years, only. Result, a letter from a girl who had previously sent rather a flippant letter to Harold. She said in it: "I thought you were just about our own age. Just fancy! You are only three years younger than mother!" Harold does not mind, just as long as he is younger than some one.

Providence and Mrs. Urmy

(ESSANAY)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

When lords and counts and barons go about seeking for some girl on whom to bestow a title it is usually the girl who is attracted and the mother who has the doubts. In the case of Jeannette Urmy it was different—so different that the way she took out of the difficulty required the aid of Providence for its success. So, with Providence on one side, and the shrewd, determined Mrs. Urmy on the other, it was only natural for things to happen—and they did. There is something unexpected and unusual that is well worth reading all the way through for, at the very end of this story taken from the Essanay picture of the same name. Those in the cast of the film included:

John Barton... ....Francis X. Bushman
Jeannette Urmy..... .....Beverly Bayne
Mrs. Urmy..... ....Louise Crolius

I CAN'T understand it."

In a soliloquizing mood, into which she often fell, Mrs. Urmy sat beside the table in her library. The magazine, which she had been attempting to read in an effort to drive from her mind the thoughts that were haunting it, lay where she had dropped it in her lap, and her eyes were scanning the wall without seeing anything. Then she added to herself in the same musing tone:

"Something must be done. It would never do to have Jeannette remain unmarried, and if the matter is left to her she will, with her strange, indifferent manner, surely marry some poor, insignificant person who has nothing in the world to give her, except what she calls 'happiness and love.' Whatever that is in her estimation I cannot conceive, but it is a certain thing in my mind that a count or a lord could provide it as well. That is my one desire, and neither she nor any one else shall shatter it—Jeannette shall wed a member of the nobility!"

Mrs. Urmy sat still, after reaching this resolution, and then rose slowly but deliberately, and walked out onto the porch, where she sat and did nothing except wait for Jeannette, who had gone out some time previous, following one of the frequent debates betwen her and Mrs. Urmy regarding the question that had of late been foremost in her mother's mind.

It was not long after that the daughter returned from a spin in her automobile, which she had sought as a diversion to take her mind from the "stupid" matter. As she stepped up to the veranda, Mrs. Urmy confronted her.

"Jeannette," she said, with finality of tone, "I have decided on two things since our last talk. One is merely a last decision of something that I resolved long ago. That is that you shall marry a man with a title. The other is that I am not going to discuss the thing any more with you. Anything that I shall do from now on to further the end will be acting. There will be no more talking."

Jeannette tossed her head defiantly.

"Just as foolish as ever, aren't you?" she said, with a meaning sneer, and walked on into the house.

True to her word, Mrs. Urmy, for the first time in more than a month, did not broach the subject that evening. Not even did she hint of it, much to the surprise of her daughter. Jeannette was hopeful the next morning, when the matter of her marriage was not approached again, and tried to believe that, after all, it might be dropped. That is, she was hopeful until the morning paper arrived and she looked through it.

Reading all the news of daily import on the first few pages and glancing through the editorials, which to her were only meant for college professors and butchers' clerks who were wont to argue on national affairs with their customers, she turned to the society page. It took but a single second and perhaps less for the smile to leave her countenance, and an expression of mingled surprise, anger, and fright to take its place. There, in a space two columns wide and some six inches deep, was a photograph of herself! She looked again and more closely. There could be no doubt, for even if the coarse reproduction in printer's ink did not make the picture plain, the type beneath it surely did. In bold type she read:

> "Miss Jeannette Urmy, prominent in local society, whose engagement to Lord Chilminster has just been announced."

Jeannette was thoroughly puzzled, and entertained even more rage than she did wonder. A dash out of the room and down the stairs, and she was standing at the telephone with the receiver to her ear and yelling the number of the newspaper into the mouthpiece. When a voice answered quietly at the other end she commenced to pour out a volley of accusations and threats that did not cease until she paused for breath. It was then that the person at the other end of the wire grasped the opportunity to give the information that she was only the switchboard operator.

"Give me the editor!" yelled Jeannette.

Although it was against the rules, the girl at the switchboard made the connections without even so much as asking who she was. She would have switched her on to the President of the United States or the official photographer of baseball games or any one else to get rid of her herself.

When at last the editor had succeeded in cooling her off sufficiently to gather

some sense from what she was saying, he asked:

"Well, what is the trouble? Is your name spelled wrong? You must understand that the linotype man reads his copy——"

"Name spelled wrong nothing!" shouted Jeannette, breaking in; "it's all a lie! I'm not even engaged, and, in fact, never met Lord Chilminster. What's more, too, I never want to meet him!"

The editor gasped, and pushed a button on his desk. When an office boy answered the summons, he inquired who was the person responsible for the engagement announcement, and again turned to the phone.

"What can I do for you now, Miss Urmy?" he asked.

"Just tell me who gave you that piece of news," she replied, "and I'll be satisfied—for a while at least."

"It is against our principle," the editor returned, "to reveal the identity of the writer, or the source of any of our news items, and therefore we cannot tell you. Of course, if it is taken up in the courts"—and here the newspaper man smiled—"we shall have to tell; but until then all names are kept in confidence."

Jeannette banged down the receiver without another word. It was evident that she could gain no satisfaction from the editor, and so sought it elsewhere. Her next step was to the right place, and the information she sought came much easier than she had expected it to. She went to Mrs. Urmy, her mother.

"Mother," she exclaimed indignantly, "did you see this notice in the morning paper?"

"I did," replied Mrs. Urmy briefly, but sharply.

"Do you know who put it in?" she asked further.

"I did," answered her mother, without a change of tone.

"You did!" cried Jeannette unbelievingly. "Your folly, do you mean to tell me, actually reached a point where you did such a thing as that? Why, mother, do you realize that there can, and probably will be, a great deal of trouble caused by——"

"I realize nothing, my child," Mrs. Urmy interrupted, "except that you will marry into the nobility, no matter what I must do to bring it about. I shall say no more, for, as I told you last night, I am through with words now, and from henceforth I shall act. This notice in the newspaper is only the beginning."

A dejected expression fleeted over the face of the victim of Mrs. Urmy's resolve, and she ran from the room to her own chamber upstairs. A few moments later the door of Jeannette's room opened slowly, and without a sound the girl slid cautiously into the hall. Her right hand held a valise, and in her left she carried a pocketbook. With the care of a stage villain she advanced toward the stairs, down them, and out the front door. Just as she closed the portal behind her an automobile drove up and stopped before the house.



They turned to the door, John carrying in his arms all the canned goods that the clerk could pile up in them.

Jeannette's first thought was to turn and flee back the way she had come; but when she saw that the sole occupant of the car was the chauffeur, a new thought suddenly came into her mind, and she, instead of running away, quickened her steps in the direction of the machine. When she came within ten feet of the car she called out to the man at the wheel:

"Drive as fast as you can, as far as you can, and when you get there I'll tell you everything! *Please!*"

The chauffeur looked at her in astonishment and bewilderment. He wondered who she was and what she meant, and when he finally decided that he could not guess either, he wondered a lot more things. He took out his watch and looked at it for a long minute. Jeannette thought that he must be watching the hour hand, and mistaking it for the second hand, it seemed so long he deliberated. All that her strange request had meant to him was that she wished to go away, anywhere. He knew that.

"It's eleven o'clock," he pondered. "I have lots of time. All right. Jump in, and I'll take you a little way, at least."

Jeannette fairly leaped into the seat beside him. She did not get in the back because she wanted to be near a real man for a time. All her mother's talk about the counts and lords, with their little, lead-pencil-size mustaches and their monogramed cigarettes, had only served to arouse in her a desire to be near some one who was strong and manly and who worked for a living. Therefore, it was with a sigh of satisfaction and relief that she lounged into the cushioned seat beside the chauffeur to begin her ride to any-

where; a ride whose course meant nothing to her then, but which meant everything to her later.

As the chauffeur reached down for the gear shift, and the car shot ahead, he noticed that the girl beside him was staring full into his face. Something in him seemed to have interested her, and he wondered what it was. Perhaps he would have been tempted to smile had he known that she was merely comparing him to her mental illusion of a Lord Chilminster, whom she unreasonably hated, though she had never seen him.



John and Jeannette prepared the supper together, but they seldom spoke.

Still with her eyes gazing into his face, she inquired shyly, in as low a voice as could be heard over the rumbling of the motor:

"What is your name?"

The chauffeur did smile then. He was in a quandary as to how to consider this strange girl, with her strange requests and queries.

"John Barton," he answered her simply.

"John Barton," Jeannette repeated thoughtfully. "What a nice, plain name!"

She continued to stare at her companion. Now she was comparing the name he had just given with the almost artificial-sounding one of Lord Chilminster. How much nicer it was, she thought, than that of any count, lord, or duke she had ever heard. She was doubly glad that she had left home, where she would not have been as able to meet *real* people such as John Barton.

But her thoughts were interrupted by the chauffeur's question:

"And what is yours, may I ask?"

"Jeannette Urmy," she replied, refraining from telling more of herself though she had a longing desire to, for she felt that perhaps a man like this could give her some advice worth having. But John Barton relieved her in this respect by an exclamation.

"Jeannette Urmy, who is to become Lady Chilminster?" he inquired, with interest. "Surely, I might have recognized you from your picture."

"Then you read it, too!" Jeannette murmured, in disgust, her anger again taking possession of her. "It's all a lie, Mr. Barton. All a gross, mean fabrication. I never met Lord Chilminster, and if I ever do I hope, for his sake, that I can restrain from telling him what I think of him and all the members of the nobility."

John Barton started in surprise at the statement. The automobile swayed a little in its course, from the twitch his hand had given the wheel in his astonishment, but he soon controlled it again.

"Then you are not engaged at all?" he asked, displaying even more interest than before.

"No!" exclaimed Jeannette. "And since you know that much, I suppose you might as well know the rest as well. In fact, I rather wish you did, you are so absolutely different. So I'll tell you.

"My mother has always had a stupid notion that I must marry a lord, or a count, or some one else with a title. She does not seem to care a great deal what the character of the person is, and evidently thinks that any man who has an affix to his name must necessarily be perfect so far as his personal life is concerned.

"I have always objected to her resolution that I must wed a man of noble birth, but she would never listen to any of my protests. Nothing actually happened more than a series of arguments and petty quarrels, until yesterday. Then she said that she was intending to act; and act she did, as you can see, for the notice in this morning's paper was inserted by her, despite the fact that neither Lord Chilminster nor myself have ever seen the other.

"When mother told me this morning, just a little while ago, that the newspaper article was just the beginning of what she intended to do, I was frightened and angry, and decided to run away. I wanted to get as far from home as I possibly could before she discovered that I was gone; and so that is why I asked you to take me any place so quick."

"Whew!" was all the comment that Barton gave; and then, after a long pause, Jeannette continued:

"Mr. Barton," she said, somewhat shyly, but deliberately, "you are a real man, and I wish you would help me. I have a plan, and you can help me carry it out, if you will. It is a hard thing to ask you—I must do something, for mother will waste neither time nor money to bring me back, and when she does—I hate to think what will follow."

"What is it?" Barton asked. "I'll do all I can for you."

"Will you, really?" cried Jeannette, jumping up in her seat. "Well, here is the scheme:

"In order to prevent mother from carrying out her foolish scheme, I think the only thing for me to do is to get married to some one else—some one *without* a title. Will you—will you—let me marry you? Of course, I must only be your wife in name, and not really your wife, as other wives are their husband's wives. It will only be so that mother cannot make me marry some one I could *never* love. It is a desperate thing to do, I know, but when we know each other better we might even come to love each other, and then we could be just like other people. I like you already—but until then we must only be married in the sense of the law."

Again Barton started, and this time almost forgot to turn a corner. This girl said more strange things, he thought, than any one he had ever before met. For a long time he did not say a word, either to assent, or refuse the proposition Jeannette had made. At last he looked up and surveyed the girl until she winced from self-consciousness. Then he spoke to her:

"It's a go," was the way he sealed the contract.

Both smiled, and looked strangely at each other. Then John Barton leaned over toward his companion with protruded lips.

"Don't—don't kiss me!" she cried, and pushed him away with her arm. "We are not married yet."

"But we are engaged," protested the chauffeur.

"Only in the sense of the law," Jeannette replied. "That is something that you must remember, even after we are married. You must never forget it, and we must live our own lives. We must be husband and wife who are not."

Again they both smiled, and Barton turned all his attention to the driving of the automobile.

About fifteen minutes later he brought it to a stop before a large, white building, and bade Jeannette alight. Together they went into the city hall, and up to the office of the city clerk. In another ten minutes they came out, Barton carrying in his hand a marriage license. Then the two turned their steps in the direction of the office of the justice of the peace. Another few minutes, and they were entering the automobile, Mr. and Mrs. John Barton.

"Where shall we go now?" asked Jeannette timidly, when the car had started.

"First to a house that I know of, and rent it; then to a store for a supply of provisions. That will take us most of the day."

"But—but are we to live together—you and I?" she inquired, turning her half-frightened eyes toward his.

"Certainly," Barton replied, in an indifferent and matter-of-course manner. "We are married, and why shouldn't we? How else could we ever learn to love each other, if we never saw each other? That is what we are to try to do next"



"But I'll take you, dear, to-night, to-morrow night, and the night after, if you wish."

Jeannette offered no protest, for she had no place else to go, and thought that it was only proper that, being man and wife, they should be with each other. Moreover, she was liking her husband more and more as time went on.

When they had signed a lease for their future home, Barton drove to a store, and told her to order what she wished. Jeannette started to, but found herself in a queer situation. She knew nothing about preparing a meal, for she had never done it before. At length, however, they turned toward the door, John carrying in his arms all the canned goods that the clerk could pile up in them. There was canned salmon, canned sardines, canned peas, canned succotash, canned spaghetti, canned fruit, and one dozen eggs—the only things not in a can.

It was late in the afternoon that Mr. and Mrs. Barton entered their home and began to fix things in their proper order. When this was finished it was meal time, and they took to devouring the canned food. Jeannette and John prepared the supper together, but they seldom spoke. He tried to be sociable and husbandlike, but always she reminded him that they were "only married in the sense of the law," and that they must just be friends.

As the evening wore on they grew more friendly, but only because there must be something done. Jeannette, at first, was hesitant of even speaking, but John continually placed before her the fact that it was her suggestion and even plea that had brought about the situation. Later she realized that unless something that would break their friendship should turn up, they would have to be together the rest of their lives. Of course, by mutual consent they could separate, but even of this she was hesitant, for she really felt that her attachment to Barton was growing slowly into affection, and she was far from discouraging this feeling.

As the hours passed by, and night

approached, they still sat together in the parlor, each too shy and bashful to suggest going to bed. The front room had been arranged for Jeannette, and one next to it had been selected as John's. It was only when Barton saw that unless he said something they would stay up all night, that he at last informed his wife that if she would go upstairs he would lock up, and retire himself. She blushed vividly, but consented.

The next morning, early, John Barton awoke, and went downstairs for breakfast. When he reached the kitchen he found Jeannette there already. "I must get off to work," he told her, "and will be back early to-night. Is there anything that I can do for you before I go?"

"Nothing but hurry up," she told him suddenly.

And Barton did hurry.

It was early evening when he returned, and entered the house. Jeannette had evidently spent half of the day in studying up on housekeeping and the other half carrying out what she had learned, for a gorgeous supper was ready when he arrived. She also had spent considerable of her own money in making the place more to suit her taste, for all the rooms were trimmed and decorated with palm plants and other luxuries. She, too, had changed. That was one of the first things that John Barton noticed on his arrival, for her manner was pleasant and lovable. Whether the last was acted or not, he could not tell, but he sincerely hoped the latter, for he, also, was beginning to entertain more than mere friendship for his wife.

"Hello, dear!" she called, as he entered the hall. "I am so glad you have come back. All that I have been able to think about to-day are two men. One is the detestable Lord Chilminster, and the other is you, dear. I have been wanting you all day."



He strode over to Jeannette, laid his hand on her shoulder, and commenced his explanation.

Barton leaned over, as he had done in the automobile the previous day, and offered a kiss. This time, much to his joy, she accepted without even a word.

"Well, wifie," he said, laughing, "perhaps, after all, we can learn to love each other—if I am still your idea of a real man."

That evening sealed their love, for, with the zest of two sweethearts still unmarried he courted and she permitted herself to be courted. For nearly a week things continued to run smoothly. John left every morning for work, and returned every night to be greeted lovingly by his wife. And then the turn came.

It was when John came home from work at night that he found Jeannette sitting with her meal half eaten before her, and reading the newspaper, and inquired why she had not waited for him before commencing her supper. She pointed to the hat on her head ,and told her husband that she had planned for them to go to the theater that evening.

"I ate before you came so that I could get ready in time. Hurry, will you, dear, so that we can start?" she said.

"I'm not going out to-night," Barton said, in a tone that meant to dismiss the whole matter. "I'm too tired."

Jeannette looked at him amazed. It was the first time that he had ever acted contrary to her wishes.

"Well, I am," she said decisively.

"You are not!" replied her husband. "You are my wife, and you will stay home with me, if I say so, and I do say so!"

"But," she protested, "we are only married in the sense of the——"

"Law or no law," John broke in, "we are married, and you took the vow to obey."

Jeannette commenced to weep.

"I don't mean to be harsh," he continued, in a calmer voice, "but really I am tired to-night. Make it to-morrow night, and I shall take you gladly."

Jeannette kept up her flow of tears, and finally John consented to go with her, but then it was too late, she said, and refused to do anything but cry.

"I'm going back home," she blurted at length, "and tell mother all about it. I think a lord could treat me almost as well as you have to-night."

"But I'll take you, dear, he insisted, "to-night, to-morrow night, and the night after, if you wish."

She would not, however, listen to him, and without warning rose and left the house. Barton waited an hour for her to return, thinking that she was merely going out to get over her hurt feelings and return. In that hour he greatly repented what he had done, and resolved to make himself an ideal husband in the future. But soon he began to wonder if he should have the chance to be an ideal husband—for she did not return.

Going out to search for her, he decided that Jeannette had carried out her threat and gone back to her mother.

He headed for there in the automobile.

Less than an hour later the door bell of the home of Mrs. Urmy rang. It was the second time that it had rung, and the first time Mrs. Barton—Jeannette—had been admitted. This time it was her husband who was without. As he stepped into the hall, past the servant, John Barton heard Mrs. Urmy talking to her daughter.

"Didn't I tell you, Jeannette, that the only person to marry was a member of the nobility? Perhaps now you will admit that I was right."

John walked into the room, and into the presence of Jeannette, Mrs. Urmy, and Lady Hartley, Mrs. Urmy's sister, who had been influential in causing the agitation for a ladyship for her niece. Jeannette looked up at her husband and turned away.

"There he is now!" she cried to her mother. "He's not so bad, perhaps, as I've painted him, and I really love him—but he was mean to-night!"

Mrs. Urmy glanced toward her son-in-law, and bewilderment marked her countenance.

"I've seen you before," she said finally, "but I cannot place you. Where have we met?"

"I do not recall ever meeting you before," he told her, "but no doubt you do recognize me. As soon as I have settled matters with Jeannette I'll tell you why."

He strode over to his wife and laid his arm on her shoulder.

"Won't you forgive me, darling, for being so cross?" he asked quietly, and with pleading, totally ignoring the presence of the others. "I didn't intend to be mean. Maybe you will understand before long why I refused to take you, at first. It was true that I was tired, and still am—very tired."

Jeannette at first paid no attention to his pleading, but when he continued then she turned.

"I love you, John," she said, burying her head on his shoulder, "and so I shall have to forgive you. I always did love you from the moment I saw you outside of this house—because you are a real man."

"And I love you," he returned; "but we shall determine once and for all about that 'real-man' matter now."

Facing Mrs. Urmy, he said:

"Your theory of marrying off daughters to members of the nobility is absolutely wrong. Let that be decided upon before I go further. Now I shall go on.

"You recognize me, no doubt, because you have seen my picture in the newspapers. Under it there was a caption bearing the words, 'Lord Chilminster,' which is the name by which I am known in England. John Barton is my family name.

"Perhaps," he went on, turning to Jeannette, "if you could have seen me trying to get the better of Father Time all day when I was supposed to be working, in order to keep up your idea that I was a real man, and not a mere lord, you would agree that I should be tired at night. But now you admit that you love me, and I told you I love you, so we shall be happy in spite of it all. Every one's desires—even your mother's—have been fulfilled, and all that is left for us to worry about is how to get the most pleasure from our lives from now on."

Lady Hartley looked about the room, from one person to another. All were smiling. She motioned to Mrs. Urmy, and they both left the room—still smiling.

New Double Exposure.

THE unique effect in double exposure was obtained in "The Girl From His Town," recently released as an American Mutual masterpicture. An automobile is shown speeding along at midnight. On the body of the highly polished surface of the car appears the face and figure of sprightly Margarita Fischer dancing. As the car speeds along, the vision continued her terpsichorean movements, then gradually fades from view. The effect is startling, and absolutely unique in motion pictures.

Studio Troubles.

MIKE is the official monkey attached to the Lubin plant in Philadelphia. Mike is much more human than most humans. He receives three dollars a day for his services, and enough peanuts and candy to kill the average child. Incidentally, he has a dislike for the office cat, and uses his spare moments in teasing her. The other day he evolved a new scheme for making her life a misery. Attached to the studio is a dachshund pup with elongated body and alleged legs. Mike and the dog are chums, so the dachshund did not object when Mike took him up in his arms and carried him over to the cat and threw him on the cat's back. In a moment there was a lovely fight, in which Mike aided his canine friend by pulling the cat's tail. When peace was declared, Mike was on Miss Dressler's shoulder, explaining it all to her, in monkey talk; the cat was hidden in John E. Ince's new, red automobile, and the dog was chasing his tail, and was a long, long way from the end of the chase.

Ricketts Safe—for a While.

DIRECTOR THOMAS RICKETTS is out of danger, temporarily. Not that Tom—who is one of the leading American film generals—is sick. He is vulgarly healthy, except for a severe sting administered to him a year or two ago by the motor bug. We repeat, however, that he is out of danger, for his automobile is out of commission. He was dashing airily along, with a tonneau full of American film actors and actresses, when he collided with an abutment of one of Los Angeles' railroad bridges. None was hurt but Tom's car, which suffered severely.

Thomas remarked, in discussing the mishap, that he never knew a bridge so capable of offering stubborn resistance. He claims personal acquaintance with most of California's many bridges, too, for Tom is an inveterate auto tourist.

The Hand Writing on the Wall.

MYRTLE STEDMAN, the beautiful Bosworth girl, is at length at home in her new bungalow, a block or so west. The new residence was designed by Miss Stedman herself, and her own room is a marvel of feminine taste. An interesting novelty has been produced in her writing den, where the lower half of each wall has been paneled with letters she has received from her film admirers. As this is a nook of strictest privacy, and one never seen by visitors, Miss Stedman has requested it be explained that her idea was not one of vulgar display, but of sincere appreciation of what the letters have meant to her. What could be happier than to look up from a book or piano or letter pad and see some touching motto of friendship, written about you? In this case, the hand writing on the wall is far from ominous. "Delightful," she says.

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

This phase in the growth of pictures includes several inventions and experiments, some of which have proven so successful as to be to-day a great asset to the exhibitor, and others, which were discontinued soon after their initial trial, to be worked on more in an effort to bring them nearer perfection. Both, however, play a part of much importance in the evolution of pictures, and what music has accomplished, both in the form of appropriate accompaniment for the silent drama productions and through the musical pictures, has meant a great deal to the success of the industry. The following article relates this phase of pictures from its early beginning to the present day and shows the interesting results of the advent of the musical era.

VI.—ADVENT OF THE MUSICAL ERA

THE musicians' indifference to the development of the motion-picture art is one of the traditions of a great industry's progress. Even now, when a few of the world's greatest musical minds are being attracted toward the camera man's domain, the greater number of distinguished musicians still regard the new art as something entirely apart from themselves; that they are, in fact, wholly immune from what many believe is yet to become the greatest and most constructive factor in the world's musical progress.

Fortunately, from the very outset there has always been one intrepid individual to defy prevailing opinion and endeavor to lead the way. In 1897 it was Rich G. Holloman, president of the Eden Musee Company. He was the very first man to consider the importance of musical accompaniment, as he was also absolutely the very first to produce a picture play. Moreover, when Holloman conceived the idea of making a three-thousand-foot picture around the late Salini Morse's "Passion Play," there were no studios, no scenario writers, yet he utilized the roof of the Grand Central Palace for the purpose so successfully that when the pictures were finally shown at the Eden Musee they created a furore, and had a prolonged run.

Holloman insisted on appropriate music. To this day, no better or more artistic exhibition of moving pictures may be recorded than those to be seen in the late nineties. Holloman might have made millions, had he chosen to enter the nickel and dime phase of film exhibition. Instead, he believed that the day would surely come when his policy of fifty cents admission would be justified, and even become general.

It was at the same Eden Musee where the two first accepted artists in camera projection found a haven. These two were Edwin H. Porter, now one of the foremost technical directors of the film world, and Francis B. Cannock, now the head of the Simplex company. At the Eden Musee they were mere operators. Both have Holloman to thank for the place they occupy to-day in one of the world's greatest industries. That is to say, Porter and Cannock owe to the public spirit of Holloman the opportunities that were showered on them as a result of their Eden Musee experience.

It is a strange illustration of the amazing changes which time has recorded, that the same Eden Musee, the first institution to seriously exhibit moving pictures, has, after eighteen years, been forced to put out the sign "Failure," due to the very growth of the art and industry which it did so much to start to their final goal. But while the Eden Musee is to pass on, the influence of Holloman in the field he has honored is yet paramount. No one is doing more in the line of exploiting educational films than he, while his interests in various phases of the industry are well-nigh collossal.

Tali Esen Morgan is a name to conjure with in the musical field. That name is now almost as famous in the moving-picture world, for it was Mr. Morgan who first utilized an auditorium seating ten thousand persons for the presentation of a feature film with adequate musical setting. This was at the Auditorium, in Ocean Grove, New Jersey, where "The Storm," a musical film feature, attracted tremendous attendanc year after year, and its vogue is not ye exhausted. Moreover, Mr. Morgan wa so impressed with the possibilities o enhancing film production through th augmentation of its musical side, tha he has since become a permanent acqui sition to that small faction which is now seeking to attract the public to the photo play house through the influence of th best in music. In Newark, New Jersey Mr. Morgan conducts the Paramoun Theater, with a policy so distinctly mu sical that he was selected by the head of the Paramount Pictures Corporatio to assume the management of the Broad way Theater in the metropolis; and al though he was forced to retire recently because of the demands of his Ocean Grove enterprise, Mr. Morgan is cer tain to be heard from again in the fall There are too few such as he.

It was the adamantine policy of good music in the exhibition of picture plays that made the name of Samuel L. Rothapfel famous the world over. Yet here is a man who, but a few years ago, was conducting a "hole in the wall" in a Pennsylvania town. From the outset he insisted on using the utmost care in selecting his film subjects, and, once selected, was untiring and uncompromising as to the manner in which these should be exhibited. Rothapfel was, at first, regarded as a crank, whose ideas were harmless; but he had a strange knack of making his theaters pay, despite that he was one of the first to demand higher prices of admission. It did not take long for Rothapfel to emerge from his "hole-in-the-wall" activities.

Men of wealth and discernment found

n out, and Rothapfel was brought to inneapolis, Minnesota, and placed in arge of a sumptuous, modern theater, d told to go as far as he liked in test- his ideas. The result was instanta- ously favorable—Minneapolis soon be- me known as the city of film progress. aturally, Rothapfel was not long hid- n in the Northwest. Chicago needed m, and when he repeated his triumphs the Windy City, the call of New York came insistent. At the Regent Thea- r, in Harlem, "the wizard" scored ew.

Come now the Messrs. Mark and iegel to Broadway, erecting the pala- al Strand Theater. No one knew what s policy was to be until a few weeks efore it was dedicated, with Rothapfel charge. Ever since no week has assed that less than forty thousand per- ons have found their way to the trand's box office. Rothapfel's ideas f combining high-grade films with a su- erior musical accompaniment and a uly artistic environment, created the ost successful amusement enterprise n the history of the greater city.

Such was the influence of Rothapfel's dvent on the Great White Way, that he annals of the entire industry began o rewrite itself. Men of large capital nd no little discernment, who had never efore invested a dollar in theatrical un- ertakings, came into the new field bent pon conquest. Wall Street became ractically the motion-picture center. Majestic neighborhood theaters, some osting a million dollars or more to rect, began to rise, not only in New ork but all over the country. In nearly ll of these the managements openly an- ounced an emulation of the Rothapfel olicy.

In one short year Rothapfel rose me- eorically to a position of fame and af- luence, which caused so many revolu- ionary changes in the motion-picture nap that it is fair to say now that his nfluence has been greater than that of ny one individual in creating the exist- ng status of the new art.

One may only conjecture as to the profits of the Strand Theater during the Rothapfel regime, but they were great enough to induce a group of con- servative capitalists to offer the wizard his own playhouse; and as Rothapfel felt that there was a still greater goal for him to attain, the famous "Corner," where Oscar Hammerstein was wont to make the money which he lost in grand opera enterprises, was secured on a long lease. Here, on the best located site in the theater zone, is now arising a modern playhouse, where Rothapfel ex- pects motion-picture history henceforth will emanate from.

Few, indeed, will say him nay. It is not strange that the gentlemen who are his financial sponsors have insured Roth- apfel's life for a tremendous sum. It was, indeed, a compliment to the latter that when he left the Strand Theater its owners not only selected a musician to succeed him, in the person of B. A. Rolfe, who is also a producer on a large scale, but Rolfe has not hesitated to announce that he will not attempt to disturb the magnificent policy main- tained by his predecessor.

Thus is the musician being awakened to the Mecca that is at his very door.

And while the Rothapfels and the Morgans and the Rolfes are persistent in their efforts to bring good music to the photo-play house, the producers themselves are harkening to the demand, also. One at least, Commodore Black- ton, of the Vitagraph company, has long been preparing along these lines.

Blackton intends to visualize the great symphonies of Mozart, Beethoven, and Liszt. Already in the big Brooklyn stu- dio one may see not a few of the expo- nents of classical music at work in an environment that astonishes them. David Bispham, perhaps the greatest Wagner- ian singer, and an authority on the subject, was the first artist that Black- ton engaged for the new regime. Can any one wonder, then, that musical folk are at last being attracted to the new art, which for years has been beckoning them in vain?

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

FIVE female villains. This is some job, take it from me. There are as many of the feminine hiss producers as there are of the men. First on the list comes Vampire Theda Bara, of the Fox Film Corporation. Then comes the Vi- tagraph's best bet, Julia Swayne Gor- don. Louise Glaum, of the Tom Ince forces, ranks third. Helen Gardner, an- other of the Vitagraph staff, belongs in fourth position; while Alice Hollister, of Kalem, deserves fifth place.

Right now, while I think of it, I want to register a kick for the motion- picture theater patrons. Yes, it's about a majority of the exhibitors who run their pictures off in less than fifteen minutes to a reel. I have seen many pictures spoiled by the operator in a theater. Some exhibitors, in order to make room for a new crowd, run their reels off in nine minutes! This is all wrong. Take out your watches, and if the pictures are run off in less than fourteen minutes make a kick. The correct time to take in projecting a pic- ture, that is, a one-reel film, is sixteen minutes.

Have not seen delightful Mae Marsh in a picture in a long time, and must admit that I miss seeing her. With the possible exception of Mary Pickford, Mae has no equal.

Wonder when Universal is going to see the error of its ways, and give Billie Ritchie a new make-up. At the present time he disguises himself like Chaplin, but, of course, is nowheres near as funny, and his appearance is a signal for "Look, he's trying to imitate Charlie Chaplin." It's all wrong, Billie.

Murray MacCoid, the Texas Cattle King, is coming on a trip East soon. He writes that he has accepted an offer to appear in a feature while here. Dare-devil stuff, of course. It takes Murray to pull daring feats of horse- manship. MacCoid, Tom Mix, and Bill Hart are the three best actor-riders in the business.

Besides reissuing the Carlyle Black- well-Alice Joyce pictures, Kalem is also reissuing the Tom Moore-Alice Joyce films. The popularity of their stars certainly makes money for the film companies.

James Cruze and Sidney Bracey are en route to the coast via automobile. Cruze states in a pathetic note to me that at least five people have recog- nized him—as somebody else. He is patiently waiting to hear some one say: "Lookit Jimmy Cruze." Why not ad- vertise, James?

Something interesting for next week. The five greatest polite comedians. Some rib sticklers, these, and in a dif- ferent way from others. Watch for them.

Marrying Money

(WORLD FILM)

By Kenneth Rand

If you were on the point of bankruptcy and suddenly and unexpectedly received just enough money with which to court an heiress whom you loved, what would you do? The answer is obvious. Then, if you were an heiress and a man whom you loved was rich, what would you do? The answer is again obvious. But then, if something most unusual and least to be expected should happen, there is no telling what you would do. All these things take place in this story, and everything is done, even that which is most unexpected. What happens as consequence adds greatly to the value of this narrative, taken from the picture of the same name produced by the World Film Corporation. The cast was led by Clara Kimball Young as *Mildred Niles*, and she was supported by the following:

Mrs. Niles.....Ina Brooks
Ted Vandeveer.....Chester Barnett
Ted's friend James Sweeney.... ...William W. Jefferson
French Count.....Winthrop Chamberlain

THINGS can't go on like this much longer!"

Ted Vandeveer made the rueful assertion to his law partner, James Sweeney, as the two young men sat in their suite of offices, to which not a single client had found his way for the past six weeks.

That was the root of their trouble. They needed a client—needed it as a flower that has stood withering for days in the sun needs water; as a shipwrecked mariner on the point of exhaustion needs land; in short, as two young men whose profession is the law, whose debts amount to a thousand dollars, and whose combined assets are three dollars and seventy-eight cents, need a client to prevent them from starving to death.

Jim Sweeney, in corroboration of his friend and partner's gloomy assertion, nodded with a dejected sigh.

"True," he agreed. "Things can't go on this way much longer, or we'll be arrested for what we owe."

The harrassed expression on Ted's face deepened.

"What do you mean?" he anxiously demanded. "Have any of our creditors been making trouble?"

"They've been threatening it," admitted the other. "I received a letter last night from a firm of attorneys, into whose hands the owners of the apartment house have turned over the little matter of three months' rent we're in arrears. They want a settlement right away, or they'll take the matter into court. They didn't mince words to any noticeable extent," he added, shaking his head sorrowfully as though at the memory of the phrasing of the letter he referred to, "in telling us what they thought of us for holding our esteemed landlords up so long for the money to which they are justly entitled. We are a couple of dead beats."

Ted drummed on the edge of his desk with his fingers.

"Heard from anybody else?" he inquired.

"A printed notice came at the same time from a collection agency," answered Jim Sweeney. "The butcher and the grocer have lumped their bills, and placed them in the hands of the agency for the collection of long overdue debts aforesaid. We're given until Friday of this week to settle the joint bills, which amount to ninety-four-twenty, or the agency will start dunning us in earnest. That's a pleasant prospect."

As his chum continued to stare in moody silence through the office window beside him, off over the smoke-plumed roofstops of lower Manhattan, Sweeney went on:

"I've heard about the methods that particular agency employs to bring debtors to the scratch. They boast that they've never failed to get a settlement in full from any delinquent they start after. They guarantee, as a matter of fact, to collect for their clients or without a fee. I haven't a doubt t what they make good ten times out ten—having heard, as I say, how th work. For one thing, they have be known to hire a sightseeing auto, it with a brass band, and, tacking up banner on each side of the wagon, wi letters a foot high, blazoning forth, f instance, that 'Vandeveer & Sween owe ninety-four dollars and twenty cer which they refuse to pay,' drive the thi down to the office where the coy debto hold forth, and keep it there, with t band playing, until the debtors cor down with the money in their han and pay them to go away with the au and their band—especially the ban Rather a neat trick, what?"

Ted Vandeveer, jumping up, rumpl his hair, and fell to pacing the roo the worried furrow deepening betwe his dark, handsome brows.

"Good Lord, Jim!" he fairly groane "Something's got to be done. We ca have anything like that happen to u We'd be ruined for life, if it did. Is there some way under the sun that v can get hold of the money we owe t butcher and the grocer before Fr day?"

Jim shook his head.

"I give up," said he. "What way you suggest for collaring that elusi ninety-four dollars and twenty cen some time within the next forty-eig hours?"

'Maybe we could borrow it."

"Who from? The biggest part of hat we already owe is the loans we've ade from our friends. I'm afraid our edit is shot as full of holes as a sieve, d man. Think of something else."

Ted flung up his hands hopelessly.

"I can't!" he declared. "It looks as ough we were done for. The firm of andeveer & Sweeney might as well ke in its sign and retire from busi- ss."

"We can't do that," Sweeney pointed t, "for if we did, what would be- me of Vandeveer and Sweeney as dividuals? The firm is our only hope three meals a day and a bed apiece night. The law is the only thing e're any good at; and, by George, we good at that! We're two of the ainiest and best lawyers in this whole y of New York. All we need is a ent, to show what we can do; and aybe one will drop down to us from t of the clear sky before the day is er."

Ted seated himself once more in the air before his desk.

"I have two dollars and thirty-five nts in the world," he grimly informed s partner, "and you've just told me at the amount of your entire capital one-forty-three. When this day is er, we'll both be flat broke; and on ast performances for the preceding six eeks, the betting is ten thousand to ne that no client will come to us before e lock up for the night, out of the y or elsewhere."

Jim Sweeney sighed again, and joined is friend in gazing out through the indow at the city's skyline.

"Have you looked over the mail?" e asked, after a pause.

"Not yet," answered Ted, turning as e did so to pick up the half dozen nopened letters, most of them obviously ontaining nothing but advertising mat- er, that lay on the desk blotter before im. "I've been putting off the unpleas- nt task of looking at any more bills at we can't pay. Oh, Lord!"

Sweeney turned quickly at the ex- lamation of despair that left his part- er's lips.

"What's the matter?"

In silence Ted held up one of the let- ers to show him the firm name "Baxter Billings, Attorneys at Law," printed the upper left-hand corner of the en- elope.

"We were forgetting that we owed two months' rent for this office," Ted remarked bitterly. "This is probably a reminder from a firm of lawyers into whose hands the owners of this office building have put their claim, that we've got to settle up. A reminder and a threat, as likely as not, that if we don't we'll find our way into court. Well" —starting to tear the end of the envelope across—"let's see how many days of grace we're allowed before the legal action starts."

There followed a moment of silence while Ted read the communication from Baxter & Billings. A low whistle of surprise disturbed the quiet, which immediately afterward settled down once more in the office as Ted re-read the letter from beginning to end a second time.

"Jim!"

Bounding up, Ted waved the letter wildly over his head.

"Listen to this!" he cried. "'We are saved, the captain shouted, as he staggered down the stairs!' Listen! An uncle I never knew I had has died, and he has named me in his will. He was worth three million, these lawyers state, at the time of his death, and——"

Sweeney, too, was on his feet.

"Then we're princes!" he began, in a tone that echoed his partner's jubilation.

"Hold on!" the latter checked him. "I wasn't the only one named in this will. My cousin, Archie Vandeveer— you've heard me speak of that sissified lightweight, who already has more money than he knows what to do with, before—is the chief beneficiary. He gets almost the old man's entire estate; almost, but not quite. I come in for seventeen hundred dollars, and here it is—check from the lawyers inclosed."

Seizing hands, the two young men danced around the office.

"I said," insisted Sweeney elatedly, "and I still say, that we're princes! Two minutes ago, broke, and now the proud possessors of the large and lordly sum of seventeen hundred—— Ted, do you suppose the check's good?" he broke off to inquire anxiously.



The law firm of Vandeveer & Sweeney was in financial deep water—and out over its head.

Ted grabbed his hat.

"We'll soon find out," he announced. "Come on around the corner to the bank, and we'll see if we can cash it without the paying teller phoning for the police."

Five minutes later the young men stepped out of the bank with a large bulge showing above the inside breast pocket of Ted's coat, where the seventeen hundred dollars, in bills of various denominations, reposed.

They hired a taxi, at Sweeney's suggestion, and for the next two hours made the rounds of their numerous creditors, paying off their indebtedness

to each. When the last loan had been repaid, and the last bill settled, there was an appreciable lessening in the size of the bulge over Ted's inside pocket, but they still had seven hundred dollars left.

"I'll tell you what we'll do"—it was Sweeney who again made the suggestion. "We've been harassed and worried with these debts, which, thank Heaven, are all paid at last, for the past month and a half, and we're entitled to a vacation. We'll go away somewhere and have a good time for a week."

Ted assented to the proposal.

"But where shall we go?" he asked.

"Rockville," answered his friend, after a moment's thought. "I've heard the place highly spoken of as a summer resort."

"So have I," added Ted; "but I've also heard that it is visited almost exclusively by people of society."

"What of it?" promptly inquired Mr. James Sweeney. "Aren't we as good as they are? You forget that we've got seven hundred dollars in the kitty, and on that we might be able to make a splurge for a week with the best of 'em."

So to Rockville the two young men went. Both owned a number of suits of clothes, including correct evening dress, and these irreproachable wardrobes they brought along with them



The count was only a source of amusement to Mildred—but Ted was not aware of this fact.

the trunk on which was painted T Vandeveer's name. The clerk of t hotel to which they were driven fr the depot, and on the register of whi Ted signed first, noticed the name "Va deveer."

Now it happened that Archie Vanc veer and his mother had telephon ahead to reserve a suite at that sa hotel, only two days before.

And the clerk, thinking that Ted a his friend were members of the Va deveer party, assigned them to roo in the suite which Archie and his moth had engaged.

Two hours after they had arrived the hotel Jim Sweeney sought out T and drew him aside.

"Here's a hot one," announced Swe ney, grinning. "What do you thin happened?"

"I don't know," answered T "What's up?"

His friend leaned against one of t pillars of the veranda, in the shelter corner where they stood, and shook wi silent mirth.

"They take us for millionaires," gasped, in a stage whisper. "The girls and their mothers—all of them that a stopping at this hotel, have got you, least, down for little old George V Croesus. I just overheard a snatch two of their conversation, and I'm gi ing it to you straight—they think y carry the key of the mint on a little pi string around your neck. Want to kn the reason why?"

"Of course. What caused the mi take?"

"Why, your last name's the same your cousin's. Archie, the sippy-sap Willy boy, who was born with a go spoon in his mouth. He and his 'de mammaw' engaged a suite of rooms he by telegraph, day before yesterda They're coming here to stay a mont but not till next week—so you do need to get excited about it yet. Th clerk at the desk thought we were me bers of their party, and he gave rooms in their suite. Due to that fa and the one that your name is the sa as Archie's, you're it. Don't you s it yet, you bonehead? They take you f the Archibald B. Vandeveer there's be so much talk about in the papers as t sole possessor of between four a seven million!"

"But——"

"There aren't any buts about it.

you, you're in soft. The girls'll be er you three deep, from now on; l with the approval of their mammas, . You're due to have a grand time the rest of this week. My advice to is to go to it while the going is od."

"You mean let them go on thinking a millionaire?"

"Exactly. Doesn't the thing appeal you? Gee, it does to me! For I pect to come in for some of your re-cted glory, so to speak. As the friend. Vandeveer, the young man with coin burn, I figure on being of some lit- importance around this hotel myself. t you'll be the real lion. Cæsar's ost, boy—don't you want to know at it feels like to be a millionaire, if ly for a week? To have all the pret-st girls scrapping among themselves get near you——"

"Shut up!" broke in Ted warningly. omebody's coming."

The somebody was no less a person-e than Mrs. Philo Niles, the wife of he King of Wall Street," as he was lled, in tribute to the fortune in six ures he had gained by his successful ock manipulations, who was spending o weeks at that hotel with her twenty-ar-old daughter.

Mrs. Niles had her daughter with her w, as she approached the two young en who stood at the end of the ver-da. Ted looked for the second time Mildred Niles—he had seen her in e lobby upon his arrival at the hotel—d he told himself again that a pret-er girl it would take miles of traveling d many a long moon to find. He liked r on sight. As to what his feelings ward her might become, if he was ven an opportunity to make her ac-aintance——

"My dear Mr. Vandeveer, how do you ?" exclaimed Mrs. Niles, holding out r hand to Ted. "I learned but a mo-ent ago of your arrival, and hurried t here to look you up. You'll think absurd, I know—having met you at alm Beach only last winter—but the otel clerk had to tell me what you ooked like. My eyes, you know—they're readfully nearsighted; and though I re-emembered your name at once, I couldn't ell what you looked like to save my oul. I only chatted with you for a few inutes down in Florida, and all the me I was doing so I'm afraid I never ot what another person would consider good look at you. All the fault of these eyes of mine. But you haven't met my daughter Mildred, have you?" the matron broke off, beckoning her charming daughter forward with a nod of her head.

Ted felt Sweeney kick him surreptitiously.

"Oh—I—I," he stammered, taking the hand which the young girl was holding out to him with a dazzling smile, "I'm very pleased to meet you, I'm sure."

There was a choking laugh behind him, and when Ted looked around it was just in time to see his friend slipping away on tiptoe.

The next moment Ted was giving his undivided attention to Mildred.

In the days that followed he continued to do just that. His conscience troubled him to allow her to go on believing him the heir to millions when, in reality, he was nothing but a penniless lawyer; but for all that he could not bring himself to confess the truth to her. She was the daughter of a millionaire herself; to have learned of his real financial rating might—it probably would, especially if her mother or her father, "The King of Wall Street," got hold of it—mean that their acquaintance must be severed.

And Ted did not want that to happen, above all things. If he could only know her for a week, he wanted those seven days to spend in her society uninterruptedly. Thus he let Mildred go on believing that he was Archie Vandeveer, the pampered son of fortune, instead of Ted Vandeveer, the young barrister, between whom and utter poverty stood only the sum of seven hundred dollars.



That night, carried away by his feelings, the penniless young lawyer proposed to Mildred Niles, the daughter of "The King of Wall Street."

Ted's conscience about appearing before Mildred Niles under false colors might have rested easier could he have known how a certain deal, engineered by a clique of Wall Street financiers, headed by Philo Niles himself, was faring just then.

The King of Wall Street had attempted to secure control of a railroad operating through the richest region in the coal country. To do so he had invested first a quarter, then half, and finally three-quarters of the fortune he had already amassed through his prev-

ious lucky speculations in stocks, and still he had not succeeded in obtaining fifty-one per cent of the railroad's shares, which had gone up and up in price as he and his crowd bought more and more of it; nor was he even within reaching distance of his goal.

What he was approaching, however, was a dangerous crisis in his financial career, for, unless he was able to secure control of the road by buying its stock before it rose any higher and so was placed out of reach of his remaining capital, he would be saddled with the stock he had already bought, which would be worthless unless the clique's contemplated coup went through, and so a ruined man.

But Ted, of course, knew nothing of this, nor did even Mildred or her mother, from whom the financier was in the habit of keeping any hint of his speculations in Wall Street a secret.

What Ted did know, however, was that he had a rival for the monopolization of Mildred's society. This was the Count de Contignac, who was also stopping at the hotel, and whom Ted cordially hated for his open admiration of the only daughter of the King of Wall Street.

The count was, in reality, what Ted suspected him of being, and that was merely a fortune hunter. It was not Mildred's beauty and charm that attracted the foreign nobleman half so much as the fact that her father was reputed to be worth a million dollars and more.

Mildred looked upon the count—whose designs upon her father's check book she saw through at once—with good-natured contempt, but this she did not allow Ted to perceive.

The fact of the matter was, she was as much interested in the young lawyer as he was in her. Therefore, following the immemorial way of a maid with a man, she allowed him to believe that the count was a very real rival to him indeed. Which, perhaps, was largely responsible for the course Ted took to spike the count's guns once and for all.

Which was, that three days after he had met her Ted proposed to her.

And, still undeceived about his being Archie Vandeveer, the millionaire, Mildred accepted him. They were engaged.

Ted had pleaded that their betrothal be kept a secret, and Mildred had promised to say nothing of it to any one; but surely, she had thought, it would be all right to confide in her mother; and so, pledging the latter to the same secrecy which Ted had imposed on her, she imparted the fact of their engagement to the wife of Philo Niles. To say that the lady was pleased over the match her daughter had made with a young man she supposed to be the undisputed possessor of more money than even her financier husband had been able to accumulate, is to put it mildly. She was fairly gushing in her joy over the betrothal.

Ted, on the other hand, was not the conventional overjoyed accepted suitor in inner feelings or outward manner. He was plunged into the nethermost pit of remorse. He had had no business, he told himself, ever to have proposed to a girl that it was impossible for him to marry. On the money he had—on the money he could possibly hope to earn in the immediate future—he couldn't support her for even one month, let alone the remainder of her life.

And he had done it under false colors, too! That was the rottenest part of the whole thing. Mildred thought he was as well off as she was herself. He had *let* her think so, from the moment of their first meeting right up to and beyond the hour of his proposal to her.

"What's the matter with you?" his friend Jim Sweeney demanded of him, noticing the dejection that had settled upon him like a pall. "Has high living put your liver out of whack—or what?"

Ted hesitated for a moment, and then he made a clean breast of what he had done to his tried friend and partner. Sweeney whistled when he heard the story.

"And she accepted you, you say?" he asked eagerly. "You're engaged, all according to Hoyle?"

"Yes," groaned Ted. Worse luck!"

Jim stared at him for a moment in speechless surprise.

"Well, you poor boob!" he ejaculated scornfully at length. "You dummy, leatherhead idiot—do you *know* your luck when you bump into it in broad daylight? Here you are, engaged to the daughter of a real, blown-in-the-bottle millionaire, and you're actually *kicking* about it! You ought to be running around in circles, yelping for joy. Do you know what you're going to do, if you've got a grain of sense concea about you anywhere? Do you?"

Ted rose, with his lips pressed firr together.

"Yes, I do," he answered. "I'm g ing to her at once and make a compl confession of the way I've deceived h and release her from her promise."

Taking his head in both hands, J Sweeney shook it slowly from side side.

"You're crazy!" he declared positive "That's all—off your nut complete If you do, or even attempt to do, a thing as imbecilic as what you've j suggested, I'll shoot you, that's all. tell you what you're going to do. You going to elope with her this very night get this thing signed and sealed and r eted down in the form of an ironcl marriage certificate, before it's too la Then her father will have to whack some of his million with you——"

"Hold on!" broke in Ted decisive "I'm not going to marry that girl f her money. Do you understand? won't do it, I tell you! Why, I—I lo her!"

"All the more reason, then," rush on the irrepressible Sweeney, unheedi "why you should do just that—mar her. Her father's wealth isn't tainte is it? You haven't got any scrupl about spending money that comes o of Wall Street, have you? Well, th go ahead and grab his daughter, a your share of old man Niles' milli will take care of itself. Now, wait!" Ted started to object again.

"I've been keeping this back fr you," Sweeney went on earnestly, "b you may as well know it now. O seven hundred is about gone. I've be figuring up our expenses here at t hotel, and, on the level, they've g the war in Europe stopped for eati up the coin of the realm in gobs, bu dles, and bunches, these fashional hotels. According to the arithmetic I done on the backs of three envelop if we settled up for what we'll owe to-night, we'd have about thirty dolla left. We've got to do something quic or be paupers again; and you've g the something to do pushed right up u der your nose. And that brings r to another point."

Sweeney paused for an instant gather breath to go on with his pe suasions.

"Do you want to get back into t race with the bill collectors again?" l

umed. "Haven't you had enough of ing what the seamy side of life is e, when you can't make both ends et? Be sensible, old man—here's ur chance to fix yourself for the rest your life, and not at the expense the girl you love, either—as perhaps u were just about to say—for she es you, too. Otherwise, she wouldn't ve promised to marry you——"

"Maybe she only did it because she ought I was worth a million myself," erposed Ted hesitatingly.

"It was you who won her, don't worry out that," declared his friend confitly. "She's met lots of young chaps th money before now—a girl with father who's known as the King of all Street. She didn't fall for them. d she? She was waiting for the right e to come along, and you've proved be the gentleman. Here, take the irty-five dollars we don't owe here at e hotel and rush her off to a parson is very night, as I tell you to do. In se her parents should object, you ow, it'd be better to have them put a yell afterward than before."

For a half hour more the two young en argued the matter, and then, rectantly, Ted agreed to follow his iend's advice by running away to get arried to Mildred—that is, if he could rsuade her to accompany him.

But even while Ted Vandeveer and m Sweeney had been talking in their om at the hotel Mildred and her other had been doing likewise in their ite.

An hour before, Philo Niles had arved, to all outward appearance, so mpered was the steel of his nerve, the me jovial magnate as ever.

But the blow had fallen. His fortune ad been swept away in the total colpse of the coup he had been vainly ideavoring to engineer for the possesion of that railroad.

He had told his wife the truth, and e, in turn, had told Mildred. There as one way out of the dilemma which onfronted the family, and that way Irs. Niles had pointed out to her daughr.

"Marry young Vandeveer at once," er mother had advised, "before he can nd out that your father is ruined. His ortune, then, can replace the one which e have just lost, and we will occupy e same position in society as before."

Mildred had objected, as Ted had one, to marrying for money. But her mother had used the same argument which Sweeney had availed himself of—that as long as both she and Ted loved each other there could be nothing sordid about their match. Mildred had finally agreed to obey her mother's wishes.

And so, an hour or two later, when Ted asked her to elope with him, he was delighted by her prompt acquiesence in the proposal.



"Most marriages for money don't turn out happily," remarked Ted, "but ours is going to."

Fifteen minutes later, as though they were going to the band pavilion, Ted and Mildred left the hotel together.

They got into an automobile, which Ted had arranged beforehand to have waiting near the hotel, and were off the next moment at a forty-mile-an-hour clip in the direction of the nearest town and a justice of the peace.

And scarcely had they left the hotel when Archie Vandeveer and his mother arrived at it, having come to take possession of the suite they had engaged by wire four days ahead of time.

"I am Archibald B. Vandeveer," Sweeney, with an inward groan, heard the young man haughtily declare to the clerk at the desk. "Any other Vandeveer who has been occupying part of our suite is an impostor. Where is he, by the way? I shall see to it that he is turned over to the police."

Sweeney looked up at the clock on the wall.

"If he's only had time to get married," he prayed mentally, "that's all I care about now."

But he was not the only one who had overheard Archie Vandeveer's denunciation of Ted as an impostor. Mrs. Niles, who had been crossing the lobby at that moment, hurried to the desk. In two minutes she had been satisfied that in the person of the young man who stood there she was speaking to the Archie Vandeveer she had met at Palm Beach, and that Ted, the young man with whom she had urged her daughter to run away and get married that very

night was no one she had ever met before she saw him in that hotel three days before.

Turning, she bumped into Sweeney, who, at that short range, she recognized despite her affliction of shortsightedness, as Ted's chum.

"Quick!" she demanded, seizing him anxiously by the sleeve. "Where is your friend?"

"That is something, my dear madam, that I can't answer," Sweeney told her smilingly. "But I can only hope that, wherever he is, he is married to your daughter by this time."

Archie Vandeveer spoke up.

"Did they go away in an automobile?"

"They did," Sweeney grinned at him, "and one that can do fifty miles an hour, too."

"My car is outside, in which my mother and I have just arrived," said Archie haughtily. "It can travel seventy miles an hour. Let us go in it in pursuit of the rascal who this young man admits has run off with your daughter, Mrs. Niles. Perhaps we can overtake them, or at least be in time to prevent their marriage."

But that, it turned out, they were too late to do.

Ted and Mildred, having been united, had left the office of the justice of the peace and gone to a hotel in the town for a little supper by way of celebration, which Ted, surreptitiously ransacking his pockets after he had paid the chauffeur and the official who had joined him in wedlock to the girl of his heart, had found that he had not the money to pay for.

Mildred, noticing the signs of his uneasiness, which were momentarily growing more plain, the supper being over, as Ted sat watching the door of the private room where the repast had been served, in expectancy of seeing the waiter appear on the threshold with the bill, inquired the cause of his fidgeting.

"I may as well tell you the truth now, as later," Ted announced hopelessly. "You thought I was a millionaire, didn't you? Well, I'm not. As a matter of fact, I haven't got enough money in all the world to pay for this supper. I married you, first because I loved you, but secondly I knew you were the daughter of a millionaire."

For a full minute Mildred sat staring at him in wild-eyed silence, and then she burst into peal after peal of laughter.

"But I'm not the daughter of a millionaire," she explained gaspingly, at length. "My father lost every dollar he owned in Wall Street to-day!"

Ted's jaw fell open as he stared at her.

But the next moment, jumping up, he ran around the table and gathered Mildred into his arms.

"I don't care," he declared joyously, "*what* you are—so long as you are my wife!"

Mildred looked up into his face with glowing eyes.

"That's how I feel about you, too," said she.

And again Ted crushed her to him. The door of the room bursting open at that moment to admit Mrs. Niles, Archie Vandeveer, and Sweeney, that was the attitude in which the party found them. But another individual stepped into the room after them.

He was a middle-aged, spare-framed gentleman, with glasses. Standing near the desk in the lobby of the hotel back in Rockville, he had heard all that had passed between Sweeney, Mrs. Niles, and Archie Vandeveer, and when they had set off on the track of the runaway couple in Archie's auto he had followed in another.

Now this stranger stepped up to Ted.

"Are you married to this young lady?" he inquired.

"I am," said Ted, with his arm still about Mildred's waist.

The stranger, drawing forth a neat leather case, presented Ted with his card. Ted read the name "Norman E. Baxter," and under it the line, "Attorney at Law." His brows knitting anxiously, he stiffened as one who awaits a blow.

"What have I done now," he inquired of the lawyer, "to put you on my trail? Left another bill unpaid?"

The slim, middle-aged gentleman smiled.

"Hardly that," he replied. "My name, perhaps, has conveyed nothing to you. I am the junior member of the firm of Billings & Baxter, the executors of your uncle's will, who sent you a check for seventeen hundred dollars only a few days ago. Do you recollect the incident now?"

Ted gulped at the other's suggestion that the receipt by him of the sum of seventeen hundred dollars could be merely an "incident" in the everyd course of his life.

"Oh, yes," he nodded, "I rememl the—miracle perfectly."

"Then I have the pleasure of infor ing you," the lawyer resumed, "tl there was a secret codicil to your uncl will. By its terms you were to recei the additional sum of one million d lars providing that you married witl a year. That part of your relative's te ament was not made public, due to t fact that he wished to prevent any g from marrying you for your mon As you seem to have fulfilled the con tion, the sum will be paid to you——"

But Ted had already turned back Mildred.

"So," he said, shaking a finger at h with a look of sternness on his coun nance which his twinkling eyes beli "you got what you were after, did y after all?"

She laughed softly.

"Yes," she answered; "and, as I t you before, that was—you!"

This and That in Films.

Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Fish had a fun experience one night last week, wh at a dance. A gushing young maid came up to them and said: "Why, y gentlemen look every bit as funny your evening clothes as you do on t screen." Compliment or insult? Ch ter Conklin please interprit, in one your seven different languages.

The fourth big program, the Asso ated Service, has started with the f lowing brands: Santa Barbara, Fe eral, Deer, Monty, Navaho, Liber Banner, Empire, and Ramona. Th motto is short pictures and excellen

Tom Ince has started somethi again. This time he is looking for t most beautiful girl in America to a in his pictures. He wants all the you ladies to send him in their photograp that is, those who think they are bea tiful or have been told that they are how many haven't been told that? I will select the best-looking one, a give her a two-hundred-word contra She must be of American parenta Good advertising, Thomas.

Flo la Badie is advertising that s will send her photo to any one that d sires one, providing they send posta Bet she gets lots of orders.

Plays and Players

Al Ray.

TO Al Ray belong two of the "honors" of the motion-picture world. He is absolutely the youngest director, and has the shortest name of any actor in the films. Quite some "honors" for a young man of but twenty summers. His forte is comedy, he has only undertaken dramatic rôles twice in his young life, and vows that he will never do it again. His picture career he started when but five years old, playing child parts for the Biograph company.

Ray's parents decided that his education should not be neglected, and en-



gaged tutors for him while he was working in the films. They soon took him out of pictures altogether and sent him to grammar school, where he won the honor medal when he was graduated. When Mr. Ray entered high school his studies began to suffer greatly, for he was elected editor in chief of the school paper. Besides writing, and editing the news for the paper, which was issued every two weeks, Ray wrote most of the stories, sometimes as many as four in one issue. He made quite a success of writing juvenile stories, and many appeared in different boys' magazines throughout the country. He wrote a set of boys' books which are still on the market. In his writings, Ray soon forgot all about his studies, and left school. A magazine on boxing, which is being published successfully to-day, and in which he still holds an interest, was started by him. Vaudeville next attracted him, and he entered it, being featured in a comedy skit called "Breaking Into Society."

During a lay-off, Ray visited a moving-picture studio, and played in several comedies. Seeing the future of the films, he canceled his vaudeville tour, and appeared in pictures altogether. He has played with numerous companies, including Biograph, Vitagraph, Keystone, Royal, Lubin, Comedy, and many others. He then went with the Ramo company, where his directing attracted considerable attention, and was signed up to direct for the Comedy Film Company at Galveston. Here he met with adverse fortune, for during his third week the studio burned down, and its backers quit the film game.

Ray then got busy, and went into vaudeville, playing for forty-six weeks. After this he again went into the films, and was next engaged by the Federal Film Company as director general and star. He writes the majority of his own scripts. Among his best pictures are: "Cohen Saves the Flag," "The Barber's Itch," "The Villain Still Pursued Her," and "Not the Ghost of a Show." Most of these pictures he also directed himself.

His literary qualities you may judge for yourself by reading the interesting department, "Screen Gossip," appearing in this magazine each week, and which is conducted by Mr. Ray.

Neva Gerber.

NEVA GERBER is anything but an argumentative little person, which is strange when one considers she is the daughter of the late S. Nelson Gerber, who was for many years one of the most noted criminal lawyers in Chicago. Her delightful little air of dignity comes, without a doubt, directly down from that John Wentworth who was appointed the first governor of New Hampshire by the English crown, and from whom she traces her descent; and why should not her big eyes and quiet humor be traced to the late William Younge, one time governor of Kentucky, for he was her grandfather?

Miss Gerber is now associated with the "Beauty" brand at the American studios, and is a prime screen favorite.

Neva Gerber appeared in leads opposite Carlyle Blackwell, with the Favorite Players, and was a prominent figure in the motion picture, "The High Hand." This was not the first time she appeared with Mr. Blackwell, for she was his lead



in a number of prominent photo plays when he was a drawing card for the Kalem company. Previous to this Miss Gerber was leading woman with Edwin August, on the coast, and later she figured prominently in the feature films made by her present director, William D. Taylor, when he was with the Balboa company at Long Beach.

Miss Gerber is one of the few really capable actresses on the screen who have not had previous experience on the legitimate stage, but she has intelligence, youth, and beauty, and a fine appearance, which have aided her to, in a comparatively short time, become very popular with picturegoers.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

WRITING AND SELLING.

ONE of the most difficult things for an amateur to realize is that, though many can write scenarios, every one cannot write salable ones. The popular belief seems to be that when the last sheet of the manuscript is removed from the typewriter, all effort on the part of the author ceases, and the editors must hungrily devour the finished product, should it be offered to them.

We know it is hard for the beginner to break away from old beliefs, but for his own good we advise him to regard the writing and selling of a scenario as two distinctly different arts, each of which requires no little amount of skill. It is very true that a great deal of energy must be used during the creation of a picture play, but it is equally true, though not generally accepted by new hands at the game, that fully as much energy is needed to direct its sale.

The writer who works earnestly to get a script into proper form, but who does not study the markets carefully, and who sends his script here and there, without any assurance that the companies to whom he mails it are buying or whether they ever use that type of play, is wasting good time. He may succeed in placing his work "here or there," but it is only by accident, and he seldom repeats.

The careful writer does not go at the thing in such a manner. He works his story out with fully as much pains as the other man, but he keeps his brain alert, after finishing the script, and carefully studies his market list for possible purchasers of his product. He *knows* that he is *not* wasting time and postage by sending it to the company that he finally selects, for he is reasonably certain, because of his study of their condition, that they are producing plays along the same general lines as his. And more than half the time he is able to sell his script on its first outing.

We cannot lay too much stress on the selling end of the scenario-writing game. It is something which should command as much study from the writer as the building of the scenario itself. A merchant would fail in no time if he sold his goods in a slipshod way, and, when it comes to the selling end of script writing, the author is nothing more than a merchant. He must do just as a merchant does: study the markets, and sell wherever he can command the best price; keep his eyes open for changes in the mart, and, above all, not try to force his product where there is no possible chance of its being accepted.

We advise beginners to bring themselves to believe, though we know many will find it hard, that there are two distinct arts to be learned under the general heading of scenario writing. Study all the angles of both, and put into practice all that is learned. Remember that it is a game of brains, and that brains must be used from the time the first idea comes into the mind until after the sale has been completed—and you will note the selecting of markets comes in this period.

CONVERSATION IN SCENES.

We know of several films, some of which were big multiple-reel features, which had to be "killed"—thrown away—because scene after scene had too much conversation in it to ever hope to "get over" the meaning clearly. In every case, the director was let out, and the writer who prepared the scenario received a "black eye" with the company.

We do not doubt but what many of our readers have seen pictures on the screen which had scenes in them showing two characters engaged in a conversation for several seconds—perhaps a minute, if the clipping department could not spare the footage. While the conversation might have been vitally interesting during the taking of the picture, and might easily have furnished a big "punch" to a play on the speaking stage, it failed utterly to accomplish any purpose on the screen, other than to bore the audience. Such scenes are fatal, and the beginner must avoid them—as we have stated in this department before.

One must be able to realize just how a scenario will look on the screen in order to eliminate this and other features which are sure to ruin a motion picture production. The ability to sense how the action would look when thrown on the screen—or the gaining of the "picture eye," as Phil Lang, editor of Kalem, once named it—comes only from studying finished productions on the screen and seeing just why they are successful or unsuccessful, as the case may be.

ON NUMBERING SCENES.

We can see no reason why a multiple reel script should not be "scene numbered" straight through from the first to the last scene, without giving any consideration to the division into reels. That is just our view of the case, however, for we know of many who prefer to have reel one numbered from scene one to whatever scene terminates the reel, and then began to reel two with another scene one, and so on.

It is one of those points which will probably be covered by a standard script some day—if that day ever arrives—but just at present it is a question open to debate. Here is why we think it is bet-

er to number the scenes consecutively straight through a script:

First of all, the principle upon which numbering scenes is founded is one which makes for the convenience of the director. He must designate the scene he is taking in some way, so it is given a number. The scene is essentially a part of the whole play, rather than of the reel, and the director works to put the whole play into form rather than one reel of it. Therefore, it seems to us—and we have been told by several directors it is also their opinion—that each scene should be numbered, as though it were part of the play, rather than part of any certain reel of the play.

Secondly, it is much more convenient to the cutting-room people—generally including the director—to have only one scene by each number to put into a play. If there is a scene ten for the first, second, and third reels of a picture, it certainly is no easy matter to tell which is which, regardless of how carefully it has been "tabbed."

In the third place, very few writers can tell just how long a reel will last, and if they start scene one of the second reel at a point which only gives the director 750 feet of action, instead of 1,000 feet—the required length for one reel—the entire script must be renumbered—and that takes time. If the script is numbered straight through, it makes little difference whether reel one ends with the crisis which occurs in scene thirty-five or whether it is carried on to the next "punch," which occurs about scene forty-two. There is no remembering to be done, and the director is saved a lot of worry.

There are other reasons, too, why we consider the "straight-numbering" system the best, but they are not as important as these. We cannot tell our readers that the other system is unpopular in all studios, for it is not, but we know that the majority of directors prefer to have straight-numbered scripts to work out their multiple-reel productions form. Because authorities have not been able to agree on this point, we are afraid it is up to every writer to select for himself the style that he chooses to use. Look both of them over for yourself, Mr. Amateur, and pick out the one that seems most reasonable to you.

COSTUME AND HISTORICAL PLAYS.

We have said before that scenarios for costume and historical plays were the hardest things in the world to market, but at that time we had in mind only multiple-reel scripts of this class. Now we have learned that it is becoming quite the "fashion" to submit a miniature "Cabaria" in one reel.

There is no use writing this kind of stuff, for the editors cannot purchase it. The only chance an author would ever have of "putting over" a story in which costumes were one of the main features would be in case a certain company happened to be making a big multiple-reel production and used the "props" for a few small regular program pictures. Then the chances are that a staff writer would be called in and told just what was needed. It is easy to see that the staff man would be able to give just what was required, whereas, even if the editor happened to have a script from a free lance which required costumes of the same nature, the other props would probably not be worked in.

It is too long a chance for an outsider to take, and we advise free lances to turn out only stuff that will be acceptable to the companies for which it is intended at any time. The way to create scripts of this kind is to eliminate all special costuming and spectacular effects, and throw extra strength into the story to make up for the lacking qualities.

THE EDITOR'S JOY.

If only the beginners in scenario writing knew with what joy the editors looked upon new ideas, we are sure they would rack their brains to think of unused creations. Almost any one can appreciate the relief that is felt at finding an article in a newspaper which has been sought for a long time without success. Editors feel the same way, only a hundred per cent more so than the reader of the paper, when they at last come upon an original script after going through a pile of conventional stories.

New ideas! That is the basis upon which the whole motion-picture industry is built. The pictures themselves are a new idea, looking at them from the historian's point of view. The men at the head of the big film companies have reached their position because they have new ideas. New ideas are daily brought forth to keep the great industry moving forward, and establishing it upon a firm basis. The editors live in a world which constantly demands that they seek and find new ideas. And the writers—those upon whom they depend to supply this demand—submit threadbare material.

Do you wonder, then, that the greatest joy of the editor's life is the finding of a plot with a new idea?

Answers to Readers.

A. F. BEDLIN, Milwaukee, Wis.—Unlike the speaking stage, the motion picture requires no dialogue to carry its meaning to the audience. It is therefore unnecessary to write it in your scenario. Leaders or subtitles are used to explain points that cannot be conveyed through action. In regard to finding a market for your photo plays, we would advise that you watch our "Live-wire Market Hints" in this department. It is not necessary to copyright your scenario; few authors do.

J. BARBERA, Wilkes-Barre, Pa.—Our weekly market department will supply you with the names of the concerns buying scenarios from free lances. A two-reel scenario depends upon the action in it to carry it over the required length. You will have to study the screen to tell just how much action is neded.

D. SHERMAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—See the answer to above readers for reply to your question about finding markets. We do not think there is any danger in submitting a good scenario to any of the companies having releasing channels, for they will not try to steal it. This is one of the things that frightens many amateurs, and which is really without backbone.

MRS. W. F. RUSCHE, Milwaukee, Wis.—We would advise that you study the motion pictures you see on the screen and read everything obtainable on the subject. Then apply this knowledge to your own work, and we are sure you will be able to secure an insight to the work.

J. E. NELSON, Chicago, Ill.—Some companies require a synopsis only, but most of them desire a fully worked-out script. We would advise your writing out the scene action just as it would appear on the screen. No dialogue is necessary, however.

MRS. JAMES ALLEN, Syracuse, N. Y.—In the July 24th issue of PICTURE PLAY WEEKLY a scenario was published, and this will give you the correct form to lay your plays out in. A copy of that issue may be bought from the publishers if you cannot secure it.

MRS. P. J. MORGAN, Chicago, Ill.—The

replies to Mrs. Allen and J. F. Bedlin, in this department, cover the two questions you asked.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Vitagraph company, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York, is always in the market for unusual material, both dramatic and comedy. They are practically out of the market for single-reel stuff in the East, however, and everything submitted should be two reels or more in length.

Short Shots.

If you find that writing dramas and melodramas don't pay, why not try comedies?

Do you mold your characters from life or do you pattern them after the children of other author's brains? The former method is sure to win for you in the long run.

Unexpected twists and turns in the course of a plot will hold the interest of your audiences wonderfully.

Long hours of work bring success nearer, but the effect on your health is dangerous if you overdo. Learn your own writing capacity and try never to exceed it.

Telling other people what one knows about motion pictures is a very nice pastime, but it doesn't mean dollars and cents in the bank for the informer.

Are you alive at all times to the various changes going on within the film game? Live-wire script writers always are, for they know these changes are sure to effect them sooner or later.

At the outset of his career, the writer must begin to look about him and to pick up new ideas on all sides.

Learn to give directions in your scenes without mixing the wording up so that a director misses your meaning.

Be careful in your selection of subjects for your scenarios. Much good time is wasted developing a hopeless idea.

News of Photo-playwrights.

Giles R. Warren, one of the first scenario editors in the business, has left the west-coast Mutual studios and returned to New York, where, it is understood, he will soon join one of the big Eastern companies.

Anthony P. Kelly, the Eastern photo-playwright, whose adaptations and original scenarios have brought him to the foremost ranks of the silent-drama authors, recently underwent a successful operation in a New York hospital.

Roy L. McCardell, who won the North American Film Corporation's prize of ten thousand dollars with his big serial, "The Diamond From the Sky," is personally superintending the staging of the play at Santa Barbara, California, having gone there from New York.

Metro Awarded Medal.

THE bronze medal awarded the Metro Pictures Corporation by the officials of the Panama-Pacific Exposition at San Francisco on Metro Day, was a special award for the best motion picture shown during a competition in which the manufacturers participated.

Metro's entry was the Quality Pictures production of "The Second in Command," in which Francis X. Bushman and Marguerite Snow are presented for the first time on the Metro program. It was pronounced by the judges and all others present to be the greatest picture since "The Birth of a Nation."

The general public attended, and some seventy thousand people, it is said, cheered Metro when the award was made.

Competition for the special award was keen to the utmost, and that it was won by the Metro Pictures Corporation is a tribute to the superiority of its output.

Heard in the Gallery.

In the days before the phonograph and player piano a person could visit the movies in perfect safety.

Chris Crous remarks: "Those wishin' to become reformers should join Motion Picture Censorship Boards!"

▭

Miss Hortense Bourion, of the "Little Jem" restaurant, has written this philosophical lilt:

"There are only two roads we may travel, I say,
You must go one of them, there's no other way.
The millions of people where'er they may roam,
Are en route to the movies or on their way home!"

Our weekly puzzle: Boxes in movie theaters!

▭

Table manners in motion pictures are improving.

▭

Freaks out of circus: Movie ushers

Have a Good Complexion & Figur

Fresh skin and matchless which naturally and surely results from the use of
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So pure they are absolutely harmless, they make the roughest, pimple affected skin soft, smooth and clear. Your skin shows a finer velvetyness clear and firm with the freshness of youth in a short time. Do not be deceived—the laying on the delicate cuticle of paints, creams and lotions is only a mask, which in many cases have resulted in blood poison as they close the skin pores driving all impurities which should be thrown off—into the system—Campbell's Wafers acts from the inside through the blood and their wonderful tonic qualities—build up the system by purifying the blood, the eyes have added brilliancy, you become vivacious with the buoyancy of youth—Physicians advise immediate attention of all skin affections—put to a real test the wonderful efficacy of Campbell's Wafers—try them—send for a box. 50c and $1.00 by mail in plain cover on receipt of price from

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1 No. 22



"IN THE PARK"

A CHAPLIN SIDE-SPLITTER IN FICTION

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 22 September 4, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

In the Park: A Chaplin Comedy

ESSANAY

By B. Quade

Charlie Chaplin takes a stroll through the park. And does he run into a hornets' nest of trouble? You bet! But Charlie's troubles are nothing for you to worry about. On the contrary, they are for you to laugh over. You won't be able to keep a straight face from the minute you start to read this till you've reached the end. Whether you've seen the picture or not, read the story—and laugh afresh at the comical sayings of Charlie Chaplin, as well as his droll doings.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN paused on the gravel path in the park through which he was strolling.

He paused and sighed. It was a love-sick sigh, for the fresh, green grass and the green leaves and the little birdies singing somewhere out of sight among the latter, all combined to set a strange something stirring in his breast, the something toward which the young man's fancy is wont to turn, so the poet tells us, in the glad, spring season.

Charlie Chaplin twirled his little bamboo cane and looked along the path to the right.

He saw a couple sitting close together on a bench: sitting very close together, indeed. At first glance, the fellow appeared to be a cripple. It seemed that he had only one arm, poor chap! But when Charlie, watching, saw the girl bounce abruptly up against his side, and since she could not have made the movement unaided, it was apparent that the fellow must have thus drawn her to him, in a sudden burst of ardor, with the arm which was out of sight around her waist.



Charlie flipped the ash from his cigarette into the gaping, open mouth of the unconscious fat man.

Twirling his cane again, this time more rapidly than before, Charlie coughed dolefully behind his hand and looked the other way.

Here another aggravating sight, in his lovelorn condition, met his eyes. Another couple sat on another bench, in that direction. A nurse girl, with a baby carriage beside her, was the heroine of this love scene. The leading man of the sketch, which might have been entitled "Love, While the Cop's

Back Is Turned the Other Way," was an exceedingly fat man, with a straw hat that was two sizes too small for him perched on top of his head, in a way suggestive of a wart on a pickle.

As he looked at this pair the fat man tilted the nurse girl's face toward his with his hand under her chin. Charlie groaned hollowly and closed his eyes.

On the soft, May breeze there was borne to his ears a sound like a spoon being slowly drawn out of a bowl of cold mush.



Charlie abstracted a link of frankfurters from the vender's can.

Charlie turned around, with his eyes still tightly shut, and walked blindly away. He crossed—in disobedience to a "Keep-off-the-grass" sign—the stretch of sward that bordered the park path, at the farther end of which was a fringe of bushes. Before these bushes Charlie halted. And from out of their cover, behind him, crept a tramp.

Charlie felt a hand slipped furtively into his coat pocket, and its fingers groping about against the lining, which, alas, was empty. Keeping his eyes fixed on a point straight before him, Charlie reached out his own hand. He ran it into the coat pocket of the would-be thief who was attempting to enrich himself at his expense. Charlie's fingers encountered a cigarette. He drew it out and put it between his lips. Then he went back for a match, found it, and struck a light. Puffing on the cigarette, Charlie turned to the tramp, who at that moment removed his hand from his pocket, as empty as when it had gone into it.

Charlie smiled pleasantly at the hobo, tipping his hat, and started by him. "Much obliged," said he. "Just my favorite brand. If you pick up another I'll meet you somewhere, and help you to break the cigarette habit by taking it away from you."

And Charlie ambled on his way. He came back onto the path again, as luck would have it, right beside the bench on which sat the couple whose spooning he had first beheld.

Unobtrusively, Charlie Chaplin sat down on the vacant end of the bench.

"If a man hasn't got the price of a meal," he mentally commented, "he can go some place and smell the cooking. And if I haven't got a girl, I can listen to a fellow who has make love to her. Besides, I might pick up a new method. I'm always willing to learn the best and latest ways of endearing oneself to the fair sex."

The man whose ardent embrace of the girl with him on the bench had at first led Charlie to believe him the one armed victim of a train wreck, or a premature explosion, or something, looked like a French count.

He wore a black, "spade" beard, and mustaches waxed to needle points, with a frock coat and a silk hat.

Whether he was a member of the nobility or not, there was no question whatsoever as to his nationality. Again bouncing the girl—around whose waist his arm was wrapped—suddenly up against his side, he breathed:

"Ma chérie!"

Rather he growled the endearing term. Charlie started, and paled, not knowing what the words meant, as he heard the tone of concentrated fury in which they were delivered.

Could it be, he asked himself, that what he had intruded upon was not a lovers' tryst, but the opening scene of a murder which was about to be perpetrated there in that lonely part of the park, before his very eyes?

But Charlie sat down again on the bench, from which he had half risen, as out of the corner of his eye he saw the girl throw her arms around her bearded swain's neck in a perfect abandonment of ecstasy.

"It's just the French method," Charlie smiled reassuringly and leniently to himself. "It frightened me for a minute. I thought he was going to bite her on the wrist and give her hydrophobia. But it's just as I said. This is a splendid opportunity for me to pick

up a few pointers on love-making that I may be able to use later on."

And straightway Charlie settled himself to play eavesdropper to the conversation of the couple, who were oblivious to his presence beside them on the bench.

"You are ze sun of my life!" the Frenchman declared.

Charlie giggled, and looked around at the girl. She gave her bearded admirer another hug. When he had got back his breath he continued:

"Ze sun, ze moon, and ze stars!"

The girl rewarded this statement of the immensity of the regard in which he held her by kissing him three or four times in rapid succession. Charlie took off his hat and fanned himself with it.

The Frenchman tried to get on with his flowery avowal of how much she meant in his life, while the girl was engaged in repaying his declaration of boundless affection in osculatory kind.

"How was that?" asked Charlie sharply, having failed to catch his words.

He leaned toward the couple, with his hand behind his ear.

"You are my little cabbage!" the Frenchman stated fervently.

Charlie rocked back and forth on the end of the bench in silent mirth. He pressed his hand to his cheek, and then swept it toward an imaginary bystander in the gesture that accompanies the ejaculation, "Oh, for goodness' sake!" Then he rocked back and forth again, and in so doing he rocked himself off the bench onto the path.

At the sound of his fall the Frenchman sprang up. Scrambling to his feet, Charlie faced him with his disarming smile.

"Pardon me for butting in, Count-ed Out," said he, "but your style of courtship is all wrong. I just heard you address this young and beautiful lady as a cabbage. That may be all right in the country you come from. Maybe cabbages over there are admired, treasured objects; but here, in the city of the flat dweller, cabbages are only used to scent up the dumb-waiter shafts and make the other tenants wish the discovery of its combination with corned beef had never been made. She doesn't look, or—or, that is to say, she's not like a cabbage at all. Now, if you'll let me make the suggestion, I think you ought to compare her to——"

"*Canaille!*" hissed the Frenchman, drawing himself up to his full, slender height of six feet one. "Begone, or I will scratch your eyes out!"

Charlie, still smiling, shook his head at him reprovingly.

"That wouldn't be according to Marquis of Queensbury rules," he pointed out. "Scratching and biting, and kicking on the shins in the clinches, is barred."

"I snap my fingers at you!" announced the Frenchman disdainfully.

"I knock your hat off!" retorted Charlie.

And, with a swing of his little bamboo cane he suited the action to the words.

The Frenchman picked up his hat and clapped it angrily back on his head.

"*Hein!* You wish to infuriate me?" he demanded excitedly. "You wish to make ze blood of my fighting ancestors boil within me? Voilà! You shall fight me ze duel. I have spoken. Perhaps, m'sieu, you carry weapons about you with which we may settle this little point of honor?"

"No; only this cane," replied Charlie.

And with it he knocked the Frenchman's hat off again.

Helpless anger gained complete sway over the tall foreigner. He burst into tears, and jumped up and down on the path like a fractious child.

"I tear my hair!" he announced, in a voice which rage had pitched to a shrill, falsetto key. "You intrude upon my tête-à-tête with mademoiselle! You knock off my hat! You do it again! You have driven me mad! Remorse for having sent me to a lunatic asylum for the rest of my life, m'sieu, shall be your punishment!"

Charlie turned to walk away.

"I won't grieve myself to death over that," he lightly informed the other. "A comical college is where you belong, all right; but I had nothing to do with driving you crazy. You were balmy on the filbert when I met you. Ta-ta, old dear!"

And Charlie strolled along the path toward the nurse girl and her fat admirer, on the bench in the other direction.

On the way Charlie encountered a frankfurter vender, who stood on the path with his can of "hot dogs" resting on the ground beside him, counting up his day's receipts.

Charlie halted at his elbow. He sniffed the air, which was scented with the pungent aroma of the frankfurters in the nickel-plated steamer, and a doleful expression settled down on Charlie's face. He shrugged his shoulders, running his finger around between his neck and his collar.

"Food!" he breathed weakly. "How long has it been since I last tasted you?"

While he stood there, unperceived by the hot-dog merchant—who was engrossed in counting up the loose silver in his hand—and, to all appearances, interested solely in an inspection of the surrounding scenery, Charlie reached down the crooked end of his cane and hooked it around the handle of the steamer's cover.

He lifted the cane, and the cover rose with it.

Inserting his hand into the steaming can, Charlie withdrew it. He held a link of frankfurters, numbering six or seven. Silently replacing the cover on the steamer, Charlie turned and walked away. He had tucked one of the frankfurters in the outside breast pocket of his coat; the rest hung down on his front like the loose end of a watch chain.

Around a bend in the path, out of sight of the vender from whom he had taken the sausages, without the formality of paying for them, Charlie halted, and took a bite of the nethermost frankfurther on the chain.

Then he stood there and began to play a game with himself. He swayed from side to side, thus causing the string of frankfurters that depended from his breast pocket to swing back and forth like the pendulum of a clock. The game was to take a bite of the frankfurter on the end of the swaying link as it swung up to his mouth, without using his hands to assist him in any way.

The frankfurters hit him on the nose, knocking his hat askew on his head. Righting his derby, Charlie snapped at the swinging frankfurters again; and again he missed. The sausages rapped him once more, on the other side of his nose. Shrugging, Charlie gave up the game, as one that was too hard for him to master without more practice, and, the frankfurters still dangling from his pocket, he turned and walked back along the path in the direction for which he had been heading before his meeting with the vender—toward the nurse girl

who sat on the bench with the fat man in the little straw hat.

He was not sitting there beside her any longer, Charlie saw as soon as he rounded the bend in the path and came in sight of the bench once more.

The nurse girl occupied it alone. Glancing around, Charlie spied the fat man standing at another bend in the path ahead, beside the frankfurter vender, from whom he was in the act of purchasing one of the frankfurters.

Charlie's eyes traveled back to the nurse girl. She was reading a book. Its title was "Why They Married." Again Charlie's glance traveled speculatively toward the fat man, who was just beginning on his third frankfurter. With another shrug, Charlie approached the girl, who was absorbed in her book.

"She's romantic," he informed himself, "and it will be a treat to her to look up suddenly and find me—the ideal of her dreams—sitting beside her on that bench. I suppose she's only been letting that clumsy specimen of pork on the hoof hang around her because she couldn't find anybody better to spoon with. But he'll be thrown into the discard once she sees me."

Cautiously, Charlie seated himself on the end of the bench, beside her.

The nurse girl went on reading, unaware of his presence. Charlie glanced at the open page of the book. His eyes caught a line, traveled on to the next, and in another moment he, too, was absorbed in the recountal of the hero and heroine's relentless pursuit by the villain.

The girl turned over a page. Charlie reached out and turned it back again.

"Wait! I haven't finished that yet!" said he.

She closed the book and jumped up.

"How dare you?" she indignantly demanded.



Charlie watched the tramp prepare to steal the frankfurters that hung from his breast pocket.

Charlie, flashing her his most alluring smile, tipped his hat.

"It's lovely May we're having for weather, isn't it?" he blundered, in an attempt to open the conversation gracefully. Then, laughing quickly at his own mistake, he started to correct it. "I mean—that is to say—oh, you know what I mean! But what's a sentence without sense between friends, eh?"

The nurse girl sat down, with a disdainful bounce, on the bench again. She turned her back on Charlie and reopened her book.

"You'd better walk back to the menagerie," she said, with bludgeonlike sarcasm, "where you escaped from."

Charlie sat down beside her once more.

"I'll try the French method," he said to himself. "Maybe it will melt her. It won't do any harm to try it out on her and see how it works." Seizing the nurse girl around the waist, Charlie drew her fiercely to him, growling in her ear: "My sherry!"

The next minute, his head ringing from a box on its side, Charlie found himself sprawling on the path. The girl stood over him, beside the bench from which she had risen.

"I *thought* you were intoxicated!" she announced angrily. "You've had so much to drink, you think you're still lined up before a bar, and that I'm a glass on it. I'm *not* your sherry, or your cocktail, high ball, or beer, either, whichever it was that you got this jag with. But if you don't get away from here, I'll call for my young man, and then *you'll* think *you're* a whisky smash. He'll knock your head off!"

Charlie, picking himself up, faced her with unshaken good nature.

"Come, now," he urged, "you must confess that you like me better than him? Why, he's too fat!"

"Not to punch you into the middle of next week!" retorted the nurse girl. She favored Charlie with a withering glance from head to foot, and then seated herself on the bench again. "Splinter!"

Charlie sat down beside her once more.

"All right," he accepted her disdainful appellation. "But, like a splinter, I'm going to stick around."

He draped one leg caressingly across her lap.

"Let's get chummy," he suggested, "and tell each other our first names. Mine is——"

"Your name'll be mud, in another minute," she informed him, rising once more. She turned to call to the fat man, whose place beside her on that

bench Charlie had attempted to take, and found him standing behind her. He was chewing on the last of the frankfurters he had just returned from buying—for himself, without bringing any for her.

His selfishness, however, did not seem to have cost him anything in her eyes.

"Make him go away!" she ordered, pointing to Charlie. "He's been annoying me all the time you were gone."

The fat man planted himself in front of Charlie. He began to expand his chest. It emerged from his coat, then the vest under it, and continued to swell out until it seemed that it must burst the buttons on his shirt. Charlie raised his arms and let them fall against his sides in a hopeless gesture.

"You're a better man than I am, Gordon Gin!" he misquoted, turning away. "I'll go away somewhere and drown myself. Will that do?"

The fat man frowned at him in silence.

"Good morning, then!" And Charlie, taking his glower to mean assent to his humble inquiry, faced about and walked off.

In the meantime, the tramp whose pocket Charlie had picked of the cigarette and the match, while he was exploring Charlie's own coat in a vain attempt to find something worth taking in it, had come upon the Frenchman and the girl, who were spooning on the bench.

The girl's pocketbook was lying on the seat beside them. Perceiving that the couple, locked in each other's embrace, were oblivious to all that went on around them, the tramp, as he passed by, deftly "lifted" the purse from the bench and dropped it into his pocket.

A moment later he and Charlie met once more on the path.

The tramp saw the frankfurters dangling from Charlie's breast pocket. Being hungry, he attempted to steal them. While he was doing so, Charlie spied the pocketbook, whose handle was sticking out of the hobo's pocket. He took hold of it by the crook of his cane, and when he and the tramp parted company Charlie had again come off the better of the two from their encounter.

The girl, reluctantly withdrawing from the Frenchman's embrace, informed him that it was time for her to go home. She looked for her pocketbook, and discovered that it was gone. The Frenchman rose with alacrity to start in search of the thief.

At that moment the tramp became aware that the pocketbook was gone from his pocket, and that Charlie must have taken it.

He saw Charlie moving away, with the purse dangling from the end of his cane. The hobo started in pursuit of him, loosing a yell of baffled rage as he did so.

Charlie, attracted by the shout, stopped and looked behind him. He saw the tramp running toward him. Stooping, Charlie picked up a brick and threw it at the vagrant. His aim was excellent. The tramp suddenly lost all interest in Charlie, the pocketbook—all other things, as a matter of fact.

He fell over backward on the sward and lay still.

Charlie threw another brick at him for good measure. The Frenchman got in the way of it. With a moan, he sank back on the bench from which he had just risen, his chin falling on his breast, and his eyes closing, as unconsciousness descended like a curtain between the world and his slumbering senses.

Charlie turned and walked on, with the pocketbook hanging from the handle of his cane, behind him.

He passed the fat man, who, perhaps, had gone looking for the frankfurter vender again.

Seeing the purse swinging at the end of Charlie's cane, the fat man took it off as Charlie went by. Feeling the lightening of the end of the cane, Charlie stopped, and smilingly requested him, by signs, to hang the pocketbook back on it again.

The fat man complied, and raised his hat apologetically.

Charlie returned the salute by the back of the brim of his battered derby.

Then he was about to move on, but the fat man caught him detainingly by the sleeve.

"Where did you get it?" he asked, with a nod at the pocketbook.

"Oh, I found it." Charlie told him what was half the truth, at least.

"Have you opened it yet?"

"Not yet."

"You don't know what's in it, then?"

"Correct."

The fat man reached out his hand for the purse.

"Let me look in it," he requested, "and I may buy it from you."

"No, no!" Charlie smilingly shook his head. "If you want to buy it, you'll have to do so in the dark, as they say. You may get stuck—but so may I, for selling it to you too cheap."

While this conversation was going on Charlie and the fat man were both unaware of the fact that a policeman stood not a foot in back of them, listening to all they said.

"How much do you want for it?" the fat man asked.

"Two dollars," Charlie answered.

"That's too much," protested the other. "Keep the pocketbook."

He did not know, and neither did Charlie, that the tramp, who had recovered from the stunning effects of the collision of the brick which Charlie had thrown at his head, had ranged himself up on the other side of them.

"Give me a dollar, then," said Charlie, "and it's yours."

The fat man handed him the sum. Charlie gave him the pocketbook; and then the cop pulled Charlie's sleeve. Putting out his hand blindly, Charlie felt the brass buttons and the shield of the officer of the law behind him. Without a word, he handed the fat man back his dollar. The latter, looking around at the policeman, returned the pocketbook to Charlie in the same silence; and Charlie, catching sight of the tramp for the first time, handed the purse on to him and started to walk away.

The policeman caught him by the back of the trousers and pulled him back.

"What are you three doing with a lady's pocketbook?" the cop demanded of the other two.

Charlie seized the opportunity to walk around the three and off up the path. As he did so, with the crook of his cane he again withdrew the purse from the pocket of the tramp, where the latter had stuffed it, and walked away with it.

The nurse girl rose, with flashing eyes, from the bench as Charlie approached it.

"You're back again, are you?" she began exasperatedly.

But the angry tone faded out of her voice as she caught sight of the pocketbook which Charlie took off the end of his cane at that moment. Smiling at him, she came close to his side.

"Where did you get that?" she asked.

Charlie shrugged his left shoulder and then his right. He looked all around him, and then, slipping his arm

around the nurse girl's waist, he sat down on the bench with her, unreproved this time for his boldness.

"It's a pretty thing, isn't it?" he inquired, holding the pocketbook up for inspection by its handle.

"Where did you get it?" the girl repeated.

"I found it," Charlie answered. "Then I sold it. Then I bought it back again. Then I gave it away. And then I found it again." He laughed lightly, turning to glance at the girl's bewildered face. "It sounds like a riddle, doesn't it? But here's another funny thing about it. I don't know what's in it—maybe nothing, and maybe as much as a dollar and thirty cents."

Swinging the purse around by the handle, he hung his leg over the nurse-girl's lap again, and this time she did not reprove him for that, either.

"In that case," Charlie resumed, "I'd have a dollar and thirty-five. Would you come to a picture show with me this afternoon, then, little girl? Of course you'll understand that I didn't invite you if there's nothing in it but a powder puff, a looking-glass, two spools of thread, some samples of dress goods, and a recipe for getting rid of blackheads, clipped out of the woman's page of the newspaper——"

"It's a pretty pocketbook," interrupted the nurse girl, regarding it with wistful admiration, "whether there's any money in it or not."



"Just a minute," said the cop to Charlie Chaplin. "I want you."

Looking up, Charlie saw the cop and the fat man and the tramp coming that way. He removed his leg from the girl's lap, and rose, handing her the pocketbook as he did so.

"Do you like it?" he said abstractedly. "You can have it."

And he walked away in the direction of the lake.

There, on the brink of the placid expanse of water, he found the tall, thin Frenchman, with his beard and waxed mustaches and high silk hat.

He, like the tramp, had shaken off the soporific effects of the brick which Charlie had thrown at the hobo, but that he had received on the temple, instead.

The Frenchman, pacing up and down at the lake's edge, was wringing his hands distractedly. Charlie, halting, saw him remove his hat and place it on the grass. Then he took off his frock coat and folded it and laid it beside the hat on the sward.

"My goddess loses her pocketbook!" Charlie heard him groan aloud to the surrounding trees. "I seek to recover it for her—as I, her knight, should do. Conceive the result! I, Armand Henri Louis Baptiste de Brie, son of France, fail—fail because a brick is thrown and my head gets in ze way! Ah, *misérable!* But I have lost all in her eyes. She despises me now. There is but one thing left for me to do. I must end my life, here and now!"

Charlie, who had drawn nearer, clasped his cheek.

"In this lake I will plunge, and drown my sorrow!" the Frenchman declaimed to the trunk of a near-by oak. "Yes, I will jump in—but, alas, I am afraid!" he faltered, drawing back from the brink over which he had bent to carry out his suicidal threat.

Looking around, he caught sight of Charlie's horror-stricken face.

"Ah, my friend!" cried the Frenchman, running up to him. "I appeal to you! Help me to die!"

At once Charlie's manner became wholly businesslike. Escorting the Frenchman back to the brink of the lake, he instructed him to bend over. Then he drew back and surveyed the other's stooping form measuringly. He moved the Frenchman a foot or so to the right, stepping back once more to view him. Then he nodded as though satisfied.

"Are you all set?" he inquired.

The Frenchman's only response was a quivering moan.

"Any parting messages you want delivered?" Charlie asked solicitously.

The Frenchman, shaking his head, groaned again.

"Then here you go!" said Charlie, and he delivered a kick on that portion of the Frenchman's anatomy which was most prominently displayed, a kick that sent him sailing far out over the lake, to drop into the deep water beyond the bank.

Charlie pulled down his trouser leg, which the force of the kick had disarranged, and straightened with an air of conscious virtue displayed in a good deed carried out.

"It's doing a little act of kindness for a fellow man," he informed himself, "that makes one feel happy and contented with life."

Then Charlie turned around, to find the cop and the fat man confronting him.

"You come along to the station house," the policeman ordered him sternly.

"I've a good mind to punch your nose," chimed in the fat man, stepping menacingly toward Charlie. "Passing stolen goods on to my girl, and trying to get her into trouble——"

Charlie stepped aside, placing the fat man between himself and the brink of the lake. He appealed to the policeman:

"Don't let him hit me, officer!"

The policeman stepped between Charlie and the fat man, and thus he, too, was on the lake side of Charlie; and with a well-directed shove of his hand, Charlie sent, first the fat man, and then the policeman after him, sprawling into the water.

Then, swinging his little bamboo cane, Charlie walked away.

"I wonder if she's opened the pocketbook yet?" Charlie murmured to himself as he strolled back toward the bench on which he had left the nurse girl. "And whether that date for the picture show this afternoon is on or not? I *hope* there was money in the thing!"

Actress Almost Loses Hand.

WHAT was probably the narrowest escape from injury ever experienced by Helen Holmes, the heroine of the "Hazards of Helen Railroad Series," occurred while one of the scenes in "The Limited's Peril," the newest episode of the Kalem series, was being filmed.

According to the story of the photo play, a band of train wreckers place a quantity of dynamite upon a railroad track, after which they connect the detonating fuse to a push button. The push button is then placed on the track so that the train, in passing over it, will seal its own doom. The heroine, seeing the button, snatches it from the track in the nick of time.

Everything proceeded in accordance with the scenario. The button was placed upon the track, and the train thundered into the scene. At the proper moment Miss Holmes dashed forward and reached for the push button. Her foot slipped, causing the girl to stumble. Barely had she gotten her hand out of the way than the train rushed by. Of course this meant taking the scene over again, but since the actress escaped being crippled no one minded the time lost.

FILM FLAMS.

By Dean Bowman.

THE Lasky studios, at Hollywood, California, have announced that the "Carmen" film, in which America's prima donna, Geraldine Farrar, appears, will not be released until late in October. Just in time for the holiday crowds.

That it pays to write picture plays is proven by the Lubin concern, of Philadelphia, who have engaged the author of "The Battle of the Sexes" to write twelve plays in the next twelve months, for which a check of five thousand dollars will be sent the writer for each production.

John C. Graham, who has been appointed chief assistant to President Freuler, of the Mutual, will have almost entire charge of the film corporation's offices at No. 71 West Twenty-third Street, New York.

That the picture-play business is growing some is attested by the startling assertion that there are now over five thousand pantomime performers employed in the infant industry in southern California, and, by actual count, some two thousand keep an automobile.

Doctor W. A. Evans, the eminent Chicagoan who was selected as foreman of the *Eastland* horror jury, says that the movies are fast correcting the early flickering that caused headache and eye troubles, and from experiments suggests that the shining light be thrown from below by lowering the projector, instead of from above, as is now done.

Treasurer Charles M. Hudson, of the Equity company, who has just opened offices in the Strand Theater Building, New York, says his company will soon release more of the comedy films that are promised to bring the gallery gods back to the vaudeville houses.

When Billy B. Van, at his studio in New Hampshire, the other day invited all the professionals summering at Lake Sunapee to witness the taking and making of a film, Ruth Chatterton, the leading lady whom Henry Miller exploits, acknowledged that the movies held great possibilities and were destined to preserve the drama as the phonograph will perpetuate the music of to-day. Can it be possible?

The Post Film Company, of Chicago, have a crew of camera men in Boston filming a big production with the Hub as a background. Marie Post will be the lead, assisted by Harry Roberts, as stars.

The five-million-dollar corporation of the Griffith-Ince-Sennett-Kessel-Aiken-Baumann interests is the biggest thing in filmdom, and it is rumored that the syndicate will have a chain of picture-play houses covering all the large cities of America.

In Norway the film theaters are to be taken over by the government, and the profits devoted to lowering the tax rate. All movie licenses in the country will expire next year.

D. W. Griffith has engaged Melville Ellis to design the costumes for the new picture play with the story of the Holy Grail as the theme. The film will be reeled in California.

Enormous Earnings by Camera Stars.

IN connection with the high-salary phase of the movies it was revealed recently that contracts have been signed by Miss Kitty Gordon and the World Film Company for fifteen hundred dollars a week for one year, between Robert Warwick and the Peerless company for a lump sum of one hundred and four thousand dollars for his services for two years, and between Miss Lillian Lorraine and the Balboa for seven hundred dollars a week for one year.

Hands Up.

SOME individual played a mean trick upon Bud Duncan while the little Kalem comedian was taking part in "The Winning Wash," the newest of the "Ham" comedies. Bud, who was manipulating a flatiron, placed it upon the table at the conclusion of one of the scenes. Some one substituted a hot iron for the cold one, and every person within half a mile heard the howl let out by Bud a few minutes later.

The House of a Thousand Candles

(SELIG)

By Robert Keene

A thousand candles! And, figuratively speaking, nearly as many mysteries. Those are the things that play the most important part in this remarkable story of love and adventure. The narrative is as the biography of a fortune-hunting young man during the turning point of his whole life, and the plans of his grandfather whose favorite hopes were those that meant the very best were they carried out. Mystery in this story is injected in a pleasant way that is least mysterious, and though that may seem strange, you will agree how true it is when you have read this fiction version of the Selig Polyscope Company's film of the same name. Those in the cast of the picture were:

Jack Glenarm ..... Harry Mestayer
Marian Evans ..... Grace Darmond
Arthur Pickering ..... John Charles
Carmen ..... Mary Robson
Squire Glenarm ..... George Backus
Larry Donovan ..... Edgar Nelson
Don Jose ..... Effingham Pinto
Theresa Evans ..... Emma Glenwood
Olivia Evans ..... Gladys Samms

JACK is coming—coming to spend the summer!"

John Marshall Glenarm, affectionately known to his neighbors as "Squire" Glenarm, lifted his white head and transferred his eyes from the letter in his hand to space.

Squire Glenarm was a millionaire. He was also eccentric—as the fact that he lived all alone, save for his faithful manservant, Bates, in that imposing country mansion, which was filled with hundreds upon hundreds of candlesticks of silver and gold that he had collected from the four corners of the world, proved. Those candlesticks were Squire Glenarm's pet hobby. It was their existence that had given the name, "The House of a Thousand Candles," to his dwelling.

His sole living relative was this Jack whose name he had just mentioned—his grandson, who, for the past two years, or ever since his graduation from college, had been traveling in Europe with his bosom friend, Larry Donovan.

"He writes that he's coming home," murmured the old man in a tone which implied that he could scarcely believe the good news. "He's coming to spend the whole summer with me—but that may mean that my dearest dream may come true, after all!"

Squire Glenarm rang for his servant.

He meant to order the latter to bring him his hat and stick, and to set forth for the house of his nearest neighbor, Mrs. Evans, a widow of means, and her two daughters, Marian and Olivia, to share the joyous tidings with them.

But just then the door of the library opened, and Bates ushered in Mrs. Evans and the two young ladies themselves, who had come to call.

Both Marian and Olivia Evans were pretty; but of the two, Marian, the younger, was perhaps a trifle fairer. Squire Glenarm had long before confided the secret of his dream to Mrs. Evans. It was that one day his grandson, Jack, might marry Marian.

Presently the old millionaire led the girl across the room, halting with her under a portrait that hung upon the wall.

"Do you know whom that is a picture of, my dear?" he asked her.

"Why, of course!" answered Marian. "That is your grandson—you've shown it to me before."

"And now you are going to have a chance to see him in the flesh!" smiled Squire Glenarm triumphantly. "I have just received a letter from Jack. He will reach New York on the *Cedria* tomorrow. And he is coming here to spend the summer with me. I hope you will like him, my dear—that your feeling for him will be stronger than that, even."

At the old man's words, and what they implied, Marian blushed rosy red. But she looked up again at the portrait of the handsome young man on the wall before her—and it was plain that her eyes did not rest on his picture with disfavor.

That night, Squire Glenarm ordered all the thousand candles in his house lighted in celebration of the way everything was turning out just as he had long wished.

But a bitter disappointment was awaiting the aged millionaire.

When Jack Glenarm and his friend, Larry Donovan, stepped off the liner the next day, they went to one of the large New York hotels. There they meant to spend one night, while they took in the sights of the city, before they both left for the estate of Jack's grandfather, to which Jack had invited Larry to accompany him.

At midnight, the two young men strolled into a fashionable restaurant, noted for the excellence of its cabaret performance.

"By George, that girl knows how to dance!"

So, at the end of a half hour, Jack commented upon one of the pair of dancers, in Spanish dress, who held the center of the roped-off space between the tables. He was leaning forward, with both hands gripping the edge of the table before him, watching with unconcealed admiration the graceful movements of the girl in red and gold, and with a black lace shawl draped over her dusky hair, who swayed and glided and whirled, now in, now out, of her partner's arms.

look, born of jealousy, that boded no good to the young man.

"You've made a hit with her, Jack!" laughingly commented Larry Donovan.

"Do you think so?" asked Jack eagerly. "I'm going to send the waiter over with a card, anyway, when she's through with her dance, to ask if she'll join us at supper."

That was what Jack did. He watched Carmen receive the card, and saw her say something to Don José, who seemed to enter an emphatic protest, to which

next, could he tear himself away from the city—the attraction Carmen exerted for him was too strong. At the end of a week, Jack had made up his mind that he was hopelessly in love with her. And so he sat down and wrote his grandfather the following note:

"DEAR GRANDDAD: I have changed my plans. I shall stay in the city for the rest of the summer, instead of coming to Glenarm house to pay you my promised visit. I hope this decision on my part won't interfere with any plans you may have made. Your affectionate grandson, JACK."



The dancer joined Jack and his friend to the anger of the jealous Don José.

At that moment the girl, who was billed as "Carmen," flashed a smile at Jack over her shoulder.

The black-browed, swarthy-skinned young man with whom she was dancing saw her smile at the handsome diner in evening dress, and his brows grew blacker. He muttered something in an angry undertone to the girl. She shrugged her shoulders impatiently—and flashed a second smile at Jack.

Don José, her partner, tightening his lips, sent a look at Jack himself—a

she responded with a laugh and another shrug. The next moment Jack was on his feet, to introduce himself and Larry to the Spanish dancer, who had come to their table. The three sat down together, and a jolly little supper ensued.

The next day, Jack did not leave for Squire Glenarm's country mansion. He had won Carmen's promise to go with him by motor to one of the near-by beaches, on the evening before, and with Larry he took her there.

Nor on the day following, nor on the

The old millionaire, who received the letter, read it through sorrowfully a second time. Then he sat turning it over in his fingers, while once more his aged eyes fixed themselves on space.

Before his mental vision lay the dream of his grandson's marriage to Marian Evans, the girl he knew would make him the best of wives, shattered in a million pieces.

That night, but one candle out of the

thousand burned in Glenarm house. It was the one in Squire Glenarm's bedchamber—and it burned late. The next morning, the aged millionaire came downstairs with a determined firmness in his chin. He ordered Bates, his servant, to pack their trunks. And then he walked over to the house next door.

"I am leaving to-morrow for Italy," he informed Mrs. Evans and her daughters. "My grandson isn't coming. And so I shall spend the rest of the summer in traveling abroad."

Back at his own mansion, Squire Glenarm sent for his lawyer, Arthur Pickering.

Pickering was an unscrupulous rogue, although of this fact the old millionaire was in entire ignorance. He had been guilty of several shady transactions, which, if found out, would have been enough to send him to the penitentiary. But so far none of his illegal acts had ever been discovered.

Squire Glenarm had the attorney draw up his will. When the document was completed—Pickering being named as the executor of it—the millionaire ordered him to accompany him.

Leading the way to his bedroom on the upper floor, he removed a picture from the wall, disclosing a safe built into the side of the room behind it. As he opened this safe, Squire Glenarm gave the lawyer the combination of it, requesting him to write it down for future reference.

The safe, open, held a single great key.

With it, the now highly curious attorney at his heels, the old millionaire descended to the cellar. Groping along the wall, his hand stopped on a certain spot. He pressed it—and, before Pickering's wondering eyes, a secret panel in the wall swung outward.

"Within this box," explained Glenarm, pointing to a large tin dispatch box that had been concealed behind the secret panel, "lies my entire fortune."

Unlocking the box, the eccentric millionaire showed the lawyer its contents —a million dollars' worth of gilt-edged stocks and bonds.

"In case of my death," went on Squire Glenarm, "you will turn this over to the one named in my will."

He showed Pickering how to operate the spring in the wall that released the secret panel. Then, when the attorney had mastered the trick, he led him back to the library, and there dismissed him. Late that night, the old millionaire crept downstairs in bath robe and slippers. He held one of his thousand candlesticks in his hand, and its flame, as it dimly lighted up his face, showed that he was chuckling to himself. Into the library he moved stealthily, and to a certain bookshelf. He removed a volume —it was one dealing with architecture —and placed within its leaves a single visiting card, on which something was written in his fine, old-fashioned hand. Then Squire Glenarm, replacing the book, turned and passed softly out of the library.

In the dining room, which he visited next, he took down a certain distinctive candlestick from the number on the sideboard. With a deft turn of his thin, but strong, fingers, he unscrewed its base, revealing the fact that the stem was hollow.

And in that stem he put a second, folded visiting card, which also bore a line of writing; then screwed the base back on again, and returned it to its place among the other candlesticks on the sideboard.

And then, chuckling still, the old man went upstairs and to bed, to rest against his planned departure for foreign parts on the morrow.

At the end of two months, Bates returned to Glenarm house. He came alone, and his mien was sad. He brought the news that his master was dead—he had been one of the victims in a recent Italian earthquake that had filled the newspapers of the world with stories of destruction and horror.

The neighborhood was shocked and grieved to learn of Squire Glenarm's death, for he had been well loved, despite his eccentricities, by every one in the vicinity.

But the news was saddest of all to Mrs. Evans and her two daughters. Having been the old man's next-door neighbors for so long, and thus having had the opportunity to know him better than the others, they mourned his loss as they would have one of their own flesh and blood.

Pickering was telephoned for, and he came to the mansion posthaste.

He could not conceal the triumphant gleam that had leaped into his eyes the instant he learned of his aged client's death. Knowing the nature of Squire Glenarm's will, he had taken pains to have the millionaire's grandson located in the city by a private-detective agency, and all his movements closely followed and reported to him.

Thus he had found out that almost all of Jack's time was now being spent in the company of Carmen, the Spanish dancer.

The information had brought joy to his avaricious soul. Perhaps—the chances for it, under the circumstances, were excellent—Squire Glenarm's entire fortune might fall, not into Jack's hands, but into his own.

He sent for Jack, who arrived at the mansion with the ever-faithful Larry Donovan.

Then Pickering assembled Jack and his friend, Bates and Mrs. Evans, and Marian and Olivia in the library for the reading of the will. The document was a strange one—quite in keeping with the eccentricity of the old millionaire who had drawn it up.

Its terms were there: Jack Glenarm, the millionaire's only surviving relative, was to receive his entire estate, valued at a million dollars and over. Providing, however, that he abided by a certain condition. It was that he should come and live at Glenarm house. He must live there for a year, with only one male companion. If he left the grounds at any time during those twelve months, the estate was to go, instead, to Marian Evans.

When he finished reading the will, Pickering lifted his eyes quickly to Jack's face, to see how he had taken it.

Jack looked thoughtful, and Pickering smiled to himself. The young man was thinking of Carmen, he guessed—and the conjecture was a shrewd one. That was just what Jack was doing. Thinking how he could remain for a year within the confines of this country estate, without seeing the dancer to whose daily society he had grown accustomed during the past eight weeks.

Jack's lips tightened with sudden determination, and he got to his feet. He was about to announce his intention of renouncing his grandfather's fortune in favor of Marian, as he found the provision in the will too binding for him to fulfill.

Pickering almost smiled openly, so high was his elation mounting. It was all turning out just as he had hoped. Marian would become the sole benefi-

ciary of Squire Glenarm's will. And then—he, Pickering, would marry Marian.

That was how he had been planning all along to get the fortune into his hands. And it was not alone the money he was after, either. Though neither she, nor any other soul, had dreamed it, the unscrupulous attorney was in love with Marian.

But even as Jack was about to speak, Marian rose and came impulsively to his side, laying her hand on his arm.

"You will accept the condition, and claim your grandfather's estate, won't you?" she asked earnestly.

"Why, I——" began Jack.

"Oh, you mustn't refuse!" the girl broke in, the earnestness in her tone and expression growing. "I know how much your grandfather loved you. It would be such a disappointment to him if you refused to accept his fortune. And it's such a little thing that he has asked you to do to secure it! To live here in this wonderful old house, surrounded by all the luxuries any one could wish, and with your friend Mr. Donovan to share it with you, too. You wouldn't need to be lonely, because if you couldn't leave the grounds, your neighbors could—could come and call on you, if you cared for their society——"

All at once Jack, understanding what she meant, decided that he *did* care for her society, and more than for that of Carmen, too.

There was something about this fresh young girl on whom he had set eyes for the first time only an hour before, that had gone straight to his heart. It was not alone her beauty that moved him. But she was unaffectedly wholesome and sincere—and, he confessed the truth to himself. He had begun to grow a little tired of the Spanish dancer, who had become nothing more than a habit with him of late.

He smiled down at Marian.

"But why are you so anxious to have me claim my inheritance?" he asked. "My refusal would mean your gain."

She shook her head impatiently.

"I don't care anything for that," she answered, "beside seeing the last wish of the dear old man, who was my friend, carried out. And you *will* do as he asked—for my sake?"

Jack took her hand.

"For your sake," he answered softly, looking ardently into her eyes as he did so, "I would do a great deal more than that." Then, turning to Pickering and the others, he added in a louder tone: "It's settled, then. I'll live here at Glenarm house, and not wander off the grounds, for a year from to-day."



"Within this box," explained Glenarm, "lies my entire fortune."

The lawyer turned away, gnawing his lip in bitter chagrin over Jack's decision. The fact that he and Marian were interested in each other, too, had not escaped the knave. Was he going to lose the money, and the girl as well?"

"No!" the lawyer muttered to himself. "No, he won't come into his fortune, even if he does abide by the terms of the will. I'll fix that—he'll spend his year here all for nothing. That is, if I haven't forgotten how to press the spring that slides open that secret panel down in the cellar!"

Passing out of the library, unperceived by the others, Pickering took his way to the stairway that led to the cellar, where Squire Glenarm had shown him the hiding place of the tin box that held the million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds.

Groping along the wall, as he had seen the old millionaire do, the lawyer found the brick whose slight movement among the others told that it was the one he sought. He pressed against it, and before him the panel in the wall swung silently outward.

"It's mine!" Pickering gloated, dropping on his knees in front of the tin dispatch box that stood in the recess. "I'll clean it out of every last stock and bond, and let him whistle for his inheritance when his year's up! In twenty-four hours I can convert the whole business into cash. And then I'll skip to Europe for a little celebration. The best of it is, too, that nobody'll ever know I stole it. Old Glenarm was the only one who knew that I was aware of his fortune's hiding place—and he's dead."

While he talked, the scamp had been working at the lock of the box. Now he succeeded in opening it at last, and lifted the cover.

He sprang up, with a curse.

The box was empty.

"Somebody's been here before me!" he blurted, staring down into the box where formerly he had seen the million in negotiable securities stacked away in neat bundles and piles. "Somebody's beaten me to it—and cleaned it out first!"

The next moment he had dropped

back to his knees over the box, his eyes attracted by a scrap of paper that lay on the bottom of it.

Picking up the paper, the attorney read this baffling line:

"Study architecture."

Stumbling to his feet once more, he read the mocking line again. Then, with another curse, he tore the scrap of paper into a half dozen smaller fragments, and kicked the now wholly empty tin box back into the recess. Manipulating the brick in the wall, he swung the secret panel back into place, leaving the fact of the hidden recess' existence in the cellar as unguessable as before. He turned to the stairway to rejoin the others in the library above.

"That was old Glenarm's handwriting," Pickering reflected, as he slowly mounted the stairway out of the cellar. "If it wasn't that I recognized it, I'd think the fortune was gone—that somebody had stolen it ahead of me. But the old man, after he showed me its hiding place, must have become suspicious of me. For fear I'd come back and try to steal the stuff, he took it out of the box after I'd gone and hid it some place else in the house. That's what he did. But I can't hope to find it now. My only chance is what it was before—to make young Glenarm lose the million in some way, which will give it to Marian, and then to marry her for the money."

But that this chance of winning Marian's acceptance of his suit, when he should be ready to declare it to her, was growing more and more remote the more she saw of Jack, the scheming attorney perceived when he found Jack and Larry escorting Marian and Olivia, with their mother, across the garden of the House of a Thousand Candles to the gate of their own estate adjoining it.

Jack showed, by his manner toward her, that he was fast falling in love with Marian—this time, more in earnest than when he had succumbed to the charms of Carmen—and, by a dozen little ways which Pickering noted and ground his teeth over, she showed as plainly that she entertained more than a feeling of friendliness for him.

"I know how to fix things!" the attorney exclaimed under his breath at length. "I'll give them a couple of weeks or a month to get better acquainted. And then—she'll tire of him very suddenly, or I miss my guess!"

With which dark prophecy, smiling again with satisfaction to himself, Pickering went down the veranda of Glenarm House, from which he had been watching the others cross the garden, and departed from the estate.

Jack, with Marian's arm drawn through his, was about to accompany her through the gate of her mother's estate when they reached it.

With a little cry of warning, she checked him as he was in the act of stepping from the lawn of his grandfather's garden onto her own.

"You must be careful!" she exclaimed. "Remember the terms of the will you have agreed to abide by—you mustn't leave the grounds of Glenarm house for one whole year. Another step just then, sir, and you would have forfeited a million dollars!"

Laughingly Jack and Larry took their leave of the two girls from their side of the gate. Before they parted, Jack had won Marian's promise to pay him a visit soon again with her mother and sister.

Then, returning to the house, Jack wrote a note to Carmen. In it he told her of his grandfather's death, and of the will he had left. He explained his determination to live up to the conditions in the document. For the next year he was going to stay within the grounds of the House of a Thousand Candles.

"You'll forget all about me in less than a twelfth part of that time," he ended. "And so perhaps it is just as well that we say good-by to each other now. I shall always think of you as my friend, and I hope you will remember me in the same kind way."

Signing and sealing the letter, with a sigh of relief for the termination of an affair that had long since ceased to hold his entire interest, Jack sent Bates to the post office in the village with the epistle—little dreaming of the trouble it was to stir up for himself, and that before he was another forty-eight hours older.

Carmen, when she read the letter the next morning, sprang up from the breakfast table in her hotel apartment, her eyes flashing with anger.

"He jilts me!" she choked, striking her breast with the hand in which she held the note from Jack tightly clenched. "The only man I have ever truly loved—but he shall not find that I am so easily cast off! He has sworn to love me always. A dozen, a hundred times, he has made that vow to me. He shall remember it, and live up to his oath. I, Carmen, make that vow, here and now!"

It was just at this point that the telephone bell rang. Carmen was informed that a Mr. Arthur Pickering was calling. She cried out that she knew no one of that name, and would not see him, and hung the receiver back on the hook.

A moment later the phone rang again.

The switchboard operator in the hotel office below announced that Mr. Pickering was a lawyer, whose call on the Spanish dancer had to do with Mr. Jack Glenarm.

Carmen hesitated a moment. Then she ordered:

"Show him up!"

She paced the floor while she waited for the attorney to put in his appearance. A plan for forcing Jack to change his mind about throwing her over had occurred to her. She would send this lawyer to him, which would make him think that she was contemplating a breach-of-promise suit against him. Perhaps then he would be frightened into taking her back.

"You have not seen anything of young Mr. Glenarm during the past day or so, I know," Pickering began, as soon as he was shown into Carmen's apartment. "I am the lawyer who drew up his grandfather's will, and who explained its nature to him. That is why I say that you have not seen anything of him, for I know of his intention to stay on that estate for a year. But have you, by any chance, heard anything from him?"

Carmen regarded the man before her narrowly for a moment or two. Then, deciding to trust him implicitly, she handed him Jack's note.

"He means to cast you aside," said Pickering, confidentially drawing his chair nearer, when he had skimmed through the letter. "That is plainly shown by what he has written. After monopolizing your society for the past two months, he coolly throws you over. And do you know why? Let me tell you, then—he is in love with another girl!"

Carmen sprang up, her fists clenched and her dark eyes fairly sending forth sparks of wrath. Added to the fire of rage which had been kindled in her breast by Jack's attempt to cast her aside, was the fuel of jealousy.

"Who is she?" she demanded, through her set teeth, of Pickering. "Her name—that I may go and kill her!"

"No, no! You would gain nothing by trying to injure her. That would only make him love her all the more. Don't you see that? Be guided by me. I have a plan whereby you can break up their love affair, and at the same time get Mr. Glenarm back for yourself. Will you listen while I explain?"

Carmen sat down again.

"Mr. Glenarm, as you know, cannot leave the house his grandfather left to him, to visit any of his friends," Pickering went on. "But that doesn't prevent any of his friends from visiting him. Do you see the point? My suggestion—for which, by the way, I charge you no fee, feeling that I will be amply repaid if you will but follow it—is for you to send Mr. Glenarm a note, informing him that you intend to pay him a call at Glenarm house, and then that you follow the letter in person. In the meantime, I will attend to my part of it."

The lawyer paused, and smiled at the dancer.

"I will inform Miss Marian Evans, the young lady who is your rival for his affections, that he is merely carrying on a flirtation with her, while he is seriously in love with you. She will not believe the charge against him, possibly. Then I will offer to show her the proof of it. I will take her to Glenarm House, and let her find you there with young Glenarm. She will not know, you see, but what you have been staying under that roof with him ever since he has been there. She will have nothing more to do with him after that. And, therefore, he will turn back to you. What do you think of my plan?"

Carmen rose, her lips pressed firmly together.

"I will carry it out," she answered tersely.

Pickering had no sooner taken his departure, than the dancer wrote Jack the note as she had promised to do, informing him of her intention to pay him a visit on the following day.

When Carmen arrived at the gate of the grounds surrounding the House of a Thousand Candles, she was met by Bates, whom Jack had posted on guard there to await her arrival, upon his receipt of the note which had informed him of her contemplated coming.

"Mr. Glenarm is not at home, miss," Bates informed her.

"Not at home?" repeated Carmen, in surprise. "Why, of course he's at home—he can't go out of these grounds without forfeiting a million dollars!"

"Mr. Glenarm is not at home," repeated Bates.



"Don't step off the lawn," warned Marion, "for if you do you will lose a million dollars."

Carmen understood at last—she was being refused admission. Turning on her heel, she walked away to the village, where she put up at the inn, to be near Glenarm House and to await developments.

And thus it came about that when Pickering brought Marian to the house, to let her see, as he had told her, "how he spends his time there, a self-sentenced prisoner," that he was chagrined to find the Spanish dancer nowhere in evidence.

The scheming lawyer had not supposed that Jack would go to the length of forbidding Carmen the house, which was what he had done, and thereby spoiled his plan to discredit him in Marian's eyes.

"I'll have to try something else," Pickering muttered to himself. "But I wish I could think what!"

The matter was solved for him two nights later. Jack had invited the lawyer, whose rascally nature he was in ignorance of as his grandfather had been, to spend a few days at the House of a Thousand Candles. Marian and Olivia Evans were planning a masquerade ball for the night in question. In a spirit of mischief, and not dreaming that Jack would accept it seriously, they sent him an invitation. It was brought into the house, unsealed, by Bates. And Pickering took the envelope from the servant, and opened it and read its contents on the way into the house.

At once he saw a way that Jack might be forced to surrender his inheritance, in that invitation to the masquerade ball.

Seizing pen and ink, he wrote across the back of the card, as though Marian herself had done so, the tempting line:

"I dare you!"

And Jack, when he received the invitation five minutes later from the lawyer's hand, fell into the trap. He informed his friend Larry, who was already dressing for the ball in a Harlequin's costume, that he intended to go with him.

"But you can't leave the grounds!" protested Larry. "Think what you're doing, man—risking a million dollars on a prank!"

"Nobody'll know that I was there!" answered Jack lightly. "Don't you see the point, you chump? This is a masquerade party! I can go, as—as a knight of old, by George! in that suit of armor that stands downstairs in the hall—and, with a mask to cover my face, nobody'll recognize me in a million years. I won't open my mouth the whole evening, so my voice won't give me away. I'll be the 'Silent Knight.' She's dared me to do it—and I'll show her that I can take a dare!"

Despite all Larry's pleadings and arguments against the folly of the step, Jack got into the suit of armor, put on a mask, and accompanied his friend out of the house.

No sooner had they gone, than Pickering prepared to devote the rest of the evening undisturbed to what had become his regular nightly occupation ever since he had accepted Jack's invitation to spend a few days at the house.



Jack had won her promise to come from her house—to visit him often during the year.

That was to make a systematic search through it for the missing million dollars' worth of stocks and bonds which the crooked lawyer was sure Squire Glenarm had hidden before his departure for Europe.

Before he set to work to ransack the mansion, Pickering went out for a walk around the grounds to make sure that Jack and Larry had got safely out of earshot.

Hiding in the shrubbery, the attorney found a young man with a dark-browed, swarthy face, which stamped his nationality as that of a Spaniard.

"What are you doing here?" Pickering demanded of the prowler.

"I'm waiting for the man who owns this house," growled Don José—for he was the skulker in the bushes surrounding the House of a Thousand Candles, having followed Carmen thither from the city, and found out that the estate belonged to Jack Glenarm. "I am waiting for him, and when I find him——" The jealous Spaniard showed the lawyer the revolver which he carried in his pocket, in significant silence.

Despite himself, Pickering felt his scalp rise at the murderous tone in the young man's voice. With a quick gesture, he ordered Don José to return the weapon to his pocket, and looked around them to see whether they were watched.

The grounds, save for themselves, were deserted—at least, so far as the lawyer could see.

"What do you mean?" he turned back to inquire of Carmen's old dancing partner and lover, whom she had thrown over for Jack. "Do—do you intend to kill him?"

"Yes," answered Don José promptly.

"What for? What have you got against him?"

"He stole the woman I love. Carmen—you have heard of her, perhaps? It was I who made her great as a dancer. I taught her all I knew. We were happy with each other once. For she loved me as I her. But then—then he came between! It was one night at the cabaret where we were dancing. He smiled at her from a table. And she smiled back at him. It was all over then—all over for poor José. But, by the stars above, it shall be all over for him when once we meet! I shall wait here until he comes——"

Pickering seized the Spaniard's wrist.

"Don't wait here!" he whispered eagerly. "You are wasting your time. I will tell you where to find him——"

Don José, throwing his hand off, stepped back, regarding him suspiciously.

"You are trying to trick me," he charged. "You think that you can make me go away, by telling me a lie about his being elsewhere. How could he be anywhere but in this house? I know the story of his grandfather's will—the people in the village near by told it to me. He would lose a million if he left these grounds before another year was up——"

"But he *isn't* here, I tell you!" Pickering broke in. "He's gone to the house next door. They're giving a masquerade ball there, and he has gone disguised as a knight in a suit of the ancient armor from this house. Wearing a mask, and determined to speak to no one, he trusts to his masquerade to keep his identity a secret—to keep any one from knowing that he left this house to-night. Go there, at once! Hide in the garden of that house, and watch your chance to shoot him. If you succeed—when he is dead—come to me at my law office in the city. There is my card. You won't have removed a rival from your path to the heart of Carmen alone. I will also make you rich. Go!"

Believing that Pickering was telling him the truth at last, Don José turned without another word, and ran, bent double, across the garden of the House of a Thousand Candles toward the grounds of the mansion next door.

Pickering went back into Glenarm house to begin his search for the missing million dollars' worth of securities with redoubled vigor.

"It's the money I want now," he muttered to himself, as he prowled from room to room, hunting for a clew that might lead him to the whereabouts of the stocks and bonds that were missing from the tin dispatch box in the cellar, where he had once seen them. "The money—I'll let the girl go. I've seen enough to show me that I'd never stand a chance of winning her consent to become my wife. But a million dollars in cold cash—which would be mine within twenty-four hours after I had those negotiable securities in my hands—would make me forget her, I guess. If only I could get hold of some sign or pointer as to where he hid them!"

As he spoke, Pickering took down one of the candlesticks at random from the number on the sideboard in the dining room, where he stood.

The base gave in his hands. Catching it up, nearer to his eyes, he began to turn the thing to the right. The hollow stem was disclosed to his gaze in another moment. Another, and he had drawn out the folded visiting card, which the old millionaire had placed in the candlestick with the line traced in his fine, old-fashioned writing on the back.

The line read:

"You will find the million hidden in a safe in the library. Find the safe."

Pickering dropped the candlestick clattering to the sideboard, and turned and ran out of the dining room. He had found the clew for which he had been searching. His goal lay somewhere in the library. Shutting himself in that room, he began to search for the safe in earnest.

When Pickering had watched Don José run across the Glenarm house grounds toward the garden of the Evans mansion next door, and himself turned back to reënter the House of a Thousand Candles, he had not seen a figure start up from the shrubbery and follow the jealous young Spaniard.

All the lawyer's conversation with Don José had been overheard by the person who now flew soundlessly across the turf after the latter.

The person was Carmen.

She had come to Glenarm house that night for the purpose of forcing an interview with Jack, and she had only been waiting in the shrubbery of the grounds until she could seize the proper moment to run into the house and confront the young man who had so lightly cast her aside.

But now, having heard that he was at the masquerade ball next door, and what his costume was, her plan was changed. Also, she had perceived a way to pay Jack back for having jilted her—she would take a mighty revenge upon him by depriving him, by a single sweep of her hand, and with only a half dozen spoken words, of a million dollars.

Into the Evans mansion, unseen by any of the servants, the dancer ran. She reached the door of the ballroom, breathless but unhalted as yet, and paused a moment, looking in upon the scene.

Then, spying Jack in the suit of armor as he stood beside Marian Evans, waiting for the musicians to strike up the next dance which she—unaware of his identity—had promised him, Carmen ran across the ballroom floor and swept the mask from Jack's face.

"You have left your uncle's estate!" charged the dancer, "and thereby forfeited the Glenarm fortune!"

At the same moment a shot rang out. Don José had fired at Jack through the window. The young man, clutching at his arm, which the bullet had merely grazed, stumbled back into the arms of his friend, Larry Donovan. The latter quickly supported him out of the Evans mansion, and back to the House of a Thousand Candles, Marian and Olivia anxiously following.

In the library, they found Pickering still searching for the safe, to deprive Jack of his grandfather's million.

Turning to find Jack and the two girls standing on the threshold, the dishonest lawyer threw up his hands.

"You've caught me!" he stated hopelessly. "How you knew that I was searching for your inheritance to make off with it, and so returned from the ball to nab me in the act, I don't know. But you've got me dead to rights!

At that moment, a secret panel in the side of the chimney place opened, and out stepped—Squire Glenarm.

"I have found you out for a rascal, too," the eccentric old millionaire told the lawyer. "You may go—and never let me see your face again."

Then, turning with a smile to Jack, the old man asked:

"Has my scheme succeeded? I wanted to show you the worth of Marian Evans; also, that my estate was a better home for you than the city, with its wickedness. That was why I made you think I was dead, and imposed on you the condition of living here for a year, where you would be thrown in the society of the girl I had picked out as your future wife, in order to come into my fortune. I will turn it over to you now, if you are willing to marry her. Is that condition too hard for you?"

Jack's answer was to draw Marian unresistingly into his arms and kiss her.

And that night the House of a Thousand Candles blazed again with light—for everything had at last turned out as Squire Glenarm had long planned it. But not alone had Marian and Jack plighted their troth. Larry Donovan and Marian's sister, Olivia, were happy.

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

SOMETHING new! The five greatest of polite comedies. There may be some that are better than the following list, but if there are I haven't seen them. Here goes: 1. The Professional Scapegoat (Vitagraph), Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew. 2. The Billionaire (Biograph), Gertie Bambrick and Wil Rex. 3. The Earl of Pawtucket (Universal), Lawrence d'Orsay. 5. Who Was Who In Hogg's Hollow (Vitagraph), Mr. and Mrs. Sidney Drew.

It certainly was a severe blow to the Komic company, and a sad loss to picture followers, when Elmer Booth, their leading man, was killed in an automobile accident. Booth was as good in dramas as he was in comedies. He made a great hit in the "Musketeers of Pig Alley," a one-reel Biograph, directed by Griffith, and which will be reissued by that company.

Mack Sennett, Dave Griffith, and Tom Ince, the big guns of the new SIG combination, were photographed together the other day for the first time, at the third birthday of the Keystone company. Everybody was there, including the old stars who are on the coast. Sorry I couldn't attend, as it was some gathering.

Poor lil' Roscoe Arbuckle! He is going around the Keystone studio with a very long face these days. You ask the reason? Well, here it is: Roscoe has been with Keystone for two years, and during that time has taken some fierce bangs, but has never suffered any loss of weight. The other day he discovered that he had lost six ounces. You know, they pay Arbuckle by the pound. He should worry, though! With his three hundred and ten pounds he still draws a nice salary.

Harry Benham certainly can take the part of a woman to perfection. In "Madame Blanche, Beauty Doctor," an amusing Falstaff comedy, he makes up like a regular doll. Harry is some chicken when he's dressed!

David Horsley, the Bayonne film magnate, is certainly a "wise guy." He owns stock in Universal, owns the Mina comedies released on General, has contracted to release his Bostock animal pictures on Mutual, and besides this he owns an independent glass studio that any one can rent, and namely one of the largest in the country. Outside of these interests, David is not interested in films.

Selig has some big specials about to bloom forth shortly on the V. L. S. E. "The House of a Thousand Candles," "The Black Sheep," and "The Crisis," are a few.

Received a note from a reader in Boston who wants to know what Marshal Farnum is doing at the present time, and if he is any relation to Dustin and William Farnum. We beg to inform kind reader that Marshall is busy with the Fox company, directioneering Theda Bara at the present writing. He is a brother to Dustin and William.

Speaking of Fox, Harry Spingler, the juvenile lead, is hard at work in the Fox studios. Harry recently bought a houn' dog for a pet, but since that time somebody has relieved him of it—not by request—and Harry has been so busy that he has not had time to worry about it. He swears, however, that he is going to put a detective on the trail. The only fault with the hound was his ability to howl at night when Harry would lock him up. Why not inquire at your nearest butcher shop, Harry? One of your fond neighbors may have become annoyed at the concert.

It is very foolish for Harry to try and keep pets, anyway. Several weeks ago he returned from a trip to the South with a tarantula, and he kept it at the studio. It was found dead one morning, after it had made a meal of the property man's cat. Mysterious death?

The reports of the battle William S. Hart, the Tom Ince leading man, has with a crowd of ruffians, is certainly original. The report states that the company had to scout for miles to get some one to put up his dukes against Hart. When the required number was secured the fray started, and since that time beefsteak has gone up ten cents a pound —on the Coast.

Director Wil Rex, accent on the director. Yes, Wil of the one "I" fame, has been appointed to produce dramas for the Feds. Well, Wil is now at work in the Adirondack Mountains with a company of players, producing "A Woman's Past." Sounds deep, doesn't it? It is.

Chester Conklin continues to drive about Edendale, California, in his high-powered racing car, and says as long as his salary lasts his gasoline will not give out. Ought to last for some while yet, Chester.

Extra! Roscoe Arbuckle has gained that four ounces he lost, and is going around the studio lightly once more.

Carlyle Blackwell writes that he has run completely out of photographs, and that all the young damsels that have written to him for a picture will have to wait a while. Carl is going a mile a minute these days, and has not had time to visit the photographer. He promises to do so at his earliest chance, and mail the photos to his admirers as soon as they are dry—the photographs. Oh, yes, Carlyle is still handsome and popular.

While I have the chance, I want to say something for pretty Bessie Barriscale, of the New York Motion Picture Corporation. After seeing her work in "The Cup of Life," "The Devil," "The Reward," and "The Mating," there is only one actress that has anything on Bessie, and the said actress is little Mary Pickford; and take it from me, it is not a very large margin at that. I thought she was until "The Mating" was released. In this picture, Bessie plays a typical Pickford part, and Mary would have to use all her cuteness to do any better. Little Mary could never take a woman-of-the-world part, such as Bessie does in "The Cup of Life" and "The Devil," so there is a big question mark in my mind at present. Time will tell.

Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Fish took a brodie off a dock in an automobile, the other day, and barely got away with their lives. Imagine the shock when they were informed that the scene will have to be taken over again. In the preceding scenes, Smaltz and Fish were sitting together in the front seat, while Smaltz was in the back when the auto took the plunge. This shows the little details that must be just so in the films.

Detective Blinn

(AMERICAN)

By Howard C. Soverel

A band of notorious thieves, operating only in society circles, has terrorized the city and baffled both police and private detectives. One of the victims of the robberies places Detective Blinn on the case, who in a way both unique and thrilling, goes after the band. The course he pursues to pile up evidence and the result of his work are things that no one could guess. All through the story you are absorbed, but the "kick" comes at the end with a force that will surprise you. This story is taken from the film production of the same name released by the American Film Manufacturing Company. Those in the cast include:

Detective Blinn.....Edward Coxen
Lyman Shaw.....George Field
Adele Paige.....Winifred Greenwood

HERE is where I was standing when I first noticed that my necklace was missing."

Mrs. Waldemar Fairleigh walked to a corner of her fashionable ballroom, which was one of the luxuries with which she had provided her beautiful Fifth Avenue mansion, and stood facing the person whom she addressed.

Detective Blinn paid but little attention to her statement.

"How many were there at the reception?" he inquired.

"Oh, about a hundred or so," she replied, with a pause, then added quickly: "But they were all well-known and honest members of society."

Detective Blinn, in his quiet way, showed a degree of enthusiasm over the last assertion. He had been urgently requested to attempt to clear the crimes of a band of society thieves who had been particularly active in the city of late. Scarcely a single night passed—for it was with about this frequence that balls took place—without some daring and mysterious theft. Each time the victim had been a prominent personage, and no amount of money or labor had been spared by him to recover his losses. The special secret-service men, as well as a corps of private detectives, had been placed on the case, but all to no avail. As a last resort, Mrs. Fairleigh, the last victim of the society thieves, had turned the matter over to Detective Blinn, one of the best and most widely known in his profession in the country.

It was as evidence of the fact that expense was not considered that he had been given the case, for even the price of the necklace which had been stolen could scarcely cover the fee which he would demand. But Mrs. Fairleigh felt that in ridding society of the thieves she would be doing something for the welfare of the public.

When Detective Blinn arrived at her home, he did not cover the territory with a magnifying glass and a box of Turkish cigarettes, as do the detectives of fiction. He placed most stress upon the guests and their standing, who were present at the affair when the necklace had so mysteriously vanished.

It was this incentive that prompted his question: "How many were present at the reception?"

After a series of pointed questions, Detective Blinn asserted to his aid, Weston Scott:

"There is a master crook at the head of a band of accomplices. The solution of our mystery lies in the man through whom the jewels are released after their theft. He is our only hope for success in clearing up this affair. Come, Scott, we must lay out our plans. Good day, Mrs. Fairleigh! I shall report as soon as there is something accomplished."

At his home, Detective Blinn searched over records of recent and long-past crimes, and from these selected less than a dozen names which he transcribed in his notebook. His next step was to consult the police records and the rogues' gallery, which he always kept up to date in his office. Again from these he chose names which seemed to impress him as having likely connection with the working of the band of society thieves that had so excited the whole city of late.

"Although these have been taken apparently at random, Scott," he informed his assistant, "among them are, without a doubt in my mind, some who are working closely with the men we are seeking. On reference to the police blotter I find that three of the names I have selected from my records of this kind of crime are those of men now at liberty. I leave it to you, Scott, to locate the whereabouts of two of them. The third I know is in this city, but is of no interest to us.

"Those whom you must find are Earl Winters and Jim Cogan. You'd better make a note of them or they will soon slip from your mind, as do other things frequently. By the way, Scott, could you remember who is the President of the United States this term? You can? Strange, but you are improving. However, I'll help you this time. Go to the police headquarters in New York and find when Cogan and Winters last left jail. Then wire Chicago, and find if they have been associated with any crime in that city lately. If you find that they have not, let me know."

Weston Scott left for his mission, and returned some two hours later.

"They left Sing Sing four months ago," he said to his employer, "and Chicago says that they have not been seen there at all."

"Pack our bags, Scott," Detective Blinn ordered, as soon as he received the information, "and then go out and get two tickets for Chicago. Find out,

also, when the next train leaves for there."

Less than a week after leaving New York, Blinn and Weston Scott were seated in the rear room of one of Chicago's most fashionable cafés. The great detective reached into his inside coat pocket and drew forth two photographs. He laid them on the table before him, and, taking a pencil in his hand, began with deft fingers to fill in the faces on the pictures with mustaches and Van dyke beards. Then with an eraser he proceeded to "clip" the beard of one.

"Scott," he addressed his aid in a low tone, "go to Randolph Street, three blocks from here, and stand by the entrance to the restaurant in which we had our dinner last evening, until a man with this appearance comes in. He may be there by seven to-night and he may not arrive until eleven-thirty or twelve o'clock.



Through the efforts of Detective Blinn he was ultimately considered a confidant of the partners in crime.

In the first case, he would be alone; otherwise, another man and two women would accompany him. The man who would be his companion in the after-theater hours would look like this."

As he spoke, Detective Blinn tossed the second photograph on the table beside his assistant. Scott picked up the picture, scrutinized it carefully and handed it back. He left immediately for the Randolph Street place.

As soon as Weston Scott had left the café, Detective Blinn followed, but walked swiftly in another direction from that taken by his aid. Darkness was already beginning to fall over the city, and the tops of the high buildings along the street were fading in the gloom. Detective Blinn continued for a few blocks, then, slowing his stride, entered a small structure with low doorway that stood between larger buildings.

It was a little later that Scott, seated at a table near the door in the Randolph Street restaurant, was surprised to see a short, heavily built man, wearing a closely clipped mustache and otherwise clean shaven, attired in an evening suit, approach him. The stranger leaned over the detective's shoulder and whispered into his ear:

"I'll be around the corner at Marquin's, waiting for you. As soon as our man comes in, hurry and let me know."

Scott looked up, with a start, as he recognized Detective Blinn's voice. He gazed into the face of his employer in amazement until a sharp nudge between the shoulders warned him that he was liable to attract the attention of the others in the place by his actions. He nodded knowingly, and turned away from the detective, who left the restaurant without further conversation.

Nearly four hours later, Scott, his eyes weary from searching the entrance, smiled as he saw a party come in. It was composed of two couples, laughing gayly. One of them he recognized in an instant as the man on the photograph Detective Blinn had first shown him; the other, without a doubt, was the companion whom his employer had predicted would be with him. For an instant the young detective wondered—wondered where Blinn could find such theories as made him so positive that the two men would carry out the plans he suspected. But he hesitated only an instant with this thought, and in another minute was hurrying along the street to the place where his superior was waiting.

"They're there!" he said excitedly to the detective. "Both of them, and two women, just as you said."

Blinn rose from his seat.

"Go back to New York immediately, Scott," he said in a tone of command, "and tell Mrs. Fairleigh that the search is half over. The other half will be much easier. Your duty there will consist of learning the date of the Paige ball, at which Adele Paige, the daughter of the wealthy jurist, will make her début into society. As soon as you find out this date, wire it to me in numerals of the month and day, running them as though they were one number. Don't use any words in your telegram."

Having given these instructions, Detective Blinn left his assistant standing amazed, and proceeded to the place where the subjects of his search were merrily enjoying an after-the-theater dinner.

He walked deliberately to a table directly opposite theirs and seated himself facing the party. With a meal of his own before him, the sleuth leaned apparently unconcerned over his food and devoted, as it seemed, his undivided attention to it. It was a fact, however, that were one to suddenly have inquired what it was that he was eating, the detective would have been in a quandary as to what to reply, for all his faculties were in reality absorbed in the conversation being carried on at the adjoining table. As he finished, a look of dissatisfaction spread over his countenance, and he straightened in his chair.

Presently a faint smile took the place of his frown, and signified that the detective had reached a decision. Taking a cigarette from a gold case, he rose from his seat and advanced toward the table occupied by the party in which he was so earnestly interested. Still hold-

ing the case in full display, for the benefit of the two men, he addressed one of them:

"Have you a match?" he inquired in genial tones. "I carelessly neglected to bring my lighter with me when I left the hotel."

Earl Winters and Jim Cogan—for the men to whom Blinn was speaking were no others than these, looked up at him with an air of faint suspicion. His friendly manner, however, and absolutely indifferent air, soon overcame this, and both held out a match.

The sleuth took them and offered thanks profuse, leaving in full view, in the meanwhile, his expensive cigarette case.

"Have a cigarette?" he asked graciously.

Blinn's plans were working to perfection, for Cogan, next whom he was standing, took the golden case and handed it to his companion. Both eyed it with interest, and, having taken one of the contents each, passed it back to its owner. The detective, with a ready word, entered into conversation immediately, touching on the subject of timely interest to all—the war.

They motioned him to draw up his chair and join the party, which he did, apparently reluctantly, although inwardly elated with the manner in which his scheme was progressing. After apologizing for disturbing them, he sat down and spent the remaining twenty minutes before midnight in conversing on the topics as foreign as what was predominant in his mind as he could think of, for Detective Blinn was shrewd to say the least, and wished to conceal totally his real purpose.

When he thought that he had reached the proper point—that of making their acquaintance—he excused himself, rose, and left the restaurant, saying that he hoped to see them there again at some other time. His hope, as expressed, was a sincere one, and he might have, had he chosen, assured them that it would be carried out.

It was two nights later when Blinn, still wearing his disguise, staggered into the entrance of Marquin's, almost at the heels of Jim Cogan and Earl Winters, for whom he had been watching from a point across the street. He walked with faltering step to the table at which they were seated, and fell limply into a chair.

"Have a drink?" he offered presently.



Adele Paige was in hysterics over the loss of her valuable necklace.

"Had a lucky day yesterday, and could buy all they have here, building and all. You know, for some reason, I've got to tell somebody about it. Don't know why, but just got to. You both seem straight, and as though you can keep a secret, so I'll tell you. No use of going around the bush, so I'll tell you now. I'm a crook! I noticed the other night when I showed you that cigarette case of mine that you looked at it as though you wondered where I got it. I stole it. It makes me seem rich, and I

am. Why shouldn't I be, when I've proven it to be a fact that the old saying is true, that 'there's a sucker born every minute.' All you have to do, if you want to *make* a living without *earning* a living, is to find him."

As he paused, both Winters and Cogan found themselves staring at each other. It all seemed too providential to be true. Detective Blinn had meant it to. What was providential about it was that the two men had been searching lately, as ardently as it was prudent for them, for another member for their band—one who was more clever than either of them. Then the "crook" continued:

"I hope you two won't go to the 'bull's' with what I've told you. You see, when I taking to draining the distilleries I sometimes get to talking too much than I ought to. How about it? Am I safe with you, knowing so much about me?"

Winters and Cogan were still staring, and were still wondering if it were all as true as it seemed to be. At length they turned to the man they thought a thief and informed him that so far as they were concerned he need not fear of having his profession discovered, and, with deliberation, Jim Cogan added that if it were convenient to him, they would like to see him in the same place the following evening, provided that he were sober. Their reason, they said, was an important one. Detective Blinn smiled, and assured them that he would be present, as they requested—and he was.

The conference at Marquin's on the next night led to several more in less conspicuous places, which, through the efforts of Blinn, resulted in his being ultimately regarded as a confidant by the partners in crime. Although Cogan and Winters devoted their time at first to "pumping" the detective as to his accomplishments during his supposed career as a thief, they at length confided their own identity to him. It was with mock surprise and concealed joy that the sleuth heard their verification of the theory which had incented him to seek them in Chicago, preferably to any city in the whole country.



On the evidence he had secured, the band of society thieves was arrested.

"You see," Winters said to him, "we are helping a gang which is working in New York. They are making some fine hauls now, and have been for a couple of months recently. They couldn't, though, unless we were here. Nearly every week either Cogan or I spot some big Chicago family or former Chicago family who are putting up in the big city, and wire them in code about our discovery. In less than a month we read in the papers of a mysterious robbery and those who have been the victims. But days before we see the papers, both of us get a letter, fat with bank notes. How would you like to come in with us? There ought to be more money in it than working by yourself."

Detective Blinn looked at Winters, with an affable expression on his face.

"Fine!" he exclaimed enthusiastically. "And I can start in in New York next week. Listen:

"I was going to do this job for myself, but I'll let you in on it in consideration for you allowing me to share in others that will follow. On next Thursday, Adele Paige is going to be introduced in the high New York society at an ultrafashionable ball, given by her father. There should be a big haul at this reception, for I have inside information that she will carry around her neck a ten-thousand-dollar pennant that her old man bought at Shaw's. Shaw, you know, is about the biggest jeweler in that city, and anything that he sells would be worth while risking a couple of years behind bars to get a hold of."

"We had this very reception in mind," broke in Jim Cogan, "and we were going to try you out by working you to get that pendant, but I see you are not behind times at all."

And so it was that the evening of the following Thursday found Detective Blinn in a changed disguise, being introduced to all the guests of importance at the reception celebrating Adele Paige's début in New York society. His invitation had been upon the proposal of Mrs. Fairleigh, who, by his request, had announced him as a friend of hers from the West. His real identity he had wished to keep concealed.

The reception was one to be long remembered in the annals of fashionable affairs on Fifth Avenue. Everything had been carried out in splendid manner, and the guests were gayly participating, with thoughts far from everything else with the single exception of Detective Blinn.

During the latter part of the night, when frivolity was at its height, Adele Paige rushed into the room and excitedly made the announcement that her pendant had disappeared. Simultaneously was made the discovery that "Mrs. Fairleigh's friend from the West" had also vanished.

All eyes were mercilessly turned on Mrs. Fairleigh, who nervously informed them that there must be some grievous mistake. She was sure, she said, that her friend could not be connected in any way with the charge with which he had been accused. Some one else, she was sure, must be the guilty one, and, without a doubt, that person was a member

f the band of society thieves working successfully during the past few onths.

Adele Paige was in hysterics, and on ie suggestion of her father, retired to er room. Mr. Paige, ignorant of the ict that such a person as Detective linn was working on the case, immediately informed the police of the crime, nd offered a reward of five thousand ollars for the return of his daughter's endant. The authorities questioned him s to the jewel's description, which he ave them, adding that it had been purhased from the concern of Mr. Shaw, he leading jeweler of the city. Mr. haw, he said, could testify as to its alue and any marks which would aid identification of it.

On the following morning the doorell of Mrs. Fairleigh's home rang and he maid announced the presence of Dective Blinn. It was with much hesitaion that she finally admitted him, and o sooner did he appear before her, than he commenced to accuse him of the obbery which had taken place at the Paige ball on the previous night.

"Detective Blinn," she said coldly, how do you account for your disappearance at the same time as that of Adele Paige's valuable pendant? I was nder the impression that you had been working for us rather than against us, nd surely your reports from Mr. Scott would so indicate.

"Your actions have placed me in a most embarrassing situation, to put it exceedingly mildly, for what is to be hought of me by all those members of ociety with whom I am most intimate nd who consider me among their peer? f I continue to maintain that you are 'friend of mine from the West,' I hall naturally be implicated, to a certain extent, with the vanishing of the ewel. Then, on the other hand, if I reveal your true identity, what can be hought of either you or I?"

Detective Blinn sat through the volley of accusations with a most indifferent nd unconcerned attitude. The whole of Mrs. Fairleigh's inquiries were included in his reply:

"My dear madam," he said, settling himself comfortably in his chair, "I admit that my actions at Miss Paige's ball seem strange and unaccountable, but they shall be most clear when I inform you that my disappearance at the same time as that of the precious pendant was because I stole it myself. Was it not, therefore, most natural that I should not have been present when the pendant was discovered missing?"

Detective Blinn paused. Mrs. Fairleigh's countenance plainly displayed the bewilderment that she entertained. And then the man before her continued:

"There are a few things more of certain interest to you that I have to say."

As he spoke, Detective Blinn drew from his pocket a small package. At first Mrs. Fairleigh started, for her first thought was that he intended to be audacious enough to produce the jewel that he had so boldly stolen, but this was soon dismissed when she caught a scant glance at the package. It was too large to contain only the pendant. The detective was breaking the string that bound the parcel. He drew forth three separate papers, exactly the same.

"These," he said, "are warrants for the arrest of your band of society thieves. No doubt you are on the point of asking me if I have secured one for myself. I have not. Two of these will not interest you. The third shall.

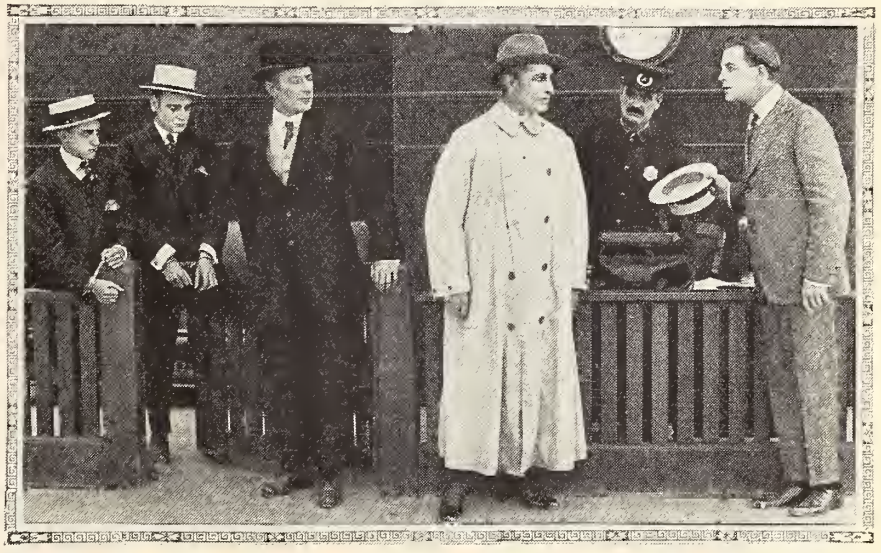
"I was able to secure it by information received when, by acquainting myself with the thieves, being accepted as one of them, and chosen to steal this pendant, they led me to their source of disposal. You will remember, I told you when I first came on the case that to capture the leader we had to learn the identity of the 'fence.'

"This is a warrant authorizing the arrest of Mr. Shaw, the fashionable New York jeweler, but who might be more correctly termed 'the fashionable New York thief.'"

He added that without loss of time, on the evidence he had secured, the entire band of society thieves would be arrested. Not only the two men operating in Chicago, but the jeweler Shaw were finally rounded into the police station.

Then Detective Blinn extracted from the package in his hand a smaller one.

"Here I return to you the pendant which I stole last evening," he said, smiling. "Do you think I can justifiably demand Mr. Paige's reward of five thousand dollars?"



Not only the two men operating in Chicago, but the jeweler, Shaw, were finally rounded into the police station.

News of the Photo-playwrights.

Hampton de Ruth has been appointed managing editor of the scenario forces at the Keystone plant.

Lawrence McCloskey is no longer scenario editor at Lubin's. The firm has changed his title to photo-play editor, and the writers working under him have been transformed from scenario writers to photo-playwrights. All of which makes for the good of the game.

Marc E. Jones, who has worked in practically all parts of the country, is at present sojourning in New York. He may return West in the near future.

Infatuation

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

Phyllis Ladd promised her millionaire father that she would never marry and leave him until the "Golden Young Man" came along. She thought she saw him in the leading man of the road company that came to her small town—and then the story started. What her infatuation for Cyril Adair, the matinee idol of the provinces, led her through, is appealingly told in this story based on the Mutual masterpicture of the same name. The cast:

Phyllis Ladd.....Margarita Fischer
Robert Ladd.....Joseph E. Singleton
Mrs. Fensham.....Lucille Ward
Cyril Adair.....Harry Pollard

AND now I suppose I'll lose my little daughter?"

Mr. Robert Ladd, president of the L. X. & M. Railroad, spoke half jestingly and half in earnest to the radiant girl of eighteen who sat on the arm of his chair. She was Phyllis Ladd, who, since her mother's death, had taken full charge of her millionaire father's mansion in the town of Carthage.

Phyllis' aunt, on a visit from Washington, D. C., which was her home, had begged to be allowed to take the girl—who was really beautiful—back with her to dazzle the eyes of society at the capital.

Reluctantly Robert Ladd had at last consented to let his daughter, who was the apple of his eye, make the trip. The bags and trunks were all packed; she was leaving with her aunt in the morning.

"You'll be getting married up there in Washington," her father went on. "To a duke, maybe—or even a prince."

Phyllis, laughing, twisted his white mustache.

"Nonsense, daddy!" she scoffed. "I'm going to set your mind at rest on that point by telling you a secret. It's this: I don't intend ever to get married until the Golden Young Man comes along."

Her father twisted in his chair to look up at her in surprise.

"Eh? What's this?" said he. "The golden young man——"

Phyllis, nodding, clasped her knee.

"Shall I tell you about him? Well, to begin with, he must be handsome and brave and good. I know what you're thinking, and it's the truth. A regular story-book hero *is* what I mean. Daddy, that's the sort of a young man I want to marry, and I never, never will get married until I find him. *So!*"

Robert Ladd laughed. Then, looking into the glowing heart of the library fire before him, his mouth smoothed out into a pursed, serious line. He spoke half to himself:

"A golden young man! It's a pretty idea; and, dear, you're right in putting yourself high—above the reach of the average run of men. A girl so sweet, so tender of heart, wise of mind, and lovely of face, *deserves* an ideal young man for a mate. I should measure one critically before I gave my whole consent to your marrying him. But will you always hold to the same high standard in weighing your suitors, I wonder? Or, despairing of finding the one perfect he you have watched and waited for vainly, will you take a substitute——"

"No, daddy," put in Phyllis, with quiet firmness, "I won't do that, I promise you. If my golden young man doesn't come, why, then—I won't ever go away from you, that's all."

Two weeks later, when Phyllis was introduced to Washington society by her aunt, Mrs. Fensham, she scored the instant success which that lady had predicted for her. At once a swarm of men, young, and past the first flush of youth, both, surrounded her as bees might a flower of especial sweetness; and they stayed around her, too. Phyllis found herself plunged at once into an unending round of social gayety. She was invited everywhere, and everywhere she was besieged by the army of suitors she had rallied to her standard at sight.

Mrs. Fensham, who had the mat making fever, was delighted when, l than a fortnight after her arrival Washington with Phyllis, she receiv a formal proposal from a Russian n bleman, who was past forty, for h niece's hand.

The titled subject of the Czar of the Russians, who was in the Unit States capital on official diplomatic bu ness, was reputed to be wealthy, a Phyllis' aunt gave him her permissi to ask the girl who was under her cha eronage to become his wife.

Scarcely had the Russian noblem left the house when a titled Frenchma a few years younger than the oth but of no less exalted rank in his ow country, and also quite as well to d from all reports, called, and laid befo Phyllis' aunt the same formal requ that he be permitted to woo Phyllis earnest.

And to him, likewise, Mrs. Fensha gave her permission.

She was more than elated over the evidences of the undeniable hit h beauteous niece had made in Washin ton. She had not one, but two, foreig noblemen suing for her hand; and, th having put two strings to her bow granting each of Phyllis' suitors pe mission to pay court to her at onc Mrs. Fensham was sure that a marria which would add to her own soci prestige as the aunt of the bride mu ensue.

But in reasoning thus she did so wit out figuring on Phyllis.

"Auntie," her niece exclaimed, burs ing in upon her, two days later, "di you tell Count Orloffski that you wer

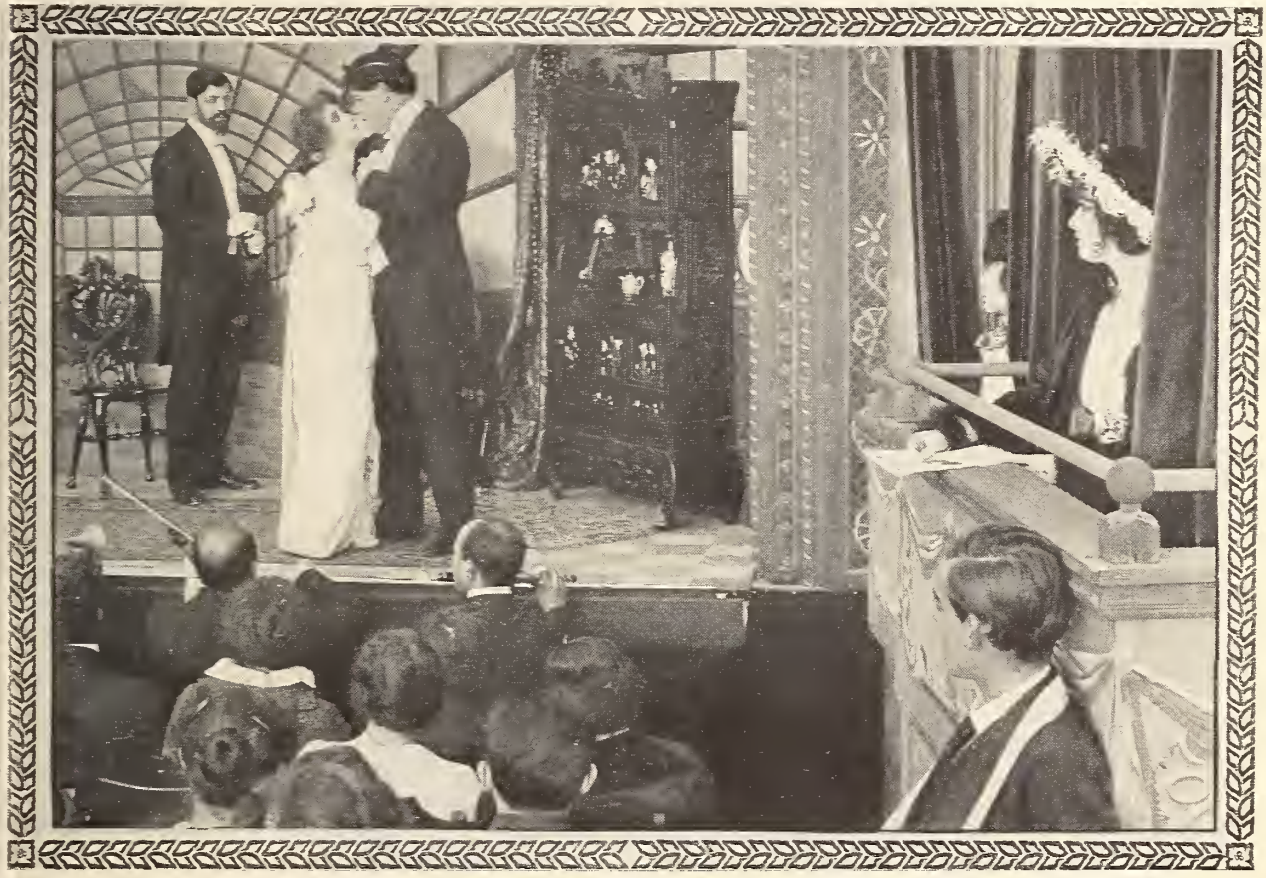
reeable to my marriage to him, if I s willing to accept him? And did you t the Duke de Quoérunille the same ng? They have both proposed to me thin the past two hours, and each one imed that he had seen you first and tained your permission to do so."

"And what if I did give them my per-ssion, child?" asked Mrs. Fensham, th a calm smile.

"Why, auntie, how could you be so nd?" Phyllis laughed, in quiet scorn. ouldn't you see through both of them, they have genuine titles, anyway. Think what a match with either of them would have meant! You would have been either a duchess or a countess! It is not too late yet for you to reconsider, and accept one or the other of them. I will write to them at once, and tell them to propose to you again—that they may receive a different answer this time."

Phyllis watched her aunt go to her writing desk to carry out her expressed intention, and, with a hopeless shrug, table's top, and then, closing the bag, she hastily pinned on her hat. The next moment she had left her room and stolen downstairs on tiptoe, to leave her aunt's house unperceived.

She caught the next train out of Washington in the direction of Carthage, and seven hours later Robert Ladd, seated in his library, was sent back breathless in his deep armchair by a whirlwind of femininity that launched itself unexpectedly upon him, and he had his daughter back again.



Phyllis watched Cyril Adair, the leading man of the road company which had stopped at her small town, with breathless interest.

I did at once? They don't really want marry me—they want to marry ddy's millions, instead. They have used it to be reported that they are th enormously wealthy—it's just a uff! Neither of them has a fortune all, or ever hopes to have, except by arrying some rich American girl. hen they proposed to me, I, of course, fused both of them."

"Phyllis!" exclaimed her aunt, rising. Oh, how could you? What if, as you y, they are both fortune hunters—she turned and ran upstairs to her own room. Picking up the photograph of Robert Ladd, the railroad magnate, that stood in a silver frame on her dressing table, she spoke to it aloud:

"I'm not going to marry a title, daddy. Neither of them is the golden young man—and so, as I told you I would, I'm coming back to you."

Putting the photograph in her traveling bag, Phyllis followed it with a few of her clothes and the ivory and gold toilet articles from the dressing

"Auntie was determined that I should marry either a duke or a count," Phyllis explained, "and I was equally determined that I wouldn't have either—so here I am, and here I'm going to stay, daddy, forever and ever. I guess the golden young man doesn't exist—outside of books."

Months passed, and Phyllis again was managing her father's mansion, and happy in doing nothing else. Two years had gone by since her visit to Washington, and she had seen her twentieth

birthday come and go, while her heart remained whole and fancy free, when, one day, with a party of her girl friends, Phyllis visited the local opera house, where a ten-twenty-thirty road company was playing a week's engagement.

Watching from a stage box, she saw the leading man walk out of the wings, and her lips parted, while a tiny gasp escaped her.

Cyril Adair was the leading man's name, and to Phyllis he was the embodiment, so far as physical appearance went, of the ideal young man she had so long imagined. Adair was undeniably handsome, but the worst of it was, he knew it, many women having told him so by admiring looks, and more. But Phyllis was blind to his marring conceit. Entranced, she watched him throughout the rest of the performance.

And that evening, when she went home, her mind was full of him. What was he like to talk to, she wondered. Underneath his attractive exterior was he brave, was he good—in short, did he measure up in all respects to her ideal?

There was one way to find out, and that was to invite Adair to call. Phyllis hesitated about writing a note to a man she had never met, but her curiosity got the better of her, and she sat down and addressed an invitation to Mr. Cyril Adair, at the theater in town, to take tea with her in her father's home the next afternoon, explaining that she had watched his performance that day and been much moved by it.

Then, posting the note, Phyllis awaited the result in fear and trembling.

Suppose, on close inspection, the young man who seemed to fit her ideal should turn out to be a disappointment—not the one for whom she had been waiting so long and patiently, after all?

But her fears on that ground were all set at rest on the following afternoon. Cyril Adair appeared in faultless afternoon dress, his irreproachable costume being one he wore in the second act in the play in which he was playing the leading rôle. He was awed at the magnificence of the home into which he had been invited, and that had a great deal to do with toning him down; his usual braggadocio manner with the women who were infatuated with him was absent on this occasion, and Phyllis liked him. She had fallen hopelessly in love with him before he took his departure.



Adair vowed, then and there, to make himself worthy of his wife, Phyllis.

Adair, during the call, had made no effort to conceal the fact that he was equally a victim to her attractions, and that first meeting was followed by others, none of which Phyllis made any mention of to her father.

It was chiefly because she was afraid he might scold her for having written the note which had led to her first meeting with Adair.

Besides, there was the fact of the young man's profession—he was a actor. In Carthage, which was rath a provincial town, actors were not co sidered the right sort of companions f young ladies of respectable familie Perhaps, Phyllis thought, her fath might feel that way about it, and so sl said nothing to him, as the days we on, of how much time during them sl was spending in Adair's society.

But Mr. Ladd found out about it, ne ertheless. One morning, the breakfast table, l looked up sternly over h newspaper at Phyllis.

"I see that there is troupe of barnstormi actors playing at the ope house," he began. "Tl company is headed by man named Cyril Adai Have you ever met him l any chance?"

Something in her f ther's tone caused Phylli cheeks to pale.

"Why, yes, daddy," sl replied, in a faint voice.

Her father laid the new paper aside, the grimne of his face growing.

"So I have just been in formed," he announce drawing a letter fro his pocket as he spok "An anonymous no has come to me, wari ing me—I use the writer own words—'to look o for my daughter.' Tl charge is made that yo have been lunching an driving and taking tea wit this actor for the past fo days, outside of my hous Is that also the truth?"

"Yes, daddy," repeate Phyllis, over an unaccoun able dryness in her throa

The next moment sh jumped in her chair as he father crashed his fist down on th breakfast table, his brows drawn t gether in a frown of black anger.

"I want this matter to end here an now!" he ordered. "You will promis me that you will not see, or allow you self to be seen again by this fello Adair before his troupe leaves town

Phyllis lifted her head.

"I can't promise that, daddy," sh said quietly, "because it's a promise th

ouldn't keep. I—I love Mr. Adair, I he loves me. I was going to tell you ut it as soon as I could screw up my rage——"

"I should think you would need to e courage to tell me such a thing as t!" cut in her father. "You—my ghter—in love with a common, low or, who is on a par with any con- ptible——"

Stop!"

Phyllis was on her feet, her face paler l, but with eyes shining with right- us indignation.

I can't let you speak that way of n," she informed her father. "You n't know what you're saying—because u don't know Cyril. He is everything e and true and noble that a man uld be, and I love him with my whole art and soul. Furthermore, daddy, I t going to marry him, whether you nt me to or not. So there!"

She turned and ran toward the door the room.

"Phyllis!" her father called after her. But Phyllis gave no heed, and ran upstairs. In her own room, she ught up the telephone from the stand side her bed, and called up Adair at e theater. She told him that her ther had found out all about their ac- aintance, by a letter which she had idea who could have sent him.

"I have a pretty good idea who wrote " Adair informed her grimly over e wire. "It was one of the women the company. She's been foolish ough to imagine herself in love with e, and has made my life miserable dogging my footsteps wherever I go. he must have seen us together, and rote your father the letter out of jeal- sy."

"Father is terribly angry about my owing you," Phyllis announced.

There was a brief pause. On his end the wire, Adair was struggling with good impulse that had come to him. inally he told the girl, who was one the countless others to succumb to s manly charms:

"You'd better forget about me. Your ther is right. I'm not worthy of the ve of such a girl as you."

Phyllis gasped.

"Cyril," she cried, "I can't forget you! can't give you up—you are everything here is in life to me! I would follow ou to the ends of the earth!"

Adair smiled, and allowed the good impulse which he had obeyed to die the death in his breast. He replied ardently:

"I'll hold you to that, then. Listen! We're leaving town to-night. The show hasn't made enough money here to warrant us in playing the rest of the week out. Will you come to the theater, ready to go away with me, to-night at eleven o'clock? Wait at the stage door, and when I come out we'll go straight to the station and catch that eleven-fifteen for the East. Can I count on you to be there?"

"Yes," replied Phyllis promptly, "I'll be there, dear."

She hung up the receiver. The rest of the day and the evening that succeeded it she remained in her room, where she paced the floor in a fever of impatience for the hour of her departure from the house—perhaps never to return to it—to arrive. At ten o'clock she packed her bag, and then sat down to watch the hour hand of the clock crawl around toward eleven. Fifteen minutes before it she put on her hat and stole out of the house.

Just as she arrived at the stage door Adair came out and took her arm.

"Quick!" he whispered, guiding her toward the station. "We cut the show short to-night, that's why I'm out early. If we hurry, we can get aboard the train before that cat, Millicent Trovaine, sees us."

But they were unsuccessful in accomplishing that aim, for the jealous actress, who, as Adair had guessed, had been the author of the anonymous letter which Phyllis' father had received, saw the couple board the train, and recognized them.

And before she herself got on it, with the rest of the troupe, she stopped at the news stand in the depot to buy and send a post card to Robert Ladd, informing him that his daughter was running away with Adair, and the direction they were taking.

It was two o'clock in the morning when Adair alighted from the train with Phyllis at the next town marked on the theatrical company's route for a two-day performance.

Escorting her to the town's one hotel, Adair left Phyllis in the room he had engaged for them both and went down to the bar. Then ensued a battle between his evil and his better self, which lasted for more than two hours. At last the good that was in him triumphed; he spent the remainder of the night in a chair in the bar.

And the next day he took Phyllis to a minister in the town and married her.

That afternoon Phyllis was alone in the hotel room while Adair was at the local theater. Without a warning knock the door opened, and in walked her father.

Having received the actress' card, Robert Ladd had followed his daughter and the man she had run away with to that town. Phyllis, at first sight of her father's face, was held spellbound by shocked surprise. In the few hours that had elapsed since last she saw him he had become a changed man, embittered to the very core of his soul.

Phyllis showed him her wedding ring as proof that she and Adair were married, but her father refused to believe her, and he began to talk. Phyllis listened for a moment or two to the words her father called her, and then she rang for the colored porter of the hotel.

"Show this gentleman out," she requested the darky, when he appeared in answer to her summons.

She stood proudly erect until the door had closed behind Robert Ladd's back, and then, with a heartbroken cry at the irreparable breach that had come between her father and herself, she flung herself face down on the bed and burst into sobs.

But Phyllis was only beginning to pay for the rash step she had taken.

Three weeks later, the theatrical troupe having reached a town several hundred miles distant from her old home in Carthage, Phyllis was waiting alone in her hotel room, at one o'clock in the morning, for Adair to return from the theater.

He was in the back room of a saloon across the street from the theater, at that moment, playing cards with the manager of the company and three tough denizens of the town—yielding to one of his weaknesses, which was for gambling.

Another of his bad habits was drink, and Adair had succumbed to that vice which he had vowed to himself at the time of his marriage to Phyllis never to yield to again, as his flushed cheeks and dulled eyes attested.

Another hand went wrong for him, and he flung his cards angrily down on the table as the manager raked in the pot.

"You've got too much luck, Simpson,"

Adair thickly charged the man who paid him his salary, "to play on the level!"

His star was manifestly drunk; but that made no difference to Simpson. He sprang up, and aimed a blow at Adair's drink-inflamed face.

"Accuse me of cheating, will you?" the manager roared. "I'll knock your head off!"

The next moment the room where they sat was in an uproar. Adair, the manager, and the three toughs were in the midst of a lively free-for-all fight. It was past two o'clock when Adair finally entered the room at the hotel, to find Phyllis waiting up for him.

She was sickened by the sight of her husband of less than a month, and there was little to wonder at in that. Adair, plainly intoxicated, and with his collar torn half off his neck, and his face puffed and gory where the fists of his adversaries had met it during the brawl, was not pleasant to look at.

A disillusioning spectacle for the girl who had looked upon him as her hero, Adair stood swaying before her on the threshold.

"Go ahead!" he admonished bitterly. "Tell me—tell me what you think of me. I'm drunk. I've been playing cards, and I've lost all my salary. And that's not the worst of it. I've been discharged, in disgrace. Now, go ahead and sail into me. But I told you before you ran away with me that I wasn't worth anything. Now, if you've got any sense, you'll leave me!"

But Phyllis did not reproach him, as he invited her to do.

Instead, she bathed his face and helped him into bed—treating him as tenderly as a mother might a child. He *was* her child—for her love touched the depth of motherliness toward him.

"You're *not* a failure!" she checked his tearful flood of self-condemnation, as he lay there. "And I'm not going to leave you—but, instead, stand by you and help you in every way I can. We'll go to New York together, and we'll begin all over again. You'll be a real star in a Broadway production yet—just see if you aren't!"



"I'll tell you how it all happened," said Adair's actor friend to Phyllis.

Adair told her she was an angel, and also that from thence on he was going to be a man worthy of her—and he meant it, too.

The next day he and Phyllis left that town, and traveled to the Eastern metropolis she had named as the scene of his fresh start toward the summit of thespian fame.

They took a little apartment in a quiet side street near the theatrical quarter in New York, on the money which Phyllis had saved out of the share of his salary which Adair had given her during the first five weeks after their marriage. And then he set out to hunt an engagement in some one of the many booking offices of the city.

At the very first place to which he plied, Adair was warmly greeted by manager, who was familiar with work with the road company f which he had been discharged, many others.

"Give you a part?" he repeated edly. "Well, I should say I wou you're just the man I've been lool for to handle the rôle in Frolingsb new drama of present-day life that you as though it was written to o for you. Here, take the part home read it. Then come back and tell what you think you can make of it."

Adair went back to Phyllis at apartment, walking on air.

"I've got an engagement!" he j lantly informed her. "First crack of the box—and in a show that's g to be put on on Broadway, too! L girl, nothing can stop us now from ing right up the ladder!"

But Adair spoke without taking account one very important factor in life—a man who had determined make himself so, for purposes of venge.

That man was Robert Ladd.

Despoiled of his daughter, as he by a worthless ne'er-do-well, the r road magnate had determined that C Adair should pay the penalty for wrong he had done him and, in opinion, his daughter herself. To wh end he had employed private detecti to inform him as to the couple's mo ments following his dismissal by Ph lis in her room at that hotel to wh she had first gone with Adair.

As a result, Mr. Ladd had known the actor's discharge from the comp with which he had been playing on visit to Carthage. The detectives l also informed him of Adair's arriva New York, and that he was seeking engagement there; whereat Phyllis' ther had smiled a cruel smile.

"He's going to be in my power!" muttered grimly to himself. "I'll cr him—the dog!"

Sending for his lawyer, Ladd f nished him with instructions, and s him on to New York.

The attorney paid a call on the m ager of the very booking office wh Adair had virtually been engaged, a given the part with which he had rus back so joyously to Phyllis to tell the good news.

"I represent Mr. Robert Ladd, president of the L. X. & M. Railro

the father of Mr. Cyril Adair's
e," the lawyer introduced himself to
manager. "Has that actor applied
ou for an engagement recently?"
He has," replied the manager, "and I
e him one."
Then you will be conferring a favor
n my client, Mr. Ladd," the lawyer
ounced, "by sending Adair a letter
nform him that you have decided to
e the part to some one else. Mr.
d wishes to make it impossible for
air to secure an engagement of any
t."
he manager, who stood in awe of the
sident of the railroad over which
reat number of his road companies,
h their baggage and scenery, did a
ge part of their traveling, protested:
But I don't like to hand Adair a jolt
this!"
Would you rather offend him than
. Ladd?" hinted the lawyer. "I think
would pay you to follow my client's
shes in this matter."
he manager threw up his hands.
d straightway he sent Adair the
er which the lawyer had suggested.
t was a blow to both Cyril and Phyl-
She was the first to recover from
however. Their funds were running
; unless Adair got to working again,
l earning a salary, they would be ab-
utely penniless in another week more.
t Phyllis was outwardly cheerful,
er the first shock of the disappoint-
nt to their hopes had passed.
"You'll get an engagement elsewhere,"
reassured Adair. "Go looking for
e—and don't worry."
Adair did look for another engage-
nt. During the next ten days, he
unted all the booking offices in town—
t to no avail.
Ladd's attorney had paid a call at
ch one, and advised their managers
at it would be taken as an act of
endliness toward the president of the
lroad on which they all depended for
transportation of their road com-
nies, if they would see that Cyril
lair was kept out of an engagement.
Thus, when Adair called, he was po-
ely but none the less firmly told that
ere was no opening in any theatrical
nture for him.
More sleuthing by the private detec-
es resulted in their unearthing the
ct, and sending it on to Phyllis' father,
at she and her husband were utterly
oke.
Then Robert Ladd played the next card in his heartless game. He instructed his lawyer to seek out Adair, away from the flat he shared with Phyllis, and make him a cash proposition to consent to Phyllis' divorcing him.

"We will pay you ten thousand dollars," the lawyer informed Adair, as he sat with him at a table in a café into which he had followed him. "Think what you could do with all that money!"

Adair was thinking of it. Surreptitiously he drew out of his pocket the handful of loose change that was all the money he had in the world, and regarded it hesitatingly.

"Ten thousand dollars isn't much to pay for a wife," he told the lawyer.

The latter smiled in triumph to himself. Producing a wallet, he leaned impressively across the table toward Adair.

"Very well," he announced. "I have been empowered by your father-in-law to offer you the sum of fifty thousand dollars, in cash, if you will allow your wife to divorce you and return to her father's home. And here it is."

As he spoke, the attorney passed the money across the table to Adair. Staring at all that wealth before him, the young man ran his finger under his collar nervously. He reached out his hand toward the bills of large denomination, and his fingers closed on them.

In the meantime, Phyllis was opening and reading a letter from her father. He begged her to give Adair up and come back to him—that was all he asked of her; the past would be forgotten.

With a proud smile, Phyllis at once wrote in reply that she never meant to give Cyril up, as he was more than all the rest of the world to her, and sent the letter off to Carthage.

Adair's fingers, as has been said, closed upon the money which the lawyer had pushed across the table toward him. He picked the fortune up, and rose as he did so. Then he flung the bills in the lawyer's face.

"Do you think you could bribe me," he blazed out at the latter, "with all the money in the world, to give up the girl I love and who loves me? There's your dirty cash—and it's my answer to Robert Ladd as well!"

The lawyer returned to Carthage to inform the magnate that his plan had failed.

That night Phyllis was again waiting for Adair to come home. It was past midnight when he did arrive—and she gave a reproachful cry at sight of him. To all appearances he had been drinking again. And, as once before, his face was puffed and bloodstained, his collar and necktie awry, and his coat split down the back.

An actor who had been in the same road company from which Adair had been fired, and who was his faithful friend, supported him into the flat and laid him out on the bed.

"I'll tell you how it all happened, Mrs. Adair," his friend began.

But Phyllis, covering her ears, turned her back on him.

"Oh, I don't want to hear anything about it?" she sobbed. "He promised me that he would never drink again, and now——"

"But he *ain't* drunk!" Adair's friend made himself heard. "Will you let me tell you how it happened? You've *got* to listen—and when you've heard the story I'm bettin' you'll think more of him than you ever did in your life before. He's a—a hero right out of a book—that's what he is!"

The actor's voice broke, and he brushed a suspicious moisture from his eyes as he looked down on Adair, who lay, battered and without moving, on the bed.

"Listen: It all started like this," his friend went on. "We were standin' at the bar in a Broadway café, Adair and me. I'd asked him to come in and have a drink with me, but he said he wasn't drinkin' nothin'. I told him he could take a glass of seltzer, and so he come in with me. Well, while we're standin' there at the bar, like I said, there's one of those would-be sports with more money than brains standin' with one foot up on the rail beside us. Next to him is Tom Crowley—you know, the light-heavyweight prize fighter. Well, anyway, the scrapper is drunk. So's this ready-money sport I'm tellin' you about. The prize fighter is havin' fun with the sport—he's pushin' his hat down over his nose and rumplin' up his hair in back. The sport ain't enjoyin' it much. As a matter of fact, he's gettin' sorer by the minute. Finally, he turns around and catches a sight of Adair standin' there at the bar beside him.

"Well, he sees how big and strong lookin' he is. And he pulls Adair around by the sleeve.

"'Say,' he says, half cryin' he's that mad, 'do me a favor, will you? Lick

this big stiff for me! I want him licked! And I'll give you five hundred dollars if you'll lick him!'

"Adair looks from the sport to Crowley. He recognizes him as a professional scrapper, even though the prize fighter ain't much bigger'n he is. Crowley looks Adair up and down and sneers; but Adair knows he wouldn't stand no chance with him in a scrap, all right.

"Still, at the mention of all that money—bein' down and out, as you know—he rubs his chin thoughtful.

"'Come on away,' I says to him, tryin' to pull him out of the place, for I didn't know what he might be desperate enough to try to do.



"He is the Golden Young Man, daddy!" exclaimed Phyllis.

"But he shakes my hand off his arm, and turns to the sport.

"'Make it one hundred dollars for the loser's end,' he says to him, 'and you're on.'

"The sport says all right. So we all go over to a gymnasium on a crosstown street near by. Adair and the runner-up to the light-heavyweight champion peels down to their waists, they puts on a pair of regulation five-ounce gloves, and then they goes at it.

"Of course, there was nothin' to it. Crowley licked him, easy. But it went four rounds before my game old pal, Adair, would quit. He was after that five hundred, which would be his if he could lick Crowley, you see, and so he stayed until the scrapper put him away with a knock-out. And that's how he got bruised up the way you see him now. And that's how he got—this!"

As he finished, Adair's friend triumphantly fished a loose wad of bills out of his pocket and pressed them into Phyllis' hands. But she let the money fall unheeded to the floor, as she ran with a cry that was a mixture of love and pity—and pride—and threw herself on her knees beside the bed and pressed Adair's poor battered face to her breast.

"Oh, my darling!" she sobbed. "My boy! Why—oh, *why* did you do it?"

Adair's swollen lips parted. He grimaced with pain, and then spoke thickly:

"I did it for your sake, girlie—that was all!"

But the young couple had more than that hundred dollars which Adair had earned at the temporary cost of his good looks, to make them happy, as they learned two days later.

Robert Ladd, hearing that Adair had refused the bribe which his lawyer had offered him to surrender Phyllis, and receiving his daughter's written refusal to give Adair up, had decided to change his tactics radically.

He boarded a train for New York, and went straight to the booking offices whose manager had been the first o interviewed by his attorney on the l ter's previous visit to the city.

An hour later, his face wreathed the smile of a bearer of good tidin the manager alighted from a taxicab front of the unimposing flat buildi where Adair and Phyllis were livi and mounted to their third-floor apa ment.

"I've got some news for you that w be a pleasant surprise, I think, Adai the manager informed the actor, w answered his ring at the front door a admitted him to the flat. "No— haven't come to offer you back the pa I took away from you. It's better th that, even. I've got hold of a four-a play that's going to make the bigg hit this city has seen in the past t years, or I'm a Chinaman! And, you'll take it, I'd like to offer you t star part in it!"

Adair, staring at the manag clutched Phyllis' hand for suppo against the shock of such unexpect good fortune.

"But—but to star me on Broadway he faltered. "Do you think you cou get away with it, Gridley? I've nev had any experience in the lead, exce in a road company, you know——"

The manager wagged his head at hi reassuringly, a peculiar smile playi about his lips.

"That's all right, my boy!" he a swered cheerfully. "Don't you wor about that—I've got a backer for th show who's ready to put a hundr thousand and more into it, *but only condition that you're the star.*"

"Who's the backer?" gasped Adair.

The manager turned back toward t front door of the flat.

"I'll show you," said he.

He opened the door. And Phyll saw her father standing on the thres old, forgiveness shining from his ey as they rested on her. With a glad cr she pulled Adair toward him and la the young man's hand in his.

"He's the Golden Young Man, da dy!" she said softly.

Robert Ladd, placing his other han on Adair's shoulder, nodded at hi kindly.

"Yes," he agreed, "I think you ar right. He was full of alloy—but he ha proved that underneath was a vein o pure gold!"

Plays and Players

Marguerite Clayton.

IT all came through an advertisement; one that proved an extremely beneficial investment both for Miss Marguerite Clayton and the Essanay company. Less than two years ago, picking up a newspaper, Miss Clayton read in the want column that Essanay was in need of an actress. She had never been on the stage, and never appeared before a motion-picture camera, but, nevertheless, decided to try for the position. As a result, after a little more than a year and a half, Miss Clayton is



known to nearly every picture follower in the country.

With the aid of her personal charm and beauty she soon arose to the position of playing opposite Gilbert M. Anderson in the well-known "Broncho Billy" films, in which rôles she has created a more favorable impression than any of her predecessors. Despite the hindrance of lack of experience, Miss Clayton rose fairly high in her work through earnest effort and hard work.

Marguerite Clayton's parents reside in Utah, where she herself lived until her engagement with the Essanay company. Mr. Clayton is a retired mining engineer, and is happily watching the accomplishments of his daughter, and each step she takes toward the brilliant future predicted for her by Mr. Anderson, who is a partner in the company for which she is playing.

Novelist Writes on Pictures.

MEREDITH NICHOLSON, author of the novel upon which the five-reel Selig play, "The House of a Thousand Candles," was used, recently commented on the great difference between screen subjects and those of the stage and printed page.

"Things that we see in the motion-picture drama and which are plausible in every way on the screen, would seem utterly out of place on the stage or written in fiction form," he said. "This may be one of the reasons motion pictures have given the speaking drama a body blow, and has taken the melodrama clear off the stage. The screen has, without a doubt, been established for all time, and all those within the industry must now bend their efforts toward improving the quality of the productions and the mechanical devices used in presenting them.

"The motion picture is a part of the great American democracy; it places the theater within reach of any one, for even the poorest of families can afford a nickel for each member of their home circles at times to enjoy subjects at one of the neighborhood houses. That was the great trouble with the speaking drama—it was presented in theaters whose prices were beyond the reach of the poor. Motion pictures can be made a pulpit in which social and political ideas may be placed before the people in no other way. Their moderate admission price is their great democratic feature.

"Doubtless there are many plays which will not be as appealing in motion pictures as on the speaking stage, because of the absence of the human voice, but there is no fact quite so visible at the present time as that the stage has suffered greatly from the popularity of the motion picture. It seems almost too bad, too, for only within the last fifteen years has the American playwright had his chance. Up to that time the producers refused to consider the work of any American playwright on general principles; they thought if a play was written by an American it was not worth producing. It was only after they had been proven wrong that the producers changed their point of view. Then motion pictures entered and the playwright is now forced to work under a handicap, unless he turns his hand to the new art, as many of them are doing."

Harry Mestayer.

HARRY MESTAYER, leading man of one of the Selig Polyscope company's west-coast companies, is a member of a famous theatrical family, some



member of which has always been prominent on the American stage. He has had a great amount of stage experience, having appeared with such well-known stars at James K. Hackett and Margaret Illington, and having played in the original productions of "Ghosts," "The Great Name," "The Escape," and many others. Among the managements he has worked under are Holbrook Blinn, Cohan and Harris, Morosco and Belasco, and many stock companies.

Mr. Mestayer's first appearance under the Selig banner was in "The Millionaire Baby," a seven-reel red-seal play; and his second bid for favor in "The House of a Thousand Candles," a play of the same variety. The popularity he has gained in both of these point out another favorite before long.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

RELIGION IN PHOTO PLAYS.

DESPITE the fact that recently some of the big companies released multiple-reel plays, with priests, sisters, ministers, et cetera, in them, and that in the past a few successes of the screen have been based upon some religious principle or other, we wish to warn our readers not to write this kind of stuff.

Wherever a play of that kind reaches the screen it must be noted that the subject is handled in a more than ordinary way, and that, as a whole, it is inoffensive to any one, despite their beliefs. Most picture plays of this class are based upon dramas of the stage which have already been passed upon and approved by the public, and which are even more carefully treated on the screen than they were on the stage. But no matter how much pains have been taken to make them nonsectarian, however, there are always a great many who complain to the film companies about them favoring one religion or another.

Because of this sentiment, almost every editor is prejudiced the moment he sees the slightest trace of religion creep into a script he is reading, or the moment he discovers a religious character in one. He is well aware of the fact that if the scenario is accepted and produced, it is sure to cause a stir; and if this stir should continue for any length of time he—the editor—is certain to be called before the boss to explain why he purchased it.

In addition to this fact, there is also a prejudice against religion in photo plays because, while the subject lends itself to the dramatic easily enough, its scope is very limited because of the many beliefs. A script that is based upon religion is almost certain to lack action for this reason, and the editor, through long experience, knows this, and is prejudiced even before beginning to read.

There are so many other themes that are in accord with the thinking of the majority of the masses that it is foolish for a beginner to select a subject of this kind to write a play around. As has often been said before, it is the "general-market" scenario that is of real value to the new script writer, both from the artistic and financial viewpoints, and the religious play can hardly be classed under this heading.

THINK.

"I believe I have discovered my failing," writes an author who has been in the game about a year, "and it is my failure to think."

That sentence may convince many of our readers that the author in question has no business in the game, but as we have seen some of his work, and have a pretty good idea of his possibilities, we are inclined to dispute the decision. He is just like some many hundreds of others who have failed to take the photo drama seriously, even though they think they have. Like them, he has failed to think deeply about every scenario before he put it into form and sent it to the editors; and also, like the others, he has drawn rejection after rejection.

Now he has woke up. He has learned the value of the word "think," and he is applying all his energy to get the most out of his newly acquired knowledge with every script he turns out. The result is that the quality of his scripts has gone up greatly, and two sales have appeared on his "accepted" list that formerly showed none.

We know that many more of our readers that are struggling to succeed are in the same class that this young man is working himself out of. They, too, can advance if they wish. There is only one thing to do, and that is to think, think, and think, while they are writing, studying, relaxing; in fact, all the time they are awake. It may seem hard, but it is the easiest way to success in the scenario-writing game.

CONCENTRATING.

Do you know that you can get better results by working on one story, or, at the most, two or three, than if you attempted many, and only did part off each?

It is a fact, and most writers find it out after they have got several scenarios started, and go from one to another without concentrating on any certain one for any length of time. We know very well that there are some big writers who work best by rotating from one work to another, and keeping several in course of completion at the same time; but these are exceptions, rather than the general rule. We do not think that even these men and women lay down their stories, as they finish working on them, and forget all about them until they again pick them up; but, instead, they probably carry the plots about in their minds, and, either consciously or subconsciously, are working them out all the time.

While it certainly is not advisable for a writer to have but one idea on hand to work into a scenario, and, when this is completed, be at a loss as to what to do next, it is advisable to forget everything else when one sits down to work out a certain plot. Exclude all other plays from the mind, and concentrate all the mind on the single plot before you, and we believe you will get much better results than if you only worked on the scripts a half hour or so, and then, because you thought of an-

other play you could work out, laid aside the first one to work on the other.

A QUESTION OF PAYMENT.

Many authors, even the more experienced ones, are puzzled as to whether comedy or drama pays most in the motion-picture field. It is a hard thing to decide, and one which can hardly be covered by a single general answer. That comedy is more in demand than drama, considering the smaller number of markets—that far less comedy is purchased than drama, and that comedy is much harder to write than drama, are all undeniable facts, which would seem to place the value of good comedy above that of good drama.

But is it?

Looking over the field, concern by concern, and matching the prices each pays for comedy—if they produce it—and for drama, the latter is found to be quite a bit above the other. In many cases, among the better class of companies, fifty dollars per reel is not considered high for drama, and some writers regularly get one hundred dollars per reel for their material. These figures are founded upon actual fact, and are not in any sense colored, as statements of this kind are apt to be. Taking the same companies' average rate for comedy, we find that it does not average over thirty-five dollars per reel, but in some cases goes as high as sixty-five or seventy dollars.

These figures speak for themselves; but, as we said before, a single answer cannot cover the situation. Undoubtedly there are many persons writing comedy of the sure-fire variety who are getting much more per reel than others working under the same trade-mark who are writing the same variety of drama. Where the writer produces real laugh getters, he will undoubtedly be rewarded; but the trouble is that few free lances seem to have the ability to write one comedy after another which will take, and, therefore, are merely given so much per reel by the producers, and the rate fixed a little below that paid for drama, because it has become a custom.

Film Company Addresses.

Because of the many requests we have received from our readers, we are listing below the names and addresses of most of the companies now in the market for scripts and who are known to have releasing channels. We have not listed their wants, because we give these under the heading of "Live-wire Market Hints" from week to week. There are some companies on this list that are buying very little from outside writers. Where a company is not listed, scripts are not desired at all. A study of a company's productions on the screen will give a better idea of what they want than can possibly be conveyed via the printed page.

American Film Manufacturing Company, Santa Barbara, California.

Balboa Amusement Producing Company, Long Beach, California.

Biograph Company, No. 807 East One Hundred and Seventy-fifth Street, New York, New York.

Thomas A. Edison, Incorporated, No. 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York, New York.

Kalem Company, No. 235 West Twenty-third Street, New York, New York.

Keystone Film Company, Nos. 1712 to 1719 Allesandro Street, Los Angeles, California.

Lubin Manufacturing Company, Indiana Avenue and Twentieth Street, Philadelphia, Pennsylvania.

Mutual Film Corporation, No. 4500 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, California.

Selig Polyscope Company, No. 58 East Washington Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Universal Film Manufacturing Company, No. 1600 Broadway, New York, New York, and Universal City, California.

Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth Street and Locust Avenue, Brooklyn, New York.

Besides the above there are many others who buy scripts occasionally, but as this list is intended for the beginner, we have not named these concerns. We think if those who have not a market book will take these names, and make their own list from them, listing under each company all that is learned of its wants, and will add to and revise the list weekly, they will have no trouble finding plenty of possible buyers for all that they write.

Answers to Readers.

MRS. J. F. CAVANAGH, Winthrop Centre, Mass.—A list of the companies will be found in this issue.

MINTA MACDONALD, Hartford, Conn.—A multiple-reel script should be divided into reels by the author, but the number of scenes in each reel cannot be stated definitely. It depends upon how much action you put into each scene. You can best decide that yourself. A study of successful plays on the screen will help you solve this problem.

MRS. F. CADY, Minneapolis, Minn.—A multiple-reel motion picture is one which is two or more reels in length. Its plot must be much stronger than a single reel, and there must be twice or three times as much action. The longer the subject, the more action is required. It is best to number the scenes from one on, regardless of reels. In a recent number we explained the censorship question which is puzzling you.

JAMES MARTIN, Chicago, Ill.—The addresses of the companies appear in this issue.

R. C. MACUMBER, Portland, Me.—In the descriptive line under the title it is well to classify your script as "A two-reel drama of society," et cetera. A list of companies appears in this issue.

J. G. HESTER, Mount Vernon, N. Y.—A two-reel scenario requires just twice as much development as a one-reeler. It has just twice as much action, and its idea should be large enough to do justice to its length.

GEORGE WILSON, Edgewater, N. J.—See answer to James Martin, above.

FRED BENNETT, San Antonio, Texas.—In the July 24th issue of PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY we printed a sample scenario. This issue may be bought from the publishers if you have not already secured it. A list of companies is given in this issue.

MRS. I. SCHULTZ, Saxon, Pa.—The stories which appear in our publication are based upon produced photo plays, and written from scenarios submitted by the film companies. We do not use original stories.

H. C. BURGWALD, Lakewood, Ohio.—Dialogue is not necessary in your scenes, and if you use too much it is liable to ruin your scenario. Make your action carry the story. Be sure your plot is excellent, then go ahead.

A. J. YODES, Topeka, Ind.—There is very little chance of "landing" animated cartoons, as the companies are mostly opposed to making them, because of the great amount of work involved.

ALMA JURY, Kansas City, Mo.—On

July 24th we published a sample scenario, and in this issue of the department a list of companies appears. The old issue may be purchased at the regular price from the publishers.

N. TAGAN, Brooklyn, N. Y.—We are afraid there is no company willing to produce a single-reel drama dealing with the Russian revolution. It is too elaborate for an American company to undertake, and would not have a popular appeal in this country.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Famous Players Company, Nos. 213 to 227 West Twenty-sixth Street, which is not in the general market at the present time, will consider very exceptional big, multiple-reel stories by clever writers. Detailed synopsis preferred at first. Some of its stars are Mary Pickford, Hazel Dawn, Marguerite Clark, and John Barrymore.

President Goodfellow, of the Artone Film Company, 79 Woodward Avenue, Detroit, Michigan, states that he is looking for good, clean dramas from three to five reels in length. He promises all photo-playwrights who submit scenarios that they will have the returned rejected manuscript or a check for those accepted within thirty days.

Short Shots.

No director lives who does not like a story with a "punch."

What is it you see on the screen that tells you the story? Pictures that move, is it not? Certainly! There you have the basic principle of a scenario—action.

A miscast photo play is one of the saddest sights in the world.

There is a lot of room at the top of the ladder for the man who is capable of making the climb.

Intelligent use of old ideas in new ways, as part of new plays, is always acceptable.

Study the existing conditions of humanity. There is an unlimited field of plot material here.

This and That in Films.

Marguerita Fisher, the former American player, is hard at work with the Essanay, and her first release with that brand is anxiously waited for. Her hubby, Harry Pollard, is with the Chaplin aggregation. We pity him!

The Triangle company, better known as the Sennett-Ince-Griffith combination, have made good their threat to stage two-dollar shows by obtaining a lease on the Knickerbocker Theater of New York City. They expect to announce several other additions within a short while.

"The Birth of a Nation," three hundred and ninetieth time in New York, and still going strong!

Watch for "Business Is Business," with Nat Goodwin, and little Kathie Lee, one of our best child actresses. This film will be released on the World Film program, and will be worth while seeing.

Henry Walthall, the demon actor of the screen! Who would think that such a distinguished personage would have a nickname of "Hank" attached to him? It's so, and Henry says he doesn't mind it a bit. In fact, he enjoys it.

George Seigman, the Mutual director, who was severely injured in the auto accident in which Elmer Booth lost his life, has recovered, and working again in the Reliance-Majestic studios. Tod Browning, who was also injured, is doing nicely.

$50 FOR PHOTOPLAY

Contest closes soon. Prize for best solution of Problem Play Amateur writers only. Your idea has as good a chance to win as anybody's. Don't miss this! Send 25c in coin for Model Photoplay. Contest instructions free.

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Developing Bust

A few years ago a maid or matron who was flat-chested thought she must remain so, but now all is changed and newspapers and periodicals are recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Tablets to build up the bust and fill out what the French describe as "Salt Cellars," those little hollows at the base of the neck near the shoulders. The basis of this tonic is imported Galega, an herb that acts immediately on the mammary glands, stimulating and building them up. It is put up in little tablets by the Willard White Co., and certainly in this form it fills a long-felt want. This article has accomplished wonderful results in a number of cases known to the writer.—Ida McGlone Gibson, Editor "The Woman Beautiful."



TRIXIE FRIGANZA

Miss Friganza, one of the most noted stars of the American stage, joins the thousands of other women of note, including Mme. De La Vie and other high authorities on health and beauty, in recommending Willard White Co.'s Vaucaire Galega Tablets and the famous "Melorose" Toilet Articles.

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Photoplay Stories and Pictures

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. 1

No. 23



GRACE DARMOND

THIS STAR'S VIEWS OF PICTURES WRITTEN BY HERSELF.

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

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Pictures and Myself

By Grace Darmond

(SELIG STAR)

No doubt you have your own opinion of the motion pictures, both their past and their future, but would you not like to know how they are thought of by one of the foremost actresses playing in them? The following article was written for this magazine by Miss Grace Darmond a leading lady with the Selig Polyscope Company, and in it she sets forth plainly her views of the films. But that is not all. Miss Darmond also gives the story of her own life, both in pictures and out of them, tells how she came to the screen and all that is of interest to the public concerning her career.

IF you have never visited a motion-picture studio and seen the pictures being filmed, unless you are an exceptional person, you have a desire to see one. Two years ago I had this same desire, and, then having never been inside the place where pictures were made, I walked one day, prompted by my curiosity, to the studio of the Selig Polyscope Company, in Chicago, which was not far from my home.

Then, as now, it was a difficult matter for one not known to obtain admittance, and, grasping the only visible means of fulfilling my wish of seeing the players acting, I applied for a position as an "extra woman" in answer to a sign announcing that people were wanted to fill a cast for a feature picture which was being produced.

Success greeted my application, and happily I was led into the studio, though it was only to gratify a whim and I had no intention of ever appearing in another play. When the picture was over, however, I received word that I photographed exceptionally well, and that my acting was considered good.

And then I became a motion-picture actress.

Lately, as every one has been astonished at the quick and apparently permanent rise of motion pictures, I have often been asked for my views of the industry, and whether I believe its present standing and importance in the world of amusement will continue. In answer I say that I most firmly do.



MISS GRACE DARMOND.

Pictures, like every other business, had to overcome many difficulties before they could be placed before the public with an appeal that would mean their success. The sudden advancement they have made is due, I think, to the fact that so many men and women, both producers and players, with unusual business intelligence and ability to accomplish, cast their lot with the films at one time. Their concerted efforts have resulted in placing the motion-picture industry where it is to-day; and, with it there, I think there is no doubt whatever but what it will stay, for it provides a form of amusement that is entirely different from any other.

The fact that on the screen scenes in any part of the world can actually be visualized, an asset that places it above the stage in one respect at least, is bound to have a favorable effect. There is no need in pictures for one to imagine anything. Everything can be shown. Therefore, with the proper direction and acting, and the right management from a business standpoint, the pictures will flourish.

Another question that usually follows the inquiry as to the sudden rise of the pictures themselves is the reason for

my own quick jump into the stellar ranks—for they tell me I am there.

This I attribute to nothing but earnest, hard work. Of course, there were other attributes to my success, but hard work was the main factor, and still is. By devoting all my attention to the part I am playing and trying to live it as nearly as possible, I have attracted, I believe, the notice of both my employers and the public, which means success to any one. Naturally, in order to do this, I must have had some ability in my work to help me, for I do not believe that any one could go into picture and find a place as star by merely working hard if he had no natural adaptation to the profession, any more than I could go into the position of an author and gain the admiration of the nation by only applying myself to the work—which incidentally may serve to relieve some of the responsibility I am assuming by writing this.



Miss Darmond is considered one of the most beautiful women on the screen.

Without a doubt one of the things that aided me more than anything else in my present work before the camera is that when but five years of age I enacted the title rôle in "Edith's Burglar," and later joined a stock company. The experience I received here in the art of acting has been of untold benefit to me since.

I have been told that I am the youngest leading woman in motion pictures. Maybe I am, but I have earned the part I play. Working in motion pictures is not pastime—it is hard work; and in motion-picture work, as elsewhere, work counts.

Long hours fall to those who engage in motion-picture acting. They report at a studio at a certain hour in the morning; they do not leave until a certain hour. Their day's work is just like a day's work in any other occupation in life. In warm weather the sun beats through the glass inclosure of the studio and the thermometer frequently registers one hundred and twenty-five degrees, and even more. Perhaps in the warm atmosphere one must be compelled to appear in a character heavily bundled up in clothing, and you can imagine one's discomfort.

There are many recompenses also, and I think on the whole that the work is much more enjoyable than the speaking stage. Girls who wish to enter motion pictures, however, should pause and think over the fact that they are embarking on a career—a branch of art which requires talent, intelligence, and hard work. There are many girls who feel that if they could only appear before the camera they would be an instantaneous success, while they would go to a business college for many months in order to become a stenographer. It stands to reason, if one considers that preparation for such a position is necessary, that a great deal more

me must be devoted to learning an art hich entertains millions of people aily. From my own experience, I do pt feel justified in advising any girl to try to become a screen actress, for, though there is always a chance for ccess, the chance is open to so many hers that the element of luck is really ery strong, and that of ability is abso-tely essential.

There are times, of course, when I njoy the excitement of being a player. n example of this was during the ming of the big Selig play, "The ouse of a Thousand Candles," at the hicago studios of that company. oubtless most of my readers heard f the big car strike in Chicago, but few f them knew what havoc it played with e motion-picture producers there. We ad many players who were working in e "Loop," Chicago's theatrical center, nd, as the studio is quite a way from is place and there was no car serv-e, Mr. Selig ordered a huge truck in hich all the players were taken to the eaters where they were working. ther players, including myself, who ave homes in Chicago, also rode on e truck just for the "fun of it."

There were other excursions, too, dur-g the time I was appearing in "The ouse of a Thousand Candles." One f these was made to find a house hich would correspond to the direc-r's ideal "house" in which the "thou-and candles" were supposed to be. ll the players who had friends with omes which might serve the purpose ld the director about them, and one ay we set off in a large touring car nd started our search.

We covered almost all of the city of hicago, and when we were all begin-ing to despair of ever finding an ideal House of a Thousand Candles," the irector suddenly called to the chauffeur stop. We were in a lonesome part f Wheaton, a suburb of Chicago, and one of us could see any "house" that ight prove available. The director, owever, made us all get out of the achine and tramp up a hill. As we ounded a curve in the road, we saw, eyond a clump of trees which had been bstructing our view, the exact "House f a Thousand Candles" we had all been oping for. It was located on the sum-it of a sloping hill and had windows rom which the light cast by the can-les during the taking of the "night" cenes would show up excellently. Se-curing the owner's permission to use the house and the premises, we worked here for several days until all the scenes that were required had been taken.

When we returned to the studio to take the interior scenes, we found that many more candles were needed for the "big set" than our property room had. We started a search for candles, and gathered them from every conceivable source—our own homes, homes of our friends, small shops near the studio, and large stores in the business district of Chicago. After getting them all together, we sorted them out, and the director arranged them about the "set." The effect obtained is beautiful.

Since my début in motion pictures, which was, as I have said, about two years ago, I have been honored by being assigned to many important rôles in Selig feature pictures, among the more recent being "The Millionaire Baby," "A Texas Steer," "A Black Sheep," and, of course, "The House of a Thousand Candles."

My strange and fortunate entrance into motion pictures is a bit of luck that I shall always be thankful for, as, if I had not gone into the films and should know what I would have missed, I would feel that the better part of my life had been lost. Sincerely do I hope that my followers are impressed the same way, and I shall always do my utmost to warrant it.

The Camera Man's Job

By N. E. Edwards

(Staff Photographer of the *Hearst-Selig News Pictorial.*)

WHEN I went to Mexico to cover the operations of "Pancho" Villa, I expected to be shot at on more than one occasion. But, to my surprise, not a bullet came near me. I never was safer in my life.

On the other hand, when I went to Bayonne, New Jersey, to cover a strike at the works of the Standard Oil Company, I expected to find plenty of husky policemen on the job and no danger at all. But there weren't any policemen, or, if there were, they remained discreetly out of sight, and I was shot at not once, but several score of times, stopped several bricks, was missed by some few hundred other bricks, was chased for four blocks by an enraged mob bent on murder, and was punched in the right eye by an extremely powerful person—oh, extremely powerful person!

This just goes to show that you never can tell what you're going to go up against when you start forth with the camera and tripod.

I approached the works of the Standard Oil Company with due caution, having been warned by other photographers that it was dangerous work. Guards and deputy sheriffs armed with Winchester rifles were posted behind a barricade at the end of a short street which led to the main entrance to the grounds surrounding the plant. Every once in a while the mob would rush down this street until some of the more daring got close to the barricades, where the deputies could not hit them, and then would fire over the rail with revolvers and hurl bricks.

A battle was in progress, and I sought an elevation from which to work. Just as I was setting up my camera I heard a roar of hundreds of angry voices, and a man circled the corner. He was hatless, gasping for breath, terror-stricken, and breaking all track records. In one hand he clutched tightly a still camera. He saw me, and, without stopping, shouted:

"Beat it! They're after me. They want to lynch me!"

He kept right on going. Also, I got into action myself. I know I couldn't run with my heavy camera and tripod, so I took a chance on hiding in a doorway, and I ducked out of sight just in time, for the next second the mob passed. Many of them had armfuls of bricks, which they threw after the fleeing photographer.

I gathered that camera men were unpopular around there, and I was right. The rioters feared that the authorities would use the photographs as evidence on which to prosecute. Consequently, the mob sought to drive photographers away. Nevertheless, I think I got some remarkable moving pictures of rioting and shooting. It was the real thing in the way of excitement. I'm afraid the pictures may be a little unsteady, for I know my hand was when I cranked.

The Stolen Voice

(WORLD)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

No one in the operatic world was more popular than Gerald Dorville—yet nearly every one, whether in the operatic world or not, derived more pleasure from life. Nothing could satisfy him. He was never content. Then there came a time when everything was changed and there was really nothing for which he could be thankful. How he accepted his fortune and the consequence are the base of this story, which should have more than a passing interest to every follower of pictures, as the films play a part in it. This exceptional narrative is written from the motion picture of the same name produced by the World Film Corporation. Those in the cast included:

Gerald Dorville.....Robert Warwick
Marguerite Lawson.....Frances Nelson
Doctor van Gahl.....Mario Marjeroni
Director Leslie.....Bertram Marburgh
Belle Borden.....Violet Horner

FIVE thousand dollars a week, but what in life?"

Gerald Dorville mused as he sat in his dressing room before the opera performance in which he was the chief factor. Not for the first time was Dorville pondering over the question of the joys of life, for of late it had been haunting his mind. He wondered what it really meant to enjoy living. That it was not merely the attaining and accumulation of money he was sure, for he was doing that, and yet what he drew from the world in the form of pleasure was only the after-the-theater butterfly life and the insincere flattery of false admirers among the other players. Gerald Dorville was dissatisfied.

"Why not try the love cure?" suggested his attendant, who was more of a friend than a servant.

"Love?" repeated Dorville. "There is no such thing. All that love consists of is a girl who is willing to call a man a lot of foolish, slushy names if he is willing in return to spend enough money on her to make her happy. Love, bah! If you ever happen to think of something to make a man enjoy life, let me know, and we'll enjoy it together!"

Gerald Dorville sat down to resume his musing, but the call informing him that the performance was about to begin interrupted him, and he left the room. As he passed through the door he made the resolution that in the future he would desist from thinking of the problem that was worrying him, and perhaps he would thus find a little more pleasure than by allowing himself to ponder over something he knew he could not solve. And he kept his resolution, although the threads of destiny were finally to weave his trouble to a solution.

One week later, while seeking diversion at a reception to which he had been invited, Gerald Dorville was introduced to Miss Belle Borden, a society leader in the city. The girl aroused in him a strange fascination; it was not love, he knew, especially because of the opinion he had of that alleged element, but he thought that it was her rare beauty and extremely self-possessed and easy manner of conducting herself. At any rate, she did fascinate him, but he would not allow his feelings to in any way become known, because of the fact that an ardent admirer and suitor for her hand was a Doctor van Gahl. Dorville had no desire to break up any such affair.

However, when Gerald Dorville was passing out of the stage door of the opera house a few nights later he was surprised to find, on turning at the call of his name, the beautiful Belle Borden motioning to him from an automobile that was standing by the curb.

"Won't you come with us for a bite to eat?" she invited pleasantly. "I was at the opera, and thought you were just wonderful, and I should so like to talk with you."

Dorville was on the point of accept ing, when, wondering who else was in clude in the "we" spied the frownin face of Doctor van Gahl in the seat nex to Belle.

"I—I really think——" he began i way of explanation, but was interrupte by the girl, who informed him that sh would accept no excuse, and he at lengt consented to accompany them to a re taurant.

Dorville noticed during the meal tha the doctor was being sadly neglected i the conversation, and attempted to brin him into the circle of friendship, bu his remarks were only answered b short, gruff replies, which clearly be trayed his frame of mind. And so h gave up any hope of interesting the thir party. With Belle there was no thir party, for she paid no heed whatever t any one but Dorville, much to the la ter's disconsolation and embarrassmen Before the evening was over, howeve he realized that for some reason, ev dently his popularity with the audienc at the opera, she had suddenly becom desirous of having him for an escort o occasions when the natural one woul have been Doctor van Gahl. As for tha person, he might as well have forgo ten her.

But he did not. After the hours ha slipped by in the restaurant until it wa long after midnight, Dorville accon panied Belle to her home, the docto stopping off at his dwelling on the wa

in a mood which made the "good night" he offered on leaving obviously forced.

That night, in the confines of his room, Doctor van Gahl took an oath. It was one of vengeance on Gerald Dorville for having alienated the affections of his sweetheart, Belle Borden.

"I'll make you sorry for it yet," he vowed, "and there won't be any sympathy for you from me."

Dorville continued his success in the opera in the city, and each night after the performance was met at the entrance by Belle. It was evident that she no longer considered the doctor a suitor, and, since it was no direct fault of his, Dorville paid little attention to the affair. He, with no reluctance, accompanied the society girl to the restaurants and to dances in the night after the opera, and during the day, whenever the opportunity presented itself, was her escort to other affairs. He could see no reason why he should not proffer his attentions, and did so readily, since the time that he spent with her was most enjoyable.

It was one night after the opera, when Gerald Dorville was walking toward the waiting motor car of Belle Borden, that a girl, apparently not of the wealthy class, approached him and touched his arm.

"I suppose, Mr. Dorville," she said shyly, "that any token I can offer will be so small and insignificant that it will not demand any attention from you, but really, when I heard you to-night at the first opera I have ever attended, I was so entranced that I felt I must see you. Will you not be too proud to wear this little flower that I had pinned to my dress in your buttonhole, just to remind you that at least there is one person who holds you in esteem?"

The opera star looked at the flower in the outstretched hand of the girl. It was a daisy. He reached and took it from her, with a smile, and placed it in his buttonhole.

"Thank you very much," he said to his admirer. "I certainly appreciate the notice that you have given me, and shall with great pleasure wear the flower."

The girl turned away, with a flush in her cheeks, and Dorville proceeded to Belle's car. She had not seen the presentation of the token of admiration, and did not notice the daisy in Dorville's buttonhole until they were seated together at the roof garden to which they had repaired.

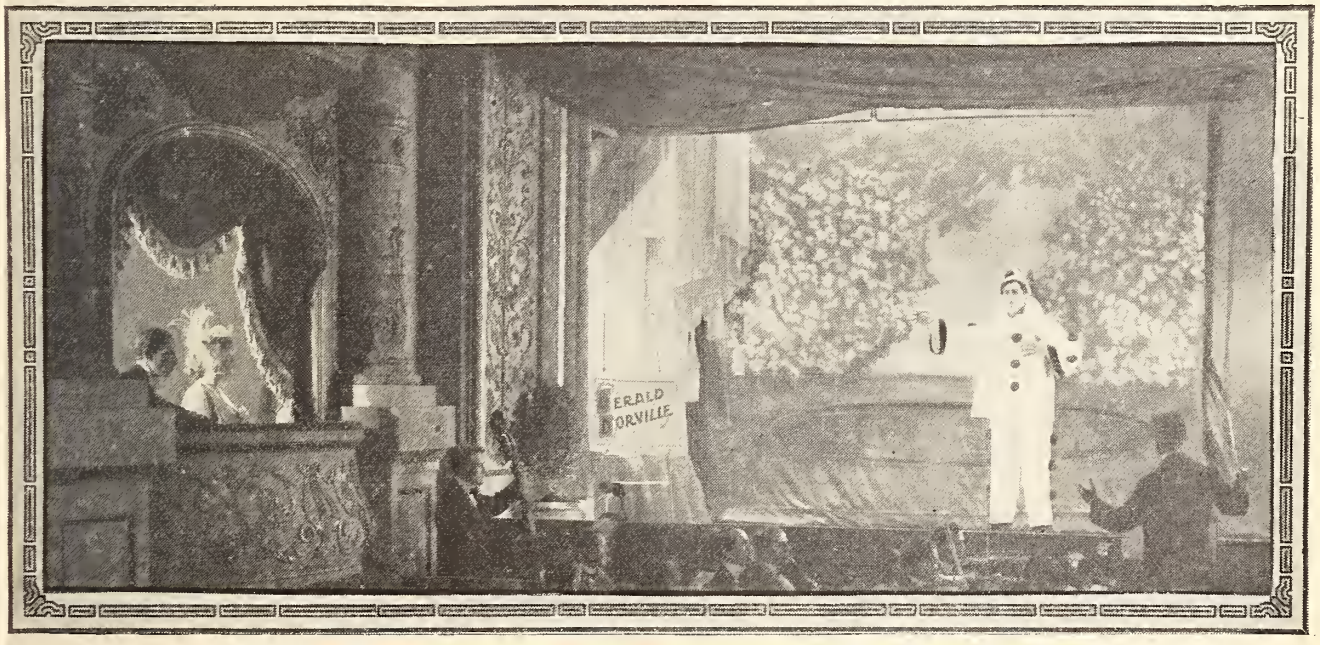
"Where did you get that common flower?" she asked, when she saw it.

"Oh," he replied, casting his eyes toward the daisy, "a woman met me at the door as I came from the theater and gave it to me as a memento. She said she liked the opera."

Belle was surprised and uneasy. She reached over, took the flower from his coat, and threw it over the edge of the roof.

"You should not wear anything so plain as that," she remarked in a tone of disgust. "Here, put this rose in its place, it is much nicer."

"And you should not take it away from me, no matter how common it is nor how plain. It was a token of admiration and I always like to know that my work pleases the public," replied Dorville, paying no attention to the rose that Belle held out to him. She did not answer, but leaned over and placed her more elegant flower in the place of the daisy.



Dorville's performance had fascinated Belle who had attended with Doctor van Gahl.

"There," she said, smoothing his coat and tossing her head coyly to one side, "you see there are more than one person who admires you."

Gerald Dorville made no further remark, but let the matter pass where it was. After spending the few hours after the opera at the roof garden in the usual manner, Belle and the opera singer left, and went to the street to go home in their waiting car. As they stepped off the sidewalk onto the step of the automobile, Dorville's eye caught a glance of something a few feet away. He paused, looked closer, and went over to pick up the daisy that had fallen there from where Belle had thrown it.

"I'll keep it just for luck," he said,

with a low laugh, as he drew his wallet from the inner pocket of his coat and placed the daisy in it. "The girl thought enough to give it to me from her own dress, and it is only courteous that I should keep it.

"You see, Belle," he said jokingly, "the daisy is more steadfast a friend than the rose, after all. If your dainty blossom had fallen from that height, it would have lost all its petals when it landed, but my daisy did not."

Dorville replaced the wallet in his pocket and took his companion by the arm, aiding her into the machine. She did not seem to take the matter of the flowers with the indifference that Dorville did, and plainly showed her jealousy on her countenance, though she made no reference to it in conversation.

Dorville saw her safely home, and returned to his own apartments, which he did not leave again, except for meals, until it was time for the performance on the following evening, due to the fact that he was studying his part with the hope of improvement.

When he arrived at the theater the next evening, Dorville was grected with a familiar welcome.

"Why, hello, Gerald!" came a man's voice, which he immediately recognized as that of an old friend of the stage. "I certainly am glad to see you."

Dorville turned, and was surprised to see the shabby appearance of his old friend who was standing in the entrance.

"Hello!" he returned. "Come on into the dressing room and we can have a talk while I get ready. I haven't time to stand here."

The other followed, and when he was seated on a chair after Dorville had closed the door and turned on the light, the opera star noticed that the apparel of his former acquaintance was even poorer and more dilapidated than it had seemed outside. He wondered what the cause of his friend's decline could have been, and, as their intimate relation in days gone by justified it, he inquired.

"What has the world done to you, Leslie?" he asked kindly. "I take it that things have not been as well as they might have with you. Tell me about it."

"It's a short tale to tell, Gerald," replied the shabby one, "and it's not the fault of the world nor any one except myself. I have been a fool, and am paying for it. To be perfectly frank, I was making excellent money and a reputation for myself, when, carelessly and well-meaning enough, I allowed too much champagne and other liquor to enter my mouth. I saw what havoc it was wreaking with me, but—well, as I said, I have been a fool, and I didn't stop. This is where it has brought me, and not until I have come to a realization of things and not until it is too late have I stopped. But it is too late, and all that I am fit to do now is to wait until the end of a fool's career, end as it may."

Leslie finished in a low, tense, and extremely serious voice, and his words sank into the heart of Gerald Dorville, who could readily understand what it meant to his former friend to be in the situation in which he now was, after years of success and popularity on the stage, both as an actor and a director.

"Don't you think there is some way that you can get to your feet again?" Dorville asked. "There must be, especially if you have been able to stop drinking."

"There is no way, Gerald," replied the other dejectedly, "for, in the first place, I have no money to help me. I am just a rank failure, and with no one to blame, which makes it even harder to bear."

"But money?" said Dorville meaningly.

"Money would mean a lot," replied Leslie hopefully at the suggestion of the opera star; "if you could spare——"

"I may have made myself misunderstood," broke in Dorville, shattering all the hope his former words had kindled. "I cannot establish you in the world again. I'll give you a little, however, to carry you over for a while, but I cannot make it much. You have admitted that you are a fool, and don't know how to care for yourself. If I were to give you any amount, there is no telling how you would use it after you have so demonstrated your folly."

"There is no telling, unless I am trusted," replied Leslie, with a sigh. "But I won't press you, as I did not come here for any other purpose except to see an old friend and to get a cup of coffee, if you happened to have it in your dressing room."

As he finished speaking, Dorville's valet appeared at the door and announced that the opera was about to begin.

"Prepare some coffee for this man," Dorville instructed his attendant; and then added, turning to Leslie: "If you will wait until I return I shall give you what I promised."

As the door closed behind Dorville, Leslie turned and surveyed the room. Leslie left soon after for water with which to make the coffee on the little stove with which the opera singer's room was provided. As the dejected old actor's eyes wandered from one thing to another on the walls and about the chamber, they suddenly stopped and Leslie's face was set with a grim expression. He had seen the coat of the opera star hanging on the back of a chair, and, with the sight, had come the temptation to search it in hopes of finding enough money to start him anew in life.

His plea to Dorville had been sincere, and he had resolved to reform himself, but no one, he felt, would believe; not even the opera singer, for he had said so.

"He won't give me much," mused Leslie, "and yet it would mean the making of a ruined man. I'll take—no I—yes," he decided, with a sudden determination. "I'll take it, if there is anything in it, and return it when I am making enough. Dorville won't miss it in all that he has, and it will mean everything in the world to me."

Rising from his chair, Leslie walked over to the garment and placed his hand into the inner pocket. His fingers touched something, and he drew forth Dorville's stout wallet. Working quickly and fumbling with the contents, Leslie extracted a packet of bills of large denomination. From them he took one—one with four figures in the corner—and placed it in his own pocket. Nervously the wallet slipped from his hand and dropped to the floor, but he stooped and picked it up, smiling at the way he trembled.

Hardly had he replaced the pocketbook in the coat of the opera singer, when the valet returned with the water and proceeded with the cooking of the coffee. When it was finished, Leslie drank with relish, for he was truly hungry. Then the valet left, and, soon after, Dorville came in again.

His face was beaming with smiles as the result of the gracious applause he had received, but, as he closed the door behind him, a frown darkened his countenance and the smile faded away.

His eyes were glued to something on the floor before him. Something small and white and irregular—a daisy!

In a flash, suspicion came into the mind of Dorville. Could it be that his old and true friend Leslie had degenerated to the extent of turning thief? But there could be no mistake about the flower. It was the one that had been presented to him on the evening previous by the woman admirer outside the theater, and he had placed it in his wallet. For it to be on the floor, the wallet must have been taken from his pocket. Therefore——

Gerald Dorville strode immediately over to his coat, reached into the inner pocket, and took out the wallet. He was somewhat surprised to find it there. On the chair less than two feet off, Leslie moved uneasily, and attempted to conceal all concern in the actions of the opera singer.

Dorville took the packet of bills from the wallet and counted them through once, twice, and a third time. Then, turning to Leslie, he addressed his former friend in a tone of friendliness that made it all the more difficult for him to hide his emotion.

"Leslie," he said quietly, "you have lowered yourself to take a thousand dollars from my wallet. I know you did it, so there is no need of a denial, which I don't think you would make even though I was not positive that you had taken the money. However, I do know it.

"For you to go so far as to steal, I am assured that you must be even in greater difficulties than I thought you were, for I know well that it is against your nature. No man can change that much in character. Therefore, knowing how much you need it, I shall give you that thousand dollars that you took, and beg you with it to make a new man of yourself. You have the ability and now you have the money. Prove yourself worthy of being called my friend again by getting back to where you were before, a man whose honor can never be questioned."

At Dorville's words, Leslie shrank in his chair and protested. He took the thousand-dollar bill from his pocket and held it toward his benefactor.

"Now that I see the meanness of it all, Gerald," he said in unsteady tones, "I can't take it. I'd rather live waiting for death than think I ever did a dishonest thing. It was another of my fool acts, but I've decided to cut them all."

Dorville reassured him, and stated that there was nothing dishonest, inasmuch as he had given the money to him as a friend, and urged him to take it for a good purpose. It required a great deal of argument before Leslie would replace the bill in his pocket, but at length he did, and left the room with bowed head, uttering thanks and blessings as he walked out.

When Dorville left the theater, after the evening's performance, he walked to the curb, where Belle's automobile was always waiting, but it was not there. After standing around for nearly half an hour it did not come, but some one else did. It was Marguerite Lawson, the girl who had, on the previous night, presented him with the daisy. She was on the point of walking by, when Dorville called to her, and she came to him, blushing furiously. The opera singer entered into conversation with his admirer, and found her to be a most pleasant person. She admitted, after a long while, that it had been for the purpose of seeing him that she had come by the stage door. When they parted it was as stanch friends, and Marguerite was unable to conceal the joy that she felt in having the great opera star stop her on the street to speak to her, as he would to an old friend.

Dorville, puzzled at the failure of Belle to appear or to let him know that she was not coming, proceeded toward a restaurant to eat by himself, as of old. He repeated to himself the words that had once been so troublesome to him:

"Five thousand dollars a week; but what in life?"

Then he added with satisfaction:

"A great deal, if one can but find it, and I think that to-night I have struck the trail. If I can but keep to it I may reach the goal yet."

Not long after, when Dorville was singing at an evening performance, the greatest disaster of his life happened. He had been feeling excellent, and there were no symptoms of anything wrong with his health, but, for some reason which was unaccountable to him, he suddenly stopped singing in the middle of his performance. A strange terror grasped him, and he tried in vain to shake it off. Then, exerting every effort, he attempted to go on with the song, but could not. There was no explaining it, and Dorville, amid the din raised by the puzzled and bewildered audience, left the stage.

"What on earth is the matter?" inquired the manager excitedly, as the opera star faced him behind the wings.

Gerald Dorville made as if to answer, but no sound came from between his lips. For the first time he realized that



Something small and white and irregular he found on the floor—a daisy.

he had actually lost his voice. Motioning an explanation to the manager, and paying no heed to the number of curious actors and actresses who crowded about, the singer walked directly to his room.

The rows of people who were seated before the stage were speaking aloud, questioning and making wild guesses of the cause of their idol's strange affliction. Only one of them, seated in a box near the stage, showed no signs of astonishment. He alone of all the audience was not puzzled, and instead of the looks of surprise that appeared on every other countenance, his face was lighted with a broad smile of satisfaction. The man was Doctor van Gahl!



"Leslie," he said quietly, "you have lowered yourself to take a thousand dollars from my wallet."

"Revenge at last!" he muttered beneath his breath. "It took a long while and hard work to hypnotize such an advanced brain as yours, friend Dorville, but I have succeeded, and never again will you find your voice again as long as I am able to hold you in my power. I have stolen it, even as you stole my sweetheart, and it is mine forever!"

Doctor van Gahl gloated over his revenge as he glanced out over the heads of the bewildered hundreds seated below him. He was almost tempted to arise and speak to them, to make a fool of Dorville in their eyes; but he, of course, knew better.

Early the following morning, while the doctor was laughing over a newspaper account of the famous opera star having lost his voice so mysteriously in the middle of a performance, the telephone rang and Van Gahl answered. The caller proved to be Gerald Dorville himself, and he wished to make an appointment with the doctor. Van Gahl told him to come immediately, and it was less than hour later when the two were seated in the physician's office.

After nearly an hour of pretended examination, Doctor van Gahl made the announcement that he had chosen even before the opera singer arrived.

"You are in a terrible state, Dorville," he confided, with outward sympathy but inward joy, "and it is doubtful in my mind if anything can be done. I should, however, suggest a long rest abroad. The change of air and atmosphere might help a great deal."

Dorville innocently accepted the advice, and decided to act upon it. Van Gahl was happy to the extreme, for his hypnotic power had served two purposes. He had secured the revenge for which he had longed, and, moreover, had by his advice been able to remove his victim out of the sight of Belle, thereby clearing the way again for a new courtship.

Loud cheering rang through the air from the crowd assembled on the dock and decks of the great steamer. Between the cheers could be heard at intervals the name, "Dorville! Dorville!" The opera singer's admirers were true to him in this tragic moment in his career. Large cameras of newspaper photographers and small ones of private individuals snapped through the spaces between waving handkerchiefs. Dorville's departure was long to be remembered by him, and the ovation of popularity touched him deeply. Yet he could not thank his admirers with his tongue! He could but flutter his own handkerchief in the breeze.

In a corner of the deck Belle Borden was busily occupied holding conversation with another friend, and bidding him "good-by." There were no signs of recognition from her to Gerald Dorville. Her handkerchief was not in her hand, and, in fact, the opera star might as well have not been there so far as she was concerned. Dorville wondered at her manner, and walked near to where she was standing. Belle looked up as he approached, cast a glance full in his eyes, and, without so much as a smile turned her back in his direction. Dorville understood. She was through with him.

"They're all alike," he thought to himself; then added quickly, as a smile appeared on his face: "No. There is one——"

As if in answer to his thought, a light hand touched his arm. Dorville turned to look into the sad face of Marguerite Lawson, his friend of the daisy.

"I'm so sorry," she was saying in a voice that trembled to prove that she meant her words, "I'm so sorry that you have been so unfortunate. And I'm sorry, too, that you are going away where I shall never see you again. But I'll remember you, Mr. Dorville, if all the world forgets. Will you read this when you are out at sea?"

Gerald Dorville's eyes were wet. A tear dropped to his cheek as he accepted a little, blue envelope that the girl held out to him. He smiled and took her hand, pressing it tight in his grasp. Tears came to Marguerite's eyes, and

Dorville drew her closer. Now, more an at any other time, did he wish that e possessed the power of speech. He ould stand staying away from the stage, nd he could stand not being able to nswer the cheers that were still pierc- ng the air about him, but not to be able o tell his feeling to this girl who was o affected at his leaving, and his af- iction was almost intolerable. All that e could do was to press her small, white and tighter, to show that he thanked er, and appreciated his interest. Then, s the gong rang for the people aboard ho were not sailing to leave, he thought o himself:

"I wonder if he was right: The love are? There might be such a thing as ve. There might."

He set his eyes upon Marguerite gain. She was saying "good-by," and e answered as best as he could with s head. Then she turned and left him, or the second gong was ringing.

Dorville took his handkerchief from s pocket and waved to the admiring owd on the dock. The whistle blew id the steamer began to move. He was n his way to serve the will of the eacherous Van Gahl, and he was leav- g a broken heart behind, for, as he anned the edge of the dock and the eat ship turned, he caught a fleeting ght of Marguerite with her handker- ief to her eyes, weeping. Dorville ft the rail, and the shrill whistle of e steamer blew again. Van Gahl was rved.

Four years later, at the same dock om which the opera singer had left r Europe, a man in dilapidated cloth- g and with a ragged beard formed rt of the surging, dirty mob that shed its way along the gangplank om the steerage deck of an incoming eamer.

A man at his elbow spoke to him, but e shabby one did not reply.

It was Dorville, poor and poverty- icken, returning to his native land.

The arrival was a piteous contrast to e departure four years before. No e knew who he was, and no one cared. the cities of foreign countries, be- een the expenses of living and of pay- doctors who tried in vain to re- re his voice, his money had dwindled il it reached its end. There was no rk for which he was fit, and there s no one who would employ him. As ast resort, he had decided to return to America in the hope of finding some way of earning his living.

For the week subsequent to his arrival, Dorville wandered about the city in search of work. His quest was as fruitless as it had been on the other side of the ocean, and his discouragement was complete. It was at the end of the week, when walking along the street, that a happy thought was inspired in his mind by a sign that stood out on the sidewalk before a theater. It was an announcement of a motion picture.

Dorville pondered, and for the first time in months he enjoyed a ray of hope. Here was work which he could do if he could but secure a trial. He could act for the silent drama, for in it voice would not be required, but his experience and ability would qualify him. Making a note on the pad which he always carried as his sole means of communication, of the name of the company whose picture was being advertised, Dorville went immediately to a directory and secured the producer's address.

In another two hours, Dorville was pleading vainly with his pad and pencil to the doorkeeper of the studio for admittance to the manager's office. His appearance was against him, however, and no amount of argument would move the attendant. As he was about to turn to leave, he was startled at a voice:

"Well, I'll be jiggered, if it isn't Gerald Dorville!"

The former opera singer looked at the man who had recognized him, and was even more astonished when he was confronted by his old friend Leslie, whom, when he was at the height of his popularity, he had saved from the depths of a sad life by giving him enough money to start over again. The old actor spoke again.

"You seem to be up against it, Gerald," he said in gracious tones, "and perhaps I can help you now, in return for what you have done for me. The money you gave me in the theater that night was my making, and now, as chief director for this motion-picture concern, I am earning more than I ever made on the stage. Are you out of work?"

There was a gleam in Dorville's eyes as he nodded an affirmative answer to Leslie's last question.



At precisely the same moment Dorville was excitedly watching a ball game with his director Leslie.

"Then come on with me to my office," replied the other, and Dorville promptly followed.

Leslie quickly recognized the weight that Dorville's name, that would soon be remembered were it to be placed before the public, would carry, and, moreover, he was genuinely grateful for what the former opera star had done for him. As a consequence, in a very short time, the name of Gerald Dorville and the Kilmet Film Manufacturing Company

were the main features in a contract engaging the former to act for motion pictures at a salary that Gerald Dorville had never thought he should command again. He was to be featured, he learned later, in a long picture entitled "Sevengalleys, the Hypnotist," as his first picture. But surprises many and great were in store for him.

The first, and perhaps the greatest, came that very day, when Leslie took him through the studio and introduced him to the other players. One of these and the girl who was to play opposite him in the lead of his next picture Leslie took him to toward the end of the afternoon.

He introduced her as "one of the most promising little actresses in pictures today, Miss Marguerite Lawson."

Gerald Dorville stepped back in amazement as he looked at the young woman. Instinctively he glanced at his clothes, and with relief remembered that he was attired in a new suit bought with money advanced him generously by Leslie. Then the old feeling conquered both Marguerite and Dorville. They clasped hands, and were carried off in a sea of early love.

"I kept her until last for you to meet," said Leslie, with a smile, "for I knew that you were acquainted. She has been talking of you ever since I met her, and has been watching the screen for other companies' pictures in the hope that you would discover that you could make a fortune in the silent drama, now that your voice was gone. She would, I believe, have given everything she has to have known your address."

It was more than a month after his engagement at the studio that Gerald Dorville and Marguerite sat together on the porch of the latter's home and discussed, with the aid of pad and pencil, the popularity with which the public had just crowned their new picture. It had made names for them both, and the fact that Gerald Dorville had gone into pictures and this was his initial endeavor added not a little to its success.

But aside from their rise to stellar ranks in their new profession, both the former opera singer and his old admirer were more than happy. They were happy at having found each other, and happier still at having discovered that they were in love. In less than a month the old feeling that had smoldered in their hearts for years sprang up and grew into affection that nothing could break, They were sweethearts.

In the four years that had passed since Dorville's sudden and unavoidable departure from opera, Doctor van Gahl had courted and won the butterfly Belle Borden, and they had married. The villainous physician continued in mere love of revenge to maintain his power over Dorville, and had no intention of ever releasing it.

While passing along a street, after the release of the former opera singer's first picture, Belle stopped and read an announcement on a sign before them.

"Let's go in," she urged. "They are showing a burlesque on 'Trilby,' and it should be good."

The doctor saw the title, and protested strongly. The word "hypnotist" held a dread over him, but Belle insisted, and they entered. No sooner had the first scene been flashed and Gerald Dorville's image come on the screen, than there was a scream from Belle's side, and the doctor, in a stroke of terror, fell dead to the floor. The crowd in the place gathered about and carried Van Gahl into the street, where an ambulance was called, but the physician announced him dead, on arrival.

At precisely the same moment, Dorville and Leslie were excitedly watching a ball game. Dorville jumped to his feet as the home team scored, and, waving his hands frantically in the air, emitted a shout:

"Look! Look! Look! Look!"

Amazed, Gerald Dorville repeated the words until the attention of every one was attracted to him and away from the game. Leslie stared at him dumfounded, and then clasped him by the arm.

"Can you really speak?" he asked anxiously.

Dorville looked at him with the expression of a man who had just jumped over a wide, deep cañon, and, being surprised at his feat, was afraid to try again. The sensation of having spoken had startled him, and yet he was sure he had. At length he uttered in a low voice:

"I'll try."

That was enough, and together, forgetting the ball game in their joy, Dorville and his director left the grounds.

A week later Gerald Dorville was seated with Marguerite in her parlor, and neither had spoken a word for a full five minutes. Both were wrapped in deep thought, and each knew that th other was thinking of the same thir that preyed on the other's mind. Final Dorville broke the silence.

"My dear," he said, without looking the girl, "for a long while—before I le for Europe—I have loved you. Yo have known it of late, but I have nev told you because I felt that it would l doing you an injustice to ask you share the life of a man who could nev speak to you; but the curse has lift at last, and now, with all my heart, ask you to marry me. Will you?"

Marguerite did not reply immediatel but leaned over and laid her head Dorville's shoulder. Then she whi pered softly words that touched the ve heart of Gerald:

"Yes, dear."

Dorville kissed her.

The former opera star sat in silen gazing into vacant space. His ey filled with joyous tears as he mused.

"Five thousand dollars a week, b what in life?" he muttered, as thou praying. Then he added the answer the same quiet voice:

"You—love—everything."

Picture Heroism.

ROBYN ADAIR, one of the playe in Kalem's "Hazards of Hele railroad series, had a narrow esca when yanked from the top of a freig car to the ground while acting.

Adair played the rôle of a conduc who had been rendered insane and f to the top of the freight car, where frustrated every attempt to capture hi Several men who succeeded in climbi to the roof are hurled to the ground the maddened man.

At this point, the heroine of the st appears upon the scene. Mounted a with lariat hanging from the pommel her saddle, the girl determines to c ture the man. Throwing her lasso, succeeds in roping him.

According to the story, Adair sho have been yanked to the flat car coup to the box car. Mattresses had b carefully laid on the flat car so as soften his fall. At the critical mom however, the actress' horse balked, p ing Adair from the end of the car the side. The next instant, the pla landed on the ground. Although conscious when picked up, Adair spe ily revived, and after an hour's was able to continue with the scene.

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

PROMISED to name the five greatest weepers of the films this week, so I will spring them right at the start. Enid Markey, of the Tom Ince forces, heads the list. Little Mary Pickford ranks a close second. Bessie Barriscale, another of Ince's great actresses, comes third. Dare-devil Cleo Madison, of the Universal forces, deserves fourth position; while Mae Marsh, of the D. W. Griffith ranks, squeezes into fifth position.

Enid Markey is without the slightest doubt, in my opinion, the greatest weeper of them all. In the "Cup of Life" she shed more real tears than have ever been shed before. Bessie Barriscale accompanied her in the weeping duet of this film. Of course, almost every one knows the weeping powers of Mary Pickford. She is seldom in a picture that does not call for her to turn loose the tears at some moment. Bessie follows close behind little Mary. In the "Cup of Life" and "The Mating" she did some very remarkable crying, starting with laughter and changing to tears right in a close-up. Ella Hall is also very proficient in the womanly art of weeping, but, I think, just falls short of being among the first five.

Saw a funny ad in front of a theater that attracted my attention a little while ago. They were advertising Mary Pickford in "Rags" and Pauline Frederick in "Sold." The way they had the big sign painted, from the street car the only distinguishable words were: "Rags Sold Here."

Dick Cowan had some experience last week. He was supposed to ride up to a door and deliver a message. The horse turned out to be a bucking broncho, and he hurled Dick through the doorway. Then the director "bawled" him out. Dick's feelings and personality suffered greatly.

An exhibitor asked me the other week to try to fathom the cause for the slight attendance at his theater. He runs first-run pictures every day. Recently his patronage has been falling off. I went inside, and found the reason before I came out again. He had an eight-reel show, and ran the eight reels off in seventy-seven minutes, instead of one hundred and twenty minutes. No wonder his crowds were slim. He tells me now that they are picking up again, as he has remedied this fault. (Movie improvement papers please copy.)

The Governor's Boss Film Company are going to lease a theater in New York City in which to exhibit their product. The censors have refused to pass the film, so it ought to get some good publicity. Ex-Governor Sulzer and Bert Tuey play the leads in this picture.

Walter Long, who is now called the "Bad Man of the Movies," seems to be with the Dorothy Gish squad of the Majestic players for good. He has made such a good impression by his work in "Victorine," and other films, with Dorothy, that they have decided to make him her official heavy.

Grace Cunard has at last completed her work in the "Broken Coin," after risking her life about steen times, and it is needless to state that she is taking a much needed rest, with Hubby Francis Ford. Personally, I would advise the whole company to take a rest, after viewing this serial.

Vivian Reed, the Selig blonde, says she doesn't want me to tell what kind of an outfit she wears in "Conscience," at the risk of my life. Of course I won't take any chances with Vivian, but I will say this much: That it is pink, and fits perfectly.

The Feds are at it again. They have just signed up three big stars to play in their pictures. Gertie Bambrick, of Biograph fame has been signed to take the leading feminine rôle in a three-reel feature to be put out by this company, entitled "Smashing the Thief Trust." Edith Hallor, the former Ramo and Fox leading woman, will appear in Federal dramas. Mimi Yvonne, the little child actress, who starred in "The Littlest Rebel," and "The Celebrated Case," will also appear in dramas for this company. Mr. Smalt and Mr. Fish are going to be very busy.

Margaret (Fatty) Burke is back at work again. She started on a vacation to Atlantic City, supposedly to stay for three weeks. She had been gone but eight days when she received a wire to return to the Federal studios at once to start work on a two-reel feature, "The Waiter Who Waited." Looks as if she will never get a chance to add some weight to her two hundred and sixty-five pounds. Margaret Harmon, the stage favorite, will play ingénue in this film.

Can't think what Essanay's idea is in putting that wonderful emotional actor, Henry B. Walthall, in snippy comedy dramas. Walthall shows to great advantage in plays such as "Ghosts," "Avenging Conscience," and "Temper," not "The Woman Hater," or "Percival's Tango Party." It's all wrong, Spoor and Anderson. It's all wrong.

Little Mary Pickford is still as good as ever. In "Rags," which has been running to crowded houses everywhere, Mary does some of her best work.

Saw a little comment in the photoplay column of a New York paper recently that made me giggle. It was a statement that "The Battle," which was showing at the Strand Theater, was very poorly put together, and D. W. Griffith, the demon producer, directed and cut this film himself! Better look out, Dave, they will be after your one-hundred-thousand-dollar job next.

All kinds of reports have been received regarding film conditions in Europe at the present time. It is true that not half the number of pictures are being sent over there, and instead of running one day only, most of the houses run the same bill all week.

Harry Spingler, the former leading man of the Fox Film Corporation, has joined the Balboa company on the coast. Harry received an alluring offer, and accepted it, after he had arranged to break his present contract with Fox. Harry showed his offer, and they let him go. Here's hoping that he has better luck in keeping his pets out there than he did East.

Dame Rumor has it that Dorothy Gish and Bobby Harron eloped. Wonder if this is real or reel romance.

Have something a little different next week. I am going to name the five most realistic fist fights ever seen on the screen. This sounds kind of queer, doesn't it? But wait until next week and see for yourself.

The King of the Wire

(EDISON)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

The courses chosen by young men and women just beginning the walk of life are various, and the results of the choices are even more various. Tom Stratton, Bob Hunter and Patricia Beverly were children together. Tom was a circus performer at an early age, but abandoned the life for another career which he chose. Then, this, with the lives that the others picked for themselves, made the way open for all that happened in this interesting story taken from the motion picture of the same name produced by Thomas A. Edison, Inc. Among those in the cast of the picture were:

Tom Stratton.....Patrick O'Malley
Patricia Beverly.....Gladys Hulette
Bob Hunter.....Herbert Prior
Senator Strong.....John Sturgeon

OH, father, look!"

Startled by his little daughter's words and the terrified tone in which they were spoken, Colonel Beverly turned his head quickly in the direction indicated.

In honor of the fourteenth birthday of his daughter, Patricia, Colonel Beverly had taken her to the circus, much to her joy. The many performances that were going on simultaneously were too numerous for one to watch all at once, and the older man had been attracted by a Japanese juggler, while Patricia's interest was manifested solely to the feats of "The King of the Wire," Tom Stratton by name, who was dancing on a tight rope almost directly opposite.

In the course of his performance, a misstep had caused the young boy, for his years were but few, to slip and fall to the ground, some twenty feet below the wire. It was this accident that had brought the cry from the little girl's lips.

As Colonel Beverly looked, he saw the young member of the circus lying on the ground, evidently suffering intense pain, and rose from his seat.

"Wait here until I come back," he said to Patricia. "I will see if I can find Doctor Wheaton, and perhaps we can do something for the lad. There doesn't seem to be any physician in the audience, and the boy appears to be pretty badly hurt."

Patricia nodded her head, and turned from the scene in horror, and the colonel wended his way through the crowd.

A minute or a little more after her father had left, Patricia was attracted by the sound of her name being called. A hand touched her shoulder, and a boy of about her own age stood before her seat.

"Why, Bob Hunter," she called in recognition, "what are you doing here? Yes, of course I might know, but I'm likely to say a lot of foolish things just now, I'm so excited by the accident. Did you see it? I think it is terrible, and he was such a fine fellow, too, and walked so well on that wire. Is he hurt much, do you know?"

In response to her last inquiry, the newcomer pointed to the entrance of the tent.

"There come your father and Doctor Wheaton. They'll know how he is in a minute, and I'll run and find out for you. I'll be back right away."

As he turned in the direction of the center of the sawdust space, where the crowd had gathered about the injured performer, Bob Hunter winced. Patricia's words of favor toward the King of the Wire had aroused his jealousy. He was only young, it was true, but the fire of envy and love burn as high or even higher in a young heart as in an older one, and he was jealous. He went, however, to learn the condition of the injured one. In a few minutes he returned.

"The doctor says he has a broken leg, and they are going to take him over to Mr. Wheaton's home to take care of him," Bob informed her.

"Oh, isn't that grand!" cried Patricia, when she heard the statement. "Now maybe Doctor Wheaton will let me go over and see him. I know he will, he's always been so nice. I think it would be just dandy to visit him. He was so good on that wire, and, anyway, sick people always like to have company."

Again young Bob Hunter winced. It was too much for him to stand, but he could not protest in any way, for his parents had taught him to be polite. He did, however, seek to carry out his end in a more politic manner, for, despite his lack of years, the lad showed signs of unusual brightness.

It was, therefore, that on the following morning, earlier than Patricia could have finished her breakfast, that Bob Hunter appeared at the door of Doctor Wheaton's home and expressed his desire to visit the patient. On being admitted to the injured boy's room, he seated himself at the bedside and opened conversation by offering sympathy and showering flattering remarks on the ability of the youthful King of the Wire.

"Oh, by the way," he ventured, as the time wore on and the desired friendship had been apparently sealed, "if a girl comes up here to-day, Patricia Beverly, you'd better not let her stay long. Her father wouldn't like it."

And then, feeling that his mission had been completed, and having secured the promise of the patient that he would endeavor to have Patricia leave soon after she came, if she did, Bob Hunter left, with a smile of satisfaction on his face.

He had been gone but a short while, hen Patricia did arrive, and though he did not remain long, owing to the act that the circus performer pleaded iat it might be against her father's rishes for her to stay, she was there ong enough to make an impress on the oung mind of the young wire-walker iat was not soon to be forgotten. It as only with a promise to return on ie following day, with a book to read o him from, that Patricia consented at ngth to leave. She also said that on ie following morning it would be with er parent's consent that she would ome.

And so, for the first, though not for ie last time in her life, Patricia Bev-rly defeated the illegitimate ends of ob Hunter.

On the next morning, true to her romise, she came again, and with the olonel's approval. During the morning ie read to an ardent listener in the per-on of Tom Stratton. At noon she left or lunch, but returned less than half n hour later, this time without a book. hey spent several hours in earnest onversation, as earnest as two children f their age could hold.

"Why don't you give up your dan-erous circus life," Patricia urged her ew friend finally, "and take up study-ig? You aren't much educated for a oy of fifteen, and it would be nice to row up and be a big man that every-ody would talk about."

"Would you teach me what you know hile I'm here," Tom accepted heartily ie suggestion, "and then when I get it I could work while I went to chool and through college afterward. ouldn't that be great!"

Patricia agreed, and the youngsters ecided on a serious question—one. ideed, more serious than either at their outhful age realized. Each day they ould have been seen in the room, Tom uickly grasping all that the earnest itor Patricia could place before him.

And, as a result, when the circus roupe left the town it was with a note rom the King of the Wire, instead of iat person in self, stating that he had een induced to give up his profession.

In ten years a great deal can happen. n the ten years immediately succeed-ig Tom Stratton's retirement from the osition of the King of the Wire a reat deal did happen. This decade, oming as it did just at the point in the ves of Patricia and her friend when youth gives way to men and women, marked the change in their courses. At the end of that time, Bob Hunter was found located in a large city, his brightness and business ability being put to test in the intricacies of politics, which he chose as his profession. Tom Stratton was just completing his college course, and Miss Patricia Beverly lived with her father, the colonel, whose health was failing fast.

During all the time since they had met under such strange conditions, Tom and Patricia had kept in close touch with each other, both by communication and by occasional visits paid to him at the college town, when she was accompanied by Colonel Beverly, whose active interest in behalf of the former circus performer had aided him to a great extent in his studies.

Patricia's spare time she spent in improving evident literary ability by work on a small local newspaper in her town, and she was progressing in an encouraging manner. Her rise in this line was followed as closely and with as much interest as by any one else, by Tom Stratton. Their friendship was steadfast and sincere, but it was hindered in a degree by Tom's feeling that he was below the girl in intellect, a matter which both Patricia and her father endeavored often to abolish from his thoughts. But still the opinion of self-condemnation remained.

Just a month previous to Tom's graduation from college, Colonel Beverly's health became alarming, and, after more than a week in a critical condition, he finally succumbed, and passed into the next world. The death of her father gravely affected Patricia, and only by brave efforts and consoling visits from Tom Stratton did she bear up.

It was just as Tom was preparing to return to college from one of these visits that Martin Brandley, the colo-



The doctor found that Tom Stratton's leg had been broken by the fall.

nel's lawyer, arrived. Tom left, and Patricia retired to the library with the attorney.

"I have just finished reading your father's last will," he told her grimly, "and I regret to have to inform you that this house is practically all the property that he bequeathed, it being the extent of his fortune. Your future, therefore, is not an exceedingly bright one."

Patricia took the news with all the seriousness that it demanded, and agreed to herself that the lawyer's final statement was all too true.

"There is only one thing for me to

do," she concluded, after a long pondering on the subject, "and that is for me to go to work. There is little that I am qualified to do, with the probable exception of newspaper work, but there is no way that I know of for me to obtain a position of this sort."

Then it was that the attorney offered a suggestion that would never have occurred to Patricia, and one that she did not accept with much pleasure.

"Why not write to Bob Hunter?" he proposed. "He, as I understand, is in the city, and controls considerable influence in many circles, especially newspapers, owing to political activities. Perhaps he could procure something for you in the literary line."

Patricia thanked him for the suggestion, but in her heart wished that it had been left unmade. The relations that had existed between her and Bob Hunter in their earlier life had passed away when Tom Stratton had come into her acquaintance, and to aid this, the tactics employed by the politician, of which Patricia had read often, were far from meeting with her approval. His motto, he let it be known, consisted of "Do unto others as they would do unto you—but do it first." In politics that meant a lot, and with Bob Hunter it carried even more weight.

For more than a week, Patricia pondered the matter over in her mind, but at last reached the decision that there was no alternative, and so she wrote to Bob Hunter—for the first time in years. It was with a look of surprise and concealed joy that the unscrupulous politician read Patricia's appeal for aid.

Three days later, the girl, with great misgiving and not knowing whether to hope that it was a favorable or an unfavorable report as to what he had been able to do, tore open a letter from Bob Hunter. As she read it, the expression on her countenance changed, first from a smile to a frown, and then to grave seriousness.

Bob Hunter had secured her work on the *Evening Star*.

On the following day, something th brought much more joy than the lett arrived. It was Tom Stratton, and had come for one of his all-too-shc visits. The whole day they spent each other's pleasant company, and was with obvious hope that he wou protest her accepting the offer that P tricia showed him the letter from B Hunter. Tom correctly interpreted h feelings—he could not help but do so but said nothing. His notion that was far below the girl in his walk



The Jap, alert, and quick to grasp the situation, rushed and checked the children.

life still stood as an obstacle in the pa of his real love for her. They we sweethearts, and both knew it, yet nev had a word that might have indicat it, nor a single action more advanc than mere friendship, been spoken done by either!

Tom remained in town until the tin set for Patricia's departure for the cit and accompanied her to the train. H breast surged up within him at t thought of allowing her to go to wo for her living, and his love almost co

quered him for once, but he realized that it could do but little good to speak of it to her, for he could not hinder her going away, even had he thought himself in the same class as her, for he himself had no position that could support him. His college education was about to be completed, but then he must begin fairly low, he knew, before rising to a position that would warrant his taking the responsibility of making known his love. As for Patricia, it was not up to her to make the first move; but surely this was all that kept her from it, for her feelings, as well as Tom's, were restrained only by an effort when they shook hands at the depot and parted.

When Patricia alighted from the station in the city it was much to her disappointment that she was met by Bob Hunter, who awaited her with a taxi. Together they drove to the newspaper office, where she was introduced to the editor, and then left with him as Bob departed. And then she commenced work on small and insignificant assignments that were meant to sound the depths of her ability. With these she continued, making the best advantage possible by learning all she could of the city and its workings in the meantime, for more than a fortnight.

During this time Tom Stratton was passing his final examinations at college. At first he was diverted by continuous thoughts of Patricia, but decided sensibly at length, that the only way for him to bring himself up to a par with her when he might announce his love was to attain success in his studies and afterward in the profession that he might take up. And so he devoted his undivided attention to his work—and succeeded. Following his graduation from college, Tom applied for the clerkship of a lawyer's office in the village, and after some deliberation on the part of the attorney obtained the position. His one yearning, however, was to fit himself, now that he had the education, in experience as well, for a position in the city, where he would be near the only friend he had in the world.

Meanwhile, Patricia was progressing well with her work. Although she was still covering the smaller stories, she was raising her opportunities for the future by studying carefully the events of more importance that were taking place in the metropolis. Not the least among them was the attempt being made by one Senator Strong to pass a Child Labor Bill in which he was greatly interested. The part of the matter, however, that was being followed most closely by Patricia, was that of the attempts being made by a committee being headed by "Big Bill" Weston, whose right-hand man was no other than Bob Hunter, to secure a postponement for the presentation of this bill.

Bob Hunter and the others of his party were strenuously opposing the bill, but their efforts appeared to be going for naught, for the senator would listen to none of their pleas.

As close as Patricia succeeded in getting to the affair up to this time was when, one afternoon late, as she was reluctantly allowing herself to be escorted from her boarding house to the office by Bob Hunter, they were stopped on the street by Big Bill Weston, who drew the younger politician away to one side, though not far enough to be out of the reporter's hearing, and informed him that it was up to him to prevent, in any way that it was possible without regard to what was legitimate or otherwise or lawful or against the law, the presentation of the Strong Child Labor Bill.

Two afternoons later Patricia was speaking to the editor of the *Evening Star* when a reporter entered.

"Well," asked the manager of the paper, excusing himself to the girl, "did you get that interview with old Strong? We need it."

"I was just coming in to tell you that nobody, myself included, has been able to get near the senator to-day. So the interview isn't."

"What!" cried the editor. "No interview and no story, and this the biggest thing that we could have had in to-night's second edition. What the deuce kind of a sheet is this, anyway, when we can't handle the biggest story of the day?"

"None of the other papers will have it, either," broke in the reporter who had failed, sheepishly.

"That's just the point!" fairly shouted the other. "If we had it, look at the beat. Why, we could put out an extra on the strength of it."

The reporter understood, but, being not unwise and noticing the swiftly rising temper of his superior, turned on his heel and passed noiselessly through the door.

Then Patricia, seizing the opportunity with more nerve than confidence, spoke up.

"Will you give me a chance to get the interview?" she inquired hopefully.

The editor's face relaxed, and his frown gave way to the faint dawn of a smile.

"Do you think you could?" he asked, although he was satisfied in his own mind that she could not.

"I can try, at any rate," Patricia replied, again calling on her nerve.

"Yes, you can try," returned the editor, after a brief pause, "and if by your beauty or by chance you should happen to succeed it would well be worth the trying and the chance taken that you don't get it. Well, go ahead and see what you can do; there isn't much else for you to cover, anyway."

Patricia left the room with a bound. She was all joy and sudden determination.

Another hour found her alighting from a train at the station nearest Senator Strong's home in the suburbs. She walked toward the station master and inquired as to the direction of the senator's dwelling.

"It's up the road there about a quarter of a mile, but if you're another of them reporters you might as well not bother to take the walk. About twenty-five go up every hour and come back with long faces, white paper—pure white, and blank," was the information that she received to her question.

But Patricia was determined to at least try her best, and so naturally she was not discouraged by merely hearing repeated what she already knew—that others had failed before her. That was what was to make a possible success for her so much more sweet a success. And so Patricia walked a quarter of a mile up the road, as the station master had directed, and rang the doorbell of the senator's home.

Her summons was responded by a butler, and in answer to her statement that she desired to see the senator was introduced to his secretary. She talked, questioned, pleaded, and scolded, but all to no avail. The senator had given strict orders not to allow himself to be bothered by reporters, as he was about to complete the action on his Child Labor Bill, and could waste no time on anything else.

"Come to-morrow night and you may see him," was all the encouragement that

she received after a half-hour talk with the man's representative.

And then, just as she was turning the corner of the walk leading out of the yard, the senator's two daughters, apparently of ages about eight and twelve, passed her.

Patricia stopped stock-still in the path. She smiled, for an idea—and, as she thought, a good one—had come into her mind. She hastened to carry it out.

Meanwhile, in the city, a man was having his troubles. He was Tom Stratton, who had taken a day to himself, and made the best of it by coming in to see Patricia. He went to the *Evening Star* office, and learned on inquiry that she had gone out of town. On further inquiry he learned where. He pondered for a minute. It was the only day that he would be able to have for himself for a long time. Therefore it was the only chance he would have to see Patricia for a long time. He set out for the station where trains left for the suburb in which Senator Strong lived.

As the train carrying Tom Stratton rolled on its way, Patricia was planning to get material for her story, the one which would raise her to great heights in the estimation of her editor. It was due to this planning that soon after she had left to carry out the idea that had come to her, she emerged from a clump of bushes just behind the senator's two children. Her whole appearance had undergone a change, and a remarkable one, for in the attire of a child, and with her hair hanging down her back in two long, curly braids, she gave the impression that her age at the most did not surpass fourteen.

The senator's daughters were busily picking flowers when Patricia came up, and, joining in their conversation, soon broke into their acquaintance. Seizing the opportunity offered by a wire fence that surrounded a flower bed on the lawn, Patricia tore her dress, much to her inward joy and outward grief. With forced tears she sought her way into the sympathy of the Strong children, who kindly offered to take her into the house and have the dress mended. It was just the chance for which Patricia had been waiting.

"Oh, won't that be fine!" she exclaimed, and then added diplomatically: "But perhaps your mother wouldn't like it."

"Mother isn't home, and I'm sure she wouldn't mind, anyway," asserted the older of her companions.

Five minutes later, in the children's nursery, Patricia was standing with her dress sewed, waiting for another opportunity to get nearer to the man from whom she had come to secure a story for the *Evening Star*.

The opportunity came. It was this time the younger of the senator's children who brought it.

"Do you suppose you could stay to supper if father said it would be all right?" she proposed.

"If he says so," answered Patricia,



He was once again "The King of the Wire" and for a better cause than mere money

her heart bounding within her at the thought.

And the three ran into the library where Senator Strong, wrapped in work, planning about his Child Labor Bill, sat with his hands to his head and his elbows leaning on a tall heap of papers. Before him, on the desk, there lay a statement he had evidently prepared to give to the press with a note at the top showing that it was to be placed in the hands of reporters on the following day.

Patricia had no trouble in scanning it, and, as it was short and to the point, a characteristic of all of Strong's statements prepared for the public, she was able to memorize it. This, at least, was one beat that she had scored, for she could publish the statement a day before any of the other papers had received it, and, it being an important one, inasmuch as it not only gave the senator's views, but also the course that he was about to take.

"Father," asked the older of his two girls, acting as spokesman, "may we keep our friend to supper with us? She is awfully nice, and if you say she may stay, she could be sent around home in the auto, if it is dark when she is ready to go."

"Yes," answered the senator, apparently so absorbed in his work that he hardly knew to what request he was granting permission—at any rate, he did not know to whom he was granting the leave to stay, or he would not have given the permission so readily. But could he have seen what the next hour was to bring about for him, he might have, despite it all.

Hardly had Patricia and the two children left the room when a window at the senator's back slowly and carefully was opened, and two men entered on tiptoe. They were, however, not too quiet for the politician to hear them, and, turning swiftly in his swivel chair, found himself gazing into the muzzle of a revolver in the hand of an intruder whose face from just below the eyes down was covered by a handkerchief. The other man had hidden his countenance in the same way, but the narrowness of his eyes and his features revealed above the improvised mask, showed clearly that he was a Japanese.

"Just put your name to this, and we'll be on our way again," spoke the harsh voice of the man who held the revolver; and he brought forth a sheet of paper covered with typewriting.

Senator Strong took the document from him and read it over. His countenance sharpened with anger as he finished, and handed it back—unsigned.

"Never," he said, in stern tones, "will you make me attach my signature to any unfair or dishonest statement; especially one such as this, in which the signer admits having accepted a bribe. I have never taken bribe money, and never shall. Why should I sign it?"

"Merely because we want you to, in order that you may lose the prestige that you now control, and which, unless cut off, will mean the success

of a bill to which we are vigorously opposed; namely, your Child Labor Bill," answered the other, with a sneer.

"Oh!" exclaimed the senator knowingly. "Just a little dirty politics, eh? Well, you're up against a hard man, and you might as well get out now, before you get yourself into more trouble."

As he finished, the door of the library opened, and the children ran in. When they saw the two masked men in the room, the senator's daughters turned, frightened, to dash out again. Patricia was surprised, but had determined to stay. Here was a chance for a story, she thought, that would not only be exclusive for her paper, but also be one of the most important phases in the whole history of the Strong Child Labor Bill.

The Jap, alert, and quick to grasp the situation, rushed toward the library door and checked the children, while the other remained, gun in hand, to guard the senator.

"Grab her!" shouted the man who was covering the politician, "and don't let her get away!" And he indicated Patricia.

The newspaper girl started. She recognized the voice of Bob Hunter. So, she pondered, this was the way he had taken to carry out the order of Big Bill Weston.

"And bring the Strong kid here," added Hunter.

The Jap complied, and, placing the paper he had brought to force the senator to sign before that man, he pointed the revolver at the little girl, holding the end of the barrel close to her forehead.

"Now will you sign?" he threatened. "If you don't, I'll just pull this trigger," and his finger moved menacingly.

Senator Strong shrank in terror. He thought for a minute, then leaned over, took up a pen, and affixed his signature to the paper. Then he shrank even more. His whole reputation, the Child Labor Bill, and his whole purpose in life, as well as his good name, would all be ruined when the paper bearing his signature would be published.

"Take that from him and put it in your pocket," Hunter ordered to the Jap.

In obeying, the latter thoughtlessly released Patricia. She dashed to the door, out of it, up the stairs, and into the nursery, locking the door securely behind her. She had remembered that there was a telephone in the room, and it was in hopes of clearing the matter by means of it that she had chosen it as a place of refuge when she made the escape from Hunter and his accomplice.

"Hello! Hello!" she cried excitedly into the transmitter. "Police headquarters! Hello! Headquarters? Send some one to Senator Strong's house right——"



Tom and Patricia made a captive of the injured Japanese.

She stopped, for there was a crashing noise at the door, and, looking in that direction, saw the legs of a chair breaking through the panels.

"Hello!" she resumed, but hung up the receiver, for the party at the other end had evidently learned all that was necessary, and cut off.

Before the house, Tom Stratton stopped on the sidewalk. He had been walking, in the hopes of meeting Patricia, when her excited voice had attracted his attention. From her words he had gathered that she was in trouble, and hastened to the rear of the building whence the sound seemed to come.

Patricia, searching for an avenue of escape, now that the front door had been blocked by the intruders, ran toward the window. When she caught sight of Tom below, her heart leaped. She almost took the time to inquire what he was doing there, but did not wait, explaining the situation as best she could in a few words and gestures.

"Help me!" she urged.

Tom started for the front of the house.

"They are all around there!" she cried, and he turned about, puzzled.

"What can we do?" he asked, looking up; but his words were scarcely uttered when they were answered, for, stretched above his head, and running from a tree near by to a point just below the window, was the telephone wire.

In another instant Tom Stratton was climbing up the tree, and from there, with the skill of his old circus days, began to walk over the wire to the aid of Patricia. Behind her, Hunter and the Japanese were progressing rapidly in their work of breaking down the door, for they realized that should she escape, and be given the opportunity to publish what she knew—Bob had recognized her the moment she had entered the room—their whole plot would be spoiled.

Just as Tom Stratton, once more the King of the Wire, and this time for a better cause than mere money, reached the window the door gave way, and the two men rushed into the room. They reached the window just in time to see Patricia, in the strong arms of Tom, start to descend the tree. Hunter stepped back as he saw his plan being shattered, but the Jap, again coming quickly to the sense of things, and recognizing his own ability, commenced to make his way across the wire himself.

"You get down alone," said Tom to Patricia, when he saw what was taking place, "and I'll stay here and meet that fellow."

She started to obey, but the Jap, seeing the slimness of his chance should he have to battle with Tom from the

wire, turned to retrace his steps. As he did so, his foot slipped, and, with a sharp cry, he fell to the ground below, striking his head as he did so. Hunter turned from the window, and resolved to attempt an escape by means of the front door.

He ran directly into the arms of Senator Strong, his chauffeur, and the senator's secretary, who had entered the room during the chase over the wire. They caught him, and led him down to the library.

Stooping over to examine the injured accomplice of Bob Hunter, Tom and Patricia found him just regaining consciousness. Tom lifted the Japanese, threw him over his shoulder, and carried him into the library, where he found the others, with Bob Hunter sitting dejectedly at a table.

She paid no attention to her former friend.

As the police patrol, just coming on the scene, clanged its bell before the house, Senator Strong motioned to Patricia and Bob to follow him into an adjoining room while the secretary and chauffeur kept guard over the prisoners.

"I know your story," he said, with a smile, when they were alone, "and I want to help you out. What can I do?"

"Nothing at all," replied Tom, gazing at the floor. "There is no story to it. I am just an old circus performer, and a college man, and could never think of even proposing to Patricia. Of course I love her, but——"

"That's enough!" broke in the grateful senator. "No more such remarks. You are a college man now. What you were before is nothing against you. If it is, I have no right to be where I am, for I once delivered newspapers in the streets. Forget all that you have as objections, and I'll start you off with me in politics—if you'll play them straight, as I have done—both for your own good and that of the girl. I owe you both more than I can pay, for together you have saved my name to-day. What do you say? And"—turning toward Patricia—"are you favorable?"

She blushed prettily, and laid her head on Tom's shoulder in answer.

"We'll start right away to put that Child Labor Bill through together!" exclaimed Tom happily. "And we'll do it straight—for the benefit of Mr. and Mrs. Stratton."

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

SELSKAR M. GUNN, director of the division of hygiene of the State Department of Health in Massachusetts, has arranged a series of picture plays portraying helpful health hints, and announces that the films will be loaned free to any city, town, school, or organization in the Commonwealth.

Richard Carle, who is about the last of the laggards to step from the stage to the studio, will make his début in "Mary's Lamb," a picture play with a powerful plot.

Some writer has said that Anita Stewart's big, beautiful eyes are gray, and this the favorite of the film writes us to correct, for she says her dreamy orbs are brown. As the heroine in "The Goddess," one could easily imagine they were black and blue, too.

Marguerite Clark is now in the near-one-hundred-thousand-dollar class, and her new contract keeps her with the Famous Players. That is just where this talented picture player belongs.

Except in a few instances, the idea of the public flotation of shares in film companies is new in America. In Paris the stocks of the film corporations are considered high-class securities. Pathé Frères has sold as high as 1400 on the Bourse.

H. E. Aitken, of the Triangle, from the offices of the corporation, at No. 71 West Twenty-third Street, New York, sends out a big warning notice to the public not to invest in motion-picture stock unless the buyer is willing to take a chance.

The PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY not long ago urged a material improvement in the movie goatee, and said it must come. And so it has, for Billy B. Van, the funny filmer, has a goatee that is all that could be desired, both pretty and smart. Billy's goatee is to appear in a picture play entitled "The Exploits of Emilene," as that is the name of the goatee.

William Fox, the autocrat of filmdom, writes the dean: "Artists appearing for me in picture plays in the future will not be permitted to accept engagements on the stage. Moving pictures to-day have reached an artistic magnitude sufficient for us to assure the public the exclusive services of the greatest dramatic stars."

Robert B. Mantell will pose in picture plays exclusively in the Fox studios, forsaking the speaking stage for this season at least. Mr. Mantell has been the exponent of the dignified gentleman in the drama, and we bespeak for him success before the spotlight.

The great picture play in which Harmon MacGregor and Mary Nash are to make their movie début will represent the span of life from the cradle to the grave, and is entitled "The Tides of Times."

A Vermont teacher is giving lessons in swimming to a class of thirty, which reminds us that this would make a capital film, and the art could be more easily taught in the movies than it could by any rattan wielder.

Young Charles Edison has a gigantic task on his hands in his endeavor to find a substitute for the movies. The son of the "wizard" opened in New York, September 6th, the Little Thimble Theater, which he hopes will divert the crowds from the picture plays.

Billie Burke has left the "talkies" and has received a check for fifty thousand dollars to bind the bargain to go into the "movies." This amount is said to be merely a bonus, as she is to receive three times this sum the first year.



THE DOMINIE: "I was called by the Lord, and——"

ALKALI IKE: "Who held de best hand?"

Sunday

(BRADY)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

The girl in this story was brought up as a boy. The four rough but noble-hearted lumbermen who were her guardians realized the shortcomings of their efforts to educate her and so they sent her out into the world to learn its polished ways. At the very outset of her career away from her four protectors Sunday met with a tragedy. What its effect was upon her later life is thrillingly told in this story based on the William A. Brady photo play of the same title. The cast:

Sunday.....Rènie Davies
Jacky.....Charles Trowbridge
Lively.....Adolph Link
Henry Brinthorpe.....Montagu Love
Arthur Brinthorpe.....Barney McPhee

WHY, sure, Jacky, you can 'speak to me for a minute.'"

In the girl's repetition of the young lumberman's words, there was good-natured mockery.

Sunday—why she had been christened that nobody knew—had been left an orphan by her father's death when she was three years old. Dying, old Dan'l Cady had sent for his four tried and true friends—Lively, Towzer, Davy, and Jack, lumbermen like himself.

"I want," the dying man had panted, "I want—you four to promise—promise me you'll take care o' Sunday. I know what it is to ask of you. But for old sakes' sake, mebbe you'll do it. Take her, and bring her up accordin' to your lights—I know she'll be well looked after then."

The four rough but noble-hearted lumbermen had promised their dying friend, as they stood with bared heads around his bedside, that they would carry out his wish—Sunday should become their charge, after he was gone. That had been fifteen years before. Towzer and Lively and Davy were grizzled men, well past middle age, now. But Jack, the youngest of the lot, was just in the prime of his vigorous manhood, at thirty-five. At the time when they had first undertaken their combined guardianship of Sunday, it had been decided by the four to bring her up as a boy.

"That'll give her a strong, healthy body," Lively had said. "Besides, she'll have learned pretty well by the time she's growed up to judge a man from the imitation article—havin' lived man-fashion, and among men, for so long."

And the others had agreed with him.

Sunday, then, at eighteen, wore knickerbockers, a corduroy coat, and a soft flannel shirt and necktie. Her hair was cut bobbed. But even in that plain costume her beauty shone forth. For she was beautiful—that fact had been borne in of late upon the quartet who had brought her up from baby girlhood. That, and something more.

Beautiful as Sunday unquestionably was, she lacked all other graces. She was uneducated. Her language, for one thing, while it would have done well enough for the boy her guardians had brought her up as, was not at all what it should have been for a girl. Lively, Towzer, Davy, and Jack had held a conference. And the result had been that they had reluctantly decided that Sunday must be sent away to be educated.

"None o' them fancy girls' boardin' schools, though, for her." Lively, the usual spokesman, had decreed; "where she'll have more dancin' an' beau chasin' than solid book learnin' stuffed into her head. We'll send her to one o' them French convents, over the Canadian line—the nuns'll watch out that no mischief comes near her there."

So it had been settled that Sunday was to go away for three years from the lumbermen who loved her, each in his own way, more than any other thing in all the wide world. On the eve of her departure, Jack had sought her out. Though neither Sunday, nor anybody else, was aware of it, the love the youngest of her guardians bore her had ceased to be paternal, and become, during the past two years, something stronger—the passion of a man brought up in the big out-of-doors for the one woman on earth he desires for his mate.

Sunday, looking on Jack, as she did on each of the others, as an elder brother, had thus lightly answered his request for a few minutes' private talk with her; not dreaming, as she followed him outside of the cabin, the nature of the words he was about to utter.

"Sunday," Jack abruptly began, "you're goin' away to-morrow. And I wish you could leave somethin' behind with me. Do you know what it is—do you know what I want, girl?"

Sunday, struck by the gravity of his tone, instantly dropped her light manner.

"No, Jacky," she replied soberly, "I don't know what you mean."

"I wish you could leave your promise behind when you go," the stalwart lumberman went on earnestly. "Your promise to be my wife—that's what I want, dear. Oh, Sunday, I've loved you for these two long years and more back! Didn't you know it? Didn't you guess?"

"No, I didn't know, Jacky," the girl repeated faintly; "I didn't guess."

"There's nobody else but you for me, Sunday. It's been that way ever since you first began to bloom into the beautiful woman you are. I want you for my wife, and I always shall. When you come back home, three years from now, why, then, if you're willin'——"

"Don't, Jacky!" interrupted Sunday. "You—you mustn't. I couldn't think of you like that. I love you, just as I do Lively and Towzer and Davy, for bein' kind and good to me the way you have all these years. But—but I couldn't think of marryin' you. That's all. Except to say I'm sorry. And now, please, don't let's talk about it any more."

Jack took off his cap and mopped his brow. Through the dusk of the night between them, Sunday could see that his hand was shaking. He spoke slowly, falteringly:

"You're sure you wouldn't feel diff-runt about it when you come back from the convent?"

"Yes, I'm sure," nodded Sunday.

Then, guessing the suffering her answer had inflicted upon him despite his manful effort to keep all trace of it hidden in his voice and manner, she reached up on tiptoe and brushed his cheek with her lips.

"Poor Jacky!" she whispered. "Don't feel bad about it—you'll find somebody who's heaps worthier of you than I am!"

And the next moment the cabin door had opened and closed, and she was gone.

Though Jack did not know it, there *was* another quarter in which his love, if offered, would not have been refused. Lizette, the half-witted daughter of the French Canadian who ran the general store for the lumbermen in the town below the camp, was hopelessly infatuated with the youngest of the four men who had promised Sunday's dying father to bring her up, and kept their word.

Hopelessly, yes—for her love, even if known, would have been spurned by Jack, she felt sure, and for that reason she had never spoken of it, or betrayed its existence in her manner, or by so much as a glance, when in his presence—at least, when he was watching her.

Sunday went away the next morning, in the company of one of the sisters from the convent which her guardians had selected, and with her boyish garb discarded for a traveling frock and a tam-o'-shanter in which to make her first appearance in the outside world of which she was totally ignorant.

And so began the three years which she was to spend in acquiring a different kind of knowledge than the four rough-and-ready lumbermen who had her welfare at heart could instill into her. But alas for Lively's well-laid scheme of sending Sunday to a convent, to keep her from absorbing flighty notions which he had feared she might get into her head by attending a fashionable girls' boarding school.



Sunday's four guardians set about her bringing up "according to their lights."

What he had failed to take into account was Sunday's headstrong nature. To one who had been unrestrained all her life as she had in whatever she desired to do, the strict rules of the convent were only a temptation to her to break them.

And break them she did. Within three months of the time she had come to the convent, Sunday had found a way to slip out of her narrow, scantily furnished room and through the rear gate in the wall around the convent after school hours, and so gain the open woods which she loved in back of the grim, gray granite sanctuary, where she and the other girl pupils and the sisters were housed.

And here, at the close of a glorious Indian-summer day, she met the man.

He was the one she had been waiting for all her life Sunday knew as soon as she set eyes on him. Destiny had decreed that she should meet him some day, and that, having met, they should marry each other, and "live happily ever after."

That was the romantic way in which Sunday felt about Arthur Brinthorpe, the black sheep of an old English family, who was traveling in America, and whose fashionable attire and polished manners—differing from those of the lumberjacks, who were the only men she had so far known during the eighteen years of her life—made him seem in her eyes the fairy prince out of a book.

Lively's plan of bringing her up as a boy, so that she would be able to read the character of a man at a glance, had likewise failed as had the other.

Arthur Brinthorpe, not being blind to Sunday's wild, uncultivated loveliness, did his utmost to heighten the impresssion which he was not slow to recognize he had made upon her.

After their first accidental meeting in the woods, he urged Sunday to meet him there again on the following day. This she did, and as day followed day thereafter, so did their meetings. At the end of a fortnight, Arthur, crushing her in his arms, poured the protestations of his undying love into her ear, and heard her timid confession that she loved him, too.

"Come away with me, darling," Arthur begged fervently, "to-night. I want to make you wholly mine. Will you trust yourself to me? I swear never to make you regret it."

Sunday, in the arms of the man to whom she had just given her heart, listened to the details of the flight as he planned it for them both. She agreed to run away from the convent, as he asked, and to meet him at the depot in time to catch the eleven-o'clock train that night.

Then they parted; Sunday to await the appointed hour for her departure with the man she loved into a life that would be the realization of all her golden dreams; the villain, with a self-satisfied smile for the way his evil designs upon the unsophisticated girl whose affections he had insnared were working toward their fulfillment.

At an hour before midnight, Sunday, who had broken the restraint of the convent for the last time, as she fondly hoped, by stealing from her room while the sisters slept, and out of the grounds through the gate in the wall which she had so often made use of before to slip off to her meetings in the woods with Arthur, joined him as he stood waiting for her in the shadows underneath the shed of the railroad station.

The train had just pulled in. In another moment, the couple had slipped aboard it, and in a moment more the train began to move, gathering headway with every turn of its wheels, and soon Sunday, looking out of the window beside which she sat, with her brain in a blissful daze, saw the fences, trees, and scattered houses along the roadway scudding by as the train rushed them toward the Canadian border.

"We'll get off at Hackett's Junction, dearest!" she heard Arthur whisper in her ear.

That stop was the nearest to the lumber camp where she had left Lively, Towzer, Davy, and Jack, on the United States side of the border line. The name, however, meant nothing to Sunday. Her senses were in too much of a whirl to allow her to think with customary clearness. To think that, in stopping off at the town where she might meet either one of her guardians who had sent her to the convent from which she was running away, she would be doing a very unwise thing.

"Come on!" said Arthur briskly. "Here we are."

The train had stopped. It seemed only that many minutes to Sunday since it had started, but in reality two hours had passed. She rose and followed Arthur down the aisle to the door of the car, and alighted behind him on the station platform of Hackett's Junction.

"Now to find a hotel!" said the ne'er-do-well Englishman.

Sunday stopped short.

"But we must go to the minister first," said she.

Arthur turned to face her, and through the darkness Sunday could see the smile on his lips—it sent an icy stab through her heart.

"A minister?" he repeated in a tone of pretended surprise. "Why—you didn't think I meant that when I asked you to come away with me, did you? I have no intention of marrying you, my dear. You understand that now. And so let's go and find the hotel——"

Sunday turned away from him and looked wildly around her. She saw the weather-beaten signboard hanging from the eaves of the station's shed. Hackett's Junction—it meant something to her at last. The lumber camp, with her four guardians in it, was only a mile and a half away. Without a word, Sunday set off through the night at a run in its direction.

But Arthur was not the man to lightly abandon the accomplishment of a purpose he had set out to attain. He gave chase, with the sound of Sunday's running footsteps on the paths of the forest, and the crackling of the shrubbery as she broke through it, to guide him in the pursuit.

Unaccustomed, as she was not, to the way, however, the girl was able to keep a hundred yards ahead of him; and she reached the lumber camp that much in the lead.

Feeling secure in the familiar surroundings of the log shacks that made up the camp, Sunday wheeled and waited, panting, for Arthur to come up.

"Go away!' she cried out to him. "I never want to see your face again!"

With a good-naturedly scoffing laugh, Arthur advanced upon her and opened his arms to clasp her in them.

"What are you afraid of?" he asked.

"I'm not afraid of anything!" flashed Sunday, all the loathing of him which the revelation of his real nature had brought to her cutting like a lash through her tone. "But if you ask me who I hate, it's—you! I hate you! You lied to me, and tried to trick me, but I've found you out at last—before it was too late. Go! I thought you were a man, not a snake in the grass that strikes without giving warning——"

She broke off, struggling in the suave scoundrel's laughing embrace. He strove to stop the flood of her renunciation with kisses. Tearing herself out of his arms, Sunday stepped back.

In her hand was the gun which the four lumbermen who were her guardians had given her on her fourteenth birthday, and which she had taken with her when she went away from the camp to the convent.

"If you try to touch me again," Sunday threatened, "I'll shoot you!"

The smiling rascal seized her again. There was a short struggle. And when he stepped back he had the gun in his hand. He chuckled:

"Now, be reasonable, my dear. I've got you absolutely at my mercy; with this pretty little plaything out of your reach to harm me with, and alone here in the night, where you can't call on any one to help you——"

Out of the darkness behind him a growling voice interrupted:

"You dog!"

And the next moment, Jack, who had come out of the cabin he shared with the others at sound of Sunday's voice raised in denunciation of her would-be betrayer, and listened, unseen by either in the darkness to all that had been said, sprang upon the Englishman.

Sunday gave one sharp cry, and then looked on in silence at the struggle. It was quickly over. Disregarding the blows which his victim rained upon his face in an ineffectual effort to force him to release the hold of his arms around his waist, Jack steadily bent him over backward. There was a dull snap, and the cad's body went limp in Jack's arms. The stalwart lumberman let him slide to the ground at his feet, where he lay queerly huddled and still, and then he turned and spoke to Sunday for the first time.

"I reckon I've killed him," he told her quietly.

With a gasp, Sunday ran and caught his arm, looking frightenedly up into his set but otherwise unemotional face.

"You—don't mean that?" she breathed.

"I'm sorry," Jack nodded, speaking in the same dead tone. "You said you hated him. When I got my hands onto him, after hearing what he'd try to do

to you, I couldn't let go until I'd crushed the life out o' him. I'm sorry."

Sunday stepped back.

"It was what he deserved," she said unrelentingly. "I reckon the world's well rid of one of his kind."

Jack, glancing down at the body at his feet, and then turning his eyes to right and left in the darkness, lowered his voice, while his manner became businesslike.

"Go into the cabin, Sunday," he directed her. "I'll take care o' gettin' the body out o' the way where nobody'll ever find it. I take it there wasn't nobody saw you get off the train back at the Junction? Then nobody knows he ever turned up in this neck o' the woods—they won't be lookin' for him here. And nobody saw me kill him. So I ain't in no danger o' runnin' afoul o' the law through to-night's work."

But Jack was wrong in his last statement.

Somebody had witnessed his killing of the young Englishman, whose family abroad had sent him to America to put an end to the trouble his waywardness had caused them.

The somebody was Lizette, the half-witted daughter of the storekeeper. She had stealthily entered the lumber camp that night, as was her frequent habit, to look in unseen through the lighted window of the cabin of Lively, Towzer, Davy, and Jack, at the latter, for whom her heart yearned in vain. Sunday's arrival at the camp with her pursuer had sent the simple-minded girl darting back from the cabin window into the cover of the surrounding shrubbery, from which she had looked on and seen Jack appear and kill the other with his bare hands.

Lizette fled back to town, gloating over the secret she held.

"If I told!" her thoughts ran in time to her flying bare feet. "If I told what I knew, he'd hang—I hold his life in the hollow of my hand! But I won't let go of it, Jack, dear. Lizette will spare you, never fear! I know, if you don't, that every breath you breathe from now on you owe to me—and that's some comfort to me at least!"

An hour after she had gone into the cabin, as he had told her to do, Jack joined her there. He waked up her other three guardians, and informed them that Sunday had returned to them from the convent. Sending her a glance of warning to say nothing of the real reason that had prompted her into taking her abrupt leave from the school, Jack stated to the others that the reason she had run away from the convent was that she had been homesick, and been unable to resist the impulse to return to the camp to see them all.



"I hold your life in the hollow of my hand," said the half-witted girl, "but I won't let go of it, never fear!"

"But now she's goin' back agen tomorrer mornin'," Jack finished, with a grave nod at Sunday.

She burst into tears, and protested that she never, never wanted to see that school again. But Jack, laying a soothing hand on her shoulder, reasoned with her.

"You must go back, dear," said he. "This mustn't make any diffrunce—this visit you've paid us without gettin' leave from the sisters, I mean. You understand? It's just a mistake you made, but you ain't goin' to make another lik it agen. And you've got to get eddi cated. So I'll take you back to the con vent in the mornin'."

The others pointed out to her that he education was something that she her self ought not to neglect, and that the had set their hearts upon giving her and so, at last, Sunday tearfully agree to go back to the convent.

But her stay there this time was t be even shorter than it had bee before. The fact that she ha run away had reached the smal city near which the convent wa located, and a reporter had calle on the mother superior to ge the facts. The story as it ap peared in the local paper ha been noted in several of the bi dailies throughout the country And thus Mrs. Naresby, the sis ter of Sunday's father who ha gone abroad and married a well to-do Englishman years before was apprised of the whereabout of the niece she knew she ha but had never been able to find

Straight from New York where she had been about to sai for England at the end of a visi which she had been making t her native land, Sunday's aun came to the convent and imme diately took possession of her.

Sunday was to return with he to England, and make her hom in future with Mrs. Naresby. I a week, the pair sailed. And b the end of another half fortnigh Sunday was ensconced in he aunt's fashionable mansion i London, and was being intro duced to all that lady's friend as "this sweet child whom I found in America, and who is the only living relative I possess."

Among the people in the exclusive London social set that Sunday met was Henry Brinthorpe, the elder brother of the black sheep, Arthur. Before she had heard his name, Sunday had felt herself drawn toward him by the same attraction that the scamp who had tried to wreck her life had exerted over her. And yet there was a difference, too, in the feeling that was stirred in her by this man. It was the difference that exists between spring and summer, between infatuation and enduring love.

When Henry was introduced to her, Sunday's cheeks lost their color. But

then, she thought, such a coincidence could not be. This could not be a relative of the other.

Brinthorpe was not an uncommon name in England. It was by the merest chance that this man, toward whom already her heart was slipping, should possess it, too. Thus quieting her first alarm, Sunday permitted Henry to pay her attentions, which from the first were marked.

A month passed, in which Sunday had seen the man she now loved with her whole heart almost daily; and then—the blow fell. A chance remark by a friend, to the effect that Henry Brinthorpe was said to have replied to an inquiry about his brother who had gone to America, that he had not heard from Arthur for a long while, told Sunday that her first fears were all realized.

The man she loved was the brother of the rascal for whose murder, or so she felt, she was responsible!

That night, Henry proposed to her. Sunday refused him.

"But I thought you had shown you cared for me!" he ruefully protested.

"I do care," said Sunday in a whisper.

"Then—why won't you marry me?"

"I can't!" answered Sunday miserably. "That's all. Don't ask me why—I don't dare to tell you!"

"You don't 'dare'?" he repeated blankly. "That can only mean one thing," he went on, his tone firm. "Listen, dear: I have a right to ask an explanation of your refusal of my honorable offer of marriage. You had been blind not to see these past weeks that I loved you. If you had no intention of marrying me, why did you let me see you every day? Why didn't you discourage me?"

Sunday rose abruptly.

"You've guessed it!" she broke in "It was because—I loved you!"

Then, turning, she ran across the room to the door. There she looked back over her shoulder and nodded, with a brave attempt at a smile which only succeeded in crumpling her mouth wistfully.

"Good-by!" she said, and in another moment she was gone.

Sunday meant her good-by to be final. The tragedy which had befallen her here in London was too great to be forgotten in the same scenes. She decided to take her broken heart back to America and bury it in the lumber camp with Lively, Towzer, Davy, and Jack, of whose welcome she could be sure. So, packing a few of her belongings in a bag, and placing a note on the dressing table in her room where her aunt would find it after she was gone, Sunday stole out of the house that same night and caught the boat train for Liverpool.

She had the liberal allowance that Mrs. Naresby had given her each week since she had come abroad with her, intact, and with a part of it she took steerage passage on a liner that was leaving early the next morning for New York.

A week later, Sunday invested the rest of her funds in a ticket from the Eastern metropolis to Hackett's Junction.

Just as her four ex-guardians, who had lost their title to that position when her aunt had taken her off to England, were sitting down to supper in the cabin, Sunday burst in and threw herself into the arms of each in turn.

"I've come home," she informed them all, "to stay!"

Needless to say, they were all delighted at the unexpected sight of her. In particular, Jack, whose love for the girl he had helped to bring up was of a more ardent nature than the others.

An hour after supper, he led Sunday out of the cabin again.

"Does it mean," he asked awkwardly, "your comin' back, that mebbe there's a chancet for me—that you've come to feel the same as me?"

Sunday laid her finger over his lips.

"No, Jacky," she said quietly, "that's farther away than ever, now."

Meanwhile Mrs. Naresby, having found the note Sunday had left, had at once notified Henry of the girl's disappearance, and of the clew to her destination which she had given in the note of farewell. Unknown to Sunday, Henry had started for America after her with a friend by the next steamer.

Three days after Sunday's arrival at the lumber camp, Henry and his companion turned up there. Mrs. Naresby had given him the location of the camp, of which Sunday had often spoken to her in relating incidents of her early life.

As he entered the cabin to which the men of the camp had directed him upon his inquiring for Lively, Towzer, Davy, and Jack, Sunday rose slowly, with her eyes fixed in silent wonder on his face, from the table where she had been sitting with the four lumberjacks.



Sunday yielded at length to her guardians' wishes and promised to go back to the convent from which she had run away with such disastrous consequences.

Lizette, who had been looking in through the cabin window when the approach of Henry and his friends frightened her away from it, returned once more to her place and looked in through the pane.

The half-witted girl had heard of Sunday's return to the camp. Long ago she had guessed Jack's secret: that he was in love with the girl who had been intrusted to his care with the others. And she had jumped to the jealous conclusion that Sunday had come back to marry the man the storekeeper's daughter was herself in love with. Looking in upon the girl and the four lumbermen in the cabin, before Henry's arrival, Lizette's eyes had been resting balefully upon Sunday.

Perhaps if she were out of her path, her thoughts had run, and Jack had nobody else to turn to——

"He'd be mine, mebbe!" the poor, unfortunate girl murmured behind her clenched teeth. "Mine, mine, if it wasn't for her!'

As Henry stretched out his arms to her, Sunday ran into them, with a glad cry.

"I have come," he told her, "all the way over here to America, where my brother Arthur must have died, I believe, to plead with you to tell me why you refused to marry me when I asked you?"

Listening outside, Lizette caught her breath sharply.

"I know!" she whispered excitedly in answer to Henry's question. "I know why she wouldn't marry you—why, of course, she wouldn't! She knows Jack murdered your brother. And she loves Jack. So she wouldn't marry you. She wouldn't tell—no, no, and I mustn't, either, or Jack would hang!" and she clapped her hand over her mouth.

Then, her eyes widening wildly, the girl went on muttering to herself:

"But what if I ran in and told him *she* did it? That would put her out of my way. She'd hang, then, instead of him. I'll do it!"

Lizette darted around to the door of the cabin and burst it open.

"She wouldn't marry you," she shrilled at the wondering Henry, "because she murdered your brother! Ask her if that ain't so. Just ask her, herself—that's all!"

Henry turned slowly to gaze into Sunday's face.



Jack read the letter which Sunday had hastily posted to the four lumbermen on the eve of her departure from London "She's comin' home to us!" he said.

She bowed her head.

"It's true," she accepted the charge, in a voice that rose scarcely above a whisper.

And then Jack strode forward.

"No, it ain't," he announced quietly. "She didn't have nothin' to do with killin' that rat. It was me that done it. And I'd serve another like him the same way. You say he was your brother, mister. Well, you've got my sympathy, to've had a relative like that. He tried to—to hurt this little girl in a way she couldn't never get over. But she got on to him in time, and ran away from him. He followed her here. And then he found he had *me* to settle with, 'stead of a helpless girl. Your surmise was dead right. Your brother died here in America, and, furthermore, not a dozen feet from the very spot you're standin' on. It was me that killed him, with my bare hands."

Henry Brinthorpe turned from Jack to Sunday, a questioning look in his eyes as they met hers.

"I figured it *was* me that killed him, honey!" she answered the look. "If I hadn't run away from the convent with him in the first place, and let him follow me here, he never would have met Jack—and—and——"

She stopped. And as she did so there was a warning cry from Henry's friend. He had chanced to glance toward Lizette at that moment. Seeing her plan for removing Sunday from her path to Jack's heart going awry, she had determined to try another.

Whisking a knife from the bosom of her calico dress, she was in the act of sending it through the air at Sunday, when the cry was given by Henry's chum.

Lively was the first of all who heard it to perceive the danger that menaced Sunday. He threw himself between her and Lizette, just in the nick of time.

The knife blade struck his upflung arm and stuck there.

"Here," he said grimly to the other men in the room, Lizette having fled, "all of you get busy and bind up this cut for me. It will keep your eyes where they ought to be, 'stead of on a matter that ain't none of your bizness!"

The matter to which he referred was the embrace in which the man she loved was holding Sunday, as they stood in the middle of the cabin floor.

Cupid Takes a Taxi

(AMERICAN)

By Richard D. Taylor

The importance of a wild automobile ride by a wild young man and the funny but serious results that it had. A father gave his son the fastest automobile he could buy, in order to quiet his high-flying ways—a strange gift for the occasion, it is true, and it was not long before the parent decided that he had made a mistake. As things later turned out the son flew higher—and faster than ever before, for a while. After that he was beckoned in his car by the upheld hand of Cupid. Did he stop? It is all in this story, taken from the American Film Company's picture of the same name. The cast consists of:

Bob Attelle.....Webster Campbell
Mabel Halloway.....Neva Gerber
Clarence Eversham.....John Sheenan
Mr. Attelle.....Ray Berger

NOW for Vandique's, the white lights, and some sparkling table water!" Bob Attelle took lightly the arm of he dainty maiden of the world who vas his companion, and aided her into he waiting car. She laughed a rollick- ng little laugh that reminded him of he sparkling water of which he had just poken. Her whole appearance and nanner was fashioned to accord to that augh. She was dainty, cute, pretty, was owdered just right, and her lips were overed with just enough rouge as to nake them dangerously tempting, and he wore high-heeled shoes, with the aces up the sides. Yes, she was an ctress, but a very nice and refined one.

And Bob was an ideal escort for her. His suave, experienced manner and his ver-ready pocketbook was an asset to im in this. To her, in his presence, he vas "the nicest fellow she had ever met nywhere on the road." To his father, whether in his presence or not, he was a fool spendthrift, who drank cham- agne instead of water, and who'd ather sleep in a restaurant than home." Probably they were both right, for des- ite his bad habits, which were surely is, Bob was a well-meaning fellow, and o more honest nor soft-hearted man ould be found.

And they did go to Vandique's, and hey did see the white lights, and they id drink the sparkling table water. They had often done it before, and they id it again. On this night, they rode n Bob's own car, a great, large, gray one hat his father had bought for him. It vas new, and a novel attraction, for they could run out into the country and anywhere they wished without having to watch a taximeter. Not that the taximeter had ever seemed to bother him, except that he always saw, through the corner of his eye while he watched it, a sneering little smile on the face of the chauffeur. In the new car there was no chauffeur. Therefore, when they finally emerged through the brilliantly lighted entrance of Vandique's, having imbibed and eaten to their hearts' content, they took to the gray car, and rode—and rode—and rode—and stopped on the way until, when the faint light began to show on the horizon, they decided that it must be getting late, and they had better return. Bob drove the car at a breakneck speed over the roads until, before the hotel of his companion, he silenced the rumbling of the motor, and they parted. Though neither knew it, they parted forever, for things were about to change in the happy-go-lucky



"Let go!" shouted the constable. "An auto ride ain't a game hunt an' they don't belong to you just because you killed 'em."

life of Bob Attelle. His characteristics were, however, not to change immediately, but that served to help him rather than do otherwise.

When Bob awoke that morning, a little after he had retired, it was to find his father standing at the bedside and administering a severe tongue-lashing. Bob wearily opened his eyes, listened for a moment to what his parent had to say, and then his lids drooped again, and he turned over and fell asleep.

lit up with a smile. He was merely an ordinary man, and, naturally, automobile rides appealed to him.

"Well," he said, forcing himself to hesitate so that his true feelings would not be too apparent, "I'll try a little spin. But you'll have to be careful."

"I'm always careful, pa," laughed Bob, and ran out into the barn before his father could answer to the last remark.

Two minutes later, they were going down the road leaving a trail of dust to

"Number one!" cried Bob, as he righted the car in its course.

Three minutes after, number two met its death. The ride was beginning to lose its joy for the older man. He implored his son to either turn back or cut down the speed. Bob pretended not to hear, but instead advanced the gasoline a little more, and the gray car shot ahead even faster.

Then number three, number four, and number five chickens were executed all



The justice held a hearing—he heard the farmers—and then in a harsh voice mention the amount of the fines imposed. And Bob made note of the one-dollar bill that remained from his father's roll.

Some time around noon, as usual, Bob arose. His father was still waiting for him, but the young man warded off all that might follow in the order of what he had heard earlier by offering:

"How about a spin, pa? She sure is a beaut, all right; and, say, when I let her out and begin passing 'em, they all think they're going the other way. What do you think about it? Shall I go bring her out?"

Father's face cleared of the frown that had been hovering near it, and suddenly

mark the beginning of the most thrilling ride that the older Attelle had ever taken part in.

The first corner that they turned they skidded, the second they turned halfway around in the road, and the third they almost capsized.

"For Heaven's sake, Bob," the father shouted at the tops of his lungs, "be care——"

His sentence was cut short by a series of loud cackles, and a swerve of the car. They had passed over a chicken.

at once. Father Attelle grew angry. Then, as this had no effect, he changed his mood to one of pleading.

"Please go back, Bob," he said in a voice that called for sympathy. "We've had enough of——"

"Number six!" interrupted Bob, with a shout.

Still his father pleaded, but Bob did not turn back immediately. Instead, he saw an opportunity, and grasped it.

"By the way, dad," he said, with a roguish smile, "I could use that twenty

llars that you wouldn't give me yes-rday."

The wind, as it swept by, almost owned the words, but the father heard. e had to answer, for it meant that his n would probably turn about again if e request was granted.

"All right," he said, shoving one hand to his pocket, while with the other he ung desperately to the side of the seat.

"But fifty would be much better," lded Bob.

Mr. Attelle was furious, but he saw o other way. The gasoline tank was ll, and, without a doubt, Bob would ep going until the supply gave out, nless something was done.

"Number seven!" shouted the man at e wheel, as there was another squawk, nd a hen was left lifeless in the road ehind.

Meekly Mr. Attelle, senior, extracted ve ten-dollar bills from a fat roll and anded them over. Bob, though the car emanded all his attention, found it asy to take one hand from the wheel or a long enough period to take the oney and stuff it into his pocket. Then, ccommodatingly, he slowed down, rned around, and proceeded to go back ver the miles of road that separated em from home.

The speed back was slowed, in kind nsideration of the father's desires, and was past noon by more than an hour hen they drew up in the yard.

On the porch three men rose as the ar came in. In their hands they carried everal dead chickens, and this was nough to show the joy riders what their usiness was. One wore on his coat a rge tin star, which he displayed au-horitatively. Walking around to the ack of the machine, he leaned over and crutinized the dusty sign that hung rom the axle.

"No. 67483," he read aloud; "that's the ne, all right. You'll have to come with s, gentlemen," he addressed Bob and is father, "and face two charges that re made against you. That is, two, so ar as kind goes, but something over dozen so far as quantity. One kind s for speeding and the other, there are lot of this kind, is for chicken slaugh-er. The justice's office is a regular hicken morgue, if you can imagine what hat is."

Mr. Attelle, paying little attention to he statement, but seeing an opportunity o get his money's worth, grabbed one of the dead chickens from the constable and was about to take another when he was stopped.

"Let go!" shouted the officer of the law. "An auto ride ain't a game hunt, an' they don't belong to you just because you killed 'em."

And so, there being no alternative, Bob and his father invited the constables into the car, and they rode to the justice's office. When they entered the presence of the magistrate they found him surrounded by a mob of irate farmers. All held aloft one, two, three, or four dead chickens, and cried for payment. Mr. Attelle looked in from the door for a minute, and leaned over toward his son.

"Must have made a miscount," he whispered.

Bob smiled. It was all fun for him, and he considered chicken killing excellent sport, when his father was around to pay the bills.

The justice held a hearing. That is, he heard the farmers, and, finding that what they had to say was sufficient, then began to impose the fines. When the roll from which Bob's father had peeled the fifty dollars was again drawn forth and the amount of all the fines extracted from it, it made a small, insignificant appearance. And then, when in a harsh voice the magistrate mentioned the sum to be paid as a penalty for speeding, and that was taken from it also, Mr. Attelle replaced in his pocket a crumpled one-dollar bill—and Bob made note of it, smiling as he thought of the fifty he had just received.

"You can spend other people's money as fast as you can your own," he said to Bob, with a dark scowl, "but I'm glad I gave you that fifty to turn you around, or before you were finished I'd have had to mortgage the house to pay for the untimely deaths of chickens."

And then the unexpected and unwelcome happened. Two men, strangers, entered the courtroom. Each was adorned with a large star such as had been worn by the men who had arrested Bob and his father at their home, and they imparted the information that they were constables from an adjoining town.

"We've been looking for car No. 67483, and understand that the owner's here. When you get through with him, we want him on charges for speeding and chicken killing in our town."

Mr. Attelle slouched into a chair.

"Bob," he said, in tones shaken with anger, "go home and get me some more money. There's nothing else to do, because if I don't pay for this fool ride of ours they'll lock me up. Ride fast, now, but be sure not to ride *too* fast. It's too expensive."

Bob left on his mission in the big gray touring car, and went slowly until he was out of sight of the officers, and then "let it out." As he turned a corner about halfway to his destination, he slowed down, and finally drew to a stop; for there, right on the way, was a beautiful girl fussing around with a jack, trying to lift the weight of the car from a flat back tire.

Bob looked at her closely—and then all thought of father sped from his mind, and he thought of nothing but the poor girl in distress.

"I won't ask you if you need any help, because I see you do," he offered politely, as he stepped from his own machine, "but what's the use of our meddling with a dirty job like this when there are so many garages in town that would be crazy for a chance to fix it? Jump in with me, and I'll tow yours."

Amid a volley of thanks, the pretty girl complied with the offer, and they rode to the nearest garage. When they arrived there, he knew that her name was Mabel Halloway, and she had learned that his was Bob Attelle. That was enough for a while; the rest was to come.

Having turned the car over to the man in the garage and received the information that it would be ready in three hours, they boarded the gray machine and went for another ride. Father never entered the mind of Bob.

After two miles had been covered, Bob and Mabel were stanch friends. At the third milepost from the town, Bob's arm had stolen about her and he was driving with one hand. When five miles were passed, Bob leaned over toward the girl with a smile, and she drew near to him. They faced each other with their heads close, and at the seventh mile they were in love.

It was in the evening that Bob, having escorted Mabel to her home after spending the day with her, drove up to his house. He ran the automobile into the little garage in the back and entered the house, whistling gayly. Suddenly he stopped as a horrible thought entered his mind, prompted by an an-

gry, gruff voice from a front room. It was his father—and then he remembered all.

"Come here!" his parent thundered.

Bob resumed his whistling, and a smile played about his puckered lips as he thought of what he must have missed.

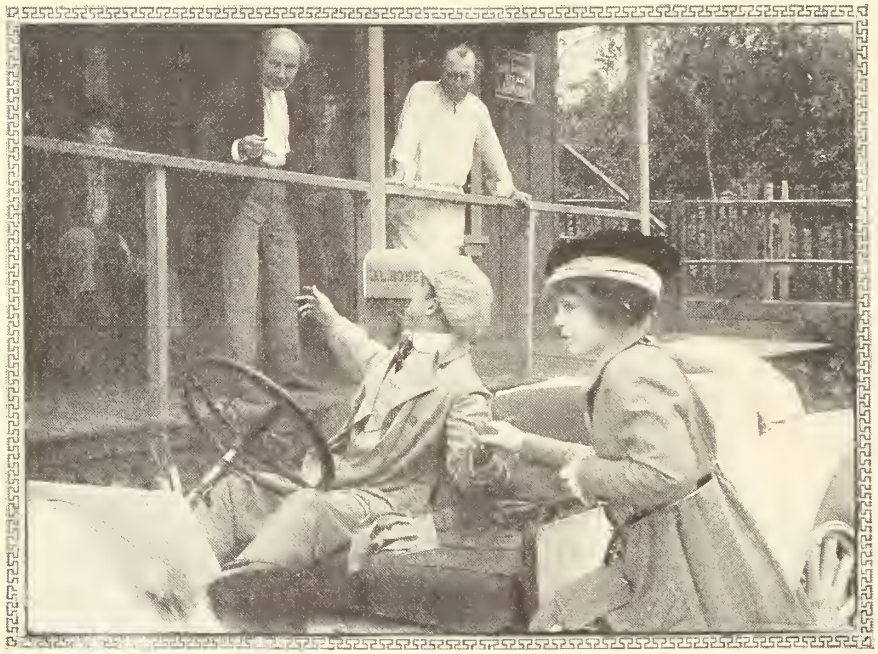
"You good-for-nothing scamp," were the familiar words with which he was greeted as he entered the older man's presence, "do you know what you have done? I suppose you do, but you don't care. Well, I'll tell you, anyway. I waited there in that justice's office until the two confounded constables led me off into the next town, and I had to telephone your mother to send out money to me. After I had been relieved of enough money to buy about a dozen of those big gray trouble makers, I was released and then *had to walk all the way home!*

"I'm through with you! Do you understand? Many is the time I have told you that if you didn't behave yourself you would be sent out to shift for yourself, and now the end of the rope has been reached. You get out, and get out quick! You have fifty dollars that I gave you this morning, and you are lucky to have that, because if you hadn't gotten it before you certainly wouldn't get it now.

"So go ahead and see what you can do with the fortune you have, and *get out!*"

The old man's whole frame shook with anger; and Bob, not knowing whether to be thankful or not to be out of his awful presence, left the house to make his own way through life. The few words that his father had spoken were enough to let him know that it was all meant, for previous experiences told him that.

All that Bob had when he left was the fifty dollars, and the automobile. When he reached the city, Bob took a room in a hotel and sat down to think. He must secure a position of some kind, but what could he do? Then he thought of it and went to bed.



"Stay away is what I told you," he said, pointing his finger in caution, "and I meant it."

Ten o'clock the following morning found Bob attired in a livery, sitting at the wheel of a taxicab. He was Robert Attelle, chauffeur.

During the ensuing week, he found time, between working hours, to visit Mabel Halloway. She was the only friend he had now who would pay any attention to him, since he had no money except the salary that his new position brought. Their love grew warmer and warmer, until Bob proposed. He was earning but a small amount, but Mabel expressed her willingness to share it contentedly.

While driving, one afternoon, Bob an Mabel saw Mr. Attelle on the stoop o a local store. The car in which the were was brought to a stop, and the began to alight in hopes that an intro duction and news of a prospective mar riage would soften the old man's heart.

But Mabel had just placed one foo on the ground when Mr. Attelle rose walked over to the rail around the porch and warned them away.

"Stay away, I told you!" he said pointing his finger in caution. "And meant it!"

Bob tried to plead, but it was useless and they drove on to see Mabel's father where another discouragement awaited them, for Father Halloway came to the fore with the information that the "right man for Mabel" had been found in on Clarence Eversham.

"What!" she exclaimed, when told o her parents' choice. "That dude of sissy? Oh, you needn't tell me; I know he has a lot of money, but I wouldn be known as his wife for three time what he could write a check for with out overdrawing."

"Be quiet, dear," urged her father "I don't want to be hard with you, an I always give you your own way i everything. This is the one thing tha I want to have the say in, and I shal You are to marry Clarence. He aske me yesterday if he could, and I as sented."

Mabel pouted. That was the wors thing she ever did, and, as she realize the futility of argument with her father who would be always kind but never theless stern, she dismissed the matte for the time being, though with a solem resolution that no one but Bob shoul ever win her heart.

Everything was explained to Bob, an Mabel urged that if the chance wer ever given they would elope.

"Bob, dear," she said sadly, "I'm afraid we'll have to wait a long while but you can be sure I'll never marr that lady's maid of a man."

It was but two nights later that Bob seated in the garage, was given a cal He read the address carefully, and re read it. There could be no doubt abou it—it was Mabel's, and very probabl they were bound for the theater.

"Forewarned is forearmed," muttere Bob to himself, and he put on full spee for the city clerk's office before an swering the call. Giving the first ex

cuse that came into his mind for Mabel's absence, and slipping a quarter of his week's salary into the hand of the clerk, Bob secured a license, and, with it tucked securely in his pocket, drove to the house. He sat close in the back of the seat, and drew his hat down until it was almost over his eyes.

But Mabel knew him; and, by waiting until Clarence, her mother, and her father were ahead at the theater, was able to answer his motion to come to him.

"What is it?" she asked hurriedly. "Can we manage it to-night?"

"I'll be out here between every act. You come out the first opportunity you have, and we'll rush to a parson whom I'll fix up while you are in at the show. Don't forget, this is the chance."

As they entered the theater, Mabel looked back nervously to catch a sight of Bob. Those with her noticed the glance and asked if she had lost something, which served to make her more careful to avoid suspicion after it.

In order not to attract any attention nor to arouse any suspicion from her father or mother, Mabel waited until the intermission between the second and third acts. It was, she thought, the worst and most long-drawn-out play she had ever seen; but at last the curtain fell and marked the end of act two. Then she excused herself and went downstairs.

Bob, as he had promised, was waiting.

"Jump in quick," he ordered, in a low voice, "so that we can have as much of a head start as possible. They won't notice you until the next act is under way."

Mabel did as she was bid, and entered the auto without delay. Five minutes later, they were standing before the minister, who was ready and waiting for them. He rushed through with the ceremony, and Mabel went to a telephone. She called the theater, gave the number of the seats in which her parents and the defeated rival for her hand were seated, and gave a message that she was all right and would meet them after the play.

As she hung up the receiver, Bob put his arms about her and whispered, between kisses:

"And here is where the foolish life of a foolish man of the world ends."

According to the telephone agreement, Mabel and Bob met the elder Hallo-

ways and the flashy Clarence after the play. None knew what was the trouble, nor why Mabel had left them before, so it was in bewildered astonishment that they received her words:

"Let me introduce you to my husband. Clarence, will you meet——"

But Clarence interrupted with a splutter of refined oaths as he attempted in

hands with them both with a smile on his face.

"Congratulations to you both!" he said kindly. "I never thought that it would be a woman who would accomplish what I have for so long been trying to do, but I guess it was a girl who reformed him, after all.

"Bob, I hope you realize that when a



As they entered the theater Mabel looked back nervously to catch a sight of Bob, and those with her noticed the glance.

vain to think of something to do with his tongue that had been burned when, as the result of the shock, he had placed the lighted end of his cigarette in his mouth.

There was a great deal of confusion caused by mingled anger and surprise for the next half hour; but finally, with the kindness for which he was noted, and seeing nothing else to do, Mr. Halloway granted forgiveness and offered his blesssing, in which he was joined by Mabel's mother.

On the following day, Bob resigned his position as chauffeur.

This was made possible by a visit from his father, who, on the receipt of a telegram from Bob, hurried to the city. There he met Mabel, and, much to the surprise of both her and Bob, he shook

girl is willing to throw down a rich fellow for a chauffeur and is willing to live the poor life of his wife, she loves him. Don't forget what that love means, and, if you will live the life of a true husband, as I am sure you will, you can live in a new house that I shall have built in our home town. Now treat Mabel as she deserves and give up the taxi business. Give her rides in your old gray car instead.

"After all, the best cure for a joy-blinded man of the world is a bitter taste of the world itself as it really is without the sugar coating of bank notes."

"Right!" said Bob. "And I've been cured, thanks to a lot of dead chickens beneath an auto and one nice live one beside an auto with a punctured tire."

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

FINDING A MARKET.

SO many of our readers have written us regarding the best way to find out what companies are in the market for scenarios that we will explain what we consider a very good process of making up a "market record book."

We presume that most of you know we run the names, addresses, and wants of about two companies per week under the caption of "Live-wire Market Hints." There are some weeks that we may not have any, but there are others that we will have three or four. Our suggestion is that you clip out these hints as they are run and paste them in a large notebook, giving a full blank page to each company. Then watch the pictures you see on the screen closely, and note the little things that make one company's production different from the others, and make a note of this on the page allotted to each company. Also make a note of the leading players of the company. Keep close track of the market, and make changes in your record book as the market changes. We endeavor to record all changes in this department.

By keeping a record of this kind right up to date, much valuable information can be secured about any company almost at a glance. It is well to remember that such a record is for practical purposes, however, and not to turn it into the "pastime" class by recording different things about plays and players that appeal only to one's fancy in it.

A DIFFERENT VIEWPOINT.

If you, friend reader, were holding down a job which paid a fine salary at the end of every week and you realized that there were many other capable men in the country who could do the same work you were doing, and perhaps do it a little better than yourself, wouldn't you strive to do what was required of you in the best manner possible? If what was required of you was the reading of and passing on many manuscripts per day for the purpose of finding available scenarios for your employer, and if you knew—as you should and probably would—that these manuscripts came from the men and women who would in the future supply you with material which would enable you to hold your job, wouldn't you do your best to see that they received a fair deal?

The answer to both the above questions is, without a doubt: "Certainly!"

Then why do so many amateurs complain about the treatment they receive at the hands of editors and accuse these persons of "stealing their plots"?

We know there are many beginners who do not do this, but there are many more times as many who do. We think it is due largely to ignorance of the existing conditions and lack of ability to get the "other fellow's viewpoint"; or, in other words, to see things as the editor sees them. They do not seem to realize that the editors have to earn a living the same as themselves, and that the editor's livelihood depends upon his ability to supply his company with good scenarios. If they had this fact foremost in their mind, they would know that no editor in his right senses would try to do anything which might cost the company the future work of a photo-playwright. The rankest beginner may some day become the star writer, and no one knows this better than the editor.

Broaden out and give the editor credit for knowledge enough to hold down his position in acceptable style. Then work along and be content to let him pass judgment on what your brain produces. Accept his decisions as final, and avoid being a member of the class known as "kickers."

USING PEOPLE'S NAMES.

This subject has been treated so often before that it seems to be a waste of time to again bring it before our readers, but we think it advisable to warn beginners not to use the names of friends—or other persons—in their photo-play scenarios.

When a script is produced which carries the name of a real person in its cast, said person may cause a lot of trouble which, though it may not be very serious, will nevertheless be unpleasant and will give the writer a "black eye" with the film company who bought his story.

Any one with imagination can easily create names for characters without resorting to those from real life. Try to make your names fit your characters, but because you know a fellow named Jim Fox who is "just too grand," or a sweet girl named Alice Brown, do not think you have to name your hero and heroine after them. Jim and Alice might not like the idea as well as you do.

TWO VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS.

"Would it not be better," writes a Portland, Oregon, photo-playwright, "to have the synopsis of a scenario written on the first sheet all by itself so that it may be used by the advertising department after the picture has been produced? And is it not better to mention the number of "extra" people required for groups when making out the cast, such as ten policemen, four tramps, et cetera?"

The ideas embodied in the two questions are very worthy of consideration, we believe. It is one of the heartburns of the advertising man to try to "line up" stories on the pictures his company is releasing, for the synopsis is seldom

orthcoming. If the synopsis were on a separate sheet of paper from the script, instead of having the scene action begin where the synopsis stopped, we think it might be possible that a kind-hearted director would hand the ad man the sheet. At any rate, it would increase the possibility of his getting a synopsis and might make another friend within the studio for the writer. We do not strongly indorse this, but we offer it as a mighty good suggestion. The gain may not be great even if the writer adopts the system, but it will be a little boost, and every little boost helps.

Anent the numbering of "extras" there has been some previous discussion. Personally we believe there is no harm done in giving the approximate number of persons a writer believes should be used in a scene, for it may help to convey to the director's mind the suggestion of just how "big" the author intended the scene to be. The exact number of "extras" to be used rests in the director's hands, however, but most directors are open for suggestions at all times, and the more the writer makes, the better the director likes him. Like the other suggestion, it may gain a friend on the "inside" for the author.

SPECIALTIES.

When you sit down to write an animal, child, sea, mountain, society, or any other kind of a story, you must know something about the style of script you are about to write. There are many authors who excel in child scripts who could not turn out an acceptable mountain story if they tried for months. The successful writer knows this, and tries to stay within his field; but the amateur, not knowing himself, is liable to wander far from "home" and wonder why the "stuff" he writes does not sell.

At the very beginning of his career, a writer must try to become versatile, but he should also try to discover his specialty and work on it most of the time. You will find, in looking over the list of "big men" in both the fiction and photo-play-writing field, that all have some special style of story they write best. Of course, all write other styles occasionally, but their real successes are scored with their favorite type.

Experiment and discover yourself when you are young in the game, and then work continuously to become versatile enough to supply an editor with anything he calls for; at all times, however, remembering that your "specialty" must not be neglected.

SYNOPSIS.

Few writers, even the more experienced ones, realize just how important a synopsis is in a photo-play scenario until they have sat at the side of an editor's desk and watched him discard script after script without looking at the scene action at all.

The sypnosis holds practically the same position to the photo-playwright as a salesman does to a manufacturing concern. The latter must go out and "land" buyers for his concern's product, while the former must "land" a buyer for the product of the writer's brain. A concern uses much care in getting the very best salesmen possible, and the writer must use just as much care in writing the best synopsis possible.

There are many styles of synopses and many ways to write each style, but we think the short, clear, snappy, and direct one is best fitted to exploit the writer's story. The way to write a synopsis of this kind is to condense words without altering action. It sounds easy, but those of you who have tried it know that it is anything but that. You have to "get away off" from your plot and look at it from the "bird's-eye" viewpoint. Thus you get a general idea of the points that stand out strongest and that are the crossbeams in the scenario's framework. Then you have to get the general character traits of your leading figures in mind and figure out how best to express them. After that, there is the original business which must be included, and the "point" or "idea" of the script which must be brought out effectively.

Having everything in mind that must be put into the synopsis, the author must call to his command his best control of language and try to express clearly and concisely all that is in his script. Fine wording is not needed, but fine handling of ordinary wording is. Some photo-playwrights have the knack of keeping the suspense keyed up to the highest pitch in their synopsis, and this, of course, makes the editor or reader confident that the script proper will be equally interesting. The sentences should be of average length, each expressing an idea in as few words as possible. There is a danger in making the sentences too abrupt, for the synopsis may then suggest to the one who passes judgment on it that the script is jerky.

The whole success of writing a clever synopsis can probably be put into one sentence: Write down all that is in your story in the clearest style you can and cover as little space as possible in doing it.

Answers to Readers.

If you have written to us in regard to something pertaining to scenario writing and have failed to inclose postage for a personal reply, do not think you will not receive an answer because you have not heard from us. Your answer will appear under the heading of this subdivision of our department in the near future. It would have been used sooner had there not been many others before it which forced it to wait its turn.

KATHERINE HOEFFNER, Maplewood, Mo.—Very few companies have ever been accused openly of stealing plays, and all recognized concerns now in the field are reliable. See paragraph entitled "Finding a Market" in this issue of the department for answer to your other question.

C. HANCOCK, Stuttgart, Ark.—We do not think any company would object to a typewriter which had nothing but capital letters being used in preparing scripts, but the regulation style of type is much better. See "Live-wire Market Hints," published weekly in this department, to find a buyer for your scenarios.

MISS M. CANEL, Portland, Ore.—See "Two Valuable Suggestions" article in this issue of the department for reply to first questions, and "Finding a Market" for your third inquiry. Universal, Selig, and Essanay are buying very little from outside writers at the present time. The latter accept animal stories with unusual plots. The Mutual studios, in Los Angeles, have a company of child players.

J. J. SEIDE, Hartford, Conn.—Use present tense in writing out synopsis and action of a photo-play scenario.

O. KATZ, St. Louis, Mo.—Place the name and address in the upper left-hand corner of the first page of your manuscript. See "Finding a Market" article in this issue of this department.

A company always notifies an author as soon as the script is accepted.

W. F. O'Hearn, Brooklyn, N. Y. —We are sorry, but we do not read scripts for motion-picture plays. Why not try some of the other companies that we mention in our market hints from week to week?

R. E. Powell, Onacock, Va.—Watch the difference between produced one, two, and three-reel subjects on the screen, and see how much more action the larger ones have embodied in them, and we think you will be able to tell when you have a multiple-reel plot. Read the article entitled "Synopsis" in the present issue of this department.

W. M. Miller, Dayton, Ohio.—The best way to learn the technique of the photo play is to study all you can conveniently obtain on the subject and then apply the knowledge you gain to the subjects you see on the screen and the scripts you are working on yourself. There is a lot of room on top for men of the right kind.

C. Gurzny, Syracuse, N. Y.—We published a sample scenario in the issue of Picture-Play Weekly dated July 24th. That should explain technique to you and also tell where to place leaders.

Miss E. Crofut, Elmira, N. Y.—See answer to C. Gurzny, directly above. Also read "Finding a Market" article in this issue of the department.

D. Thompson, Mechanicsville, Conn. —We think if you watch our "Live-wire Market Hints" department, published from week to week, you will be able to find a market for your scripts. A list published in book form would be of little value, as the market changes often.

Short Shots.

Why not look over your rejected scripts? There may be a valuable idea stored away in your "scenario tomb."

Always remember that a big idea deserves big development, and work on your brain productions accordingly.

A three-reel drama in which the interest is sustained from start to finish is indeed a rare specimen of its kind.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Eastern Film Corporation, Nos. 1 to 17 McKinley Street, Providence, Rhode Island, of whose financial standing we are unaware, are at the present time in the market for bright and clean one and two-reel comedies which do not exploit slapstick features. Dramas of unusual merit and idea are also available for their use. Melodramas and plays which call for elaborate settings and costumes are not wanted. All stories must be addressed to the scenario department and not to individuals.

Film Athletics.

Boggs McClelland, the well-known movie-machine operator, ran an eighth of a mile of film in seventeen and a quarter at the "Idle Hour" theater last evening.

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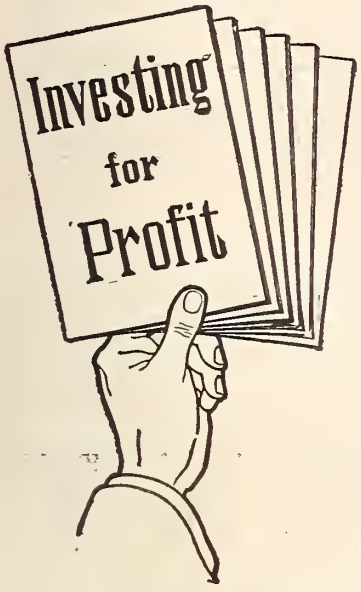
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

VOL. 1 No. 24



Scene from "A NIGHT OUT"

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 24 September 18, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

From Bugs to Gus

(WORLD FILM)

Their correspondence compiled by James J. Case

His name was Percy and he knew so little about baseball that the difference between a single and a home run was a deep and abiding mystery to him. And yet he got a job with the Chicago "Cubs." But let Bugs, the star twirler of that team, tell you in his own comical way what happened to Percy after he joined the big-league nine, in this story based on the World Film Corporation's photo-play of the same title. This is the first of a series of these letters which will appear frequently in Picture-Play Weekly.

Roger Bresnahan and members of Chicago National League team acted for the picture themselves. *Bugs* was played by Jim Lynch and *Percy* by Billy Mason.

SHECAGO, Sept, 11enth.

'RIEND GUS: Well Gus I have got a hot one to tell you. You may be ll not beleve thay is aneybody as zy as this fella am going to tell u a bout but this all on the level is. Includeing s name whitch persey. But first will tell you how and the rest of e fellas on the bs come to mete m.

It was yestiddy tirnoon and we d just trimed e Giunts by 4 ns to 2. Them is was lucky s to have got em runs and at aint no lie. resnahan had it me in thare to ork becaws after : had watched me warmeing up he knowed I was rite. I was two Gus for my curve was brakeing as good as it ever done and as for speed well if I had of wanted to I bet I could have throwed the ball clene out of the grownds over the fence in senter feeld from the playirs bench.

We got our 4 runs all in the 1st ining. The Giunts dident even commense to think of scoaring until after the 6eth. This here Archer signals me to pitch my fast one. I shook my hed becaws I knowed Merkle who was at the plait to taik his turn at tryeing to get onto my curves whitch none of them can do when I am rite was liable to connect with one that dident have no brake to it. But Archer kept signuling for the saim kind of a ball, and so I let



Roger took the cigareet out of Persey's mowth.

go of my fast one and shure enuf Gus there was a singul. The fellas sed afterwards that I got rateled but I did not Gus. Brainerd purty nere tore the cover offen the ball and brot in Merkle and was roosting on 3erd when them slepe walkers out in the outfeeld got redy to throw the ball back into the dimund. And at that shulte should oughter have caut that fly for a eezy out and then Brainerd wouldent never have scoared with the 2end run when this here Grant batting for Tesreau bunted saif.

That was all they got Gus as I told you at the start and we win the gaim. But I hadent oughter have sed we fur it was I that done the most of it and besides I had to work dubbel to do it on acct. of my own teme tryeing to boot the gaim away behind me.

Well Gus all the time we was out thare working thare was sum nut in the stand yeling his hed off. Evry time the Cubs maid a play he showtid and hollered so Ile bet the bulls down a round the stock yards heard him and got scared.

He dident know nuthing a bout baseball thow. You could tell that from the things he yeled. Thay was things like when we had one on he'd yel to the bater come on now and get a home run singul and etc. whitch had everybody in the stand a round him laffing and we was laffing out on the feeld two. We got a line on whare he was sitting after a wile. It was in back of first and he was onely a yung fella a bout my own aige Gus and Ive got to hand it to him he was sum natty dresser.

He had on a summer soot that was O. K. and it fit him like the paiper on the wall and his straw hat was pan of mar and Ile bet it never cost a sent less than 20 five dollers and may be more at that. He wasent a bad looking fella nether and all togather he looked like one of them guys you see standing a round in the adds for redy maid close.

The minnit Doyle was out in the Giunts half of the 9eth and the gaim was over this nut comes climeing out of the stand and starts running after us as we was beating it acrost the feeld on the run ourselfs for the clubhouse. Hay he ses I want to mete you fellas and shaik hands with every one of youse he ses becaws you are sertenly a grate bunch of playirs.

We seen that we hadent maid no mistaik a bout thinking from all the yeling he had been doing in the stand that he must be stooed. He had a fine still on all rite and one that he never got on no beer nether for it would have took enuff brew to flote a battel ship to give him the bun he had.

We let him shaik hands with us outside the clubhouse and then when we tryed to brake a way from him and go in to the showers he sed he wanted to come a long with us if we dident mind and wate a round till we was drest and then he would taik us all out and buy a littel drink.

He was so grene you see Gus that he dident know no ball playir touches nuthing to drink during the playing season except may be a glass of beer with their dinner that is unles thay are crazy and dont want to last in the big lege.

Saier ses you must be feeling flush to want to buy for all of us. Do you know how menny players thare are on this teme he sed. Thare are 20 wun all togather and supoze each of us was to order wine on you then whare would you get off with the bar check.

O I would get a way with it all rite ses this yung fella in the sporty close. And with that Gus he hawled a role out of his pocket big enuff to choak a horse. My father gives me a generous allowunce he ses and I could pay for what ever you ordered on me and not feel it.

Who is yure father ses Zimmerman looking at the role with his eyes sticking out. A counterfitter. No ses the yung fella and he pulls a leather card case with gold on the corners of it on us and fishes out a card and hands it to Zim.

Thats who I am he ses and my father is the hed of the beef trust. This money is reel he ses and I will prove it to you all by buying that drink with it whenever you fellas are redy to come outside the grownds with me. I wont maik no bones a bout it he ses there is sumthing I want you to do for me as a faver and that is why I want to stick a round until you are drest and then go sumwhares whare we can talk it over.

We took him into the clubhouse and Williams ses this aught to be private enuff to soot you but aneyway it will have to be the plais whare you can unburden yureself of this grate secret to us for we aint going out to no cafay with you and run the risk of haveing Roger find out a bout it and clap a fine onto us.

Persey that was his front naim Gus according to the card he had gaiv told us what was on his mind. An yude never gess it in a millyun yeer It was that he wanted to join the Cub What do you know a bout that hay Gu And he dident know the diffrunce b twene a base hit and a homer.

Zim says to us well I like a fella wit lots of ambishun. This bird dont go no miner lege teme to try to get chancet to drag down a salery by playir ball. He comes to us and further mo he speaks rite up and asks for wh he wants and that's anuther thing I li a bout him two. He dont waist no tin teling a bout whare he has ever playe ball at befoar but leves a littel thir like his record out of it all togather.

What posishun would you like to pl Good asks him perlite.

Well first base seams to be a goo plais to show off at befoar the gran stand ses Persey. Ide play there if had my choise.

Good nite ses Good and he terned way like as if he had just had bad nev from home. Thare goes my job becav what chancet have I got of holding on it with you aftir it.

How much salery does the club p you for playing that posishun ses Pers as quick as a flash.

Good ses well it a mounted to enu to give me three squaire meels a da But now he ses Ime booked to star to deth I can see that plane.

You fix it up with the maniger the club to let me play yure posish on the teme ses Persey in a eager voi and Ile pay you just dubbel what yu salery was. That will fix it so you wo lose nuthing. Aint that fare enuff. Bo he ses to the rest of us Ive got to g a job playing ball with this teme. F the saim reesun that Ive got a bun now. A girl. She wont fall for me matter how hard Ive ben tryeing maik a hit with her for the past 2 wee and so this aftirnoon I got tanked up try to forget my trubbels and I caim o here to the ball park. The first pers I seen sitting in the stand was her. S is crazy a bout baseball and the ide come to me all at oncet that here w a way for me to win her at last. I letting her see me out on the ball fee pulling off star play aftir star play. Ive come to you fellas to ask you help me out by getting me a plais wi the Cubs.

Did you ever have a bat or a gluv yure hand asks Phelan.

Never ses Persey.

We looked a round at eech other but e couldent think of nuthing to say for minnit. The wind was all nocked out us by the cheek of the yung fella king for a job with a teme like the ibs when he dident know the first thing bout ball playing.

But I can lern ses Persey how to do all e things Ive saw you fellas doing this tirnoon. Fix it up with the maniger yure teme to let me play on it and t it up with my father two so as he ll stand for me being a ball player d Ile hand over my whole months owance to split up amongst you. iare was 20 wun of you you sed. Well at will mene more then a 100 a peace. it a bargen.

How ses Zim are we going to fix it with yure father when we dont know m and he would likely chuck us out we went to try to talk to him a bout u becoming a ball playir or aneything se.

He would be glad to see you ses Per-y. My guvner is ready to see aney-dy that he thinks will be abel to make e stop chasing a round nites and drink-g more than is good for me and noaking cigareets. When he saw what helthy looking lot of athaleets you e he would likely pay you sumthing mself to have you taik me on the me with you.

Well Gus we had a 100 bucks shure ming to us aneyway and may be thare uld be more if we could get Roger stand for the racket and so we nted him up and put it up to him.

Think of the ad it would be for the ib argyued Zim when Roger sed first t that of coarse he couldent taik aney-dy on the teme that hadent been ssed on by the nashional commishun d even if he could he wouldent let s nut join the club. But he wont be playir of coarse sed Zim. Just give m a uneiform and let him fool a round e dimund during practise to amuse e croud and thay are doo to get a rty laff all rite when thay see him eing to play ball or thay havent got laff in thare sistem anywhares. You ow what a hit Charlie Faust was with e Giunts a cuppel of seezons back sed m and this fella is as mutch of a nut he was. But that aint all he sed. o you figger it would be a drawring rd at all to have peepul know that the n of the hed of the beef trust was with yure teme. I guess that would boost the attendunce figgers a littel.

All rite Roger sed go a head and collect yure 100 a peace. He can join the teme. So we went back and broak the news to Persey. He was tickeled to peaces and he sed now everything is setteled but fixing it up with my father. We would go rite out to the house and see him.

The tip this here Persey had give us Gus a bout his father not chucking us out was strait goods all rite. Me and Zim and Saier and Phelan went to see him and spilled it to him that Persey wanted to join our ball teme and that we wanted him with us.

He sed he had no objecshuns. Moreover he sed he was in faver of it as the strict traning rules lade down by a baseball club mite be the menes of braking his son of his dissypashuns and espechully the cigareet habit. Persey's tip a bout that had ben a strait one two you see.

So weve got this nut on our teme now Gus and I bet were going to have more fun than a cerkus watching him this aftirnoon when he gets out on the dimund for the first time with his unie on and starts to pull off sum of them star plays he was talking about in practise to maik a hit with that girl of his who will be looking at him from the grandstand.

I am going to get him to point her out to me so as I can see for myself what she looks like becaws if Persey ses she is a peech I have got a bet with myself that she looks like the back of a trolley car wouldent you Gus judgeing from how crazy I have been teling you he is.

Aneyway I will write and let you know what she looks like aftir I have got a flash at her and also how Persey comes out on the feeld. Dont taik no wooden nichols Gus.

Yure pal

Bugs.



I took a slant up inter the stand to see could I see Fanny seting there.

Shecago, Sept. 13enth.

Old Pal: I aint had no time to write you a leter Gus beioar this. I ben two bizy tryeing to cut Persey out with the girl that he joined the Cubs to maik a hit with. I dont know if I told you or not in my last leter that I had it figgered out becaws Persey sed she was a corker that she was probberly a bum looker. That was oncet when he wasent crazy Gus. Fanny is her naim and it is run-

ing thrue my hed all day long and in the nite when I am a slepe two and I cant think of nuthing else but her nether. But I wont start in to get sloppy with you a bout her but will begin whare I left off befoar to tell you a bout what hapened out at the park the uther aftirnoon whitch was when Persey terned out with us on the feeld for the first time in a Cub uneiform.

I sed to him as he was walking acrost the feeld from the clubhouse whare is this girl of yures. Do you see her aneywhares at all in the stand.

She aint my girl he ses but I wisht she was. I see her all rite he ses. She is sitting in the first row forth from the aisle next to the press box the one with the black and wite stripe dress and the big hat with the fether sticking up on it. Can you see her he ses.

You bet I can see her I ses.

Dont get yureself xcited a bout it Persey ses becaws you dont want to forget that I saw her first and she is anuther one of them things that are purty to look at but you mustent touch as far as you are conserned.

Yes you saw her first I sed but she cant see you. Dident you tell us that yureself and ferther moar I sed Ile give you a squaire deel by teling you sumthing and that is that from now on yure in a race.

You mene yure going to try to cut me out with her ses this here Persey with a sourkastick laff.

You sed it I told him.

Why he sed she wouldent look at you. What lisunce have you got to think you could cop a girl like her. Yure nuthing but a ball playir he ses wile I have got money to burn.

Yes I ses and I looked off up over the top of the stand at the sky and you aint copped her yet yureself with all yure dough and she is crazy over baseball and out here evry day to watch the gaims. No I wont stand no show with her at all I sed. Just wate till she sees me pitch I sed.

Persey was geting soar and so I layed off. That was so I could work him for sumthing Gus. When we got to the playirs bench the rest of the fellas was all out tosing the ball a round and lineing up for bating practise and we steped down into the dugout a lone to put down our sweters. Persey was starting off to see the girl and I caled aftir him Ile bet you are afrade to interdooce me to her for all I dont stand aney show of copping her a way from you like you sed.

Ile show you he sed rite a way that I wasen't giveing you no stall when I sed she wouldent look at you. Come on and Ile interdoose you.

He did Gus. And that was how I come to meet Fanny. Persey was a way off if he had ben figgering that becaws I may be dont use rite grammir and ferget to put the gees on sum of my words and sutch that she would look down on me. She dident pay hardly no attenshun to him at all aftir teling him how suprized she was to know he was playing with the Cubs. The rest of the time she spent teling me a bout the grate gaims she had saw me pitch and asking me questshuns.

I ses to her if you will come out to diner with me tonite and may be taik in a movie pitcher show aftirward, I can tell you all you want to know a bout how I do my pitching.

She ses she would be delited to go. You had aught to have saw Persey's faice Gus. He had got it set for anuther one of them sourkastick laffs when he herd me menshun movie pitchers but then befoar he could get the laff off he had herd her say she would go with me. His expreshun was like a fella that has been left hanging in the air without nuthing to hold onto.

Then weel call for you tonite a round half past 6 he ses to her.

He had maid a quick come back and horned in on the dait I had fixed up with her by maiking it look as thow it was understood all a long that he had ben comeing a long with us to diner and the movie pitcher show. He mite be crazy but thare wasent nuthing slow a bout him.

Shulte has to yel to me then to come out and play catch with him and I had to leve him a lone with Fanny.

Wile we had ben standing thare in front of the stand talking to her Persey had roled himself a cuppel of cigareets and smoaked them. Imajun a ball playir on the ball feeld in a uneiform smoaking a cigareet Gus. I looked back aftir I got out a long the rite fowl line with Shulte and seen that he was roleing anuther pill.

Hay Roger I yeled to Bresnahan.

He terned a round to see what I wanted. I showed him Persey just liteing up as he stood talking to the girl and I run over to Roger and ses to him half the joak is in not letting that nut know that he aint reely playing on the teme. So why dont you go over and bawl him out for smoaking cigareets whitch is agenst the traneing rules and tell him if he does it agen you will soak a big fine onto him.

Roger is a good scowt all rite and he was willing to carry the joak a long. So he went over to whare Persey was leneing agenst the stand talking to Fanny and eeting that cigareet. I moved over that way to hear him get caled down in front of her whitch I figgered wouldent do him sutch an orful lot of good.

What are you doing with that cigareet says Roger.

Ime smoaking it Persey tells him.

I see you are ses Roger and do you know what thats likely to mene. None of the playirs on this teme is alowed to smoak them coffin nales and Ime here to warn you that if I see you smoaking anuther Ile clap a fine onto you.

How mutch would the fine be ses Persey.

Roger told him 20 five dollurs.

Persey throwed the cigareet a way. Well he sed that maiks them two expensuv for my money. I get a way with a bout sixty a day and at 20 five dollurs a peace I figger that I would be broak in a bout a month even thow I am the onely son and air of the hed of the beef trust.

Yude beter get out now and taik sum pracktise sed Roger as he terned a way I know yure good and dont need mutch pracktising but yude aught to be limburing up a littel befoar the gaim starts becaws I mite decide to put you in it.

Persey walked a way from Fanny and over towerds our bench. You remember Gus that he had sed he wanted to play first base and that was the posishun on the teme he thot he was going to play. And yet he dident know no beter than to pick up Archers catchers masl and stomach pad and shin gards tha was lyeing on the ground and start to put them on to foller Rogers instruckshuns a bout practising. He got th mask on upside down and the shin gard two. Then he grabed up a cuppel o gluvs and put one on each hand an yeled over towerds the rest of us fella to give him a catch.

The hole lot of us oblidged him with out no delay. Sevin base balls to once come flyeing at him and he tryed to duc and fell down and the stand showti with laffter to see what a sucker we ha maid him look like.

I looked towerds whare Fanny was seting at and I seen that she was laffing two. I figgered thow that she mite think he was being funny on purpus and the way he was getting away with it by maiking her laff mite let him maik a hit with her insted of the uther way a round. So I thot I would show her that Persey wasent the onely funny man on the teme.

You know Gus how I can imatate aneybody I want to. I went over to the bench and grabed off a derby hat and a littei cane and then I put a littel black mustashe on my lip and when I had did that I hunched up my showlders and spred my tows a part and I was a ringer for this here Charley Chaplin.

I walked out onto the feeld and let the grandstand get a flash at me in the maik up.

Thay give me a big laff rite a way. And then I commensed to do the imatashun of Charley Chaplin. I walked over to Roger on my heels and twirleing my littel cane and took off my hat to him. Then I run out to the plait whare the rest of the teme was takeing thare batting practise. Shulte was up and he paisted one into deep senter feeld. As soon as the ball left the bat I started towerds first.

I overrun the bag on purpos and then I slowed myself down on one leg like Chaplin does it you know Gus whitch is a kind of a funny hop. I did the saim thing when I run to secund base and at third two. I was makeing beleve that I had got a homer on Shultes drive you see Gus. I fell down half way betwene third and home just the saim as Chaplin does a fall when sumbody in the pitcher taiks a swat at him and layes him out. And then I pickt myself up and took off my hat quick to the grandstand and then I come on home waddeling on my heels as if I was tryeing to run hard but dident know how.

The stand gimme a biger laff than ever and thare was a lot of folks claping thare hands and yeling becaws thay liked my work as a imatater. And Gus the one that was laffing and claping thare hands the lowdest of all was Fanny. So I knowed that Persey hadent got the inside of the track with me by maiking her laff at his atemp to play ball and I was satisfyed.

Well Gus of course he dident get into the gaim when the old bell rang and we started to maik it two strait on the serious with them thare Giunts. I dident pitch nether haveing worked onely the day befoar and wile I am big and strong enuff to stand it to work out of my tern every day Roger dont call on me moar than twicet a week on acct. of being afrade of wareing out the best pitcher he has got and he knows it. So there is nuthing moar to tell you a bout what hapened that aftirnoon becaws nuthing come off that would give you a laff or may be maik you say you are ackquainted with the best pitcher in ether lege. You know me hay Gus.

As soon as the 7eth was over and Lavender was still going strong and so thare was no nede of me sticking a round to go in and saiv the gaim for him when we had the Giunts 5 to nuthing I ast Roger could I bete it as I had a importunt dait to kepe and he sed go ahed and I maid a brake for the clubhouse.

What I was figgering on you see Gus was geting a round to call on Fanny befoar Persey could show up to kepe the dait for half past 6 and that then I would taik her off to diner and the movie pitcher show without him comeing a long.

But when he seen me beteing it off the bench he must have tumbeled to what I was tryeing to do and he ast Roger could he get a way two and of coarse Roger dident cair wheather he was a round the ball park or not aftir he had sliped the crowd a laff during the practtise and so he told him he could go.

He come into the clubhouse aftir me and started to fite to get into his close ahed of me. Wile he was geting out of his uneiform and his back was terned I grabbed his soxs and underware and took them with me into the showir and tyed them into nots and let the water run on them and that maid them so tite he couldent untye them and I dumped them on the floor and left them thare for him to find and trye to get into them if he thot he could get out of the clubhouse fastir than me.

I went by him on the run on the way back to the lockirs as he was beteing it for the showir and I had a hard time to kepe my face strait when I thot of what he would do when he found his sox and thinks soping wet and lyeing on the floor in thare all tyed up.

But Gus wile I was a way what do you think that suckir had did. He had hid my cote and cut the shoo laices out of my shoes and that wasent all but he had put his foot thrue my straw hat so as I couldent ware it agen and the hat had cost me 1 dollar and a half and I was going to go back to the showirs and murder him.



Persey who thot he was going to play ferst base like a fool neels down and reaches for Archer's stomach pad and shin gards.

But then if I done that I figgered that I mite be lait for the dait with Fanny and so I ses to myself I will fix him for this laiter and I hurried up and begin dresing.

Persey come back and thrue his wet underware and his soxs still with the nots in them at me without sayeing a word. And then he begun to hustel into his close without them. I found my cote and I run out of the clubhouse without no shoo laices in my shoos and without no hat on my hed. He come rite aftir me with his close on over his skin insted of his underware and no soxs and he jumped into a tacksey cab wile I hoped a bord a strete car and we both bete it me for the hotel and him for his fathers house to get into sum reggeler close and go a round to see Fanny.



You know how I can imatait aneybuddy I want to Gus and I had the hole stand laffing at me.

We both got thare togather at just 6 Oh clock and we set down in the parler and wated for Fanny to get redy whitch her mothir had told us would be in a minnit but it was eezy a hour befoar she showed up and all that time me and Persey set glareing at one anuther and not dareing to say what we would like to at eech uther on acct. of being afrad that Fanny or her mothir or aneybody else that may have ben in the house mite hear us and chuck us out for swareing.

Well Gus the three of us went to diner togather. When the water come with the check Persey ses he would go out and see a bout geting a tacksey cab to taik us to the plais whare the movie pitchers was showing at and I had to dig down and settel up for what we had and the moast of it was for what Persey had ordired the big stiff.

He had told the water to bring him a pile of things with naims that I never herd of befoar and I had sed to him when I herd him ordiring whare are you thinking of going to may be to the north Pole or africka that you are ordiring all this grub.

He sed O no but I am a harty eeter. But Gus he dident eet the half of what he had told the water to bring him aftir it come onto the tabel and thare I was stuck to pay for it all aftir he had gone out to see a bout a tacksey.

When we got out at the theayter Persey husteled Fanny by the arm rite into the entrunce and I was stuck agen to pay the shover. It costed me 1 dollur and 70 five sents.

Whare are the tickets Persey ses when I come up to him and Fanny whare thay was standing in the lobbie.

Yes whare are thay I ses to him with a scoul.

I dident want to spoil yure trete he ses by byeing them so I left it for you to do. Hurry up he ses for I just seen through the door here when it opened to let sum peepul go throe that a good fillum has just started and I want to see it.

If you wated until you put yure hand in yure pockit to pay yure shair of aneything throe a crack in a door is whare yude see evry show I ses. But him and Fanny was looking at the pitchers stuck up in the lobbie and they dident hear me.

I went and bot the tickits that he had stuck me for agen. I coudent tell you what was the show thare Gus becaws I dident have no intrust in it aftir that. I was bizy figgering what the evening had costed me so far and it was enuff betwene the diner and the tacksey cab and the tickits for the movie show beleve me.

Persey sed when we come outside aftirwerds that we would go sum plais and get sum supper. I sed I had to get back to the hotel and tern in becaws Roger dident stand for none of the playirs on the teme kepeing lait hours and so I ast Fanny was she going to be at the gaim tomorrer and when she sed she was I sed I would see her thare and then I left them.

I layed a waik for a bout three hours Gus aftir I got back to the hotel and I could onely figger it out that Persey had got the beter of me in the first lap of the race I had told him he was in with me for Fanny.

I ses to myself I will have to get him out of the job he thinks he has got with the teme that is all. Even thow he aint reely playing with the Cubs I thot to myself as long as he is out thare on the feeld evry day whare she can see him in a unieform and she is crazy a bout ball playirs and all I have got him for a rival in her eyes when I could have her looking at me all a lone if he was off of the teme.

Then I thot of how I could get Roger to give him the gait and I remembered a bout Persey telling him he smoaked sixty cigareets a day. Aney fella that smoaked that many pills betwene geting up in the morning and going to bed at nite I figgered couldent brake himself of the habit.

So I had an idear to go on in geting Roger to throw him off of the teme and it was this Gus. I would tell Roger that it would give the teme a bad naim with the fans and the noospaiper scribes that dident know nothing a bout Persey onely being with the club as a advertisument to see him braking the traneing rules that are lade down for all ball temes to foller by smoaking cigareets and the reezun it would be a bad thing for the Cubs was that peepul would think if one man on the teme was smoaking cigareets we was all doing it and that we wasent maiking no reel trye for the pennunt.

Well Gus this aftirnoon when I went out to the ball park thare was Persey just chasing in through the gait that ledes to the clubhouse and we was both of us lait on acct. of me haveing lade a waik so long the nite befoar thinking that I had slept rite thrue the morning when I did get to slepe and till past noon and we was going to play a dubbel heder beginning at one thirty and all.

I guess the reezun Persey was lait was becaws he wasent in the habit of geting up aney erleyer than a bout 12 Oh clock as a reggeler thing.

We both of us knowed that Fanny would be all redy out in the stand and we eech hurried up to bete the other out on the feeld like we had tryed to bete eech uther getting a way from the ball park the aftirnoon befoar onely we dident stop to try to hide our close from each uther this time we was in sutch a swet to get into our unieforms.

I got out of the clubhouse first and bete it acrost the feeld. But Persey was rite aftir me. The reezun I had got even a cuppel of fete hed start on him was that he had stoped to role one of them cigareets of his becaws I guess he must have all redy forgot what Roger had told him a bout fineing him if he caut him smoaking one of them agen whitch was onely a stall on Rogers part of coarse Gus for he wouldent have reely fined him for how could he when Persey wasent drawring no salery with the teme at all.

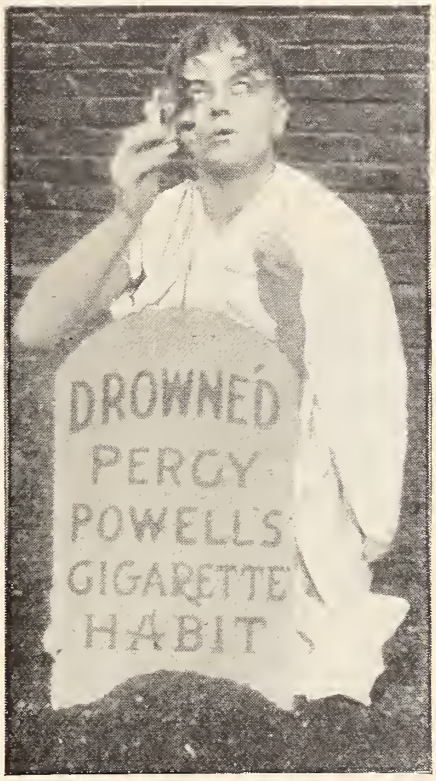
We both seen whare Fanny was seting in the stand and it was the saim plais whare she had ben setting the day befoar and we rushed up to her neck and neck and sed how do you do.

Rite a way Persey started roleing anuther cigareet.

I sed xcuse me for a minnit and I went over to Roger. I sed like as if I had just thot a bout it that minnit that he had aught to maik Persey quit smoaking cigareets or get off the teme for the reezun whitch I have told you Gus I doped out the night befoar when I was lyeing in bed thinking.

Roger seen the cents of what I told him rite a way and he went over to whare Persey was leneing agenst the stand talking to Fanny with the cigareet sticking out of his faice and he slaped it out of his mouth.

Dident I tell you yestiddy Roger ses to him in a sharp toan of voise that smoaking them undertakers pets was agenst the rules.



Persey bureys his sack of tobacker and cigareet paipers and puts the toom stone over them and neels down behind them.

I forgot a bout it ses Persey.

You forget a bout it oncet moar Roger ses to him and yule forget that you was ever a member of this teme becaws you wont have been with it long enuff for it to have maid no lasting impresshun on yure mind.

And then Roger walked a way.

I was fealing purty tickeled at the way things was brakeing just like I had figgered them out. When Roger ses a thing he genrully menes it and he had towld the yung fella that if he smoaked one moar cigareet he was thrue with the teme for good and that was just what I wanted to clere him out of my way to Fanny.

Purty soon I seen Perseys hand go towerds the front of his shirt in a sort of forgetful way and come out with a littel sack of tobacker. Then his other hand kind of wandered towerds his pants pockit and he hawled out a book of paipers for the rest of the maikings.

I sed to myself he will be off of this teme in a bout anuther minnit becaws I was figgering Gus on wating until he had got the cigareet roled and lited and then I was going to call Rogers attenshun to him.

But Roger looked a round at him too soon. Persey had got the cigareet maid but he hadent hawled out the match to lite it yet when he seen Roger watching him. He maid out like he was thinking a bout sumthing else and busted the cigareet up in his fingers and thrue the peaces onto the ground.

Roger caled acrost to me to start warmeing up with Humphries and Zabel and Vaughn so as he could pick out whitch one of us he wanted to go in and do the twirling for the first gaim that aftirnoon and so I dident have time to pay no more attenshun to Persey for the next five or ten minnits.

Then the gaim started and I went over to the bench becaws Roger had sent Humphries in to work and I looked a round for Persey but he wasent on the bench nor up a genst the stand talking to Fannie nether and I couldent see him nowhare.

He dident show up aftir the first ining nor the second and third and I was beginning to feel beter than ever becaws all at oncet the thot had struck me that likely he had got discouraged becaws Roger wouldent let him smoak no cigareets and he had gone and quit the teme of his own ackord rather than do without them pills of his that he was all the time roleing.

It was the middel of the fifth and I got up off the bench and started to walk a round to the outfeeld and sit down up agenst the fense in the sun. I took a look up at the grandstand to see if Fanny was still thare and I seen her all rite. But I seen sumthing else two.

The stand was a fire way back on top at leste that was what I thot from the smoak that was poreing out thare and I yelled to the fellas and the gaim

stoped wile thay all run in off the feeld to help put out what thay thot was a fire in the stand the saim as what I had.

Sum of the Giunts took down the fire hose off of the stand and sum of our teme fastened it onto the hydrant and then me and Zimmerman and Saier and Good started up towerds whare the smoak was pouring out thicker than ever from the top setes of the stand wile the crowd was standing up all xsited and watcheing to see us put what we thot was the fire out.

Gus it wasent no fire at all.

We found that out when we got to whare the smoak was coming from and just befoar we got thare Zim had held up his hand so as the fellas down whare the hydrant was at could see him and that was the signul we had maid up for them to tern the water on.

We looked in thrue the smoak and seen Persey sitting thare with a cigareet in his face and a lot of buts a round him on the flore.

Aftir Roger had told him that if he caut him smoaking a cigareet a gen he would fire him off of the teem he had gone up in the stand whare he figgered Bresnahan couldent see him and started to stele a few inhails becaws he couldent kepe a way from them coffin nalcs of hisn.

Well Gus we terned the hose on the poor nut and that maid him jump up and drop the cigareet he was smoaking. We went rite on sokeing him with the water and he tryed to run a way from the cold bath he was geting. He climbed up one of the bemes of the stand to the roof with us kepeing the hose terned on him all the time. Then he run acrost the roof to the front of the stand and grabed a hold of one of the bemes thare to slide down onto the feeld.

And that was when sum of the uther fellas off of both temes got bizzy with anuther hose that thay fastened onto anuther one of the hydrunts and thay sent a streme up to Persey as he started to slide down the beme that went on with the sokeing we had gaiv him rite whare we left off when hc got out of our rainge by going up onto the roof.

He come down the beme under a stedy streme of ice cold water all the way. When he landed on the grownd he sat thare for a minnit tryeing to get his breth and the water out of his eyes and then he ran over to Bresnahan. I broak the rules and smoaked anuther cigareet aftir you told me not to he panted to Roger. But will you give me anuther chancet and not throw me off of the teme if I promus you I wont never smoak a cigareet agen.

One moar chancet ses Roger is all Ile give you.

Thats all I need ses Persey. Wate until aftir the gaim he ses and Ile show you that I mene it. And Gus when we come in to the clubhouse a cuppel of hours laiter Persey was wateing thare for us with a bord all fixt up and he took us out and had us watch him wile he buryed his littel sack of tobacker and paipers in the grownd. Then he put the bord up over it and on it he had wrote Drowned Perseys cigareet habit and he ses to Roger thats buryed now and is no moar.

So it seams Gus that my idear of geting him throwed off of the teme so that Fanny couldent see him out on the feeld with me has fell thrue. But who would have thot that he would brake himself of the cigareet habit all for a girl whitch is what he wants to stay with the teme for and at that he must think a lot of Fanny and no kiding.

But he dont think no moar about her than I do and so I aint thrue with my race with him yet by a good dele to see whitch one of us finully cops her out. Ile write a gen soon Gus and let you know how things are going betwene him and me but you can put a peace of money down now that I am going to win out in the long run and not stand no chancet of loseing yure bet. You know me hay Gus.

Yure pal

Bugs.

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

A MILLIONAIRE Chinaman in Milwaukee is building a picure-play house to be called the Toy Theater, and he can usc the name without being accused of imitation, for his name is Charley Toy, and the Cream City claims hc is the first of his race in America to accumulate a million.

What Brady, the old-time photographer, did for America in the sixties, in making negatives of war scenes, which are now the most valued relics of the Rebellion in Washington, the moving-picture camera is going to do for the English government in taking photographs of the events at the front to be preserved in the British museum.

What is said to be one of the greatest lobby displays ever made is the ingenious idea furnished by the Sing Sing Feature Film Company, 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, to advertise its exclusive scenes of the electrocution of the last gunman, with an electric chair and the convicts in their gray garb.

The Equity Motion Picture Company, Strand Theater Building, New York, announcè that they are to make a specialty of vaudeville hits in picture plays, with Billy B. Van and the Beaumont Sisters as the stars.

White-slave films have been the record breakers, and the four-reel sensation just released by Vic's Big Hits, 145 West Forty-fifth Street, New York, is a top-notcher in that line, as it is indorsed by the clergy.

In a recent lawsuit it was testified to that Charles Chaplin drew a salary of twelve hundred dollars a week; William Farnum, one thousand dollars, and Marguerite Clark, nine hundred dollars. Who wouldn't be a headliner in the movies?

There are nine hundred and fifty motion-picture theaters in New York, and in the line of amusements the public dance hall comes in a good second, with seven hundred and ninety-one places where one can fox-trot.

In his new play, "Home Again," James J. Corbett will use a reel of films showing himself sparring. This is said to be the first time it was ever attempted to combine "movies" and "talkies" in a dramatic production.

The New York *Herald* loses a good man in having John C. Flinn step out of its dramatic department to become publicity adviser to Jesse L. Lasky. He will promote the Feature Play Company's productions at the New York end of the business.

A Night Out: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

Can you imagine Charlie Chaplin, in his familiar battered derby, little short coat and baggy trousers, with his wits and his tongue twisted by too much to drink? Can you picture him, thus befuddled, finding a strange young woman under his bed at the hotel into which he had gone to snatch a few hours' rest in the middle of his "night out?" Of course the girl had a husband. And of course there was a mix-up, in which Charlie got into enough trouble to make your sides ache with laughter. But don't try to imagine it. Read this story, based on the Essanay comedy of the same title, and see for yourself why Charlie Chaplin is called the "funniest man in the world."

CHARLIE CHAPLIN had been looking on the wine when it was pink, violet, green, and yellow; in other words, he had just consumed sixteen poussé cafés.

It was a silly drink for him to pick out. That is to say, it would have been a silly drink for him to pick out if he had had anything to do with its selection. He had not done so, as a matter of fact. His lifelong pal—a man on whom he had never set eyes before that night incidentally—had chosen the rainbow-hued and innocent-appearing, but highly explosive, drink for him. And Charlie, as he mounted the steps of the hotel, was—well, he was not what a truthful person could have called exactly sober.

His pal had preceded him fifteen minutes before to the room in that hotel which he and Charlie had engaged earlier in the evening; at least, he had said something about going there to "take forty winks before curfew rings, and the big time starts on Broadway."

But now, due to those sixteen multicolored drinks with which Charlie had surprised, and temporarily stunned, his stomach, Charlie forgot that he was stopping there—what, indeed, he had come into the place for at all.

Stopping at the desk, he groped vainly with his foot for a rail upon which to rest it.

The clerk who had given Charlie and his new-found friend their key had gone off duty since then. The proprietor of the hotel himself was in charge of the desk. Failing to find the rail for which he was seeking, Charlie found something else—the bottle of ink beside the open register—and he lifted it to his lips and was about to drain it.

"Here, here!" exclaimed the owner of the hotel, depriving him of the inkwell in the nick of time. "That's not to drink, you idiot: it's put there to sign your name with in this book; that is, if you want a room here."

Laughing pleasantly at his own mistake, Charlie murmured something to the effect that a room was one thing above all others he wanted just then. The proprietor handed him the pen, and Charlie dipped it in the ink and stirred it vigorously around.

Then, drawing the register toward him, he shook the surplus of ink from the pen—onto the hotel owner's shirt front.

The latter expostulated. But Charlie paid no heed to him. He was absorbed in a critical examination of the pen point. He wiped it off on the proprietor's beard. Again the latter started to protest. But once more Charlie ignored him. Dipping the pen into the ink a second time, his brows were knit



Charlie Chaplin looked longingly at the girl; unconscious of the fact that the head waiter was looking—just as longingly—at him.

in a frown of concentration as he began to inscribe his signature upon the page of the register before him.

Meanwhile, a heavily veiled girl or woman—the thickness of the veil prevented one from hazarding even a guess as to her age, or what her face was like—had entered the hotel lobby. She came to the pillar directly behind Charlie, and, propping one foot upon the leather seat around it, bent down to attend to a refractory shoe lace.

Charlie, in the physical and mental efforts he was making to sign his name, backed into her.

Looking around, with a start, he lifted his hat to the fair unknown and flashed her his friendly smile. Then, turning around to the register once more, he attempted to back into her again.

But the veiled object of his questionable attentions, having completed the retying of her shoe, was no longer there. Charlie sprawled on the floor of the lobby, bringing the hotel register with him. Lying there at full length, with the book open before him, Charlie mechanically finished writing his name in it, his eyes meanwhile following the lady whose unexpected removal of her presence from his immediate proximity had been responsible for his downfall, as she moved slowly across the lobby, looking back at him over her coyly shrugging shoulder.

Picking himself up, Charlie zigzagged, rather than walked, up to her. He raised his hat by the back of the brim.

"Won't you let a little sunshine filter into this dull place," he gallantly requested, "by raising your veil?"

She promptly obliged.

"O-o-oh!" breathed Charlie, wincing as he looked on a long nose, a sallow complexion, two cross eyes, and a mouthful of gold teeth. Reaching up, he pulled the veil down over her face again as if it had been a shade. "Good *night!*"

Then, holding onto the sides of his derby with both hands, as though the sight of that ultrahomely countenance behind the veil had made not only his head, but the hat above it, ache, he turned sharply around and marched stiffly away on his heels.

Charlie found that his pal, whose acquaintance he had first made in the barroom where the poussé café had been introduced to Charlie's wondering, and at the same time protesting, digestive apparatus, was not in the hotel room.

His unexplained absence did not worry Charlie. The sight of the bed reminded him that he was very weary, and, despite the fact that it was still early in the evening, he prepared to retire.

With his coat off, Charlie went around looking for a place to hang it. He placed it on the wall where a hook should have been, and turned away. The garment dropped to the floor. Again, and yet again, Charlie, weaving his way unsteadily about the room, placed the coat upon the wall, only to have it fall in a heap at his feet. Finally, he thrust the coat unwittingly through the window, and when he let go of it it did not fall on the floor—but onto the sidewalk, three stories below.

Having thus satisfactorily—to him—got rid of the problem of where to hang that much of his clothing, Charlie did not invite a further one by seeking a place to hang up the rest of his garments, but let them lie scattered about the floor as fast as he took them off.

Only his little bamboo cane was he careful of. He put that in the bed, adjusting its handle tenderly on the pillow, and drew the sheet up over it.

Then in his pajamas, and with his toothbrush and a tube of dentrifice in his hands, he stepped into the bathroom adjoining.

Squeezing the tube of tooth paste above the toothbrush, Charlie sought to drop the long, serpentine coil of aromatic paste which the pressure of his fingers released from the mouth of the tube upon the surface of the brush. With his head bent over the task, and slowly teetering from his heels to his toes, and back to his heels again, paste and brush persistently missed connections. At last he was successful; the paste fell upon the bristles, and continued to fall upon them, until what looked like the filling of a charlotte russe was heaped upon the brush. But by that time Charlie had forgotten what he had brought the brush for. Lifting one foot to the edge of the white tile washstand, he proceeded to shine his shoe. And then, his eyes lifting to the shelf above, he noticed that the white paint in which it had originally been finished, to match the other fixtures in the bathroom, had become sadly chipped and worn away.

Lowering his foot, Charlie set to work, with all an artist's absorption in the task, to paint the edge of the shelf with the remainder of the tooth paste on his toothbrush.

It was just at this time that a man and his wife and their pet collie arrived at the hotel, unknown to Charlie Chaplin. They were assigned to a room on the third floor also, and directly across the hall from him. The husband—he was a powerfully built, black-browed individual with an undershot, "fighting" jaw—went out, leaving his wife and the dog alone together in the room.

Donning a suit of pajamas, too, in preparation for retiring, she began to romp with the collie.

The dog, seizing one of her slippers, ran round and round the room, refusing to yield to her repeated, half-laughing commands that he drop the slipper. And then, before she could stop him, the collie bolted out of the room and ran into Charlie's across the hall.

The wife of the bull-necked and dour-visaged man went after the frolicsome canine. The dog had gone under Charlie's bed with the slipper. Dropping on her hands and knees, she crawled under after him. As she did so, the collie—still with the slipper between his grinning jaws—ran out and dashed back into the room across the hall from which he had come, and at the same moment Charlie Chaplin came back from the bathroom.

In his pajamas, and with his battered derby hat still perched on top of his bushy hair, Charlie sat down on the side of the bed and interestedly watched the room spinning round and round him.

He raised his hand weakly toward his brow; it paused six inches away from it.

Not hearing him stir, the wife of the thickset individual, who had been caught under Charlie's bed by his unexpected return to the room, had seized that moment to escape from her unhappy position. And Charlie, happening to glance down at that moment, had seen a woman's head protruding from beneath his bed.

Instantly, meeting his surprised gaze, she drew her head back out of sight.

Charlie stared about him bewilderedly.

"I could understand," he murmured, "my seeing two of us in the room. But one of us couldn't be a girl. Have I

got 'em—or did I really see her head sticking out under the bed?"

Charlie swung his feet up onto the side of it, and sat there with his arms locked around his knees—waiting. He put out one hand, after a moment or so, and poked it inquiringly under the bed. Farther and farther under the bed he thrust his hand, and farther and farther off his balance he leaned on top of it. He toppled over on the floor on all fours, his derby rolling half under the bed.

And, looking beyond it, Charlie gazed into the angrily flushed face of the fair intruder upon the privacy of his bedroom.

Charlie waved a gay greeting to her.

"One, two, three for you!" said he. "I've found you, and now it's your turn to be It while I hide."

The girl scrambled out from under the bed, and, screening herself from Charlie's gaze with the two pillows from the bed, backed away from him.

"Go away!" she ordered him.

Charlie, sitting on the floor, looked up at her.

"Aren't you forgetting," said he, "whose room this is?"

"Go away!" repeated the girl.

"If I were in your room," Charlie pointed out to her, "you could order me to do so. But you're not in your room. As it happens, you're in mine. I could tell you to do the same thing—go away—if I wanted to. But I'm not sure that I do. I think I like to have you around."

The girl's husband, meanwhile, had come back to their room and found her gone from it. He went downstairs to the proprietor behind the desk, bawling his wife's name in no uncertain tones as he went, to demand of the owner of the hostelry immediate information as to the whereabouts of his spouse.

"I don't know where your wife is," the hotel proprietor told him.

The husband started wildly back upstairs again.

"She won't know where she is, either," he made the forbidding assertion, for her absence had angered him through and through, "when I get hold of her!"

In the hall outside the room in which his wife and Charlie Chaplin were confronting each other, the brawny man shouted her name again.

"Maria! Maria!"

Charlie, hearing the thunderous voice intoning that word over and over in the passageway without, looked inquiringly at the girl before him.

"Does your name happen to be Maria?" he inquired.

The girl answered grimly:

"It is. And that's my husband calling me."

Charlie turned and opened the door a crack. Through the crack he looked out into the hall. He caught a glimpse of the six-foot, muscular man as he rushed by in search of his mysteriously strayed wife. Instantly Charlie closed the door again.

He leaned back against it, and from an upright posture slid down along its panels to a sitting one upon the floor.

"He," Charlie faltered to the girl, "he's a—a big man, isn't he?"

"He is," said the girl, through tight-pressed lips, still grimly.

"Don't you think you'd better go back," Charlie suggested, "to your own room?"

The girl laughed a short, bitter laugh of derision.

"And run smack into him?" she questioned. "No, I don't think I'd better do that—and it wouldn't be the best thing that could happen to you, either, if I was such a fool as to let him see me coming out of this door."

Charlie lifted himself slowly from the floor, and opened the door for an inch or so once more. Then he closed the door again, and turned to face the girl.

"The coast is clear!" he informed her.

It was the truth. Her husband had run downstairs again, having failed to find his wife in their room, to inquire a second time of the proprietor if he knew anything of her whereabouts.

"If he isn't in the hall," the girl suggested to Charlie, "he may be waiting for me in our room."

"No, for the door is standing open," Charlie reassured her on that point. "He must have gone downstairs. And now's your chance to skip back where you came from without a soul the wiser—if you're afraid to go alone, I'll go with you."

She drew herself up at the suggestion, born in his fuddled senses, and essayed to freeze him with a haughty stare.

"If you dare!" she threatened.

And, opening the door of Charlie Chaplin's room, and peering out into the hall to satisfy herself that the coast *was* clear, as he had said, she dashed back into the room from which she had come.

She gave an exasperated exclamation as she turned to close the door. Charlie Chaplin stood on the threshold of her room.

"I'm with you," he assured her, with a smile, "to the finish."

"Go back where you came from," she warned, "or, if my husband catches you here, it will mean *your* finish."

"You don't want me around?" asked Charlie, as though trying to get the matter straight in his mind.

"I certainly don't!" she replied emphatically.

"Don't want to tell me the story of your life and listen to mine?" went on Charlie.

"No!" said the girl.

"You don't like me at all, then?" Charlie asked her.

"Will—you—get—out—of—here?"

Charlie nodded gravely, and walked to the bed.

"Good night," he said politely.

And, sitting down on the side of the bed, he thrust his legs under the covers, laid his head on the pillow, and settled himself to go to sleep.

The wife of the stalwart man ran to him and shook his shoulder.

"Get up and go back to your own room!" she exclaimed. "If my husband should come back here, as he's likely to do any minute, and find you——" She broke off with a gasp of alarm.

From the hall outside rose the thunderous tones of her husband's voice once more, growing momentarily nearer.

"Maria! Maria!"

The girl looked from the door outside which her lord and master was roaring her name to Charlie Chaplin in the bed, and backed away, trembling.

"Oh, dear! Now you can't get out!"

The only answer she received was a gentle snore from the bed.

At that moment there was a pounding on the door. It announced the arrival outside it of her husband. The girl wrung her hands at the helplessness of her position. She could not wake Charlie Chaplin, who was slumbering as peacefully as a child in the bed. And if she did, how could she get him out of the room, with her husband standing in front of its door?

"Maria! Maria!" shouted the burly man.

Once more the pounding sounded on the door.

She did the only thing she could to get out of her dilemma, or to make an attempt to. Running to the bed, she pulled the sheet up over Charlie, thus concealing him from view. And then she went to the door, pausing to throw an apprehensive look over her shoulder at the mound under the sheet to mark

"In that case," said her husband, with grim irony, "I'd better sit down to listen to it."

He crossed to the bed. And, seating himself upon it, he sat down on top of Charlie Chaplin's recumbent form under the sheet. Slowly, with his eyes fixed accusingly upon his wife, the powerfully built man rose. He turned and took hold of the top of the sheet between

band pulled Charlie out of the bed by the collar of his pajama coat.

"What d'ye mean?" he demanded of Charlie. "What're you doing in here? Answer me?"

Charlie smiled deprecatingly:

"I was sleeping," he answered, "when you woke me up."

The man, who was twice as big as he was, snorted in inarticulate rage.



Charlie made no move to go to the assistance of his pal, who had gotten into the mix-up solely on his account.

where Charley lay, opened the door. With a face as black as a thundercloud, her husband strode into the room.

"Where have you been?" he demanded.

His wife backed away before his lowering gaze.

"Why—why——" she faltered.

"Speak up! Where were you?"

"Why, I—I'll tell you, Horace," she explained. "It—it's a long story."

his finger and thumb, and pulled it back. Charlie lay revealed under it.

Opening one eye, Charlie inquired sleepily of nobody in particular:

"Is it seven o'clock yet?"

With a roar, whose duplication, once or twice every hour, would have drawn crowds flocking to a circus side show in which he was enacting the rôle of a Wild Man of Borneo, the girl's hus-

"Why," said Charlie, looking aroun him in pretended surprise, "why—th isn't my room! I've made a mistak I beg your pardon, I'm sure!"

He started to walk to the door. Tl thickset man aimed a blow at hir which Charlie ducked. In a bound, l reached the door and threw it ope Across the hall he ran toward his ow door—with the burly man after him.

The latter chased Charlie around the bed in the room from which he had wandered into the one across the hall that shared by the burly individual and his wife.

Charlie succeeded in dodging him, and ran out across the hall and into the other room again.

Here the girl's husband followed him, and chased him around the bed from which he had dragged Charlie. Back across the hall once more, and into his own room, Charlie ran. But he could not shake off his persistent pursuer. There was only one way that he could hope to do so. And that way Charlie took.

He dove, headfirst, out of his bedroom window.

Fortunately, a passer-by broke his fall on the sidewalk three stories below. It is a well-known fact that those under the influence of alcohol are strangely impervious to injury. That is why Charlie rose from his collision with the pedestrian on whose shoulders he had descended from the air, unharmed. And why, also, the person who had received his weight thus unexpectedly likewise scrambled up unhurt.

The person was his pal.

"I was just coming to look for you," the latter informed Charlie Chaplin, embracing him. "Come on; let's go get a drink."

Linking arms with the other, Charlie drew him toward the entrance of the hotel.

"Come up to the room with me while I get dressed," said he, "and then I'm with you. I need a drink—after what I've just gone through."

Ten minutes later, Charlie and his sworn friend, arm in arm again, marched out of the hotel and wove their way unsteadily up the street toward the swinging doors of the nearest café.

They had a drink in there.

Then they went somewhere else and had another.

And, after that, they went into a third café and had one more.

By that time, only the fact that they were linked arm in arm together prevented them from toppling over.

Charlie's pal waxed merrier the more he drank. The world was colored with the liquor he had imbibed; all was rosy. He announced that he felt a desire to sing stealing over him. The next moment he had launched into a rendition of "It's a Long Way to Tipperary" in a cracked and wavering tenor, as he and Charlie zigzagged along the street.

Charlie himself was in a thoughtful mood. From the sober expression on his face, and his unbroken silence, he seemed to be revolving some deep and weighty matter in his mind—his gravity was as marked as his companion's exuberance of spirits.

Before the entrance of a brilliantly lighted restaurant, Charlie's pal halted, which meant that perforce Charlie halted, too.

"Let's go in here," proposed his companion. "C'mon!"

Charlie allowed himself to be guided, without resistance, into the glittering lobster palace. A waiter escorted them to a table, and hovered about them, with his pencil poised above his pad to take their order.

"Two beers," ordered Charlie's pal.

Charlie nodded gravely.

"And something to eat," he added.

"Sure," echoed his pal. "Something to eat. "Fish balls. And liver and bacon. And a whole lemon-meringue pie. Don't forget the beers."

The waiter departed, an awed expression on his face, as his eyes were fixed upon the order he had just been given.

Charlie's companion slapped him between the shoulders.

"Ain't this a great little place, eh?" he asked gayly.

Charlie lifted his hand to his brow unsteadily.

"We're the two sports who are having a high old time to-night—eh, what?" went on the other, slapping him jovially on the back again. "You stick to me, and I'll stick to you, and we'll both stick till the lights go out!"

And he laughed uproariously at his own wit.

At the table beside them sat a Frenchman. Faultlessly attired in a high silk hat, a frock coat, and spats, the noise Charlie's pal was making appeared to displease him, as he sat sipping a glass of wine which was more in keeping with the place than the beer which the waiter had just brought Charlie and his companion.

Charlie lifted his glass, and thoughtfully blew the foam off it onto the carpeted floor. Then, with the same air of thoughtfulness, he took a pull at the glass.

At that moment his pal slapped him between the shoulder blades again.

The beer, which Charlie had not yet swallowed, left his lips in a stream such as might have jutted out of a siphon of vichy—and went squarely into the Frenchman's eye.

The foreigner rose and raised his hat stiffly to Charlie.

Charlie falteringly returned the salute, without arising. Then, picking up the half loaf of bread which the waiter had brought them, he tore off a chunk of the crust and threw it over his shoulder, preparatory to eating the soft part.

The crust of bread struck the Frenchman on his other eye. Again he sprang up. "I will pull your nose, m'sieu," he blurted threateningly to Charlie, "if you insult me again."

At the Frenchman's belligerent tone, Charlie's pal was on his feet in a moment. The next, he was standing before the foreigner, between him and Charlie.

"Don't you hit my pal!" he warned the Frenchman. "Hit me."

The Frenchman drew himself up, and shrugged disdainfully.

"I do not care to make a scene in a public restaurant," said he, "by striking you. But I shall complain to the head waiter, and have you thrown out of here—as you deserve."

He walked stiffly away to carry out his intention.

Now, the head waiter of that fashionable eating place happened to be the husband of the girl with whom Charlie had had all the trouble earlier in the evening. He came back at the Frenchman's heels.

"This is the person," said the latter haughtily, pointing to Charlie's pal.

The burly head waiter walked up to him.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked leniently. "Can't you behave yourself?"

Charlie's defender in the argument which had started between him and the Frenchman bristled militantly before the head waiter, as he had in front of the foreigner.

"Hit me!" he invited the head waiter. "Go on and hit me!"

The head waiter's brows lowered.

"Don't get gay now," he advised, "or I *will* hit you."

"Hit me!" urged Charlie's pal. "Go on—hit me!"

The head waiter obliged him promptly. Charlie's friend went sailing through the air, and landed in a heap at the

foot of the staircase beyond the fountain which played in the center of the restaurant.

Scrambling up, he walked unsteadily back to the head waiter.

"Hit me!" he repeated. "Hit me again!"

The head waiter accommodated him a second time. And, a second time, Charlie's pal went back through the air once more, to land at the foot of the staircase.

He picked himself up, and fairly ran back to the head waiter in his eagerness.

"Hit me," he begged, "just once more!"

The head waiter, seizing him by one shoulder, pushed him back against the wall. Then, with his other hand, he slapped him, first on one cheek, and then on the other, four or five times.

Meanwhile, Charlie Chaplin, who was the cause of all the trouble, sat at the table, his little bamboo cane held between his legs, looking thoughtfully before him into space. The head waiter glanced around at him. Charlie, at the same time, looked over his shoulder toward the thickset man who was slapping his pal's face.

Charlie smiled and nodded at him pleasantly, as much as to say, "Hit him as much as you like; don't mind me, old chap."

Releasing Charlie's pal, the head waiter pointed to Charlie, whom he did not recognize, now that he had changed his pajamas for his street clothes, as the man he had chased out of his wife's room earlier in the evening, and said:

"Why don't you try to be nice like your friend? Go back and sit down with him and behave yourself. Or, if you don't, I'll have to put you out of here."

But Charlie's pal, who had revealed himself as a glutton for punishment, wasn't satisfied yet, it seemed.

"Throw me out!" he begged, pushing himself up against the head waiter and looking into the latter's face as appealingly as a dog at his master who holds a bone. "Go on and throw me out!"

The head waiter lost his patience.

"All right," said he, "out you go!"

And, turning him around, he took hold of him by the back of his collar and the seat of his trousers, and ran him up the staircase. At its top landing, pointing him in the direction of the main entrance of the restaurant, the head waiter gave him a push that sent him flying through the air again, to land, this time, on the sidewalk outside the eating place.

Meanwhile, the person for whom the Frenchman had been waiting alone at his table came in and sat down beside him. The person was a girl, and a very pretty one, as Charlie, sitting near by, was not too far gone to recognize.

He smiled at the girl, who paid no attention to him.

Engaged in explaining to the Frenchman the reason for her delay in keeping her appointment with him, she swung the hand bag which she carried with her to and fro in her hand.

There was a little tassel on the end of the bag. And, in its swinging, the tassel tickled the end of Charlie's nose. He blinked, and looked down at the thing as it touched his nose again.

The girl, lowering her arm, so that the bag no longer swung near Charlie's face, continued to swing it back and forth. Charlie, sitting farther down in his chair, slowly opened his knees and watched the bag carefully. As it swung toward him, he snapped his knees shut in an endeavor to catch it.

He missed. He tried again. The same result rewarded his efforts. Then, a third time, he attempted to imprison the bag between his knees, and this time he succeeded.

As the girl tried to swing the bag back, and couldn't, she looked sharply around to see what was holding it, and met Charlie's smile.

"How do you do?" he murmured to her, raising his battered derby by the back of its brim.

She pulled her hand bag out from between his knees, with a haughty lift of her shoulders, and turned back to the Frenchman.

Charlie leaned toward the pair, and began to listen to the story the Frenchman was telling her. He smiled and nodded at each minor point in the recital which the foreign gentleman was making. Finally, when the Frenchman reached the climax of his tale, Charlie, laughing heartily, expressed his approval to the girl by slapping her vigorously between the shoulders.

She bounced around and glared at Charlie, and then appealed to her escort.

The Frenchman, rising, tipped his hat stiffly to Charlie again. And once more Charlie returned the salute without rising.

"This is insufferable!" the Frenchman declared. "The second time I have been annoyed by this—this person! I shall complain at once to the head waiter of him. He shall put him out of here as he did his companion. 'One moment mademoiselle, while I go to see the head waiter. As for you——"

He turned to Charlie, and, drawing off one of his gloves, slapped him across the face with it five or six times in rapid succession.

Charlie coughed behind his hand. He turned to the table beside him. The waiter had brought the food which he and his pal had ordered, and Charlie's eyes fell on the lemon-meringue pie. Picking it up, he poised it on his hand.

And then he threw it at the Frenchman, and the pastry caught the latter squarely in the eyes. The doughy mass of pie covered his face, entirely obscuring the vision of one eye, and plugging his mouth temporarily against speech.

Wheeling, he rushed off blindly to find the head waiter.

Charlie, turning and wabbling off in the opposite direction, reached the fountain. The sight of the water in the basin reminded him that now was as good a time as any for him to perform his ablutions.

Standing at the fountain's brink, Charlie removed his coat and rolled up the sleeves of his shirt. He washed his face, using his handkerchief as a washcloth, and being careful to do his neck and behind his ears.

Then, wadding the wet handkerchief up in his hands, he threw it over his shoulder behind him.

At that moment the head waiter had returned at the Frenchman's heels, to settle Charlie as he had his pal before him. He was looking around for him when the handkerchief came flying through the air.

It landed with a wet "plop!" in the middle of his face.

Looking in the direction from which the sopping handkerchief had come, the head waiter saw Charlie at last, and started toward him.

Meanwhile, pulling up one of the leaves of the pond lilies in the basin of the fountain, Charlie examined its roots and found it covered with a number of fibrous minor roots. He swished it around in the water, and then brushed his teeth with it.

Bending over as he did so, he was

naware of the fact that the head waiter tood in back of him.

The latter, as Charlie straightened up, anded him his derby. Charlie took it ithout looking around, and clapped it n his head. Then the head waiter anded him his little bamboo cane. harlie took that with the same in-ifference—taking the person who was anding him his things to be a coat-oom attendant.

The head waiter, picking up his coat, eld it out for Charlie to put on. And harlie did so. Then, feeling in his ocket for a tip, he extracted a nickel nd turned to hand it to the person ehind him.

He started as he saw the head waiter owering at him.

The next moment, with a single sweep f his mighty right arm, the latter had nocked Charlie through the air to the ot of the same staircase at which his al had sprawled three separate and stinct times before.

Picking himself up, Charlie came back ward the head waiter.

As he did so, the latter started to pull ff his coat. Charlie took one look at e bulging biceps of the big man, and his powerful neck and his fine chest pansion. He turned right around on s heels and started up the stairs as st as he could go—which was at a te of speed that was astonishingly pid, considering the fact that only his els touched the ground.

Walking outside the restaurant, Char- tripped over his pal, who still lay the sidewalk, where he had sprawled ter leaving the place at the head aiter's urging.

Charlie dragged him to his feet in ence. And then, arm in arm once re, they ambled back to the hotel.

Charlie's pal got the key of their room m the proprietor at the desk, and ey mounted to the third floor to-ther, Charlie's friend bending over in e hall to insert the key in their door. Charlie seated himself on that por-n of the other's body which was ust invitingly toward him as a resting ce, and swung his leg while he waited his friend to unlock the door.

At that moment the wife of the head iter came down the hall, fully essed, as she had just returned from ending to an errand that had taken up the street, and stopped to put key into the door of her room.

"Ah, there!" Charlie greeted her, with a smile and a tip of his derby.

She turned and favored him with a scornful glance. Then, opening her door, she stepped into the room and slammed the door in Charlie's face.

Charlie got off his friend's back. At that moment the latter had succeeded in unlocking their door, and the release of Charlie's weight from him sent him plunging, headfirst, into the room before him.

Charlie, ignoring him, went to the door through which he had just seen the girl pass. He looked up the hall. Then he looked down it. And then he bent over and looked through the keyhole of that door.

"Oh, my!" breathed Charlie, straightening.

He took off his hat, and fanned his face with it.

Then he bent over again and looked through the keyhole once more. He inserted the tip of his little finger into it, and removed a speck of dust which had got in the way of his vision. After which he applied his eye to the keyhole once more and held it there for two or three minutes.

Standing erect, Charlie coughed, as the banker on the stage always does before going in to the meeting of the board of directors to lay down the law to them—a cough that was designed to rally his fluttering courage to the point of going through with a step he had in mind.

Once more Charlie looked up and down the hall, stepping back from the door as he did so. He pulled down his vest and straightened his necktie and his derby, tucking his cane under his arm.

Then, stepping up to the door, he rapped briskly on it with his knuckles.

There was a pause. And then the door opened.

And out of it stepped the head waiter, who had returned to the hotel from the restaurant by a straighter course—literally and figuratively both—than Charlie and his pal had taken.

"Well?" growled the thickset man, fixing Charlie again with his baleful eye. "Looking for anything?"



The restaurant into which Charlie Chaplin and his pal had wandered was beginning to look as though a cyclone had struck it.

"Oh, no!" said Charlie hastily.

"You're sure of it, are you?" insisted the scowling man.

"Oh, yes; quite sure!" Charlie hurried to set all his doubts at rest on that point. "I—I'm—well, good night!" he finished weakly, and, turning, he marched into the room where his pal was already sound asleep on top of the bed where he had tumbled.

The head waiter followed Charlie into the room, and stood silently at his elbow. Charlie picked up his suit case from the floor and opened it. From the top of the bureau, he tossed his comb and brush and shaving things into the open valise. Then, without looking at the burly, broad-shouldered man who stood frowningly watching him, Charlie pulled open the bureau drawers and dragged out his pajamas, a change of linen, a shirt, collar, necktie, two handkerchiefs, and a pair of socks, and threw them, helter-skelter, into the suit case. After which he closed the grip and locked it. Most of the things were sticking out of the end of it.

Charlie walked to the door of the room and opened it.

The thickset man, in the same frowning silence, followed him to it right at his elbow. Charlie coughed dolefully. Then, with a shrug of his shoulders to the right and to the left, and shifting the position of his feet a few times, Charlie swung his arms out from his sides and let them fall to them again, turned, and walked out into the hall.

Still glued at his elbow, the husband of the girl followed him.

So he and Charlie went downstairs, and so they crossed the lobby to the desk. Charlie did not hesitate there to pay his bill; he left that for his dear old college chum, who was asleep upstairs, to settle when he should awake. The burly man halted there. But Charlie kept right on to the door. On its threshold he paused and looked bac over his shoulder.

"Looking for something?" the hea waiter inquired, starting toward him.

Charlie immediately turned.

"Oh, no!" he threw back over h shoulder. "Nothing at all—really!"

And he passed out of the door, an so out of the hotel. On the pavemei outside he set down his suit case an walked on for a few steps. Then, r membering that he had left the g behind him, he retraced those few ste and picked the suit case up again. wandered on up the sidewalk, with t sleeve of one shirt and the leg of pajamas trailing out of the suit c behind him.

Charlie Chaplin sighed.

"No more poussé cafeé for mine!" vowed earnestly. "I'll stick to drink cocktails made of nitroglycerin, w a stick of dynamite in for a cher after this—and avoid trouble."



If the Frenchman didn't know who had hit him, the head waiter did—and he glowered after Charlie Chaplin's retreating back

June Friday

(EDISON)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

It was her name—June Friday. At least the Friday was appropriate for her in consideration of the ancient superstition that it carries with it. Throughout her life June went from one misfortune to another, but always saw the end in a way not so unfortunate. At the beginning of her career in the country June Friday was quiet and unnoticed, but when, by a man using falsely the powers of love, she was brought to the city, things took place in rapid succession, and then began this story, taken from the Edison picture play of the same name, in which Gertrude McCoy is starred. The cast includes:

June Friday.....Gertrude McCoy
Paul Duncan.....Augustus Phillips
Thomas van Est.....Robert Conness

IT is all ghastly and terrible, but the most piteous thing of all is that the child must suffer for it more than any one else."

It was in these few words that Sarah Huntley, storekeeper in the little Southern town of Carlsdale, correctly summed up the whole of the worst scandal that the village had ever known.

In her arms the woman held a few-months-old infant, and, as she finished talking, her eyes fell sadly down upon the child's smiling face. That morning, when Miss Huntley had gone to the door to open for the day, she had found the baby lying on the step. She was surprised and horrified, and began to imagine many ways in which to account for the child's presence, but the truth came sooner than she expected when one of the townsmen rushed, panting, into the store.

"Oh, there she is!" he cried, in a tone of discovery, as he saw the infant folded tightly in Miss Huntley's embrace. "Well, that explains a lot, but it doesn't help anything much."

"Explains a lot about what?" she had inquired anxiously, for the story was a mystery to her yet; and then the villager told her all.

"Why," he offered in explanation, "last night Mrs. Blake decided to end her misery. You know, of course, that her husband was addicted to the drug habit, and treated her brutally. He started again last night, and his wife couldn't bear it any longer, so—so she"—the townsman sobbed when he reached this point—"she took her life. The story got out this morning, and old Blake was run out of town. No one knows where he's gone, and no one cares. Everybody was wondering what happened to the little girl, and I certainly am glad to find that she is safe."

It was then that Sarah Huntley remarked sorrowfully on the terribleness of it all, and added that "the most piteous thing is that the child will have to suffer more than any one else."

Although this was her firm belief, the storekeeper could not even realize to what extent her words would prove truthful before the life of the baby girl in her arms took a natural and peaceful course.

"Surely she is too nice to have to bear the name of such a rascal as Samuel Blake, and, as no one knows her first name, we shall have to find something else to call her," mused Sarah Huntley.

The result was that, after an all-day search of proper names, it was decided that the child, in recognition of the day and month in which the sad event in her life had happened, should be known as "June Friday." Sarah Huntley, with kind sympathy, resolved to keep the little girl as an adopted child, and to avoid any disgrace that might come of the unhappy affair by keeping the whole matter dark when the girl grew into a woman.

Eighteen years had gone by since the sorrowful termination of the home ties of the Blake family, when a young man, tall, thin, and with a handsome, but sallow and dissipated face, entered the door of Sarah Huntley's store, that was still the sole establishment of its kind in Carlsdale. A girl whose elder he was by but a few years, came from behind a counter to attend to his wants. The stranger looked at her graciously, and a smile flashed over his countenance.

"How do you do?" he greeted suavely. "I just came in to see if you could recommend a good place for me to stay while I am here for a two weeks' vacation. I have just arrived from the city, and do not know much about the place, except that it is very nice—and has very nice girls—or at least one, in it."

The storekeeper blushed visibly at the last remark, for it was plainly evident that it was pointed at her.

"Right next door," she replied to his question, trying to appear as though the reference to her had not been understood, "they put up boarders. It is a fine place, too, and——"

"Thank you very much," broke in the other, "and to whom may I be thankful for this information?" He apparently cared less for the knowledge of a boarding place than for her acquaintance, and did not wait for the recommendation of the house next door. It was next door, and that was all he evidently was interested in, for next door meant closer to the girl in the store than any other place he could find.

"June Friday," was the answer he received to his query.

June did not return the question, to his disappointment, but, nevertheless, he imparted his name.

"I am Paul Duncan, of New York," he told her, in a tone of importance. "I trust we shall see more of each

other." And then he turned and went to the boarding house.

Paul Duncan saw to it that the hope he had expressed of becoming better acquainted with June was carried out, and it was that very night that he took the first step in that direction. June was sitting on her own porch, with Sarah Huntley, who was now quite old, and exceedingly old-maidy. Having seen June for eighteen long years every day, her first sympathy and love had gradually worn down until she was the type of a mother that an unmarried old lady is usually pictured as in books and boy's minds. Her characteristic was strictness, and it was she, more than anything else, who brought about the early suffering that she had predicted for June, by her harshness and bossy manner.

As they were sitting silently on the porch together, Paul Duncan strolled over and introduced himself to June's guardian. His polite, experienced manner had the desired effect upon the elder woman, who immediately considered him as one of the most polished and finest young men she had ever seen. Through this he made an opportunity for securing permission to take June for a walk, and she, not seeing under the suaveness of his manner and the delicacy of his speech, was delighted at the prospect.

On that very night Paul won the innocent girl's favor, and on the following evening pushed his suit. It was less than a week after his arrival at Carlsdale that the young New Yorker, with wild, absorbing fiction tales, of his own manufacture, had planted the seed in the mind of June that grew into a lure of the great metropolis. Paul Duncan, hiding the corrupt nature that was his true self, then set about to carry out more of his treacherous aims. His next step was to win the love of the innocent, nonsuspecting country girl, and by his experience in matters of this kind, and his ability to paint the pictures of himself so much more appealingly than they were on their face, and by the ignorance of his intended victim, it was little trouble for him to kindle the flame of supposed love in the heart of June.

At the end of the fortnight that comprised his stay, Paul left for the city. His game had been played cleverly and well, and so, when he kissed June farewell at the station, on his departure, he knew that he should see more of her. Beforehand, he had thoughtfully given her his town address, and explained, in an indifferent way, but impressively, how he could be reached. Therefore, when he said good-by on boarding the train, he mentally added, with confidence, "for a while."

A week later, haunted by thoughts of Paul, and tortured by the strict ways of Sarah Huntley, June decided to leave, just as Duncan had predicted to himself. With no farewell but a note stating that she was going away, but without mention of where, June Friday left the town of her birth to stake her fortunes on the uncertain roulette wheel of city life.

Immediately upon her arrival in New York, June followed the directions that she had closely made note of when Paul Duncan had given them, and in less than an hour after stepping from the train she was in the arms of the profligate young man.

The first question, when they had grown serious—or rather when she had grown serious, for to Duncan it was all play—was how June should survive in the city.

"I must get some work," she said to him, "but what can I do? I don't know stenography, and I can't typewrite. Bookkeeping is as familiar to me as a position in a library, and——"

"I know where I can find you work, and easy work, at that," interrupted Paul tactfully, "and it will be no trouble for you to learn. How would you like to be a manicurist?"

"I wouldn't mind it," she replied, but added doubtfully, "but I've heard that most girls who work at that are——"

"Never mind what you've heard," broke in Duncan. "If you want to be all right, it is the easiest thing in the world. All you have to do is think of me, and how much we love each other, and you'll keep straight, all right."

"I suppose that is so," concluded June thoughtfully, "and I have to do something, anyway. Besides, we do love each other, don't we, dear?"

"Of course," replied Paul consolingly, but a smile played about his lying lips as he said it, "and after you are here a little while we may find something else for you to do, if everything turns out right. Keeping house—for me."

"Oh!" June sighed happily; but she was too overcome to say more.

Though eighteen years had meant much in the life of June Friday, to her father they had meant little. The drug habit, to which he was a skulking slave, had kept its grip on him, and when he left Carlsdale he had wandered at random from one place to another, until finally he reached the great city of New York, which was the natural destination for a man without ambition or aim. When Samuel Blake came to the city, what little money he had been able to earn by odd jobs during his wanderings was almost gone. He had no means of sustenance, and, naturally, he sought aid in the want columns of a newspaper that he found on a park bench.

Most of the advertisements were for positions of which he knew nothing, and which it would be useless for him to apply for. One, however, appealed to him. It was the only one which there was any hope of his obtaining, and it was for a valet. Arranging his clothes as attractively and neatly as such shabby garments could be arranged, he tried for the position, and secured it—as valet to Paul Duncan.

In the time that followed Samuel Blake and June saw each other frequently, though, of course, in total ignorance of each other's identity.

Therefore, it was in total ignorance of the immediate relation to him of the wrong he was doing that he accepted a proposition made later by his employer.

Paul Duncan continued to play the game with June, and, taking advantage of her true, innocent love for a man whom she thought as pure and good as herself, he made a proposal at length. The girl, with her whole heart accepted, for he had won her completely.

But Paul had first made preparations for the wedding, without her knowledge, and preparations that marked him as the scoundrel that he truly was. It was in making these arrangements that Paul Duncan had offered the proposition to Samuel Blake.

"She thinks that I love her," he explained to the valet, "and is willing to marry me. She also thinks that I'll marry her—the foolish girl! But I can't afford to enter into actual matrimony with any girl, and so, in order to make everything right, something has to be done. I'll tell you what it is, and you are the man to do it. I well know your addiction to the drug habit, and could discharge you in a minute, arranging at the same time, because of this failing

of yours, that you should not obtain work anywhere else. Therefore, if you refuse to do this for me, it will be to your own disaster. Here is your part of the game:

"You are to pose as a minister, and perform a marriage ceremony. The girl has seen you often, but has never paid any particular attention to you, and will not recognize you with a beard, or some other form of disguise.

"I shall find out the exact way in which a wedding is performed, and you shall learn it. When you have 'married' us there will be an increase in your salary, but you, of course, are to keep the whole matter quiet."

Blake's position was one in which there was no course to choose. Not knowing that the victim of the treachery was his own daughter, he agreed to the proposition, and set about to prepare himself to represent a member of the ministry for a day.

One of the first things that was brought to his attention was that two witnesses must necessarily be present at the marriage. If this essential were omitted, it would give room for suspicion on the part of June, and so Paul had to set about procuring the two men who were to be present. This proved no easy task, for he tried to keep the true nature of the ceremony a secret; but one of those who was to serve as a witness, in some inexplicable way learned that the whole affair was an illegal one. A few United States bank notes, however, silenced him quickly.

The marriage was performed without the least suspicion arising in the mind of the innocent June. No thought of deception entered her brain, for she trusted her supposed husband with all the loyalty that a good wife should, and she thought that she was a good wife.

For several weeks things progressed well; that is, as well as could be expected. Paul, June soon found, was not quite as ideal a husband as she had supposed, but his faults and maltreatment which he kept as subdued as posble, were passed over by her as eccentricities. Her love was true, and with that she was content.

About a fortnight after the illegal ceremony, when Paul was seated in his office, in his uncle's manufacturing establishment, where he was employed, an office boy brought in the card of a stranger, and Duncan announced that he would see the caller. Much to his astonishment and consternation, when the man was shown in, Paul recognized in him the only man, besides himself and Samuel Blake, who was aware of the illegality of his marriage to June Friday, namely, the witness of the ceremony who had discovered that the affair was a framed one.

"What can I do for you?" asked Paul, as pleasantly as his inward anger would permit.



"You scoundrel," he cried in the voice of a maniac, "you've come to get her—but I'll get you instead!"

"Oh," drawled the other indifferently, "about a thousand dollars."

"What!" snapped Paul at the words.

The man repeated, and added coldly, and with finality, that if his demand was not complied with he would inform June of the deception, and also make the matter public. There was no alternative for Paul.

Just as the blackmailer finished repeating his demands, the door leading to the outer office opened slowly and quietly. The person who had swung it stood silently on the threshold listening to the conversation. At length he stepped into the room.

"So," came in a gruff voice from the newcomer, "that is the story, eh? Well, it's a good thing for me to know."

Paul and the man with whom he was talking started in terror at the voice, and, as they turned, a low, sharp cry came from the lips of the former, for he recognized his uncle, Arnold Duncan.

There was nothing said by any one in the room for more than a minute, and the tension was finally broken by the owner of the establishment.

"I have heard enough," he informed his nephew, "to understand all the facts in relation to your marriage to Miss June Friday. I have also learned that this man wishes a thousand dollars as a compensation for keeping the matter a secret.

"The loss of such an amount of money will mean a lot to you, but the publication of the truth would mean a great deal more. I will avoid both difficulties for you on one condition. That is that you give up this girl, inform her of the truth, and leave for South America, where I will give you a position in that end of the business. Do you accept? If you do, I shall pay this blackmailer his money now."

Paul Duncan shrank at his uncle's words. His whole scheme and rascally deception were being shattered. Then he thought of June, and what it would mean to her, but no sympathy did he feel for her. The yellow that tainted his character arose, and was evident in his cowardly reply:

"All right," he told his uncle, turning away and looking into space. "I'll go."

The following evening, when the time arrived at which Paul was accustomed to return from business, in his stead came a messenger boy. He handed her a letter.

"Mr. Duncan gave me this during the morning, and told me to deliver it to you to-night," he informed her, and departed.

June, with trembling fingers, tore open the envelope. She wondered what it could be, and why her husband had given the strange order. Unfolding the paper, she began to read, and her face grew pale and horrified:

"Dear June: As things have turned out, I am forced to tell you what I never intended that you should know—you are not my wife. It may seem strange to you, in your narrow, innocent brain, but it is true. I saw that you were nothing but a foolish little girl from the country, and could be worked easier than any one I could ever find in the city, so ever since I left, after the first night we met, I decided to play the game. Our marriage was all a farce, and the minister who performed it was just an ordinary person.

By the time you receive this I will be under sail for South America, and you will probably never see me again. Don't take it too hard, though, for it is best for you, after all, because if we were together always——

You don't know all about me yet.

Giving you all the love I ever had for you, and assuring you that I have none left, I am Paul.

The last words June read through a haze, for her eyes were filled with tears. The letter fluttered from her hands to the floor, and she buried her head in her hands. Could it really be? How could Paul have ever been such a person, with all his suave and tender ways? These questions were raised in her mind, but they were already answered. The note, written in her supposed husband's own hand, was the reply to them and any other doubts that she might have. She was the victim of horrible deception, and her whole life, her whole joy, her whole love had been ruined. There was nothing left for her to do. She had no money to meet expenses, and no way of living. There was only one resort. That was to pawn what little jewelry she possessed, to keep her alive until she secured her old position as manicurist.

Her tears flowed faster, and she sobbed aloud as she thought of it. There was nothing else, for she could never return to the old country store with the stain that her character bore. As she pondered, she hated the man who had so heartlessly wrecked her life. She hated with all the strength of her former love—Paul Duncan.

On the following morning, after a sleepless night, during which her thoughts were haunted with the dastardly deed of which she was the victim, June received a second surprise, and one that affected her almost as deeply as the discovery of Paul's treachery.

It was when, on arising, and finishing a meager breakfast, she commenced to carry out her plan of pawning her jewels, that the shock came. June summoned her father, who was still to her only the valet of her treacherous, pretended husband, and put the gems in his hand, with instructions to take as much as any store with the three gold balls suspended before the door would give him. Then June told of the villainy of Paul Duncan, and her father turned his head away and raised his hand to his mouth to suppress a sigh and hide a tear, as he thought of the part he had played in placing the girl in such a position. He did not turn his face back again until the jewels touched his outstretched hand, but then he looked at them. A low, startled cry emitted from his lips as his eyes fell on an open locket.

"My God! It can't be!" he muttered, his features stiffening in an attempt to make himself believe that what he saw could not be true. "It can't be!"

"What is it?" June inquired, in amazement at the valet's sudden exclamation.

"Is this your own locket?" he answered, with another question.

"Of course, sir. You do not think I would sell another person's——"

"And whose picture is that?" Blake interrupted, pointing at his own resemblance in the heart-shaped frame of gold.

His eyes sparkled with a strange, horrified light as he waited for the reply. He feared that his suspicions would be verified when she answered, and, for her sake, he hoped they would not. June looked even more surprised, for the whole affair was mysterious to her, and she could not imagine the cause for the interest of the valet in a picture in her locket. Even now she could not place the resemblance between the photograph of Samuel Blake in his younger

days with that of the man before her, whose features were marred by dissipation and the results of his addiction to drugs. She cast her eyes to the floor as she hesitated in her answer. Then, in a low voice, muffled with sobs, she murmured:

"My father's. I have never seen him, but I know that that is his picture."

"Your father's!" Samuel Blake gasped, and collapsed into a chair as he heard words that confirmed his fear. Then he actually was guilty of this terrible crime upon his own daughter. He had been the cause of his daughter's downfall and sorrow, even as he had that of her mother's. For a long time he sat in silence, his eyes gazing out into space. Then, summoning all his strength, and courage, Samuel Blake told the story to his daughter from beginning to end. He told her first that she was his daughter, and then proceeded to enlighten her with the facts of the mock marriage and the part that he himself had played in it. When he finished, the repentant father was on his knees before his weeping daughter, and the scene, indeed, had there been an onlooker, would have presented a pitiable appearance.

Then the father pleaded, and June, touched to the heart by the sincerity of his appeal, forgave. Together they conferred as to the future and how she would overcome the tragedy that he had thrown her into, and finally it was decided that her own former plan was the only alternative. Neither had money nor means, and their only way of obtaining a living would be for him to seek another position of the same kind as he had held with Paul Duncan, and for her to return to the manicure parlor.

That very morning, with the only money she possessed in the world, that which she had secured from her jewelry, June applied again at the establishment where she had been employed before her pretended marriage to Paul Duncan. The manager was a little skeptical at first at her returning, when he knew that she had left before to be married, but at last she succeeded in inducing him to try her once more, and June again took her place at the little table at the side of the wall.

For several weeks things went as smoothly as possible for a person in June's position. She had moved to a furnished room from her luxurious surroundings, and her only visitor was her father, who nightly came to see her. He had, so far, been unable to secure a position, but was surviving on the little money that remained from his salary while with Paul Duncan.

Then, when nearly a month had slipped by since Paul's desertion, another critical turn in the life of June Friday took place. A well-dressed man, carrying a cane, and showing all signs of prosperity, walked through the door into the manicure shop and sat down at June's table. She winced as she noted the excellent appearance that the new customer made, and compared him with her own false lover, then set about her work pleasantly, but never speaking except to reply to the questions of the man.

The customer pleased her, inasmuch as he did not break into intimate conversation as others were often wont to do. His talk was pleasant and friendly, but always polite. So, when he left, and tipped his hat, June caught herself smiling. He had made an impression.

A few days later the man returned to have his nails manicured, and again chose June's table. This time he grew more friendly, although only when June advanced the opportunity, and after several visits they considered each other friends. He imparted to her that his name was Tom van Est, but could not learn hers, for June was determined to be overcautious since her terrible experience.

For some time after that June heard no more of her new friend, until one evening, when she was seated in her room, after work, the landlady brought up a card bearing his name. She hesitated long, and pondered, without knowing whether or not to see him; but when the lady of the house spoke in admiration of the visitor, June decided that, with the knowledge of what had happened before, she would be able to care for herself should Tom van Est prove not to be of the type she hoped he was, and so went down.



June stood still in horror and Paul, turning away, smiled.

"Well, you see at last, Miss Friday, that I have learned your name and address," he addressed her when she came into the room.

June attempted to smile when she heard the name by which she was still being known, having discarded that of Paul Duncan, mentioned.

"How did you find out?" she inquired pleasantly.

"Oh, through your employer," he answered, with a little laugh, "without letting him know that I did not know already."

Together they left the building, arm in arm, and Van Est escorted her to the theater, for the first time since Paul had left so suddenly for South America.

When they returned, after midnight, June was convinced that her new admirer was all that she could hope for. His every action and his manners were entirely different, and she was satisfied that at last she had found a real man, who truly thought a great deal of her. He had said so, and she felt that anything he said could be relied upon.

After that evening Tom van Est became a frequent caller upon June, and often they went out together. Unlike the man who had gone before him, Van Est waited long before expressing his true feelings to June. He had loved her for months before he finally decided that the time was right to tell her; but at last, when they were riding through the park in his automobile, one Sunday afternoon, his arm stole about June's waist and he leaned over toward her.

"You know, June—you must know by now," he said, in a half-fearful tone, lest his words would not be accepted as he meant them, "I am in love with you. Never have I said anything to you, because I did not know whether you would approve or not; but I cannot keep it to myself any longer."

Tom paused at this point before venturing farther, but as June drew close to him he knew that he was not to be disappointed, and he continued:

"After all the time I have known you, dear," he went on, "I have decided that you are the nicest girl that I have ever met. I have but one thing to desire now, and that is that you marry me—if my love is returned."

June started at the last remark. The word "marry" held a strange dread over her, and every time she heard it mentioned a thrill went through her. Tom van Est wanted her to marry him. Of course she loved him, but marry—she could not.

"I love you, too," she responded slowly and deliberately, but with a tremble in her voice, "with all my heart, but I cannot marry you."

Van Est showed his astonishment at the statement. He could hardly have been expected to understand June, and he did not.

"I—I don't quite——" he started, but June broke in.

"Oh, I know you don't know what I mean, Tom," she interrupted, "but I really *can't!* Not that I don't love you, for, as I've said, I do; but it is impossible. Please don't ask me to explain. I'll do that later."

"I won't ask you to explain," Tom said, in a tone of bewilderment; "that is, not yet. But please think it over, will you? It may not be as impossible as you think it is now."

June promised to consider, and she did. For three whole weeks she thought everything over. All her experiences with Paul Duncan, all her past life, and all that she felt kept her from joining in marriage with Tom van Est. Then, after finding that she was unable to decide for herself, she consulted her father. At length—truly at length, for it took a great deal of time and struggling with her conscience—June decided. She decided to marry Tom van Est. It was a happy man to whom she told of her end, but never did she explain what had been the cause of her hesitation. She felt that it could not help matters any, and it might change his mind, although she doubted if it would, for this time it was true love. So, soon after



He saw the glare of the steel in the glow of the electric light and attempted to push her hand away.

he had told him of her decision, June and Tom van Est were married—and happily.

"Show him in." Thomas van Est laid the card that the office boy had just handed him on the desk, and rose from his swivel chair, while a smile lighted his countenance. He stood by the door and waited the arrival of the man whose name he had just received. In a minute or less the knob turned, the door slowly opened, and a man strode in—Paul Duncan.

"Well, well, this is an unexpected pleasure!" greeted Van Est. "And how are you?"

"Fine!" returned Paul Duncan heartily. "And how are you?"

"Also fine—and married," was the answer.

It was evident that the two men were old friends, although they undoubtedly would not have been had Van Est known the true character of the man with whom he was speaking. They had known each other for years—at least they thought they knew each other. They were really merely acquainted with each other.

After they had spent several hours discussing everything in general, and especially trade conditions in South America, with which Paul Duncan was familiar, having just returned from there, the talk again turned to the marriage of Van Est.

"Yes," replied Tom, in reply to a question from his friend, "I have been married to the finest girl in the world for four years. Our love is bound by a little lad, now three years old, and I have never been happier in my life. You must come around to the house and meet my wife. How about to-night? Will you be too busy?"

"Not at all," was the reply. "I'd be delighted, and I'll be there this evening."

"Fine!" exclaimed Tom. "I have a meeting that I must attend to-night, but I won't have to be there before ten o'clock; and, if you find my wife interesting and entertaining, as I'm sure you will, she can keep you company until I return."

And so it was unconsciously arranged to place June in the most unhappy position she had been in for nearly five years.

Duncan left Van Est's office to return to his hotel before going to the latter's home. As he stepped quickly along the sidewalk along his way, he was unaware of a short, crouched figure that dodged from house to house on the opposite side of the street after him, and followed when he entered the hotel. Walking up to the desk to get his key, Duncan was startled, as were all the others in the place, by a sharp yell behind him. Turning quickly, he was just in time to avoid the mad rush of the man who had trailed him to the hotel. Samuel Blake, for it was he, grabbed for the man who had sought to ruin the life of his daughter, and who had so wronged her, cried out in a tone that was almost that of a maniac:

"You scoundrel! You will get what you deserve! You've come back to get her—my daughter—but I'll get you instead!"

The crowd closed in around the angered father, who had read in the papers of Duncan's return to the United States, and set out to place him where he could do no more harm, having worked himself into a mad fury. They took him bodily out of the building and threw him out onto the sidewalk. Then Paul Duncan, smiling, and dismissing all suspicion that might arise, went to his apartment.

Early that evening, when June was sitting in her parlor with two women friends who had called to see her, the front door opened and Tom van Est and Paul Duncan entered. Van Est entered the parlor first, announcing that he had a friend who had just returned from abroad, and whom he wished his wife to meet. Then, motioning to Duncan to enter, he walked over to his wife's friends to shake hands with them. Paul Duncan entered the parlor, and the first thing that met his eyes was June.

At exactly the same time she recognized him, and both started back in astonishment. June stood still in horror, and Paul, turning away, smiled. He saw in the peculiar situation an opportunity to further a scheme that had come to him on the spur of the moment. At present he decided to conceal the fact that he and June had ever met before from her husband, so that, when Tom turned, the two were chatting, apparently pleasantly, with each other.

All evening, until it was time for Tom to leave for the meeting which he had to attend, everything progressed smoothly on the surface, although June's heart was almost breaking from the effect of her sudden disastrous meeting with Paul and the suspense she was enduring. When at last her husband rose and announced that he must go, June placed her hand on his shoulder.

"Are you sure that you can't pass it up, Tom?" she asked, almost pleading.

"I'm positive, dear," he replied, but added quickly: "I'm sure that you and Paul can keep interested until I return. He has a wealth of information about South America that you would undoubtedly be glad to hear."

"Oh, he'll keep me interested, certainly," she replied, trying to hide the real meaning of her words; and, seeing no other way out of the predicament of being left alone with the man she rightly hated, June accepted the fate.

No sooner had the door closed behind Tom than Paul's whole manner suddenly changed, and his characteristic, villainous smile played about his lips. Walking over to June, he spoke coldly:

"So you are Tom's wife, are you? That's nice. But I think that I could make it even a little nicer—for me—if I chose. What do you think he would say if I told him about—you? He doesn't know, or——"

"But you wouldn't do that, would you?" she asked, terrified.

"We'll see," was the heartless reply. "You come to my hotel to-morrow evening, and we'll talk it all over and come to an understanding as to what is to be done regarding Tom. If you don't come, what is to be done is already decided, for I'll tell him. Will you be there?"

June was more terrified than ever. She did not know what to do; but Duncan had left her no choice. She had to go, if she desired to preserve her honor in the eyes of her husband.

"I'll be there," she answered tremulously.

Duncan smiled again, picked his hat from the hatrack in the hall, and walked to the door.

"Tell Tom," he said, as he opened the portal, "that I decided I could not wait, but will call him up in the morning and explain. I'm sorry, Mrs. van Est, that I cannot remain longer."

As his sarcastic tones rang in her ears the door slammed, and Duncan was gone.

The following evening, after having told her father of her intention to visit Paul Duncan "to plead for her child,"

June sought her way to the hotel where the man who was causing all the sorrow of her life was living. Even as was the case with Duncan himself, she did not see the dark, half-doubled figure that followed on the opposite side of the street—the figure of Samuel Blake.

On being admitted to Paul Duncan's apartment, June found him eating an elaborate supper that was spread on the table before him. He rose, and greeted her most politely, but in another minute was attempting to kiss her.



"There is the knife," he said, "and there is no doubt in my mind whose hand directed the blow.

"Stop, stop!" she cried, but Paul's hand went over her mouth. She struggled, but vainly. Duncan sought to force his attentions, but finding her loyal to her husband, and true in her love, became even cruel. Taking June in his arms, Duncan pushed her back against the table and struggled with her. His face drew close to hers, and he attempted to press his lips against her cheek.

Just at that moment June's right hand wrenched free from his grasp and felt something on the table. In an instant she realized what it was—a knife—and, thoughtless to all else except what she was going through, picked it up and pointed the blade toward Duncan. He saw the glare of the steel in the glow of the electric light, and attempted to push it away, but it was too late. In another instant Paul Duncan lay stretched out on the floor, motionless.

The door of the apartment slowly opened, and June backed against the wall in horror. A small, dark something entered. It was her father. Without speaking a word, Samuel Blake stepped over the dead body on the floor, took his daughter by the arm, and led her quietly out of the room. Along the street, choosing the side ways and those least crowded, he took her to the entrance to her home. There, for the first time, he spoke:

"Not a word, my girl, remember. Tomorrow will clear everything. Good-by."

A tear from her father's eye wet June's cheek as he kissed her.

Not until the following morning wa the murder of Paul Duncan discovere Then a servant girl, who entered th apartment, found the body lying wher it had fallen after he had been struc down by the knife in June's hand. Th managers and detectives were immed ately called. Exactly as Samuel Blak during his silence on the previous ever ing had planned, he was suspected be cause of the commotion he had cause on the hotel floor when he had followe Duncan there.

The house detective picked up th knife that had ended the wicked life c Paul Duncan.

"There is the knife," he said, "an there is no doubt in my mind whos hand directed the blow. The next thin to do is to visit the house of Samue Blake."

And that was the next thing they di When they arrived there what the found was a shock to every one, for the saw the prostrate form of Samuel Blak stretched over a bare table. Beside hin on the floor, lay an empty bottle wit a label bearing a skull and crossbone and the large letters spelling "Poison. In his right hand he held a folded not

The detectives, after assuring them selves that the man was dead, took th note, unfolded it, and read, without sur prise, for it was exactly what they ha expected, a complete confession of th murder of Paul Duncan.

That night, with the open newspape spread before them, Tom van Est an June gazed at the glaring headlines an nouncing that the murderer had bee found.

"Too bad!" mused Tom sorrowfully "He was a fine fellow. It is the mos tragic thing that I ever heard of. A fine fellow!"

"Yes," repeated June, "a fine fellow!

Then, turning her head, she mur mured to herself:

"But a finer one who died for killin him."

Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Fish are workin on a picture that is a bear as far as i has gone. The question is will they b able to finish it? The picture is calle "Michael and His Motor Cycle." Tw honest-to-goodness motor cycles hav been smashed so far, and the picture i just half over. This does not includ the smashes suffered by Smaltz an Fish.

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

After the various branches of the motion picture industry had been developed until the present standard was attained the next step in importance, and the last, was that of placing films before the public in a manner that would attract them and make the appeal that meant popularity and success—in other words, obtaining the proper publicity. One of the most interesting phases of the evolution of pictures is the progress of publicity and the men who made this progress possible. This article takes the above subject as its theme and follows accomplishments of this department of the business from the very beginning.

VII.—PROGRESS OF PUBLICITY.

ALTHOUGH industrial and commercial advertising has expanded to amazing proportions in recent years, the amusement field, often referred to as the "show business," still beckons the publicity brains of the world, for the theater is the parent of all modern publicity and it is not surprising that the motion-picture art and industry is now assuming a distinctly theatrical angle.

The demand for expert advertising men in filmdom is so great that one may name men, and not a few women, who are commanding as high as ten thousand dollars a year, yet few, indeed, of these achieved their goal before they entered the domain of the camera man.

It is not the showman expert in billboard publicity who is making his impress greatest in the film world; instead, it is the man of letters, erstwhile newspaper men who are being enticed to change their environment.

The tremendous advertising campaign which made "The Birth of a Nation" a sensational success was not only executed by men scarcely known in the theatrical world, but the heads of the film company exploiting this production—the first two-dollar-a-seat motion picture—have since stampeded Park Row editorial sanctums in the effort to secure a dozen or more able writers, regardless of salary, all of whom will replace the old-time advance agents. In the world's history of the theater there has never been conducted an advertising campaign to be compared with that which Theodore Mitchell launched when "The Birth of a Nation" was introduced at the Liberty Theater in February last. The receipts there have averaged twelve thousand dollars from the outset every week.



Joe Brandt, who rose in three years from a publicity manager to a pillar of the industry.

In other cities the results have been quite similar, but it is not only the epoch-making Griffith photo play which owes its success greatly to superior exploitation, or the film for which Geraldine Farrar poses at Hollywood, California. The best brains of the magazine and newspaper world have been called to the staff of Jesse L. Lasky, the producer, who, among others, induced Hector Turnbull, long the dramatic critic of the New York *Tribune,* and J. E. Flinn, of the New York *Herald,* to accept perament positions in the literary department. Before the Farrar photo spectacles are dead there will be many more desertions from the newspapers. Few, indeed, of the none-too-well-paid magazine contributors will be immune to the call of the wondrous screen.

Acton Davies long since has established himself in filmdom, where his earnings are four times as large as when he was the New York *Evening Sun's* dramatic critic. Arthur James, long Sunday editor of the morning *Telegraph,* is now chief of the literary staff of the Metro Film Corporation. No less than four of the *avant couriers* exploiting "The Birth of a Nation" hail from the same publication, while every writer affiliated with the *Telegraph's* film department has been lured at some time or other to join one of the mighty film concerns in a literary capacity.

Calder Johnstone, George W. Terwilliger, Frank E. Woods, Joseph Farnham, and Russell E. Smith are names to conjure with in movieland, and all hail from the editorial sanctum. Four were on the dramatic mirror's motion-picture staff, and at least three are today pillars of the great industry; one has become famous as a director of photo plays, though he had not the least experience as an actor or as a stage director.

As high as fifty thousand dollars has been spent by one film company within a few months for a few full-page advertisements in a vastly circulated national periodical, with no other purpose than to impress the public with its importance in the general scheme of the film "game." Another company which controls the productivity of the three greatest directors of photo plays has just started a similar campaign, featuring in its advertising the fact that it pays each of the three directors an

annual salary of one hundred thousand dollars.

The same company, which has just been reorganized and capitalized at four million dollars, has announced that it will spend four hundred thousand dollars in its international advertising campaign, a decision born of the amazing outcome of the exploitation of "The Birth of a Nation," which, in fact, also influenced the combine itself.

As this new company plans to lease outright thirty first-grade playhouses in as many large cities, where only two-dollar-a-seat film productions are to be exhibited, its advertising and literary staff now being assembled is expected to include a spectacular array of famous names. The heads of the company do not believe that showmen can qualify for the work in hand. The paramount requisite is literary ability, combined with an established reputation in the world of letters. For such the demand is insistent, and contracts calling for ten thousand dollars annually have already been issued.

Not a few of the young men who came into filmdom a few years ago without theatrical experience have risen from mere press agents to veritable magnates. Less than four years ago, Joe Brandt joined the Universal Film Company as publicity promoter. To-day Brandt is one of the dominant factors in what is one of the mightiest film concerns in the world, with a publicity staff under him comprising at least ten celebrities in the world of fiction writers.



C. F. Zittel, who built the New York *Evening Journal's* theatrical department.

It is important, therefore, in the unusual conditions existent in 1915, that men and women gifted in advertising and publicity promotion comprehend that the astonishing growth of the film industry has created the most lucrative outlet for their talents in the world's history. This is so true that only the false impression as to the need of theatrical experience has prevented an overrush of experts from the industrial and commercial fields, for never has the showman and his ballyhoo methods of publicity made impress on that golden new art which has created one of the world's greatest industries.

Most of the failures in pictures have been due to theatrical men who brought into the film "game" the disastrous methods which caused their undoing in the older field of entertainment. The great fortunes have been



Big men in the Universal's publicity department. Seated, left to right: Raymond Cavanaugh, assistant advertising manager; George Kann, secretary; Nat Rothstein, advertising manager; P. D. Cothrany, manager poster department; Joe Brandt, manager home office; Paul Gulick, manager of publicity. Standing: Bert Adler, reviewer of films. H. H. Van Loan, manager of publicity.

ade by the established film concerns—
e pioneers—who operate on a policy
ite similar to that which obtains in
e business rather than in the theatri-
l world.



N. T. Granlund, publicity director of Loew's theatrical enterprises.

It is only within the last two or three years that publicity methods were encouraged in the picture field. The manufacturers fought the trend for fifteen years. Even the players were not advertised; no one knew the names of the idols of the screen as recently as three years ago, when Mary Pickford, now paid two thousand dollars a week, was known to a few inquisitive ones as "Little Mary." The fact that her weekly salary is now forty times as much as it was three years ago will give some idea what publicity has meant to such as she, and also how it has converted the manufacturers into the belief that they must atone for the tremendous increases to players, authors, and directors by exploiting their productions on a prodigious scale.

There you have the explanation of the demand for the genius in the line of publicity. One may now observe the spectacle of the producer spending more money to exploit himself and his brand of films, and less to advertise the men and women already famous. Progress and expansion are expected to create an equilibrium by which the public will be educated to regard the name of a film company as a guarantee, instead of relying on the fame of individuals which the producer fought to prevent up to three years ago.



Richard Willis, who is spreading the fame of players on the Pacific coast.

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

HIS has been some task for me this week, all right. It is by no means easy job to pick the five greatest hts in motion pictures. I attended e private showing of "A Woman's ast," and immediately changed my list ound once more. Well, here is how ey rank as we go to press: 1. William Hart and crowd in "On the Night age." 2. William Farnum and Tom utchi in "The Spoilers." 3. Wil Rex d Dick Cowan in "A Woman's Past." Hobart Bosworth and crowd in "The a Wolf." 5. Wheeler Oakman and abs in "The Carpet from Bagdad." his was certainly some collection of hts, and every one was brimful of tion from the start until the finish.

I certainly was glad that I saw "A oman's Past" in time. Friend Wil ex read about my going to rank the hts this week, and called me on the one, stating that he was going to pull me great fight stuff, and to come down and take a look at it. I traveled down to the Victor studio, and arrived just as the fight scene was about to begin, and, take it from me, it was some fight! Dick Cowan, the husky sheriff, and Wil were the contestants, while the leading woman held the juvenile back. They fought, and fought, and fought. There was no rehearsal. They just told the camera man to start, and went to it. My, but the fur did fly! They broke each other's heads, and all the props in the room, and they weren't made to break, either. I did not rank the fight among my first five then, waiting until I had a chance to see the private showing. The time came, and I got my chance. All I can say about the scrap is that it was some affair, and follows right on the heels of "The Spoilers," and the greatest of them all, "On the Night Stage."

Owen Moore writes me that he got even with a couple of those Keystone funmakers who have been having lots of fun at his expense. Owen refuses to tell what the joke he played was, but from the tone of his letter it must have been the real goods. It's about time you woke up, Owen.

Cousin Charlie Ray won a tennis tournament on the Coast recently, and received a little loving cup for a prize, and, as a result, is on the outs with Richard Stanton. What do you think? He woke up one morning and found Richard pouring a solution in the cup. Charlie demanded to know what he was doing, and Richard replied that he was going to use Charlie's new eye cup. Charlie has decided not to enter any more tournaments until he gets a look at the prize first.

Marshall Neilan is certainly a film rover. In other words, he roams around all over. He is rapidly catching up to Eddie August for the changeable prize. Marshall has left Selig now to return to Famous Players to play opposite Mary Pickford.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

BASIC FACTS.

MANY amateurs are handicaped by lack of knowledge of the basic facts regarding the mechanics of the motion-picture industry, and for the benefit of these writers we will give a brief outline of some of the things every one connected with the film business should know. This may prove helpful, also, to many writers who have been producing successful scripts, for we find that those who have obtained a footing in the work are liable to become careless and forget things they once knew.

First of all, motion pictures are really nothing but a succession of still pictures, taken in such rapid succession that the subjects photographed appear to move about the scene just as though they were live persons. About one foot of film is exposed per second in taking motion pictures, and about twelve "frames," or separate pictures, make up a foot. These figures are approximate. One thousand feet of film is supposed to make a reel, but most companies go either a few feet over or less, though not to any great length. The unreeling of a one-thousand-foot film, therefore, takes about seventeen minutes.

Almost all of you, we presume, are aware of the fact that all the interiors are taken in a studio, while the exteriors are filmed outside. Some studios are entirely indoors, while others are just set up in the open air. In California, most of the companies work in the latter way; also in the South. Stock companies are employed by all concerns, as are directors. The business of the latter class is to assume charge of the scenario when it has been completed by the writer and deliver to the company a completed celluloid subject. Therefore, the director is really the king-pin of the studio, but has to wait until he secures a scenario before beginning to work.

The finished production is shipped to exchanges by the manufacturing company, and these exchanges arrange with the exhibitors for its showing.

It is well to bear in mind, when writing a scenario, just how many people will pass judgment on it before it has run its course. Consideration of the various angles of the business, as sketched above, will bring this forcibly to mind. We also think that every student of the silent drama should learn as much as possible about the art of making motion pictures. Of course, many writers have attained more or less success in the movie world without any great knowledge of its working, but these writers are graced with an elaborate set of ideas, and their plots command attention despite all else. A photo-playwright will never lose by having in the back part of his mind at all times a complete knowledge of the basic principles of motion pictures and as much auxiliary knowledge as he can gather.

GETTING IDEAS.

We all think we have ideas which will fit nicely into photo plays, but when we look them over with cold, critical eyes, and start to "weed them out," they slowly simmer down until we have practically nothing left. It is therefore necessary that we have a new supply to draw from.

The amateur gets the ideas he has on hand out of his system and then becomes panic-stricken. He wants to write, but he does not know what to write about. Then it is necessary to get busy and secure some ideas, but he is at a loss where to look. Had the amateur started his search for ideas before he sat down to work out his first plot, and kept up the search diligentl he would not be "dry."

Getting ideas is merely keeping one eyes open at all times and conside ing everything one comes upon as po sible plot material. Much has to b discarded at once as unsuitable, but ever day should yield many ideas that ca be used at some future time.

The writer who merely gets ideas a he goes along may be compared to th Indian of old, who gorged himself time of plenty and starved in time o famine. It is the steady, thoughtf method of securing ideas, rather tha the hand-to-mouth system, that mak a writer fit for the long, steady grin of the professional. Begin at onc those of you who have not been storin up ideas, and never let up until yo renounce writing forever—a time whic never comes to any one who is once a author.

READING THE CLASSICS.

We are willing to wager that the ma jority of beginners in the scenari writing field never even think of rea ing the classics, but therein is contain a splendid education. Books which ha come down through ages are filled wi thoughts that are far deeper than tho contained in books which are popul one year and forgotten the next. Th are inspiration themselves, and act ally force a young writer to give h own work much thought.

WRITER TO WRITER.

J. G. Alexander, an Allentown, Pen sylvania, photo-playwright, sends us most interesting communication, which our readers will doubtless be i terested. He speaks as writer to writ and his words are worthy of attentio His letter reads as follows:

"In writing for the photo play, t most needed requisite is imaginatio

both in the creative sense, to evolve original plots, and the concrete sense, to see the plots which are worked out on the screen before our eyes. In other words, the photo-playwright must be able to clearly visualize every portion of the action in a play which he works out in his own mind, or which he sees on the screen. We must watch our characters, and see them performing before our eyes. Then we must study, and know just why they do the things they do, and how they could do them more effectively. We must also know how to strike a balance in our story so that the continuity and sequence of the action is preserved throughout. With many plot threads to work with, this is very difficult, and requires time and thought. We must remember that plot is a conflict of human wills, which, at its culmination brings about some change in the relations of the characters involved in the conflict.

"Is there such a thing as genius? There is; but it is inherent, and only a spark. That spark must be fanned into a flame. A person may strive and toil at a life work, but he cannot attain the height of success unless there is an adaptitude for the work which allows his whole heart and soul to be in the task. Genius is really latent energy, and energy is the ability to do work. Therefore, to bring genius to a practical agent, work must be performed. Genius is potential as a force, but study and hard work must be performed before genius becomes kinetic and by its own force performs work. Therefore, as we see by the foregoing, while it is a great thing to possess adaptitude or genius for a life work, nevertheless, study and hard work, which will lead us through the realm of experience, are necessary in order that genius be recognized."

BACK NUMBERS.

Many writers inquire how back numbers of this publication may be secured, so this statement is meant to cover the point. Street & Smith, the publishers, keep copies of PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY on file, and these will be sold to writers requesting them at the regular newsstand rate. The books which carried sample scenarios for writers were the June 26th and the July 24th issues.

A VETERAN DIRECTOR'S VIEWS.

In an interview recently published, Otis Turner, the veteran director of the Universal Film Manufacturing Company, expressed some highly interesting viewpoints, which we present herewith for the benefit of our readers. Hugh C. Weir was the interviewer:

"Action!" Otis Turner, the veteran producer of Universal City, repeated the word, for emphasis, as he pointed a long, nervous finger at me in the library of his cozy bungalow.

The pointing finger now tapped his knee. "There can be no successful photo play," he continued, "without action. But there is not one author in ten who appreciates the real meaning of action. Usually he thinks the definition of the word consists in just making things happen, or in stringing together a succession of events. He doesn't stop to ask himself if these events are logical, if they could actually happen in real life, or, better yet, if they could happen to his particular characters in the conditions in which he has introduced them. Logical, convincing, sustained action is one of the hardest qualities to secure in a photo play, and one of the most important. If the author can really build his play with action, the kind of action that his audience can grasp at the start and follow without a brain storm, he has mastered one of the fundamental rules of photo-play writing.

"This does not mean, understand, that his plot must be elaborate, or evolved, or full of unexpected twists and turns and surprises. In fact, the most successful photo play is the most simple one, the play in which the action is introduced from the first scene and kept going in a clear, logical sequence until the last fade-out. To do this successfully, the characters who are to make the action must first, of course, be established in a clear, definite, convincing manner. The audience must be introduced to the persons of the play before they can find any great amount of interest in the play. It is one of my first rules, in building a scenario, to devote my opening scenes to a thorough establishment of my characters, and if, in doing so, I can also establish the motives that are to influence those characters in the development of the play, I consider the hardest part of my work done. If, for instance, my cast is to consist of four principals, I aim always to make my audience familiar with those characters and the conditions surrounding them before I attempt any great development of my plot. If the spectator knows at the start that Mary is a millionaire's daughter, with a strong interest in uplift work; that neither father, nor the man whom her father wants her to marry, is in sympathy with her, but that she has met a young missionary who admires her ideals, and helps to build them, I then have a clear track ahead of me in developing the action of my play. I know that my audience is familiar with the persons I am talking about, and that it should not be difficult to follow the events into which I propose to take them.

"Here is one of the great features in which the drama of the screen differs from the drama of the stage and the drama of the novel. On the stage, you can always establish your cast by dialogue, if necessary, after the action itself is under way. The same method can be followed in the novel. On the screen, your characters can only be established by action, and they must be clearly in the eye of the audience before you can hope to do much in building your play. And this action must be such that it can be photographed—without involved subtitles or explanations. The audience must be able to visualize on the instant not only the person in the foreground, but the salient characteristics and motives of that person. If this impression is not immediate and clear, the most elaborate plot ever evolved will fall short of its purpose."

"By the way," I said suddenly, "what was the first photo play you ever wrote? Tell me about it. The story must be interesting."

"Do you think so?" returned Mr. Turner dryly. "It was very painful to me, I assure you." And then he stopped to chuckle reminiscently. "It happened like this: I had spent a lifetime on the legitimate stage. I thought I knew about everything there was to know in the construction of a play. When I considered the field of moving pictures, it was my firm belief that all I needed was to hang up my hat in my office, go out on the lot with a camera man and a company and make big pictures. I suppose other persons have had the same ideas—if they would tell the truth. I remember that I had read a poem somewhere which appealed to me very much. I thought it would be a beautiful photo play. Secure in this belief, I put it into scenario form, as I thought it should be done, and prepared to make the picture. After one week of fol-

lowing the camera man, I went home and tore up that scenario, fearful that some one might stumble on it by accident—and read it!

"That was the only time I ever made the mistake of thinking that the making of a film play was an easy proposition. I have never made the same mistake again."

"If you were to sum it all up, what advice would you give the amateur scenario writer?" I asked.

"Get to work," said Mr. Turner tersely. "Learn the business, or art, or profession, or trade, or whatever you want to call it; and remember that it cannot be learned without actual experience and apprenticeship. I believe that every truly successful photo-playwright must first know the technical requirements of picture making. He must know what can be done with the camera and what cannot. He must know just what he is trying to do before he can hope to make any kind of success. The average writer for the film does not know—and then wonders why he fails to get ahead."

Answers to Readers.

A. Y. Douglas, Vancouver, B. C.—Every week we publish one or more markets to which scenarios may be sent, under the heading of "Live-wire Market Hints." We have also published an entire list of producing companies and addresses. If you have not the copy with the latter part in it, it may be secured from the publishers. We do not read scripts.

Miss D. Kennedy, Lacrosse, Wis.—We do not use stories unless they are based on produced pictures. These are written by our own staff.

C. E. Harris, Leadville, Col.—We are afraid historical plays are hard to market just now, as the companies do not like to spend so much money for costumes. We cannot advise you regarding a play broker.

F. Greatbatch, Hammond, Ind.—All scenarios must be typewritten before being submitted. Prices range from twenty-five dollars to one hundred dollars per reel. Submit to the companies named in this department from week to week.

U. R. Walker, Hattiesburg, Miss.—The situation you mention could be effectively put into pictures. You will have to watch the screen very closely, however, and learn how the sequence of scenes is obtained in produced pictures. The Selig company might consider your script. Also Western Universal.

C. Gordon, Cleveland, Ohio.—The only person who has any right to scenarioize a short story is the one who holds the photo-play rights to the copyright. This may be either the author, the publisher, or a motion-picture manufacturer.

W. Grandl, Chicago, Ill.—Editors require that all scenarios be typewritten before they are submitted. Lubin, Keystone, Universal, or Vitagraph might use your comedy. Try them.

E. L. Moffett, Fort Wayne, Ind.—See the answer to A. Y. Douglas in this department.

Weekly Reader, Brooklyn, N. Y.—All scripts must be typewritten before being submitted. The story of "The Helping Hand," fictionized by Miss Marshe, in our issue of July 3d, was based upon a scenario submitted by the Essanay company, which made the film of the same title.

W. Soulsby, Hamilton, Ont.—See answer to A. Y. Douglas in this department.

S. B. Cushing, Chicago, Ill.—By clipping the names, wants, and addresses of all the companies we publish week by week, and pasting them in a book, you will soon have a complete market list for your scenarios. You have the right form for submitting. Do not copyright your story before submitting it. Write on eight and one-half by eleven paper, and be sure it is typewritten. Let the companies set the price.

Mrs. R. O'Brien, Norwich, Conn.—A sample scenario appeared in our issues of June 26th and July 24th, both of which can be bought from the publishers at the usual rate. Stay in the game; fortune may smile on you.

C. C. Alleman, Lacrosse, Wis.—Mutual and Keystone are the companies best known for buying synopses only. Generally, when a synopsis is purchased, it is turned over to a staff writer, who puts it into proper scenario form.

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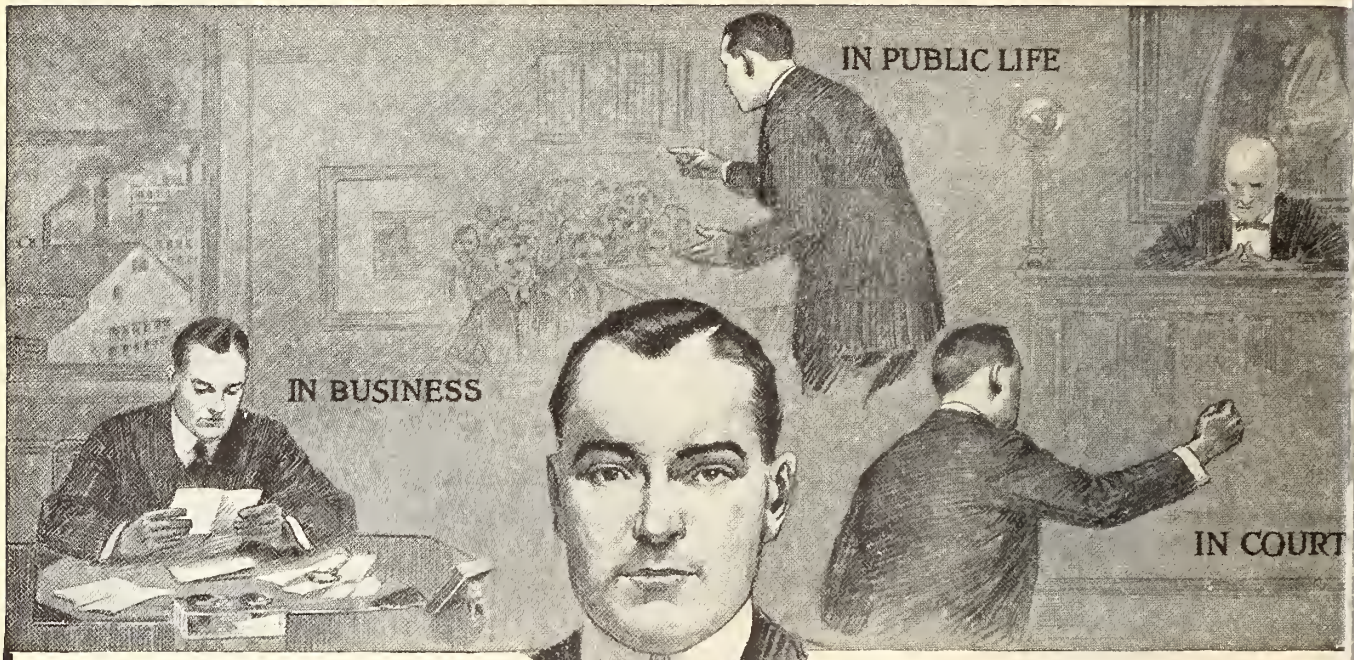
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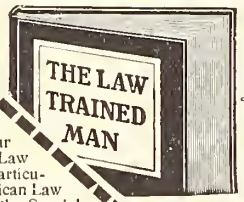
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY



MONSIEUR LECOQ

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Vol. I CONTENTS FOR SEPTEMBER 25, 1915 No. 25

MONSIEUR LECOQ. . . . . . **Earl S. Fairbanks** . . . **1**

Why did the greatest detective in all of France even take passing notice of the little obscure murder? Then, why did he take up the case? These are two of the many questions that will enter your mind when you begin this story—one of the most remarkable detective narratives ever shown on the screen. Later another question arises. Why did Monsieur Lecoq do what he did at the end? Then you find out why.

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A hundred reels of the happenings in filmdom, condensed into a page of lively news.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 25 September 25, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

Monsieur Lecoq

(MUTUAL)

By Earl S. Fairbanks

The famous French detective who had never failed, attempted to solve the mystery of the midnight double murder in the Pepper Box, a tavern of ill repute in the slums of Paris. Why did a man of his eminence interest himself in a case that seemed to be merely a sordid, everyday tragedy of the underworld? You may read the answer to that question—and a surprising one—in this story based on the Mutual masterpicture of the same title. The cast:

M. Lecoq.....William Morris
Duc de Sairmuse.....Alphonse Either
Duchess de Sairmuse.....Florence LaBadie
The Valet.....Reginald Barlow
Mother Chupin.....Julia Blanc

MONSIEUR LECOQ halted and flung up his head in a listening attitude. The three revolver shots that had shattered the midnight air came from the left. In a moment the detective was running in that direction.

The detective was what Monsieur Lecoq deserved to be called. He it was who had solved the mystery of the bishop's necklace, that case with which the whole of France had hummed for months. He, also, had discovered the whereabouts of the kidnaped infant Duc de Chateau-blanc, than which no more baffling case had ever overtaxed the ingenuity of the Paris police bureau; and he, who, not six months before, had run to earth and captured, single-handed, the clique of safe breakers that had terrorized the financial district of Paris! *Ma foi,* he was a sleuth without a peer—wonderful, amazing.



"Monsieur?" Lecoq addressed the big man in the laborer's attire interrogatively.

Now, turning into the head of a squalid alley, and running swiftly down it, Monsieur Lecoq halted at the yellow window of the inn known to the denizens of the low neighborhood as the Pepper Box. A glance through the pane, and then Monsieur Lecoq ran back to the corner where the alley intersected the wider street from which he had come, and blew thrice upon a whistle which he drew from under his cloak.

After an interval, three gendarmes came run-

ning from as many different directions.

"Murder has been done," said Monsieur Lecoq curtly, in the way he had, "in the inn called the Pepper Box and run by Mother Chupin, down this street. Two of you mount guard at front door and rear; allow no one to pass. The third will accompany me within."

The first and second of the gendarmes, who had run up in response to his signal upon the whistle, having taken up their posts at the front and back doors of the inn, with the third at his heels, Monsieur Lecoq strode into the place.

Murder, as he had said, had been done in the tavern of ill repute even in that neighborhood, as a glance sufficed to show. Two of the three shots which had attracted Monsieur Lecoq to the scene had obviously taken effect. Two men lay upon the floor of the taproom of the inn, dead. A third man, in a workingman's blouse, and with a workingman's leather-peaked cap on his head, stood above them with one hand gripping the edge of the taproom's table. Mother Chupin hovered in the shadows behind him.

"Monsieur?" the detective addressed the man interrogatively.

With a shrug of his massive shoulders, the man in the workingman's blouse and cap straightened from his contemplation of the two bodies at his feet. He looked Monsieur Lecoq boldly in the eye.

"Well, monsieur?" he said.

Lecoq's eyes, darting about the dim-lit taproom like a pair of ferrets, came back to the face of the man, who now stood erect, with his arms folded across his chest, beside the table between which and Monsieur Lecoq lay the two dead bodies. It was a handsome face, for all that the brows were a trifle too heavy and the chin more aggressive than the average honest man has need of. The lips, thin, yet full-colored, were drawn back over a set of fine, white teeth in a smile that seemed mocking, defiant.

"I am Monsieur Lecoq," the detective introduced himself, "commissioned to act, now and again, by the prefect of police in matters of crime. Are you perhaps able to inform me how these two men came by their death?"

"I am," the man at the table answered coolly.

Monsieur Lecoq gave a quick, impatient nod that bade the other proceed.

"I killed them," the dark-browed and powerfully built man in the laborer's garb went on, "in self-defense. It all began merely as a quarrel growing out of too much bad brandy, monsieur, as you will understand such quarrels often do. The cause of it I cannot recollect. They sprang up to attack me, threatening my life. The odds were two to one. I shot in self-defense, as I say. That is all."

"Where is the weapon?" inquired Monsieur Lecoq.

The man slowly lowered his eyes to his hands, which he lifted at the same time from his sides. They were empty. A puzzled frown knitting his brows, he looked about the floor at his feet.

"That's odd," he murmured, as though to himself. "The pistol's not here!"

Lecoq stood watching him silently.

"Never mind the weapon," he said presently. "The evidence that a revolver was used is apparent enough in the bullet holes they bear, one through the right temple and the other squarely in the center of the forehead. And we shall be able to find the exact revolver with which those wounds were inflicted easily enough later."

Again there played about the lips of the confessed slayer of the pair on the floor the faintest suspicion of the mocking smile that had rested there before. Monsieur Lecoq perceived it, but gave no sign that he did so.

"The quarrel—you say you have forgotten what caused it?" he questioned.

The other shrugged once more.

"What causes any drunken brawl? A chance word, given in anger——" He snapped his fingers in a gesture significant of a bit of dry tinder flaring up.

"You three were alone in the place?"

"Save for Mother Chupin here—yes."

Slowly Monsieur Lecoq shook his head at him.

"You are not telling me the truth," said he, holding the other's gaze meanwhile with his piercing, gray eyes. "There was one other, at least, here in this taproom with you."

Taking two strides forward, the detective stooped and picked up something from the floor. It was a diamond-and-sapphire earring. He looked from the sparkling ornament, as it lay on his palm, to the man who stood beside the table.

"Where is the woman?" demanded Monsieur Lecoq.

The man turned his head with a nod toward Mother Chupin.

"She is here, monsieur," he said.

Lecoq looked at him half admiringly.

"I do not think that you have misunderstood me," he said softly. "I mean, the woman to whom this earring belongs. You do not ask me to believe that it was worn by this old hag? A trinket such as this, and which is worth on its face more than double what this tavern and all in it could be bought for! Answer me—where is the lady you brought here and attempted to rob of her jewels?"

The man folded his arms over his chest once more, without replying.

"I recognize," said the detective, his tone dropping back into its former businesslike crispness, "Pierre Duval, well known to the police as a criminal, in one of these two you confess to have killed; Louis Chevais, equally notorious as an ex-jailbird, in the other. You are doubtless of their dishonest stripe yourself."

Still the man before him said nothing.

"Admit," went on Lecoq, "will you not, that it was in a quarrel over which should seize the jewels on the person of the lady to whom this earring belongs that you killed your fellow thieves?"

The man made no reply.

"Place him under arrest," snapped Monsieur Lecoq to the gendarme who had accompanied him into the inn, turning away with an impatient shrug.

"But my place—its reputation!" cried out Mother Chupin.

"Arrest her, too," the detective ordered the gendarme. "It was she, I believe, who hid the revolver with which these two were shot, as she would have spirited their bodies out of sight, and so concealed all traces of the crime, if she had been given time to do so. The magistrate shall examine her as to what she knows of this affair later. Just now another matter claims my attention."

In turning away from the man at the table, who had refused to say anything more, Monsieur Lecoq had seen, for the fraction of a second, a white face pressed against the windowpane across the taproom of the inn.

Only for the fraction of a second

had the face remained there; then it was gone.

It had been the face of a man. Monsieur Lecoq walked out of the rear door of the inn, past the gendarme he had posted on guard there, and into the tavern yard. Earlier in the evening a shower had fallen. The ground was soft; Lecoq stooped and ran his hand lightly over it. His fingers encountered an unmistakable footprint, and he gave a triumphant exclamation under his breath.

shoe which stood out clearly here and there at the outskirts of the trampled space.

The masculine footprints pointed first toward the tavern, then away from it, showing that the owner of the foot that made the print had approached the inn and then run back from it.

"A man with a limp and wearing a brown overcoat," the detective muttered to himself, straightening with a thoughtful frown.

He turned and went back into the

At the end of a half hour, he had discovered nothing more to add to the evidence already in his possession.

The case, so far as that evidence pointed, was merely this: In the Pepper Box, a tavern of ill repute in the slums of Paris, two known criminals and a man in the dress of their class had quarreled. The presence of a lady's costly earring on the floor seemed to point, in view of the criminal record of at least two of the three participants in the dispute, to the fact that they



The magistrate's face went ashen as he looked into the prisoner's. "I am too ill," the judge faltered, "to hear this case to-day!"

"A woman!" he murmured. "The print is divided sharply, the smallest of the two depressions sinking into the earth the deepest—that means a high heel. She was running away from the inn. Ah, here she met the man!"

Lecoq stooped lower over the trampled space in the inn yard to which the trail of feminine footprints he had been following along the rain-softened ground had led him, and his fingers lightly explored the prints of a man's

tavern, from which the gendarmes had departed with Mother Chupin and the big man in workingman's garb as their prisoners, leaving the two dead bodies of the thieves lying on the floor.

Lecoq bent and examined them both carefully in turn. He rose, to stand drumming with his finger tips on the table beside him, the thoughtful pucker still between his brows. Then he set to work with a magnifying glass to examine every square inch of the room.

had fallen out over which should possess the majority of the jewels of the lady they had lured, or dragged, there to rob. Two of the rogues had been killed in the thieves' brawl, during which the lady had contrived to make her escape. But since the affair amounted to nothing more than an underworld fracas, why should a man of Monsieur Lecoq's eminence have interested himself any further in it?

To sift the matter to the bottom,

nevertheless, was what he was now determined to do.

At the city prison, where he called next morning, Lecoq inquired of the jailer on duty at the great iron entrance door what prisoners the place had received during the night before.

"A strapping fellow in a workingman's blouse and cap, and Mother Chupin, who runs the Pepper Box, where he was arrested for the murder of two men," the jailer replied.

"Nobody else?" inquired the detective.

"There was an intoxicated man," admitted the jailer, with an indifferent shrug, "who made so much noise outside the prison that two of the gendarmes were dispatched to bring him in. The prison being full, he was placed in the same cell with the workingman who had arrived with Mother Chupin not an hour before."

Monsieur Lecoq visibly started.

"Where is he now?" he demanded quickly. "The man you thought was drunk?"

"Oh, we let him go an hour or two later," said the jailer. "He had sobered up by that time."

"Fool!" hissed the detective angrily. "The man wore a brown overcoat, did he not?"

"Yes, monsieur."

"Also he limped?"

"Why—now that you speak of it, that is so, monsieur."

Monsieur Lecoq strode by the jailer into the prison.

"You and your fellows were bribed with a few bank notes, I suppose, to let him go," the detective charged scornfully over his shoulder. "I repeat, you are a fool. And you may find, before we are through, that your folly has cost you dear."

The detective was informed that the workingman and Mother Chupin had already been taken before the presiding magistrate of the prison for examination. Lecoq hurried away to the magistrate's chambers. The justice had just taken his seat upon the bench. The door of the prisoners' waiting room opened and Mother Chupin and her black-browed, stalwart companion in the laborer's blouse and cap were led in. The man was brought first to the bar in front of the magistrate.

At sight of him, the aged judge did a strange thing.

He rose from his chair, his hands gripped its arms, and he stared, with ashen cheeks, at the face of the prisoner before him. Then, clutching at his heart, he sank weakly back into his chair.

"I am too ill," he informed one of the attendants, "to hear this case today. Take the—the prisoner away. I start on my vacation to-day; return the prisoner to his cell, and my confrère, Magistrate Cheval, will examine him at the next sitting three weeks hence."

That the sight of a common laborer, arrested after a tavern brawl in which he had killed two men by his own confession, should have so affected the dignified Magistrate Duchamp was no less surprising to Monsieur Lecoq than to the courtroom attendants.

The workingman, as the judge had ordered, was led back to his cell in the crowded prison, and held there to await his examination by the other magistrate when the latter should occupy the bench in another fortnight and a half. In the course of the next few days three other prisoners, due to the overpacked condition of the jail, were placed in the cell with him.

At the end of a week, Monsieur Lecoq, who had been working on the outside in an effort to find the man in the brown overcoat and with the limp, but without success, returned to the prison and requested a favor of the warden.

It was that the workingman be given a solitary cell, while he, Lecoq, was placed in another directly above it.

His request granted, Lecoq labored the best part of a day to bore a hole in the mortar that held the blocks of masonry in the floor of his cell, through which he could spy upon all the movements of the man in the cell below.

Then he ordered the prisoner brought into that cell. By Lecoq's orders, also, he was to be given whatever he asked for in the line of books, writing materials, et cetera, and allowed to receive any visitors who might chance to call.

For one whole week, day and night, Lecoq kept his eye to his spy hole—snatching time from it to sleep only for an hour or two at infrequent intervals. But he had all his trouble for nothing. The man he was watching incessantly made no move of a suspicious nature whatsoever. No visitors of any description called upon him.

One day Lecoq heard some one outside the prison wall whistling a popular musical-hall tune.

The tune was whistled over and over again. Lecoq rose from the floor, on which he had been lying with his eye trained, through the hole he had bored between the blocks of masonry, upon the man in the cell below, and tiptoed to the barred window of his cell, which was an outside one, as was the workingman's beneath him.

The detective, climbing upon the stone window sill, looked down through the bars upon the persistent whistler of that same popular tune as the latter walked slowly up and down beside the prison wall.

The stranger wore a brown overcoat, and, as he strolled back and forth, he limped.

Springing lightly down, Lecoq ran and threw himself on the floor beside the spy hole. He saw the man in the cell beneath him rise on his elbow on his cot, where he had been sleeping, with his head cocked in a listening attitude. The whistled bars of the popular air rose again; and, with a triumphant bound of his heart—for it proved his surmise that the whistle was a prearranged signal—Lecoq saw the workingman bound up from the cot and run to the window to look down upon the man in the brown overcoat limping to and fro as he whistled that tune below.

The detective watched the prisoner dart back to his cot, and from it snatch up a book that he had requested the jailer to get for him. He watched him tear a page from the volume, and, with the stub of a pencil, which he dug up from his pocket, begin to write along the margin of the torn-out page. Lecoq waited to see no more.

Rising, he ran lightly to the door of his cell and opened it. He snapped his fingers guardedly at one of the jailers who happened to be passing in the corridor to attract his atention, and quickly beckoned him to his side.

"Go down and tell a gendarme to walk out of the prison and around it on this side of the wall," he swiftly whispered his instructions to the jailer. "Then request one of my assistants, in plain clothes, to post himself across the way and shadow the man in the brown overcoat and whose right foot is lame, whom he will see walk away when the gendarme appears—he is to stick to his heels and report to me where he goes."

The jailer departed to carry out the detective's orders.

Stepping quickly out of his cell behind him, Monsieur Lecoq went downstairs at his heels and darted into the room which he kept for his private use in the prison.

From the wardrobe he caught up a brown overcoat and got into it. Then, donning a derby hat such as he had seen the man who was whistling outside the prison wearing, Lecoq limped out of the jail and around its wall.

The man in the brown overcoat, whose counterpart he now was, so far as any one from even a slight distance could tell, was just hobbling from view around a near-by corner—Lecoq's assistant sauntering casually along in his wake—as the detective rounded the prison wall from which the sight of the gendarme had frightened the other away, as he had hoped it would.

Lecoq fell to limping to and fro beside the prison wall, whistling the same popular tune.

A crumpled ball of paper fell to the ground beside him. Lecoq stopped his whistling. He paced to and fro for another moment or so. Then he stooped and picked up the ball of paper. And he made off with it.

In his apartment, a few blocks away, Monsieur Lecoq sat down and carefully smoothed out the crumpled page of the book upon his library table. He gave a sharp exclamation of disappointment as he saw what the prisoner had written in pencil upon the margin.

It was merely a series of numbers:

128—7—3—5—3—8—6—4.

Taking his head in his hands, Lecoq bent over the cipher—determined to solve it. An hour passed. And still the key to it eluded him. He persevered, however. Another hour ticked by on the clock behind him on the mantel. And then, with a triumphant cry, Lecoq bounded up.

"I've got it!" he exulted.

Seizing his hat, he dashed out of his apartment. Ten minutes later he entered the main public library of the city.

With the book which he had called for under his arm, he went into the reading room. The book was a copy of the one the prisoner had requested the jailer to bring him, and from which he had torn the page on which he had written the cipher note that he had thrown down—as he supposed—to his accomplice of the brown overcoat and the limp.

Monsieur Lecoq consulted the figures on the margin of the crumpled page which he had brought with him. The first number was 128.

He turned to that page in the book. 7, 3, 5 ran the next numbers. Lecoq counted the words along the first line of page 128, stopping at the seventh. He set down the first letter of that word, which was "corporal," on a page of his memorandum book.

Then he went back and counted along the line to the third word, "and," setting down its first letter after the other. He counted as far as the fifth word in the line, "never," adding its first letter to the rest.

And he had the word "Can" on the page of his memorandum book. He had, indeed, found the key to the cipher.

"A very clever trick!" Lecoq commented to himself, as he swiftly worked out the rest of the message which the prisoner had hoped would fall into his confederate's hands. "He arranged with the other beforehand to use this particular book, and then asked the jailer to bring him that one—a very neat, a very clever, means of communicating with each other. But not quite clever enough, my friend, to fool Lecoq!"

He held up the page of his memorandum book, on which he had written down the complete message which the prisoner had written to his accomplice:

"Can escape if you will send in a file to me."

Monsieur Lecoq sat tapping his teeth with the tips of his fingers, a thoughtful furrow again between his brows, for several minutes. Then, with a determined nod, he rose and returned to his apartment.



Lecoq jumped on behind the two who had no suspicion that he was shadowing them.

He found the assistant who had been detailed to shadow the man in the brown overcoat and with the limp waiting there for him.

"I have failed," announced the assistant, with a hopeless gesture. "I followed him successfully for an hour, but then I lost his trail and could not pick it up again."

Lecoq seated himself at his library table good-naturedly.

"Did he discover that you were shadowing him?" he asked.

"No; that I am sure of," answered the assistant.

Lecoq rubbed his hands smilingly.

"Then all is well, my son," said he. "I was afraid he might not come back to entertain his poor friend in his lonely

cell with some more of his whistling—lest it had already disturbed the prison authorities."

"Do you fear the prisoner will escape?" asked the assistant breathlessly.

"I do not fear it." Monsieur Lecoq shook his head, with an enigmatic smile. "I *hope* he will, that is all!"

An hour later, the detective presented himself again before the warden of the prison to ask another favor of that official. This time the warden refused point-blank to grant it.

"What you propose, monsieur," he declared, "would cost me my position should your wild scheme fail."



The footman, who had announced that his business was with the duc personally, turned to enter the library toward which the nobleman's servants bowed him.

"But it will not fail," Lecoq assured him.

"You cannot guarantee that."

"The word of Lecoq guarantees it," said the detective stiffly. "I will not fail—and on this depends my only hope of getting at the information I am after."

The warden hesitated, gnawing his mustache.

"Well, if you are sure——" he yielded.

Spinning round on his heel, Lecoq departed to carry out the plan he had in mind without further delay.

He carefully crumpled up the page which the prisoner had torn from the book in his cell, and on which the cipher message was written; and then, beside the barred window of his own cell, he waited.

At three o'clock that afternoon the whistled bars of the same popular air fell on his ears. Instantly Lecoq dropped the crumpled ball of paper out of his window. The whistling ceased.

Mounting to the stone window sill, the detective looked down with a smile upon the back of the man in the brown overcoat as the latter was limping away with the note which he thought the other had thrown down to him in response to his signal.

That night, Lecoq, stationed across the way from the prison, saw the same man return and take up a position beside the wall of the jail. Drawing a ball of light twine from under his overcoat, he threw it up at the barred window of the cell below the one from which Lecoq had dropped the note down to him that afternoon.

To the end of the ball of string which remained in his hands, the man next tied a stouter cord, and on the end of it a file, and then he gave a tug or two on the string as a signal for the prisoner above to pull the string, cord, and file up.

That done, he turned and limped away into the blackness of the night from which he had come.

Three nights later, watching from the same spot, Lecoq saw the prisoner come sliding down beside the prison wall on a rope constructed of his knotted bedclothes. The big man paused for a moment when he reached the ground to pull down his workingman's blouse and to adjust the workingman's cap on his head. Then he turned and walked off.

Lecoq, wearing a laborer's blouse and cap also, followed him at a discreet distance.

On a street corner, three blocks away, the man was joined by another who wore a workingman's garb and who limped with his right foot.

They hailed a fiacre and drove off in it. By a sprint Lecoq caught on behind the vehicle and rode with them unperceived to their destination. It proved to be a tavern of but a little better order than the Pepper Box, from which the thickset, black-browed man had been led away in the custody of the gendarmes. Paying the cabman, they went inside.

A minute later, Lecoq pitched into the place and sprawled down at a table beside the one at which they were seated. He dropped his head drunkenly on his arms—and listened to the conversation, which, after a questioning glance at him, the two men resumed where they had broken it off at his entrance.

"You say she suspects nothing, Otto?" the escaped prisoner questioned the other.

"Nothing," the lame man repeated, with a reassuring nod.

"And yet it seems impossible that she could not have recognized me when I burst into the place that night," the other mused doubtfully. "Even in this disguise——"

"As she herself has explained it to me," his companion broke in, "the instant you flung the door open, and her assailants slackened their hold of her in surprise at the interruption, she seized that moment to tear herself free of their clutches and run out of the taproom. She ran without looking back. And so, from that night to this, she has had no idea who the person was to whose timely intrusion upon her struggle with those apaches she owes the possession intact of all her jewels save that one earring."

The other sat staring moodily down at the top of the table before him.

"You have told her that she might

expect me to return from the business trip I am supposed to have taken to London this evening?" he asked at length.

His companion bowed his head in assent.

"And she has arranged a ball in honor of your return," he explained. "Doubtless it is already in progress, and she is anxious over your delayed arrival. If you will permit the suggestion——"

"Then let us go," put in the other, rising and flinging down a coin on top of the table to pay for the drinks which they had left untouched before them.

Monsieur Lecoq followed them out of the place and watched them step into another fiacre and drive off. Again he found a seat on the rear springs of the vehicle, and rode behind them undetected till the cab stopped—this time before a mansion in the fashionable quarter of the city.

Hidden in the shadows of the garden wall that surrounded the house, Lecoq saw the two men look up at its lighted windows while they conversed in undertones.

Then he saw them scale the wall and drop down from view into the garden in which the residence was set.

With a smile, Lecoq stepped out from the wall and blew his police whistle.

To the two gendarmes who came running in answer to the signal, he ordered curtly:

"Come with me!" and led them to the front door of the house.

"Two suspicious characters have just effected an entrance to this mansion," Lecoq informed the footman who answered his ring. "Inform your master at once, in order that myself and these policemen may search the house and capture the miscreants before they can escape."

The footman led Lecoq and the two gendarmes into the presence of the mistress of the house, who stood, surrounded by a half hundred guests, in the brilliantly lighted ballroom of the residence, and falteringly repeated to her what Lecoq had told him of the two desperate characters he had seen enter the mansion.

"My husband is not at home, monsieur," the lady began to Lecoq.

At that moment a man in a valet's sober black entered the room and approached her—*limping slightly on his right foot.*

"The duc has arrived, madame," he informed her, with a bow, "and has bid me say that he will join you and your guests immediately."

Even as he spoke, there descended the staircase the tall, square-shouldered man with the black brows and the firm chin whom Lecoq had last seen in the garb of a laborer—but who was dressed now in a suit of purple satin knickerbockers, with jewels flashing at the knees and on the buckles of his pumps. Thus resplendent, he advanced and bowed low over the head of the mistress of the house.

She explained to him the errand which had brought Lecoq and the two gendarmes there.

"I am the Duc de Sairmuse," the man informed the detective, looking him boldly in the eyes. "Do you wish to search the house for these two suspicious characters you say you saw enter it?"

"With your permission," bowed Lecoq grimly.

"You have it," said the duc. "Make your search."

Lecoq and the gendarmes ransacked the house from top to bottom. They found no one. Nor, in any corner of the mansion, could Lecoq find a trace of the workingman's clothes in which he had seen the two men he was sure had entered the house drop over its garden wall. He returned with the gendarmes to the duc.

"Well, you have not found what you were looking for, it seems," the latter remarked coldly.

Lecoq, looking him full in the eye, smilingly shrugged.

"So it would appear, monsieur le duc," said he.

"You are satisfied then?" persisted the duc, returning his gaze steadily.

"I am beaten—for the present," admitted Lecoq.

And he bowed himself out of the presence of the Duc de Sairmuse, the duchess, and their guests.

Till long past the hour of midnight, Lecoq paced the floor of his apartment. That the Duc de Sairmuse, member of one of the noblest families in all France, and the pretended workingman who had committed a double murder in the Pepper Box in the slums of Paris were one and the same he now knew.

But how to make the world know it? That was the problem by which Monsieur Lecoq found himself confronted. Who would believe so wild a story, unsupported by any other evidence than the mere word of the detective himself?

There was one other besides himself who knew the truth—Magistrate Duchamp.

He had recognized in the poorly clad prisoner who had been arraigned before him that morning, almost a fortnight before, the Duc de Sairmuse. It was the explanation for the sudden attack of illness which he had protested would make it impossible for him to hear the case against him.

The light of a sudden idea gleamed in the eye of Monsieur Lecoq.

"That's the way," he whispered triumphantly to himself, "that I shall get him!"

At ten o'clock the next morning a footman in powdered wig, knee breeches, and elaborately frogged and corded coat rang the front-door bell at the Duc de Sairmuse's mansion.

"I have an important letter for your master," the footman informed the servant who opened the door, "which I have been instructed only to deliver to him in person."

The duc's servant ushered the footman into the library, where the duc himself sat, with his morning paper, before the fire. The footman, with a bow, presented him with a letter which bore an important-looking seal.

"From Magistrate Duchamp," he announced respectfully. "I am instructed to wait for a reply, monsieur le duc."

The duc tore open the letter and read:

"I am in need of ten thousand francs. Does the favor I did for you on the bench the other day entitle me to hope that you will come to my assistance?"

The duc crushed the letter in his hand. He hesitated, then spread it open once more, and reread it. With a resigned shrug, he crossed to his desk and drew pen and paper toward him.

He was unaware that the footman had stolen forward on tiptoe and was looking over his shoulder as he wrote:

"My Dear Friend: I am indeed in your debt, and I hasten to liquidate a small part of what I owe you by inclosing the sum you name, with the hope that it will prevent you from speaking——"

The duc broke off, with a startled exclamation, as the sheet of note paper bearing his crest was suddenly whisked from under his pen.

"Thank you, monsieur le duc," said the voice of Monsieur Lecoq at his elbow.

Wheeling, the duc looked up in blank surprise at the footman. The next moment, the powdered wig coming off with a flourish, it was the smiling detective he found himself looking at instead. With a bow, Lecoq proceeded to fold up the bogus note from the magistrate which he had picked up also from the duc's writing desk, with the sheet of note paper on which the duc had begun his reply to it.

"I now have the proof which I lacked before," Lecoq informed him, "to make the world know you for what you are, monsieur—a murderer. I must ask you to accompany me back to prison."

With another shrug of resignation to the inevitable, the duc dropped back wearily in his chair.

"It is I who am beaten," said he, "this time."

He smoothed his strong, white hands out on his knees, looking down at them reflectively. Then he raised his eyes appealingly to Lecoq's face.

"But before I go with you, monsieur," he said, "be good enough to listen to my story. As perhaps you know, my title is one of the oldest and proudest in France. I married a girl without family—you saw her last night; the present Duchess de Sairmuse. I pledged her, at the time of our marriage, six months ago, never to bring shame upon that name. She gave me her word to keep it unsmirched always. And then" —the duc hesitated, turning away his head—"and then," he forced himself to continue, "one day, two weeks ago, I had reason to suspect her. I saw her, mounting the stairs toward her room in a state of perturbation, drop a note. I picked it up and read it.

"'Come to the Pepper Box to-night with a thousand francs,' was the message it contained, 'or we will make your secret known to your husband.'

"I pretended that business called me away that night. Disguised as a workingman, I followed her to that low tavern to find out what this secret that had been kept from me was. I learned, monsieur. My wife's brother was a convict—that was all. But, knowing the pride I took in my family, she would not have had me know it for all the world. So she had brought the money the two blackmailers in that squalid inn had demanded of her as the price of their silence; they had been partners in crime with her brother before he was convicted.

"Looking in through the window of the taproom, I heard all that they said. I also saw my wife give them the thousand francs which she had brought to stop their tongues. And then I saw something more. Their greed was not appeased, it seemed. One snatched at her earrings, the other the rings on her fingers. I waited to see no more, and burst in upon the scene——

"But you know the rest," the duc finished abruptly. "I killed them for attacking her, first of all; because they turned upon me, when I hurled myself at them and would have taken my life had I not fired to save it, is but a secondary explanation of why I committed the crime. I thought my wife's secret had died with them. But now, monsieur, it is in your possession to give to the world—if you choose."

Lecoq slowly unfolded the two bits of incriminating evidence which he held in his hand against the duc, and looked down at them uncertainly.

Then, on impulse, he crossed to the fireplace and consigned them both to the flames.

"I will bid you good morning, monsieur le duc," he said, with a bow, turning to the door. "It was only for my own personal satisfaction that I wished to get to the bottom of this case. Your secret is safe with me."

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

CHARLIE CHAPLIN and his brother "Sid" are said to be booked to appear in the flesh in a Broadway production before the season is over.

"Brother Bill" is the new name selected for the play in which James J. Corbett is to star in, and in which moving pictures will be used in developing the plot.

Another old New York newspaper man has been drafted into the movies This time it is Tom Kane, who will become a company manager for one of D. W. Griffith's two-dollar film shows.

T. W. Geary, of the International, says he thinks that starts in filmdom can be produced, and cites Mae Marsh and Mary Pickford as examples. He is putting many novices to work with a view of discovering hidden merit.

About one-half of the new big glass studio at Inceville is being put in shape for the setting of "The Golden Claw," a powerful society play. Besides imitations of the old masters, rich rugs and tapestries are to depict the interior of an elaborate mansion.

It is not so easy nowadays, as it used to be, to hire a vacant storeroom, install some chairs and a moving-picture machine, and then sit and watch the riches roll in. Times have changed, and also the way of running movies.

Theda Bara says the greatest compliment ever paid her by a newspaper scribe was when one said that in the "Vampire" she was wickedly beautiful. Ah Wing, said to be the most talented Chinese in picture-play productions, has a rôle in "The Scar," under the guidance of Director Garcia, for the National Film Corporation.

Inceville, the great studio at Los Angeles, will have its own lighting plant, with power for some two thousand incandescent and globe lamps, so that work can go ahead day or night.

The "property" room of some of the big studios would amaze a layman in picture-play making. One concern has over one hundred thousand different articles tabulated, ranging from a teapot to a grand square piano, for immediate use.

It is not generally known that the Kalem Company's Ham comedies were the discovery of Director Marshall, who at first sight saw the amusing contrast between little Bud and the six-feet-two Ham, and started them in the work that has been so successful.

Teddy Sampson, of the Majestic staff, has the leading rôle in "A Child of the Surf," the kind of a fisher-village story that Miss Sampson seems to excel in.

An Eastern lodge of Elks made a hit and attracted a big crowd to a fair by inviting the urchins of the town to join in their parade "made up" as Charlie Chaplins, and hung up a prize for the best imitation.

Nearly a Lady

(BOSWORTH)

By Edna Sylvester Kerr

That a fork was ever meant for anything but spearing bread, never dawned on Frederica Calhoun until the arrival at her father's Montana ranch of Lord Cecil Grosvenor, a prospective buyer. For his sake, she tried to be a lady—and she thought she failed. But you, after reading this story based on the Bosworth, Incorporated photo play of the same title, may judge whether she did or not. The cast:

Frederica Calhoun.....Elsie Janis
Lord Cecil Grosvenor.....Frank Elliott
Jack Rawlins.....Owen Moore
Mrs. Reginald Brooks.....Myrtle Stedman
Jim Brooks.....Harry Ham
Elaine, a chorus girl.....Roberta Hickman

OH, that's fine, Jack!"

Freddie lowered the letter which the cowboy had just given her to read. Nobody around old Tom Calhoun's ranch, in Montana, ever called his pretty eighteen-year-old daughter Frederica, who could ride a horse and throw a lariat and shoot a gun as well as any man on the place, anything but Freddie.

"It's fine in a way," hesitated Jack Rawlins, who was one of the dozen-odd ranch hands in her father's employ, and with whom Freddie had ridden out that afternoon to the mountains on an airy summit of which they were now sitting. "Fine that I've got the chance to go East and make something better out of myself than a cow-puncher at forty-five a month. This old pal of mine, that I haven't heard from before this letter came this morning for more'n ten years, is the kind of a fella you can depend on to go through with what he says. If I'll come on to New York and go to work for him for a year or two, he'll make me a pardner in his business after I've got the hang of it. But——"

"But what more do you want than that?" broke in Freddie.

The thing that had been trembling unspoken on his lips for weeks, Jack blurted out at last.

"I want you, dear! That's what makes me hate to think of going away off to the East and maybe never seeing you again or even hearing from you, except it might be to be told that you was getting married to somebody else. You ain't exactly blind, and so I guess you know that I've loved you from the first day I came to work for your father and saw you back there at the ranch. I'd go to New York in a minute if I had your promise to wait for me till I made good. And then——"

"And then," said Freddie, with the quiet air of one who speaks of a matter that is already settled, "we could get married and live on the income you'd be making out of the business as your friend's partner."

Jack turned and seized her little hands in both of his strong, brown ones.

"Do you mean it?" he asked eagerly. "That you love me—and you're willin' to wait for me out here in Montana till I can send for you to come on to New York and be my wife?"

Freddie nodded silently.

And Jack drew her into his arms. Presently he took a ring from his pocket and slipped it on her finger.

"It ain't much," said he, "but it'll do to remind you of me when I'm gone and that you've promised to marry me and nobody else, ever. That *is* a promise, ain't it, sweetheart?"

And Freddie assured him it was. A week later, Jack Rawlins had gone from the ranch, where he had worked for more than two years, to take the position which his old friend had offered him in the far-off East. Freddie's father and mother both knew of their engagement and approved of it, for, as the blunt old ranchman expressed it, Jack was as steady a young man as had ever worked for him, and one who, therefore, could not help but make his daughter a good husband.

At first Freddie exchanged letters with Jack regularly.

It was not her fault that after a month or two the regularity of their correspondence was broken. Jack let two weeks pass without sending her any word of his doings in New York, and then what he wrote could scarcely be called a letter at all, since it contained only a line or so to state that he was well but very busy.

Freddie was hurt over both the length of time that had elapsed before its arrival and the shortness of the note itself. She allowed her injured feelings to be apparent by not replying to Jack's curt missive for another fortnight.

Three weeks passed by before he answered her. There was no explanation for his failure to write to her more regularly vouchsafed in this second note, which was no less brief and uncommunicative—beyond the statement that his health was good and the fact that he was working hard—than the former had been.

Freddie looked down sadly at the ring on her finger which Jack had placed there that day when they had both sat on the summit of the mountain and he had won her promise to wait for him.

"I guess he's met somebody else in New York," Freddie told herself, and a drop of moisture fell from somewhere on the cheap stone set into the ring over which her head was lowered, "and that's why he doesn't write oftener to me. Well, I don't care!"

And then, to prove it, she dropped her head on her folded arms and wept.

It was the very next day that her father received a letter from New York. It was from a firm of lawyers with whom the ranchman had previously had dealings. The attorneys wrote that they believed they had found a customer for that part of his property which they were aware he had long been trying to sell.

The prospective purchaser was an Englishman, Lord Cecil Grosvenor by name, and he was coming to Montana to inspect the property in person.

The whole household was thrown into a flutter of excitement over the expected arrival of the titled Britisher. That is, all but Freddie were excited. Her father, who was anxious to dispose of the land that had burdened him with taxes for years, was consumed with impatience for the buyer to arrive, and hourly expressed the hope that no train wreck, washout, or other untoward accident would occur to prevent his turning up. Mrs. Calhoun bustled about from morning to night, setting her house in order to receive the noble guest. But Freddie had her own troubles to think about, and she cared not whether the Englishman came or stayed.

Lord Cecil Grosvenor, attended by his manservant Higgsby, arrived at the ranch just at sunset, three days later.

Freddie, encircled by a ring of admiring cowboys, was executing a "lariat dance" in the corral that adjoined the ranch house. The better to pirouette in the loop of the rope which she swung at the length of her arm above her head, she had removed her divided skirt, underneath which were a pair of knickerbockers; and it was in this masculine garb that Lord Cecil had his first sight of her. The encouraging cheers of the cowboys around her as they watched her dance, had drowned out the sound of the wheels of the buckboard in which the titled visitor and his valet had driven over from the depot, six miles away, into the ranch yard. For perhaps two or three minutes, Lord Cecil stood unobserved on the outskirts of the ring of cowboys, looking on with them while Freddie danced. And then she saw him.

With a gasp of alarm she caught up her skirt from the ground, bundled it around her, and fled into the house.

Guided by the cowboys, and with Higgsby, loaded with his master's bag and baggage, bringing up the rear, Lord Cecil followed her to the door of the house, where—in answer to the cowboys' hail—Calhoun and his wife had appeared to receive him.



Freddie promised that she would wait for Jack until he had "made good" in New York.

Fifteen minutes later, Lord Cecil was introduced to Freddie, who was clothed once more in her skirt and her wonted composure.

That there was something more than interest in the daughter of the man from whom he expected to purchase a piece of property, in Lord Cecil's gaze as it rested upon her face, was apparent even to Freddie.

Indeed, Lord Cecil, accustomed as he had been to the artificial beauties of New York and London society, was confiding to himself, as he looked at this fresh Western girl, that he had never seen any one who was half so lovely before. To one enchantress he had left behind in New York in particular—Elaine Beauchamp, of the "Folies"—he compared this wind-tanned, bright-eyed, wholesome girl of the wide spaces, and it was not Freddie who suffered by the comparison.

But though she greeted Lord Cecil cordially enough, as befitted a guest, Freddie felt hardly any more interest in him than she had before his arrival. He was handsome; she noticed that. And his clothes and his manners were different from any man's she had ever seen before. Even Jack, she was forced to admit, was not of a more stalwart build than the Englishman, if he looked to be nearly as strong. Yet, at the contact of her hand with his in greeting, Freddie experienced no thrill, no slightest quickening in the beat of her pulse.

Promised to Jack, all other men were nonexistent to her.

Nevertheless, in the days that followed, Freddie found her attention attracted more and more to the noble visitor under her father's roof. There were those different manners of his, for one thing. That a fork was ever meant for anything but spearing bread, Freddie had all her life been in ignorance. She learned, from watching Lord Cecil as he sat at table with the family, that it had a different use. And gradually the doubt began to be borne in upon her if, after all, his ways, at which at first she had laughed in secret, might not be right, and hers and her mother's and father's—all the plain people with whom she had been brought up—wrong.

A week passed, and then another, without a letter from Jack. Lord Cecil had plainly shown by this time that, all untutored in the graces of the world though she was, Freddie had wholly captured his heart.

It was first with the idea of punishing Jack for his seeming neglect of her, even though he was not there to see it, that Freddie began flirting harmlessly with Lord Cecil.

But in an incredibly short time she

found that she was listening to his love-making because she liked it—or she thought she did. An incident which shortly occurred served to strengthen Freddie in the belief that she had grown to care for the Englishman.

Making up the bed in his room one morning, she spied a photograph that stood upon his bureau. It was the show-

impulsively sat down at her father's desk and wrote a note to Jack.

He had killed all her former love for him by his failure to write to her more often. She wrote, briefly, that she was sending back his ring, as she had discovered that she loved somebody else, and then, sealing the letter, she ran out with it and gave it to one of the cow-

"but what about the girl whose photograph I saw in your room this morning?"

Lord Cecil caught her hands in his.

"She is nothing to me!" he protested. "I repeat—I love only you. If you like, I'll destroy the picture——"

"Oh, no!" broke in Freddie, her momentary doubt of his sincerity set at



Lord Cecil Grosvenor was no less of a novelty to Freddie and the cowboys on her father's ranch, than they were to him.

girl's picture, across which she had written in a thick, angular hand: "Ever with love, Elaine."

The effect which the sight of that cold, but beautiful, face looking back at her from Lord Cecil's bureau had upon Freddie was one of quick anger.

She was jealous of the original of that photograph which it seemed Lord Cecil cherished! Therefore, she told herself, she *must* be in love with him.

To make up her mind to a thing with Freddie was to act. She descended to the living room of the ranch house and

boys, who was just setting off to town, to mail.

As she reëntered the house Freddie was confronted by Lord Cecil in the living room.

"I have just seen your father," he informed her, "and secured his consent to my marriage to you—if you are willing, that is, to become Lady Grosvenor. You know that I love you, and you only. Will you be my wife, dear?"

Freddie, remembering the picture of Elaine on his bureau upstairs, hesitated.

"You say you love only me," said she,

rest. "It's too pretty to tear up. And —if you're *sure* you love me——"

"My darling!" and he folded her in his arms. When, five minutes later, he released her, Lord Cecil smilingly announced: "And now I have a surprise for you. I want you to come with your mother to New York, and pay my sister, who lives there, a visit. I can assure you she will welcome you with open arms—as the girl I am going to marry."

Freddie drew back, aghast at the prospect.

"But when I don't know anything,"

she protested, "about how to act in society——"

"You'll soon learn," Lord Cecil laughed her fears away; "I'll wager on that. Moreover, your very innocence will delight my sister, and all the people she knows, as it did me the first time I saw you."

Freddie clapped her hands in joyous excitement over the prospect of paying a visit to New York.

"Mother!" she called. And when that good lady appeared: "We're going to New York!" her daughter tersely informed her.

Mrs. Calhoun all but fainted at the idea of undertaking the trip. But Freddie gayly brushed aside all her objections, and bade her make haste to pack their things. And so, a week later, she and her mother departed with Lord Cecil for the Eastern metropolis.

Meanwhile, Jack, who had received Freddie's letter with his ring inclosed, had seen the dream toward whose fulfilment he had been toiling night and day shattered at his feet.

It was because he had been working so hard to make good, and thus hasten the day when he could send for her to become his wife, that he had not written to Freddie any oftener. He had been true to her all along—too true to the interests of their marriage for his own good, as it had turned out.

His friend, who had held out the offer of a partnership in his business as the goal for his making good, advised him to take a vacation from his ceaseless labors.

"Get out around town and have some fun," was his tip, on learning from Jack that the girl the latter had left back in Montana had jilted him, "and you'll soon forget all about her. Jim Brooks and I are going to dine with some ladies of the chorus to-night, and you'd better come along with us."

Indifferently, Jack consented to do so.

Upon arriving at the restaurant with his friend that evening, however, they found that, while the chorus girls had shown up there all right, the aforementioned Jim Brooks had not.

"Go and call him up by phone," Jack's friend ordered him. "The number's Riverside 10406."

Now, Jim Brooks was the harum-scarum younger brother of the millionaire Lord Cecil's sister had married. Freddie and her mother had arrived at the house with Lord Cecil two days before. The phone bell ringing as she was passing through the downstairs hall, Freddie answered it. She recognized Jack's voice on the other end of the wire.

"Hello, Jack!" she called eagerly.

And, to his amazement, Jack recognized the voice of the girl he believed to be in far-away Montana talking to him over a New York phone.

"Freddie!" he exclaimed. "What are you doing in this city?"

Freddie laughed happily.

"Come up to dinner to-night," she said, "and I'll explain."

Jack accepted the invitation with alacrity.

Freddie, if the truth be known, had not been happy before she heard Jack's voice. The reception which Lord Cecil's sister had accorded her, had by no means been the warm one that he had pictured to her beforehand. Indeed, the fashionable Mrs. Reginald Brooks had been at pains to let Freddie see that she considered her to be a very poor match for her titled brother—and that the openness with which she showed this hurt Freddie's feelings, she cared not a whit.

To be constantly rebuked for one's mistakes, is not a pleasant experience; and that, ever since she had come into the house presided over by her prospective sister-in-law, was what had fallen to Freddie's lot.

But the sound of Jack's familiar voice, conjuring up before her mind's eye as it did the picture of his plain, wholesouled self, had driven her fit of the blues away as dust in the April wind. He was uncultured like herself, and thus he couldn't find fault with her. And, with sparkling eyes and glowing cheeks, she ran up to her room to dress for his coming.

Of course, she told herself, Jack was no more than an old friend of hers now. She was promised to Lord Cecil. She must not think of Jack as—as once she had, but simply as a friend from home whom she was going to be glad to see for that reason. Jack, rushing back from the telephone booth in the coat room of the restaurant to inform his friend and the latter's three fair companions at the table where they were already seated that he had been called away on urgent business, dashed off to his room to get into his evening clothes, and hasten uptown to the fashionable Brooks' residence to keep his dinner engagement there.

It baffled him completely, to understand what Freddie could be doing in New York.

But a half hour later he understood, when he heard from her lips that Mrs. Brooks was the sister of the man to whom she was engaged. More than was really true, Jack thought he understood. Freddie, he believed, had thrown him over for the money and the title which Lord Cecil could bestow upon her.

And yet, he reflected as he watched her, she did not look like a girl who was capable of doing such a thing.

Mrs. Brooks—to whom Freddie had introduced Jack as an old friend from Montana—proposed that after dinner the whole party should attend the theater and go to supper in some fashionable restaurant afterward. It was while they were seated at a large table in Rector's, that Lord Cecil suddenly rose from his chair and bowed elaborately to some one across the room.

Turning around in her chair, Freddie discovered the some one to be the original of the photograph which she had seen on Lord Cecil's bureau back in her father's house in Montana — Elaine Beauchamp!

The showgirl returned Lord Cecil's salutation with interest, waving him to come over to the table at which she sat with another actress and two men.

Lord Cecil, excusing himself to Freddie, obeyed his former enchantress' summons. The truth of the matter was, he had grown somewhat tired of Freddie, as she had of him, and for the same reason. Hearing her constantly criticized by his sister had not helped to make his love for the Western girl increase. Of late he had been wondering if, after all, what he had mistaken to be love was not merely infatuation with a different type of girlhood than any he had previously met with.

"The French ball comes off to-morrow night," Elaine quickly whispered to him as he bent over her hand at her table. "Will you take me?"

"Can't," protested Lord Cecil. "I'm engaged to be married, you know."

"Oh, come out and have one more good time before you sign away your freedom!" was Elaine's rejoinder. "Is it a go?"

Lord Cecil, hesitating on the brink, looked back toward the table at which he had left Freddie with the others.

And at that moment Freddie rose, drawing her cloak around her shoulders, to inform Mrs. Brooks that she wanted to go straight home. All her former doubt of Lord Cecil's protestations that he loved her alone had returned to her in redoubled measure at seeing him deliberately leave her in the restaurant to go to the girl for whom she was certain he had once cared.

"Call me up to-morrow evening, and wealthy brother's home. The proposal was hailed enthusiastically by all as the saving of an otherwise spoiled evening —even Freddie agreeing to don a bathing suit and go into the water, which she loved.

But it was her fondness for swimming which, fifteen minutes later, led her into grave danger. She swam out beyond her depth in the pool, and, before she knew it, was seized with a cramp. The fulness and bravery Jack had displayed in rescuing her from the swimming pool.

The following night Freddie halted as she was coming downstairs to dinner.

Lord Cecil's voice, talking over the telephone in the hall below, had arrested her. She openly listened to the laughing conversation he was carrying on with the person on the other end of the wire.

"All right," she heard her fiancé say,



It was Jack who carried Freddie out of the pool, while Lord Cecil stood helplessly looking on from the brink.

I'll let you know," Lord Cecil flung back over his shoulder at Elaine, as he hastened back to the other table.

But not his persuasions, nor all the others', could make Freddie change her mind about going home. And so home they all went. Jim Brooks, the brother-in-law of Lord Cecil's sister, who had had a little too much to drink—a chronic failing of his—suggested that they all take a swim in the pool which was one of the luxurious appurtenances of his

cry for help, which she sent up before she sank for the first time, was responded to by Jack.

He carried her out of the water in his strong arms, and past Lord Cecil, who still stood hesitating on the steps of the pool.

Strangely, as she lay awake in her bed that night, it was not of Lord Cecil's defection from her side, to that of the showgirl in the restaurant, that Freddie thought of most, but of the resource-

"I'll go with you to the French ball tonight. Where shall I meet you—at the stage door of the Folies?"

Freddie clutched the banister of the stairs beside her until her knuckles showed white.

"At eleven-thirty, then," she heard Lord Cecil say, after a pause. "All right, little one, I'll be there."

Freddie heard him hang up the receiver and walk away, humming a popular tune. She continued her descent

of the stairs, no hint in her manner of what she had overheard. After dinner —to which, by the way, Jim Brooks had not come home—the family retired to the drawing-room. Presently Lord Cecil rose from Freddie's side on a *chaise lounge* and, with a glance at his watch, announced:



Jack made the discovery that it was Lord Cecil who sat beside the showgirl at the table in that scene of revelry.

"I wonder if you will excuse me, my dear? I have an engagement at the club to talk over a matter of business with a chap, and so——"

"You can toddle right along," Freddie assured him.

And, with a look of relief for what he thought was the successful way he had deceived her with his story of "a man at the club," Lord Cecil left the room, and, ten minutes later, the house.

He had no sooner gone when Freddie, making the excuse of a headache from which she was suffering to Mrs. Brooks, ran up to her own room.

It adjoined that of the absent Jim Brooks. On the bed the young man's evening clothes had been laid out by Tomlinson, the Brooks butler. Freddie hesitated only for the fraction of a moment. Then she unlocked the door of her room which communicated with that of the young man's, and hastily began to array herself in his clothes.

Fifteen minutes later, inspecting herself in the glass, Freddie was satisfied that nobody would ever mistake her in the costume for anything but a young man of fashion. She donned Jim Brooks' overcoat and top hat, and, with his cane tucked under her arm, pulled on his white kid gloves and stealthily descended the stairs.

She succeeded in getting out of the house unperceived.

At the corner she hailed a taxi and ordered the driver to take her to the stage door of the "Folies." The positive proof of Lord Cecil's unfaithfulness to her was all Freddie wanted to secure now. And, standing beside the stage door twenty minutes later, as though she was a chappie waiting for the chorus girls to come out, she had that proof when she saw her titled fiancé emerge from the door accompanied by—Elaine Beauchamp!

While they went on to the French ball, Freddie returned to Mrs. Brooks' residence.

Jack Rawlins, as it happened, still following his friend's advice to go about the city in pursuit of pleasure which would help him to forget Freddie, had gone to the French ball with his chum.

And there he recognized Lord Cecil, to whom the girl he loved was engaged, seated at midnight with the actress at a table.

It made Jack's blood boil to think of the unworthiness of the man to whom the girl he would have cheerfully laid down his life for had promised herself. But there was nothing he could do about it, he told himself. To inform Freddie of the Englishman's duplicity would be to play the rôle of a tale-bearing cad.

He left the ball at once and went home to his room, there to spend the rest of the night in wretchedly tossing upon his pillow, tortured by the knowledge that the man to whom he must surrender his old sweetheart was not fit to tie her shoe.

Freddie, with the collar of Jim Brooks' overcoat turned up about her chin, and his hat cocked at a rakish angle on her head, succeeded in fooling Tomlinson who answered her ring at the doorbell into mistaking her for the younger brother of his employer—who was returning home in a semihelpless condition again after a lark.

But she was not as fortunate in getting back into her own room unperceived as she had been in leaving it—Mrs. Brooks, coming up the stairs, saw

the back of a man just disappearing through Freddie's door!

She looked through the keyhole, and confirmed the suspicion of which at first she had not been able to believe her eyes. There *was* a man in the room of the wild, uncultured girl her brother was contemplating marriage with!

But, Mrs. Brooks at once told herself, that match must be broken off immediately.

She determined to tell Lord Cecil of the discovery she had made the first thing the next morning, and inform him that either Freddie must leave the house at once, or she would.

At that moment Freddie herself was severing her engagement to Lord Cecil by a note which she was writing:

"After last night I don't believe any explanation is necessary as to why I can't marry you. Mother and I are going back to Montana, and you will find your ring inclosed."

The next morning Mrs. Brooks told Lord Cecil her story of the man she had seen in Freddie's room the night before. His rage was terrible to behold, and he strode up to Freddie's room to demand an explanation from her.

Her mother, who was in the midst of packing their trunks for the return journey to Montana, which her daughter had told her they were going to make that day, informed him that Freddie had gone out for an hour or two.

"But here's a note she told me to be sure and give you if you asked for her," said Mrs. Calhoun, handing him the envelope.

Lord Cecil read the words Freddie had written. He misunderstood them for a confession of her own guilt! His sister, to whom he descended with the note, confirmed him in that opinion.

"She must have become aware that I had discovered about last night," said Mrs. Brooks, "and seen that the only way out of the affair was for her to admit her duplicity and break her engagement to you—the hussy!"

At that moment the "hussy" burst breathlessly into the room, leading the equally breathless Jack Rawlins by the hand.

They had reason enough to be out of breath, since from the call Freddie had paid at Jack's office to tell him that she was through with Lord Cecil forever and why, they had hastened off to the license bureau in city hall, and from there to a minister—all within the two hours that had elapsed since Freddie had left the house before the rest were up.

"Did you get my note and your ring all right?" Freddie asked Lord Cecil.

He regarded her coldly.

"Yes, and I quite agree with you that no explanation is necessary," said he, "since my sister has told me of the man she saw going into your room last night."

Freddie stared at him in surprise for a moment. And then the explanation dawned upon her. She covered her mouth with her hand to keep from laughing outright. *She* was the one at fault, Lord Cecil believed, and not that he had done anything which had cut their engagement short. At the look of injured dignity on his face, Freddie's lip curled scornfully..

"You're right," said she, "there won't be any explanation."

She made him a disdainfully mocking bow.

"A *gentleman* such as you ought not to marry the sort of a person I am." Freddie finished. "You want a lady for your wife. And I'm nearly one, but that's all. At least, that's what I was trying to be. But I'm not going to try any more. I'm going back to Montana to what I've always wanted to be, and what I intended to be at the start. And that's just plain Mrs. Jack Rawlins!"

But as she walked to the door with Jack, Freddie could not resist the temptation to throw the parting shot over her shoulder at her titled ex-fiancé:

"If you go to the stage door of the Folies to-night, don't forget to remember me, 'ever with love' for what she helped me to escape from—to Elaine!"

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

RECEIVED a note from Kalem stating that the "Ham" comedies will continue as usual. Gertie Bambrick told me that there would be no more "Ham" films, and she ought to have known, for her hubby, Marshall Neilan, used to direct the "Ham" comedies when they were at their best. Rube Miller is doing the directing now. Rube is a good actor, and, had he remained with Keystone, might be recognized as one of our best little comedians. Well, anyhow, the "Ham" comedies will continue to appear on the general program until further notice.

Have another little novelty for next week. I am going to name the five best-dressed men in filmdom—that is, the five who at all times are clothed in the height of fashion. In other words, the human fashion plates of the screen. Yes, I will follow with the five best-dressed women. This is where I will get myself in trouble.

The Triangle Film Corporation, which holds the distinct honor of having the three greatest directors in the motion-picture art, has certainly arranged a fine program for its first show at the Knickerbocker. Sennett will have Raymond Hitchcock and Mabel Normand featured in a four-reeler. D. W. Griffith will have Douglas Fairbanks as his star, and Tom Ince will present Frank Keenan and Charles Ray in a Civil War picture.

Oh, what a joke! American's press agent must have decided to have a little spree, and send out some laughing material. Here is the item: Ed Coxen prides himself on his ability as a horseman. He and John Steppling frequently participate in thrilling feats of horsemanship. Can you imagine anything so ridiculous? Steppling is one of these three-hundred-pound comedians who has to work in dramas for a living, and trying to imagine him making pick-ups and other fancy tricks makes one giggle.

Speaking of laughs, I heard something the other day that made me giggle for some time. I was talking to a friend, and he began telling me how very much overrated Charlie Chaplin was, and how it made him feel to be compelled to sit through a film in

which Charlie was capering about. Of course, there are many people who say the very same thing, and do the same thing as this fellow did. I happened into the Broadway Theater that afternoon, to see Charlie's latest production, and whom should I spy but my friend in convulsions. I don't think I ever saw a man laugh more—and he didn't care for Charlie a tiny bit! Oh, no, they all say that, but when he appears on the screen they immediately lead the procession of laughing enthusiasts. Such is life!

Jean Southern, the former dainty little vaudeville star, and now a dainty little film actress, has purchased a farm for herself out on Long Island, and is going in for raising chickens. Jean ought to make good at the head of a poultry farm.

Owen Moore is hard at work with D. W. Griffith once again. Every once in a while Owen decides that he wants a little change of climate, and leaves the famous director, and joins another concern, but a few months finds him back with the master producer once more. Owen's last event was with Keystone, and, believe me, Owen got the worst of things while there. He had not been there twenty-four hours when he got a pail of water in the face. During his last twenty-four hours, Roscoe Arbuckle, the heavyweight champion of the films, accidentally (?) sat down on Owen's brand-new silk hat. I would wager one week's salary that Owen is mighty glad to get back with Griffith again. Yep, I will bet the whole three dollars that he is.

Mary Pickford is bound to get her mother and whole family into the movies one way or another. She succeeded in getting a job for Lottie and Jack, but could not find anything for mother, so what do you think? Yes, mother rings in on some film money, anyway. If any one wants to interview her, they must give her mother fifty dollars. Mary is dainty, cute, and some actress, but she certainly has peculiar ideas regarding publicity. Everybody works but father.

Hessie Louise Johansen, one of the few women directors, is back from the mountains, after three days of hard work. Her company of players declare that she worked them to death, but they admit that some mighty fine scenes were secured, anyway.

There is gloom in the hearts of Mr. Smaltz and Mr. Fish these days, and they consider the incident a bad omen. Fedie, their pet cat, is no more. After appearing in "The Watery Romance," Fedie died the very next morning, and all is gloom. The cat was their pride and joy, and Smaltz is after the scalp of one Fish. In one of the scenes, Fish accidentally fell on the cat three times during one scene, and this is believed to have been the cause of the feline passing on to the happy catnip grounds. Incidentally, Fish and Smaltz don't speak.

Bud Duncan got rid of one of his Chinese valets the other day, and to be in line with the occasion Charlie Ray hired one. We hope it was not the one that Bud fired.

You can look for some mighty good feature films this month. There are several of the big companies working on some big features with some big stars.

Who will be so kind as to suggest some remedy for the person who keeps continually talking while a picture is being shown? I doubt if there is anything more annoying than this. It would be a good thing if the managers of the movie theaters would flash a slide on the screen, asking these busybodies to keep still.

Edna Maison is in mourning. One of her pets was run over by an automobile and killed. I have not been able to find out as yet just which one it was. Dainty Edna has so many pets that it has one guessing trying to keep track of them all. One thing is certain—Al, her pet horse, is not the one, or there would have been enough tears around Universal City to flood the place.

Will have used up about all the five leading things that there are by next week. Is there any particular bunch that some one would like to get my opinion on? If so, let me know, and I will try my best.

Henry Otto, the American director, promises to furnish a new kind of thrill in one of his forthcoming productions. If Otto promises anything he always makes good, so we are anxiously waiting for it.

Mutual is certainly adding a number of new companies to her already long list. Guess she is preparing for the leaving of Kay-Bee, Broncho, Domino, Keystone, Reliance, and Majestic. She will have to go some to get companies that are capable of producing the brand of films turned out by the SIG bunch. Let's watch.

Mack Sennett, the demon comedy producer, has given us something worth while again with "A Lover's Lost Control," featuring the funny brother of Charlie Chaplin's, namely Sid.

A Kalem ad that caught my eye had me guessing the other day. It was a first-class house, and, seeing the name of Alice Joyce, Tom Moore, and Stuart Holmes on the poster, I thought it must be very old stuff, but upon investigation I found out that it was an Alice Joyce reissue. Some cast, eh?

Speaking of Kalem, I see that Helen Holmes is still going around the studio in normal condition. After seeing a bunch of Helen's daring deeds in the "Hazards of Helen" series, I certainly don't see how she does it. Excuse me from this railroad dare-deviltry.

Hank Mann, the El-Ko comedian, is a great chance taker, but his press agent tried to get away with something the other week, and succeeded—with some people. He sent out a picture of Hank balancing himself on a roof of a five-story building, and wrote a long and lengthy article on the comedian's great nerve. As it was, it was nothing of a feat, for Hank had a wire attached to him to keep himself on safe territory. Press agents are handy things—sometimes.

Speaking of vampires—did you see the four-part Mutual Masterpicture, "The Toast of Death"? If you did, you saw some vampire. Louise Glaum played the tempting rôle, and certainly did the deed up brown, and of course she was the topic of an interesting conversation among the women spectators. Remarks of "Isn't she terrible!" and "I don't see how they allow such people in moving pictures!" were frequently heard. When the women begin to knock an actress for being vampirish, it is a good tip that said actress is good. Hence my opinion of Louise.

Now that Tom Ince has signed up Billie Burke to play in his films, it is almost certain that her first appearance will be on the Triangle service, and which film will be shown right on Broadway at the Knickerbocker Theater. Bet the house will be crowded.

Pearl White continues to struggle along against the plots of the foul villains who are trying to do away with her in the Romance of Elaine.

'Neath Calvary's Shadow

(SELIG)

By Robert Keene

John Strong, a young minister, is driven from his parish by an ugly rumor which is raised against him, in this story based on the Selig photo play of the same title. He goes West, taking with him the cause of his dismissal from his pastorate, and there meets the one woman he desires for his wife. Then she hears the story of his past. What happens then —the end of the story—is a big surprise. The cast:

John Strong.....Wheeler Oakman
Anne / *LaBelle Favorita*.....Fritzi Brunette
Harold Gordon.....Frank Mayo
Imogene.....Virginia Kirtley

WISH I could be sure that what you say is true!"

John Strong, the young rector of Calvary Parish, shook his head doubtfully over the statement his sister Anne had just made.

"But of course Marjorie is fond of children," she stoutly maintained. "What woman isn't? I wouldn't worry about that, John, if I were you."

But nevertheless John Strong *was* worried. For the past six months he had been secretly engaged to Marjorie Westhaven. The reason their betrothal was not openly declared was because Marjorie's father objected. An atheist of the most radical kind, old Roger Westhaven had told his daughter that he "didn't want her hanging around that praying hypocrite"—by whom he meant John Strong. It had been at Marjorie's suggestion that they had kept the fact that they were engaged to be married a secret, until her father, as she predicted he would in time, should come to have a better opinion of the young minister.

John had not wanted the matter concealed; but, through his boundless love for her, he had yielded to Marjorie's persuasions that nobody but themselves and John's sister Anne should know that they were engaged.

Of late, a suspicion had entered John's mind as to whether the reason of her father's objections to her marrying a minister of the gospel which she had given for wanting their betrothal kept hidden, was, after all, the true one. Perhaps John Strong's closest friend, Harold Gordon, had something to do with it.

Gordon was the minister's exact opposite, which accounted for their mutual liking. With plenty of money—which he drew from a source that no one knew—he spent most of his time in the pursuit of such pleasure as the Gay White Way affords. He was handsome, always dressed in the height of fashion, and additionally, without one moral restraint.

John Strong, during the years of their friendship, which had begun at college, where the one was training for the ministry, the other for the rounder which he had become, had tried to reform him —but in vain. Gordon laughed at him for "trying to turn a black sheep white," as he put it, and continued in the folly of his ways. Still Strong had not given up hope of one day bringing about his friend's regeneration by his own example and righteous counseling, and so he had refrained from severing their friendship, different though the paths their feet trod were.

Gordon had been away for a trip to the coast with a party of his gay friends when John Strong had first met Marjorie Westhaven and fallen in love with her at sight. He had won her secret promise to become his wife just a fortnight before Gordon returned.

That the latter was attracted by her, Strong had seen when he had introduced them. Marjorie had seemed to reciprocate his interest. From that hour, Strong had been aware of a difference in her manner toward him. It was nothing tangible; nothing that he could complain to her of. And yet the fact remained that she had not been the same toward him from the moment she had met Harold Gordon.

Two weeks later, Strong had waited three hours at the rendezvous she had appointed to take a walk with him, and then returned to the rectory alone—Marjorie had disappointed him.

The next day—which was the one before his conversation with his sister above recorded—Marjorie had explained that the reason she had not kept her engagement with him was that her father had insisted on her accompanying him to call on some old friends of the family.

The word "family" had led John Strong to speak of their marriage, and the hopes he had of one day having little ones of his own to love and care for. He was passionately fond of children, as he had explained to her before. But Marjorie, it seemed to him, had shown a marked coldness on the subject—and one that had led him, later, to sorrowfully declare to Anne that he did not think she cared for children.

"Every woman cares for children," Anne repeated. "And that—that's what makes it so hard!"

To Strong's surprise, with those gasped-out words, his sister burst into tears, and ran from the room. She refused to open the locked door of her bedroom, to which he followed her, begging to know what was the matter. The young minister slowly returned to his study, a mystified crease resting on his forehead.

But, the next morning, Strong's surprise deepened to staggering amazement, as he read the note which his sister had placed on his bureau some time during the night while he was asleep.

The words Anne had written were these:

"I am going away, John. Some day, perhaps, you will know why; but even now, when I shall have placed many miles between us before you read these lines, I cannot tell you the reason I am leaving you, never to see you again. Forgive the pain this act of mine will cause you, as I know, and try to remember as kindly as you can, your sorrowful sister, ANNE."

John Strong, crushing the letter in his hands, ran from his room in the rectory into his sister's. Her bed had not been slept in. Some of her clothing was still hanging in her wardrobe—but not all of it. Her traveling bag also was gone, as were the toilet articles from the top of her bureau. The disappearance which his sister had promised in the note which he had just read was an accomplished fact, then.

But why had she gone? What was the reason for her flight, which she had hinted in her note she dared not tell him? This John neither knew, nor, brooding over it in the days that followed, could he guess.

Some six or seven months afterward, leaving the rectory early one morning to pay a sick call upon one of his parishioners, John Strong all but stumbled over something that lay upon the doorstep.

The something was a basket, and in it was a baby.

To the infant's dress, investigation showed the minister, a slip of paper had been pinned by whoever had abandoned the baby there on the steps of the rectory, and on the paper was written one word:

"Helen."

John Strong took the baby in, and when he emerged from the rectory again in a half hour to set forth upon his errand of mercy to the bedside of the sick parishioner on which he had been interrupted by the discovery of the basket with its infant burden upon the doorstep, his face and bearing had changed.

During the past thirty minutes, he seemed to have grown ten years older, as though some tragedy had passed its heavy hand over his face, leaving it wrinkled and wan.

His engagement to Marjorie, by the way, had been terminated abruptly more than two months before. She had informed him that it was at an end in a letter, explaining that, her father being still fixed in his purpose never to allow her to marry a minister of any religion—to all of which he was radically opposed—she had decided to enter a convent.

At the same time, Harold Gordon had departed for the West.



Harold Gordon spent most of his time in the pursuit of such pleasure as the Gay White Way afforded.

He had informed his friend Stron that he was tired of knocking about under the bright lights of Broadway and that he had determined to seek different surroundings in which to attempt to make a better man of himself by the road of hard work.

As the weeks passed, and grew into months, and these in turn to two years, John Strong found the only solace for the lonely life he led in the rectory in the little girl-baby that had been left on the doorstep by unknown hands.

The baby, as she grew up, gave prom-

se of one day becoming a girl of surpassing beauty. Indeed, at the age of two, she was the talk of the parish —and the parish *did* talk of John Strong's little ward.

The talk grew into an ugly rumor, in the course of time. The rumor was that John Strong was none other than the father of the infant that had been placed on his doorstep.

Why, the gossips said, if that was not the truth, had he taken the baby in, instead of turning it over to a foundling asylum? They did not know of John's fondness for children; nor, knowing of it, would they have believed that was all that had prompted him to take the child and bring it up. Gossips are notoriously of an evil turn of mind.

The rumor, growing in volume as time passed, finally became loud enough to attract the attention of the vestrymen of Calvary. They made an investigation —or what, at least, they chose to call by that name.

It was revealed that John Srong had been engaged to a young women who had afterward entered a convent. The date at which she had done so was not accurately ascertained. It was believed that she had taken the vows *after* the baby had been found on the doorstep of the rectory, and not before it, as was actually the case.

It was accepted as proof of the rumor that John Strong was the father of the child he had found where it had been left on his doorstep that morning.

And the vestrymen asked him to tender his resignation, to take effect immediately.

John could do nothing but obey. He severed his connection with Calvary Church, and then, with the money he had contrived to save out of his meager salary, he determined to go West, taking little Helen, whom he loved no less than as if she had been his own as the rumor charged, with him.

A friend of his, who was also a minister, had written to Strong some time before to tell him of the unregenerate condition in which he had found the West during a trip which he was making through it, and he had mentioned Goldfield, Nevada, as a place which particularly needed the help of a leader into the ways of righteousness.

To Goldfield, accordingly, John Strong decided to go.

Now that, as it happened, was where Harold Gordon had gravitated in the course of his wanderings in the West. He had found his determination to make a different man of himself too heavy a burden for his weak will to support. Gambling, drinking, and otherwise carousing, he had wasted his supply of cash some months before, and, attracted by the stories of the big money to be made in the new El Dorado of Goldfield, he had gone there to see if he could get his share of the easy wealth which it was rumored was floating within reach of every man on the site of the newest "strike."



John Strong was notified that Marjorie had entered a convent.

A man named Rushton, who owned a mine in Goldfield, finding that Gordon knew a little about engineering—which he remembered from his studies at college—had engaged him as the superintendent of his mine.

Rushton had a daughter, Imogene. She was pretty, and innocent of the world, both. Gordon, soon perceiving these things, had not delayed in paying his court to her.

For once, in this case, his wooing was serious. Rushton was rich, and could afford to settle a handsome income on the man his daughter married. Gordon determined to exert every effort to winning Imogene for his wife—for the money there would be in it for him, as much as for the sake of possessing her for her charming self.

It was just at this time that John Strong, with little Helen, arrived in Goldfield.

At once the minister set about interviewing the prominent citizens of the town, to get from them the information he needed of where he could secure a building, at a cheap rental, in which he could hold his services.

In this way he made the acquaintance of Rushton, who cordially invited the young parson to come up to his house for dinner that very noon. Thus Strong met Imogene, and also Harold Gordon, whom she had invited there to that meal. John was surprised and glad to run across his old friend again. But Gordon, at sight of John and the little girl he had with him, manifested a noticeable lack of cordiality in his greeting of them.

Before the dinner was over, Strong had come to the conclusion that he had been mistaken in ever supposing that his feeling for Marjorie Westhaven had been love.

Imogene, he felt before he had spent an hour in her society, was the one woman in all the world it had been ordained by Fate that he should claim for his wife.

He went away from the Rushton home to attend to the details of signing a lease on the vacant store which the mine owner, during the course of the repast, had described to him as an ideal place in

which to establish his mission in the town, with Imogene's name, and the image of her fair face, uppermost in his mind.

The minister was unaware of the fact that he had a rival for her love in the person of his ne'er-do-well friend Harold Gordon.

But the latter had not been blind to the impression Imogene had made on Strong. Nor, at the same time, to the unmistakable fact that she had at once been drawn toward the young parson who had just come to town.

Strong was likely to prove a stumblingblock in his path toward Imogene's hand and dower, Gordon felt, unless he was put out of his way. To cause the minister's actual death, was not what was in his false friend's thoughts. He believed he knew of as good a way, and one that would also prove safer to himself, of removing him as his rival for Imogene's love.

The girl had manifested a coldness toward the man who was her father's superintendent, and to whose suit for her hand she had been on the point of capitulating, about a week before John Strong had come into her life.

Various rumors had come to her ears of how Gordon was spending his time away from his duties at the mine and when he was not a visitor at their home. He was a frequenter, she had heard, of the dance halls and gambling places in the town.

That he could come to her, fresh from his visits to the low women who were attached to those dives, had shocked her finer sensibilities.

In John Strong she believed she had met a man who could not be capable of such a course of conduct; and, even in the short two weeks that had lapsed while she had known him, she had come to feel a stronger attachment for him than she had for the other.



"Were you forced to resign your pastorate in New York?" Imogene's father demanded.

He wrote to the vestrymen of Calvary Church, in New York, requesting them to inform him as to the reason why John Strong had left that pastorate.

At the end of a fortnight, he received an answer to his letter. Meanwhile, the new minister, who had come to Goldfield with the little girl he had introduced as his ward, had been making strides in his courtship with Imogene Rushton.

John could not wait to know his fate at her hands. One evening, two weeks after he had met her, he asked Imogene to become his wife. So well did he plead his case—and that of little Helen, as well, who needed a mother's love and care which she had never known—that Imogene, swayed by his eloquence and the attraction the minister had exerted over her from the first, gave him the answer he longed to hear.

Together they went into the living room of the house to see her father.

Mr. Rushton was not alone. Harold Gordon, the superintendent of his mine, and who was also a suitor for his daughter's hand, was seated across the table from him.

At sight of the minister, Rushton rose with a serious face, and, folding the letter which he held in his hand, gave it back to Gordon.

"Mr. Rushton, I have just asked your daughter to become my wife," Strong informed the mine owner, "and she has consented."

Imogene's father clenched his fists at his sides, the serious expression on his face turning to one of crimson wrath.

"What!" he roared, taking a threatening stride toward Strong. "You have dared to speak to her of love——"

"Father!" broke in the girl, as she darted to his side and laid her hand restrainingly upon the arm which he had uplifted as though to strike the minister, while she searched his face with quick anxiety. "What has John done to make you turn against him——"

Rushton brushed her aside, while he held Strong's eyes with an indignant level gaze.

"I will tell you what he has done," he answered her. "Or, rather, he shall tell you himself."

He addressed the minister directly.

"Is it, or is it not, true that you were asked to resign your pastorate in New York City?" he demanded.

John's face paled, and he straightened his shoulder as though in preparation to receive a blow.

"It is true," he replied, looking at Imogene as he did so with an appealing expression in his eyes which mutely asked for a softening of her judgment of him at what he felt was going to come.

"You were charged with being the father of a child that was left upon your doorstep, were you not?" her father continued.

John Strong clenched his hands at his sides until the nails bit into his palms.

"Yes," he answered, scarcely above a whisper.

Imogene's eyes, as they rested upon his face, widened. And into their depths John saw an expression of revulsion dawn as she looked at him. Her father stepped to her side and placed one arm protectingly around her shoulders. He lifted his other hand and pointed behind John Strong to the door



—But Imogene believed the worst of the young minister.

Leave my house," he said grimly. d, if you are wise, the town, as l!"

ohn departed, crushed at the knowl- e which he had read in her eyes that ogene was lost to him forever. The e owner had been right: He would ve the town where, the story about being known, as it would be, he d no longer hope to be listened to his preaching of the Gospel.

etting his few belongings and the d's together, John set out with her walk to the railroad station.

e met one of the miners, running m that direction:

Rushton's superintendent has just n killed in the Pink Light dance !"

ohn stopped short.

Who killed him?" he asked.

A new girl there," the man ex- ned. "She calls herself La Belle orita. Gordon went into one of the king booths with her, and a couple of minutes later there was two shots. Gordon come staggerin' out and dropped on the dance floor, dead. He'd tried to grab the gun away from her when she pulled it on him, and it had gone off first and shot her before she wrenched it loose and killed him with it. They say she's dyin', herself—likely won't live an hour."

John Strong hastened on in the direction of the dance hall, in hopes of being able to administer some spiritual comfort to the stricken girl.

As he entered, and pushed through the crowd around the girl who lay on the floor beside the dissipated man she had killed, John saw that Rushton and Imogene had both been drawn there by the report of Gordon's death.

John knelt beside La Belle Favorita. She opened her eyes at that moment. And, with a wondering cry, the arms of the minister and the girl went out toward each other, and they clung in each other's embrace.

La Belle Favorita was none other than his sister Anne!

"It was through him," she weakly explained to John, "that I fell to these depths. When I saw him here to-night, I determined to right the wrong he had done me. It doesn't matter to me that, in doing so, I, too, am going to die. He —he was the cause of my running away from you, years ago, John. The—the child which I came back and placed on the doorstep of the rectory for you to care for—he was its father. Forgive me, John, dear. And now—I am going —to rest."

She died in John Strong's arms.

He looked up, presently, at a touch on his shoulder. Imogene stood alone behind him. As she looked into the minister's grief-stricken face, Imogene tearfully flung her arms about his neck, pressing his cheek to hers motheringly.

"Forgive me, too," she sobbed, "for ever doubting you—my darling!"

The Cotton King

(WORLD FILM)

By Arthur Gavin, Jr.

Can a king be dethroned by a body of men working against him? The reference is not to the monarch of a nation but to the king of an industry, the man who rules his business—as the cotton king. If you are not sure that you can answer this question correctly it is replied in the following story, in an exceptionally fine way. John Osborne was the cotton king. A body of men against him resolved to ruin him in business, then a single, treacherous man, with a high aim in view, decided to wreck him socially. The measure of their success is told at the end of this narrative based on the picture of the same title produced by the World Film Corporation. The cast in the photo play consisted of the following:

John Osborne, the Cotton King.....George Nash
Hetty Drayson.....Julia Hay
Richard Stockley, manager of mills.....Eric Mayne
Henry Stockley, Richard's father.....Fred Truesdell

"ONE more man."

Joseph Fetterson's long, thin finger stopped at a point on the paper which it had been nervously traveling down. The sheet contained a list of names, all belonging to men of importance in the cotton market, and all save the one at which Fetterson's finger had halted were scratched out by blue pencil marks.

The little group of men in the room gathered around the paper and looked at it over Fetterson's shoulder, reading the penned line indicated by the finger. It spelled "John Osborne"—that was all, John Osborne; but to them it was a great deal. It was their fortune, if the plan they had in mind could be carried out.

"One more man," Joseph Fetterson repeated, and then continued: "And we'll all be rich before we have time to count our money. But I'm afraid that we have run into a harder man this time than any of the rest, for John Osborne, I am told, is a man of unusual scruples, and his nature of sympathy may even interfere with his policy in business. However, there is but one thing for us to do, and that is to land Osborne in our crowd. Without that, cornering the cotton market is a useless undertaking for us, and, if we succeed with Osborne, we have succeeded with the project, for every one of you knows that John Osborne has more power in the cotton market than any other one man. I suggest that we, all of us, call on the remaining person whom we have to deal with in this matter to-night, and win him over to us. Are you all favorable?"

Inasmuch as Joseph Fetterson was the recognized head of the group of men who had made it their aim to corner cotton, and since it was he who was responsible for the project, his suggestion was met with unanimous approval, and it decided to visit John Osborne that same evening. The little group who had taken into their hands this undertaking was resolved on success, spurred on by their desire to attain riches, and in their determination neither fairness to other men in the cotton industry nor sympathy for the thousands of people who would necessarily be placed in misery by their accomplishment had any effect upon them.

But it was these very things that furnished an obstacle in their path when they appeared before John Osborne that night to attempt to persuade him to join them in their work. They pointed out the riches that awaited him, and the fact that he would benefit also by the work they had done previously by inducing other men of importance to enter into the scheme. But their arguments along these lines were useless, for Osborne was an intelligent—in fact, an unusually intelligent—man in his business, and readily did he appreciate all the benefits to be derived by cornering the market.

Just as readily, however, did he realize the harm that he would be doing to a vast number of people throughout the country who would have to bear the brunt of the result of their succe Poor people who were so depende upon low cotton, and people who cou in no way help themselves because their lack of influence.

"No," concluded John Osborne, aft a several hours' debate with his visito as he finished pointing out his obje tions, "I cannot consider the scheme f a minute. It means too much for t many people, and I could never fe that I had honestly attained my weal if it was gained at the expense others."

"But it is honest," protested Fett son, in a sad voice, for his whc scheme was going up to nothingness l fore his eyes. "It is honest, and ever thing is fair and aboveboard. All wish to do is to make money at o business, just as any one else wishes at his business, no matter what it is."

But all attempted persuasion was no avail, for John Osborne was r only honest, but he was more than th He was sympathetic, just as Fetters had said that afternoon, and with ve few more words he dismissed the a bitious band of men, who were now g ing vent to anger that surged up witl them as they saw their plan defeate

"Then we'll get you, too," were t last words that left the drawn-do mouth of Fetterson, as he parted fr the man who had broken down hopes. "We'll get you, and see just h much power you have. With such crowd as we have now the price ou

go up a bit, despite you, if we choose make it."

Osborne merely smiled at the threat. knew that there was some degree of th in the statement, and he was are that the Fetterson coöperators ld give cotton rating a good boost, t also knew something else. That nething else was what he could do, d upon which depended the length of ne which the price would stay up.

Within a short time the plan of Fetson and those who were working with n became evident, for the market be- n to soar. Cotton went up—up—up. borne smiled continually as he saw it e, for he saw that it was Fetterson's neme to work the market just as ugh John Osborne was with him. So g as Osborne held his interests, the ce would rise and the market be cor- ed, and unless he sold out, cotton uld keep on its upward way. Feter- n depended on the hope that Osborne, ing what could be done, would hold. But John Osborne's smile gave way to rown as he saw the misery that was ut to be wrecked upon thousands. d then he acted.

When everything in the cotton market med on the verge of a panic, Os- ne began to sell. And he sold rap- y—he sold all. Cotton prices dropped accordance with Osborne's sales, and Cotton King's bank account swelled b in accordance with his sales. It s more for the former reason than the latter that Osborne sold out, for wanted to avoid the "corner" that tterson and his unscrupulous crowd re making, and he did avoid it. In der to do this he had to make money. l lots of it, but naturally there was objection. John Osborne, when cot- was again at its normal rating, was ultimillionaire through the efforts of eph Fetterson to the contrary.

When the crisis had been passed, and borne felt that he had done his duty the public, he returned, with a rest m the strain in view, to the town of birth—Ashton. One of the first gs that he did upon ariving there, vever, was as far from seeking a rest it possibly could be, for he purchased Ashton Cotton Mills. The owner these from whom the purchase was de was one Henry Stockley, who, h his son Richard, were the sole ers.

Despite the fact that he knew nothing whatever of the true character of the latter, Osborne retained Richard Stockley as manager of the mills, owing to the fact that, so far as the actual working of them was concerned, he was totally ignorant, and through his former experience and his acquaintance with that particular mill, Osborne felt it advisable to keep young Stockley in the position. Had he foreseen, however, what this step was going to bring to him, he would, without a doubt, have never even considered it.

The first of the trouble began on the first day that Osborne took charge of the cotton mill. Then it was that Shillinglaw, the engineer, appeared at his post so intoxicated that he had lost all reason, and, as a result, he had been there but a short time when a terrific explosion shook the entire plant. Running down toward where the noise had come, Osborne found the engineer sitting under a tree a short distance from the mill, as unoccupied of mind as though nothing whatever had happened. Investigation revealed that the furnace had exploded, and with the sad result of one fatality, for one of the men employed in the engine room had met his death through Shillinglaw's negligence.

Immediate discharge of the responsible man followed Osborne's discovery, of the occurrence, and, fuming in his drunkenness at the loss of his position, with threats of revenge interspersing his mutterings, Shillinglaw faltered his way from the mill.

Osborne's next step was to act in regard to the widow of the man who had so tragically met his end. It turned out that the wife of the dead man was in dire financial straits, and they had been struggling to exist on the small wage that her husband had been earning. When the news of her husband's death reached her, there was a piteous scene in the little hut which served as a home for her and her three children. The sorrow of being so suddenly bereft of her love, all that had made her life at all worth living, was enhanced by the dark prospects for the future, for there was no place from which she could obtain sufficient money to live and keep her children, who were all too young to go to work.

The news of her condition was



When the cotton market seemed on the verge of panic Osborne began to sell.

brought to Osborne, who, without even hesitating, called in a clerk.

"Mr. Piper," he said, as he took several bills of no small denomination from a wallet that he kept in his safe, "I give you these to deliver to the widow of the unfortunate man who met his fate in the accident to-day. I trust you to see that she gets the money intact."

Piper left the office with a nod and a word of assurance, and went directly to his own desk. Casting a glance about him, he reached into his inner coat pocket, and drew out his own wallet. Then, with a smile, he placed the bills that Osborne had just given him in it.

"Easy money!" he muttered to himself, as he picked up his pen and began to write in the ledger that lay open before him.

But Piper's glance about the room before he had put the money away was a moment too soon, for just as he took the wallet from his pocket, Richard Stockley came through the door. The sight that met his eyes halted him where he was, and he watched the actions of the clerk. Then, without a word, he turned into the hall, stood there for a minute or two, and then reëntered the room, walking in silence to his desk, but not without noting the suddenness with which Piper straightened up over his ledger.

A short while after, Piper rose from his chair and went from the office. His form had hardly passed through the door when Richard Stockley's hand went down to the side of his desk, and his finger touched a button. In answer to the summons, a young girl, Els Kent by name, who was employed in th mill, entered.

"It's late to-day, Dick," said the gi as she came quietly through the door.

"I know it is, dear," replied your Stockley, "but I have been so busy wi the foolish affairs of the mill that wasn't able to see you before."

Stockley spoke in a gentle tone, but the corner of his mouth which was the far side from Elsie something th hinted at a sneer played. For over hour the two sat together in the offi talking of everything in general, b finishing their conversation in ea other's arms. Elsie Kent was but young girl, hardly out of her teens, a Richard Stockley, taking advantage her inexperience with the affairs of t world, played with her love—love th he had succeeded in working up in h heart. For several months past he h rung regularly for Elsie each day, a gradually had been able to make her b lieve that he was really in love with h This day he watched with interest h actions, for they showed plainly that was succeeding in his aims of usi falsely the influence that love gave h over the girl.

At last, when footsteps were hea coming from the direction of Osborn office, Stockley leaned over and plant a kiss on Elsie's forehead.

"I'll see you to-night, then," he sa referring to an agreement made by th before; "you know where, and be s to come."

"I'll be there, Dick. Good-by," she plied in a low tone, that it might reach the ears of the mill owner, w was just outside the door by this ti and hastened through the door at t opposite side of the room.

John Osborne entered and advanc toward Piper's desk, but, seeing that was not there, turned and walked o to his manager.

"I'm going out, Mr. Stockley," he formed Richard, "and will not be in u til to-morrow morning. Everything w be all right, I suppose."

"All right, sir," affirmed the manag "and if it isn't, I'll make it."

Osborne paid little attention to last remark, for he was accustomed such boasts from the man he had pla in charge of his mill, and so, with saying more, he turned and left office.

Where John Osborne was going w



Hetty Drayson had seemed to attract him decidedly more than the mill since he had been introduced to her by her father.

r a carriage ride. He had found in hton something more than cotton in- ests to attract him, for, not far from here he lived, there resided a young man who seemed to attract him de- edly more than the mill, ever since had been introduced to her by her her, whom he already knew.

She was Hetty Drayson, and her arming manner and beauty had made ir impression on the cotton king n before he had heard the family his- y from her, but when he did hear that sympathetic nature aided. Sympathy ed a great deal in everything that n Osborne was connected with.

One evening, soon after he had made acquaintance, Hetty confided to him t her father had once been the part- of Henry Stockley in the Ashton ton Mills, but, when her father had rried it had meant ruin to the Dray- family. Henry Stockley, who was elder partner of the firm, had also n infatuated with the woman who be- e Mrs. Drayson, and when the mar- ge took place, out of a spirit of jeal- y, he had brought about the financial nfall of his partner, whose influence small compared to that of Stock- Soon afterward the misery of the ily was added to by the death of the d father. Since then the Draysons been poor.

hus it was that sympathy was ught into importance in the affairs heart of John Osborne. He was a young man, despite the fact that ad become a very important one in cotton industry; and, without hav- the least suspicion of it at first, he in love with Hetty Drayson.

was with Hetty Drayson that he going carriage riding that after- n when he left the mill. They had riding happily along for more than hour when a horse came dashing tically around a turn in the high- a short distance ahead of them. ging to the saddle with both hands a man, and before the runaway had in their sight ten seconds the rider thrown headlong to the road, where lay motionless. Osborne drove kly to the spot, and both he and y dismounted by the still form. As bent over it a sharp, low cry ted from the girl's lips, and Os- e started back in surprise, for they recognized Henry Stockley.

was only for a second that they ated, and as soon as the shock of the discovery of Stockley's identity was passed both picked up the injured man and lifted him carefully into the carriage. At first it was thought that he was dead, but examining him while Hetty drove swiftly toward the Stockley home, Osborne discovered that there were still signs of life, but very slight ones.

When they arrived at Henry Stockley's home, a doctor was immediately called, and he drew the family aside to tell them that there was no hope whatever for the injured man's recovery, although he might live for a few days.

Before long Henry Stockley regained consciousness, and his first request, on finding how seriously hurt he was, was that a lawyer be called in order that he might make his will. The attorney was brought to the bedside, and the dying man dictated, with John Osborne as a witness, what should be done with his riches after his death.

As the last of the will was being made by Henry Stockley, Osborne found himself in tears. They were not tears incited by sympathy for the dying person, this time, but for himself and Hetty, for the document under formation had a direct and serious bearing on them both. Henry Stockley finished, after naming the beneficiaries for the property and personal possessions, dictated what was to become of his vast savings.

"In consideration of the great wrong which I realize I have committed to the family of Miss Hetty Drayson," he concluded the document, "I hereby seek to make reparation and at the same time give to my beloved son Richard his due. I do hereby give and bequeath to my beloved son Richard, on condition that he meet the following provision, all my moneys and stock interest. The provision which must be met by him in order to receive this is that he marry Miss Hetty Drayson. In the event that this requirement is not carried out, the moneys are to be distributed for charities in whatever way is deemed best in the estimation of the executors of this, my last will and testament."

John Osborne sat limply in his chair. The provision in the will had taken him by storm, and he knew not what to do. So far as Hetty herself was concerned, he well knew that the marriage would not take place, but what the unscrupulous Richard would do he could not tell, and that was what troubled him.

It also troubled Richard when he heard of it after his father's death two days later, for he did not know what to do. There were immediately two obstacles in the way of his obtaining his father's money. Primarily, he was aware of the fact that Hetty had no love whatever for him, and that her affections were all for John Osborne; then, and a grave trouble it was, he knew of ties that bound him by honor and duty to Elsie Kent. That same day, in the office, they had had a serious conversation, and Elsie had informed him that she was soon to be a mother. He had promised in answer to her ardent pleadings that their marriage would take place within a week. But then this complication arose. He wanted, and wanted badly, the riches left by his father, but what was he to do?

For more than an hour Richard Stockley sat pondering in the privacy of his room. He could see no alternative—no way out of the difficulty—and it seemed impossible for him to obtain the wealth that was almost within his power. Just as he was about to resign to what seemed the inevitable regarding the procuring of his father's money, an idea presented itself to the mind of young Stockley. He stopped, and reviewed it carefully. There seemed to be no flaw and no reason why it should not succeed. Richard Stockley rose, walked out into the garage, got out his automobile, and started to put the plan in progress.

Three days later the character of John Osborne was marked in the minds of the village. A rumor was circulated, no one knew its origin, but it was widespread nevertheless, that John Osborne had betrayed Elsie Kent, a poor working girl whose place in the former's mill was the sole means of support for herself and her grandmother with whom she lived. As the story traveled from mouth to mouth, it gained in importance, and, due to the revisions of the many who heard and told it, also gained in logic. When finally it reached the ears of Hetty Drayson, it was a long and awful tale. John Osborne, she was told, had approached the mill girl, threatening her with the loss of her work, which he well knew meant life itself to both her and her dependent grandmother, had taken the advantage offered by his position. The tongue of slander was speaking rapidly and harshly against John Osborne.

Meanwhile, not content with the havoc

that the story had already wreaked on the reputation of its victim, the man responsible for its circulation still spread it. In saloons and wherever else he happened to be he repeated, as often as the time allowed, from morning till night each day. No, it was not Richard Stockley who spread the rumor. He was far too wise a man for that, and though it was in reality he who was originally the responsible party for it, he had sought a way much more safe for his own interests and just as effective—Shillinglaw. The discharged engineer had been waiting for just such an apportunity to revenge himself at the expense of his former employer, and when it was offered by Richard Stockley he grasped it with ardor. Therefore it was that the rumor had gained so much ground so rapidly.

Law-abiding spirit in Ashton, especialy when citizens felt that the law was not doing its duty toward punishing a crime, was not the governing spirit. This was made evident in the case of John Osborne, and as soon as the rumor set on its way by the crafty young Stockley and the vengeful Shillinglaw had begun to reach the ears of the male populace of the town, crowds gathered at corners and wherever else the opportunity of meeting was afforded them. Any one standing within a few feet of these gatherings could not have heard what the conversation was about, owing to the low tones in which it was carried on, but emphatic curses would have been frequently audible. Something was exciting the wrath of the whole town, and that something was the supposed cowardly deed of John Osborne. From such demonstrations in the streets, it was apparent that there would be drastic results—that seemed inevitable.

The whole affair reached a climax on an afternoon a few days after the story told by Shillinglaw had been started, when Osborne, the victim of the infamy, was worrying in his office at the Ashton Mills. The cotton king, although he was greatly troubled concerning the injury that was wrongfully being done to his reputation, was not worrying over that at the time. It was over the conditions in the cotton market—the discouragingly poor conditions.

That day he had received a telegram from his brokers in the city, stating that the prices were dropping continually, and their advice was to sell before any more money was lost. The last of the wire read "25 or 124?" Osborne knitted his brows as he interpreted the code: "Sell or hold?" He pondered for a while, and then, calling in Piper, scribbled the figures 24 on a telegraph blank below the brokers' address, and signed his name. It was an order for them to sell, the only way in which Osborne could save his fortune, which was tied up in cotton.

As the owner of the mill handed the telegram to the clerk, and told him to send it immediately, he did not see the pair of watchful eyes that recorded every movement through the open doorway from the desk of Richard Stockley. No sooner had Piper reached the hall on his way to carry out the errand than the manager stepped up behind him and tapped him on the shoulder.

"Let me see that!" he ordered.

"Private from Mr. Osborne," was the curt answer of the clerk as he turned to continue his way.

"Wait a minute," Stockley exclaimed, with a sneer to his tone. "Don't be in such a hurry. There is a little thing I know that might make you stop quick if I told you about it. Where is that money for the widow that old Osborne gave you to deliver?"

Piper started in sudden fear, and commenced to make explanation.

"Never mind telling me about it," broke in Stockley. "I know already. But let me see that telegram."

The frightened clerk did not even hesitate at the second order, but handed the yellow paper to his manager.

As his eyes met the single figure that composed the message, his face lighted with a cunning smile. Here was another opportunity for him to further his plans toward the marriage of Hetty Drayson and the attaining of his father's fortune! Perhaps the girl already had no use for Osborne, but it would no doubt help to embitter her against him if his wealth were to be taken away. He decided.

"Put a figure one before that twenty-four," he said in a commanding voice to Piper. Stockley was acquainted with the code of his employer, as he was often in need of sending messages to the brokers himself in the capacity of his position. "Fill in the one, or a little tale about yourself will be circulated before long."

With trembling fingers the terrified clerk obeyed, and satisfaction marked the countenance of Richard Stockley as he saw the message transferred fro "sell" to "hold"—the sign of destru tion and ruin for John Osborne.

It has been said that it was on th afternoon that the crisis of the ra aroused in Ashton over the alleg crime of John Osborne was reache It was, and just after Piper left t office to send the telegram that mea the downfall financially of his employ

A band of perhaps twenty, or a f more men entered the building, witho any notice of its arrival, and walk straightway to the owner's private fice. All had drawn revolvers, a three or four carried long ropes, thro over their shoulders and under one their arms.

As the object of their search v sighted at his desk, a loud, pierc cry came from the crowd, and the n ran into the office. Amid shouts t told briefly the cause of their com and their intention to grace a bough the nearest tree with the form of J Osborne, they seized the cotton k and proceeded to drag him toward door.

At that moment, from the outer fice, attracted by the cries and co sion, came running Richard Stock From another door, at precisely same time, Elsie Kent dashed. manager, when he saw what was b done, turned quickly, and was abou leave the scene when the girl, in s pathy for whom the lynching was t done, halted the proceedings wit shout.

"Wait!" she called to the angry "What are you doing this for?"

"For you!" was the short, but poi reply offered by half a dozen thro

"Then stop now!" she ordered t raising her hand above her head for phasis to the command. "For y got the wrong party. I heard of story that has probably been the gr for this, but did not think any on lieved it. John Osborne is a good, est man. The scoundrel you are ing for is there—Richard Stockley

As she finished, the girl pointed finger straight at her false lover. mob swayed and turned in the d tion indicated; then, with a rush another wild yell they surrounded S ley. In their crazed frame of their victim's death seemed the only sible end to the attack—until John borne spoke.

"Stop!" he cried, in a voice that

h above the din of angry voices. here is a better way. If you go on h this, men, it will mean a rope and anging for every one of you. The will take its course. Give it time." t first his words seemed to have no ct, but the seriousness of what they e about to do finally made its im- ssion as he continued, and, when ie again addressed them, the confu- stopped.

Yes," she said, facing the leader of mob; "he's right. The law will— —take——"

nd, with a lurch forward, the girl forward into the arms of John Os-



"We've been trying to get something on you for a long while," he thundered, "and we've got it."

e. All rushed to her aid, and water brought, while a doctor was sum- ed by the telephone. But before the ician arrived the end had come, and crowd of men, with their rage d to sorrow, turned to the door, tears in the eyes of nearly every The girl for whom they had re- d to take their lives in their hands died—of shock from the crime they come to revenge.

week later, John Osborne had re- d to the city. He had been forced ll a half interest in the Ashton Cot- Mills, in order to meet his liabilities, ght about by his absolute ruin that been the result when the brokers held his cotton interest when the et had fallen. The price had dropped so that there seemed to be no stopping point, and the bottom had fallen out of the cotton market. John Osborne had been ruined by the man whose life he had afterward saved—Richard Stockley.

Now in the city, he was the representative of his firm. He had done nothing in the case of his former mill manager, but had decided to let the law take its own course, but nothing had been done, for Stockley had left town the day after the affair at the mill and Elsie's death. When he had heard that Osborne had gone to the city, the earliest train he could catch took him there also, for he was still working to obtain the money left by his father. His scheme was to find a way in which to win Hetty Drayson, and he thought that he had discovered one. Every step he took was to carry this out.

On arriving in the metropolis the first place that Stockley went to was a telegraph office. There he sent a telegram, addressed to John Osborne. It read:

"Am sending auto to take you to my country home for over Sunday. Be ready."

The name he signed was that of the former cotton king's broker, for he knew of their friendship, and felt reasonably certain that the invitation would be accepted.

Stockley's plans had already been laid, for within an hour after the wire had been received by Osborne the car drove up to his door. In the front seat sat a heavily built, dark-complexioned man—not Richard Stockley.

As the plotting sender of the telegram had thought, Osborne was ready to go when the automobile arrived. He entered, unsuspecting, into the rear of the car, and with a lurch it shot away toward the outskirts of the city.

Perhaps the auto had been on its way for an hour; at any rate, it was very little less, when it suddenly came to a stop, and the chauffeur climbed down with an oath. He lifted the hood of the engine, and looked inside. Then, walking around to the rear seat, he informed Osborne that they would be delayed for some time. Looking about, the cotton man saw that the only house in sight was a small, dilapidated one, that stood a few hundred feet ahead, set in far from the road. He decided to spend the time waiting for the chauffeur by walking.

As his foot touched the ground in alighting from the automobile, Osborne noticed for the first time that the chauffeur held in his hand a revolver that was pointed directly at him. With a start, he understood. The whole thing was a scheme.

"Well, what next?" he inquired of his captor, in quiet tones.

"Next," repeated the other, "you are going to be kept in that house over

there until your friend Mr. Stockley can marry your fiancée."

"I'll stay here forever, then," smiled Osborne, "for she'll never marry him. She hates him as much now as she did me before the truth of the Kent affair became known."

"Well, we'll see about that," was all that the other said in reply to the statement. "Now march ahead to that house."

Osborne obeyed. He walked backward, however, watching closely for a chance to catch the man with the revolver unawares. As they reached the door of the old place, the chauffeur reached for the knob. For a fraction of a second the gun was turned away from Osborne. The captive's arm shot out to grab his assailant by the wrist, and there was a report from the revolver.

Back in the city, Richard Stockley was sending another telegram, this time to Hetty Drayson. As soon as he had given it to the clerk, he ran into the railroad station near by, and jumped on a train that was just leaving. An hour later he was mounting the steps of the home of the girl whom his father had provided in his will he should marry in order to obtain the fortune left behind him.

Hetty met him in the hall, and he immediately commenced to tell her of his mission.

"You received my telegram?" he inquired.

"I did," she replied, "and you say that John Osborne has been killed in an accident. I am too nervous and excited now to talk of anything, Mr. Stockley, so you will do me a favor by leaving."

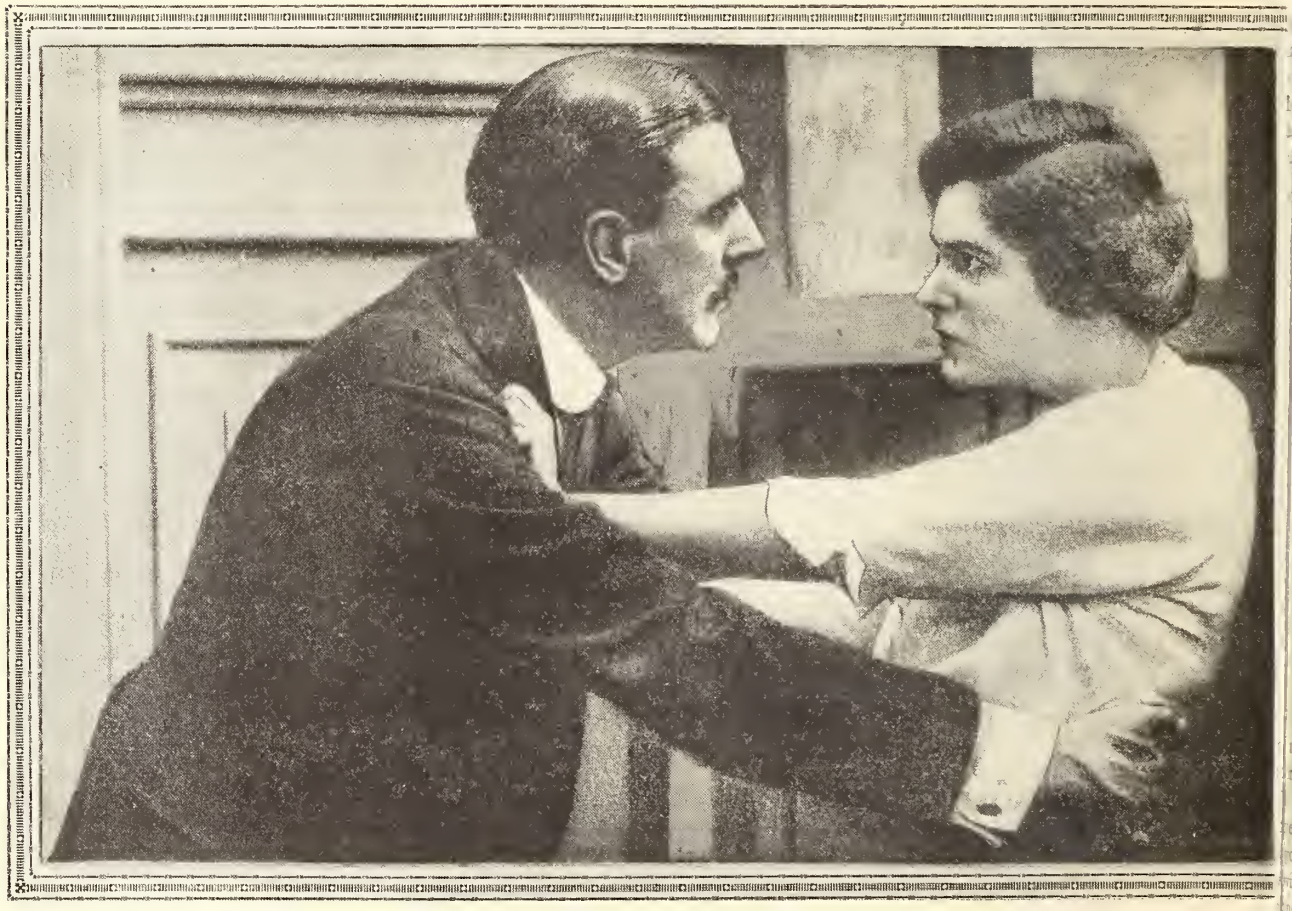
"But," protested Stockley, "but will you not just listen to one thing?"

"I cannot," she answered quickly.

"But you must, my dear," he insisted, paying no attention to her objections. "You must have known before this that I love you. Not because of my father's will alone, but because of you. I have always loved you. Won't you marry me now, and help carry out father's plan to make retribution to you for the wro he did to your parents?"

Stockley's arms were outstretche and he attempted to encircle the wa of the girl. She drew away from h in disgust.

"You wretch!" she screamed. "Do come near me! I am insulted that man of your reputation, and who been such a disgrace to society a himself should even speak to me. A you dare to ask me to marry you!"



"You wretch," she screamed, pushing him away, "don't come near me!"

Stockley was about to continue w the doorbell behind them rang. turning, both saw through the glas the door the face of John Osborne

It would be useless to attempt to scribe the expressions that appeare the faces of Richard Stockley and H Drayson. The girl ran to the door opened it, meeting her lover with arms outstretched.

Osborne paid no attention to her, walked directly up to the cowering who was backing away. With a strengthened by the fury he was

raining, he took Stockley by the back f his neck, and, without uttering a ord, administered a shaking that left e victim as limp as though there had een nothing in his clothes. When he ad finished, he muttered, as quietly as e could:

"That will do for now. The police re on their way here, and you'll get e rest from them."

Then, turning to Hetty, he attempted smile.

"I don't know what he said to you, ar, but I know why he said it, and I n assure you that you need worry out him no more. We shall be mar- ed to-night to avoid any trouble in the ture. As to the money you would ve gotten, perhaps that problem is an- swered, too, by this note I received just before I got a bogus one from this scoundrel."

Osborne drew from his pocket an envelope, and handed it to Hetty. She took the paper from it and read:

"Cotton is on the way up again. You may lose money and make it, and the market may rise and fall as it wishes, but John Osborne will always remain the cotton king.

"Congratulations from your brokers."

As she finished reading, three men rushed through the open door. One was Mr. Drayson, the other Piper, the thieving clerk of the Ashton Mills, and the third, who dashed ahead of the others, was immediately recognized as the leader of the gang who had once attempted to lynch Osborne. The latter sought his way immediately to Stockley, and, holding forth a piece of paper which he carried, thundered to the former mill manager:

"We've been trying to get something on you for a long while—and we've got it. See this? It's a written confession of a theft by Piper, your old clerk, and, as you can guess, your name is mentioned several times."

Then, turning to Osborne, who had listened in silence to all, he asked:

"What shall we do now?"

"Let the matter rest," he replied, "until later. I'll attend to it when I've finished preparing for my wedding."

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

ENJOY YOUR WORK.

you sit down to work out a sce- nario with a secret dread of the ort it is going to cost you, your work ll be labored all through, and it is tter not to try to write at all; but, you begin your script filled to over- wing with enthusiasm about it, the ances are more than even that it will ve a success.

t takes an amateur a long time to lize this fact, and as a result he rks under a handicap a great deal the time. Not that he dislikes the a of scenario writing at all; on the trary, he thinks there is nothing like in the world. The trouble lies in actual work. It is very enjoyable him to think in a distant sort of y that he will write five two-reel ipts during the coming month, and has a dim outline of what each will about. He may tell some of his nds certain "ins and outs" of the "game," and carry on a fairly intelligent conversation with some writer who has made good. But when it comes to writing those five two-reelers and all the easy part of script writing disappears, this same amateur, nine times out of ten, shrinks from the task and begins to write with a longing that it was all over and that the script was on its way to the editors, or that he was opening the envelope containing the check it may bring.

Scenario writing is a game of minds, and, when a person's mind is in this condition, the spirit of the thoughts he places on paper are sure to be conveyed to the person who takes up his work to pass judgment on it—the reader or editor of the film company. The man who looks over the script will clearly see the marks of "I wish it were all over," and if he is a man who reaches a decision quickly, he will stop reading right in the middle and slip the script into the return envelope. The way to avoid this is to get chockfull of your story. Study it from all its different angles, and enthuse about its possibilities. Take as much interest in your characters as you would in your friends in real life, and allow your situations to thrill you fully as much, if not more, than you want them to thrill the public, who will later see them. Thus the whole spirit of your work is lifted out of the listless class. Ideas will come to you you could never get by working indifferently, and the result is that when the editor or reader looks over your script he will straighten up in his chair and read it carefully from start to finish with much the same spirit that you wrote it.

OLD STORIES.

Many beginners write to us to learn if it is acceptable to "remember" old magazine stories, plays, novels, et cetera, when writing photo plays and use them

either in whole or part. To all these inquiries we emphatically say "No!" Then the writers wonder why we say that sometimes old themes can be used in a new way.

There is an art in taking an old situation, or one which has been used before, and putting it into a new play in such a manner that it appears absolutely fresh. Just how much chance the amateur has of acquiring this art during the first or second year he is writing is quite a question, and that is why we do not think it safe for newcomers to try to "lift" situations and "twist" them into a new shape.

To take a novel means by which a man found happiness in the South Sea Islands and to apply the same means to a woman who lives in New York City's highest society would be permissible if it were made an incident to some big theme and were fully disguised, but to make the New York person a man and send him to the South Sea when he wanted to find happiness and then have him go through almost the same routine as the man in the original story did would be deliberately taking another writer's ideas. It is in changing the viewpoint of the situation so as to make it appear entirely new that is legitimate. The original should be used only as sort of an inspiration from which a new idea may spring.

"OVERSTOCKED."

When an ambitious author gets a rejection slip with several reasons printed upon it, and "Overstocked" checked off he is usually much puzzled as to what is meant.

We cannot say that this, coming from certain film companies, means any particular reason why the script was turned down, but, like most rejection slips, merely implies that the script is not available to that company. If the editor really meant what "Overstocked" would imply, there would be little use for the writer to submit to the company again until he learned that a change in the market had taken place, for the company would probably not buy any outside scripts while they had enough on hand. We know of cases, however, where this reason was checked, and where the same writer who received the rejection sold a script to the same company less than two weeks later.

When a company is out of the market it usually announces the fact to the departments in magazines devoted to photo-playwrights, and the close student of the game, therefore, does not have to worry about what is marked on the rejection slip. There are some companies which, at certain times, do not announce these changes, however, and thus the outsider is liable to be at a loss to know just what the relative value of the checked statement really has. We think if editors will be a little more careful about telling writers just when they are in the market and what material they desire, both by way of photo-playwrights' departments and rejection slips, there will be less useless submissions. In justice to the men passing judgment on scenarios, however, it must be said that they are doing very well along this line at the present time. Our warning is sounded for the future, for we believe that it will not be very long before many changes in market requirements will take place, owing to the shifting of forces in the political end of the film game. In the meantime scenario writers must take the reason "Overstocked," and others like it, at their face value and weigh their weight by what is known of the company's market requirements from outside sources.

PRINTED LETTERHEADS.

Just what value the printed letterhead has to the photo-playwright depends on how he is doing business and what place he holds in the "game." A professional free lance who does nothing but write for a living should undoubtedly have a letterhead much like that of a business house, for he is selling the products of his brain, and these products need advertising, but the amateur who has sold but one or two stories, and whose stuff is not available about three-fourths of the time does not need such stationery in our estimation.

A NEW ANGLE.

Augustus Rodgers, a photo-playwright, of Red Bank, New Jersey, writes us that he is making a study of the various ways of expressing the actions of actors and actresses as they appear on the screen, so that when he wishes to describe "business" in his own scripts he will have a regular "motion-picture vocabulary" to draw from. The idea is an excellent one, and one which, we are sure, many have been working out almost subconsciously while watching pictures on the screen.

It is applied thus: You go into a theater and settle down in your favorite seat to watch the subject on the screen. The actress who is playing the leading rôle comes on the hurries about the room. You mentally figure out just what you would say—if you were writing the scene into a scenario of your own—to get the same action on her part. The hero enters, and there is action between the actress and him. Again you figure mentally just what you would say to get the result. Repeat this, scene after scene, picture after picture, show after show, and you will find that in time you will have the ability to describe any action that you have in mind clearly. When you find some action that seems especially hard to express on paper, work and study over it. Get it down clearly in as many words as needed. Then go over it and reduce the number of words in the sentence, without changing the meaning in the least.

We believe that repetition of this exercise will prove a wonderful help in getting the words in scripts down to a minimum also, for it will give the writer the power to express his thoughts in "motion-picture terms."

SMILES AND FROWNS.

We all like smiles, and we all dislike frowns.

In scenario writing the compliments we receive for our work are the smiles and the criticisms are frowns. Naturally we like the former and dislike the latter.

But when the acid test is applied we think you will all agree with us that the frowns are the most valuable, for they are friendly frowns. Take advantage of all the criticisms that you receive on your work to improve; do not think that some one is trying to belittle your efforts for personal reasons, for any one who is capable of criticizing a photo play intelligently will not waste time doing spite work. It isn't worth it to him. Also, accept the compliments, thank the givers, and pass them away if they be written, or place them in your "memory file," if they be oral, as sweet remembrances—nothing more.

Answers to Readers.

MISS M. LITZEN, Chicago, Ill. We list the companies in the market for scenarios from week to week under the heading of "Live-wire Mar

Hints," and have also published a list of film companies.

Miss Helen Arke, Camden, N. J.—The size of paper which should be used for scenarios is eight and one-half by eleven inches, and the scripts should be typewritten. See Miss Litzen, above, for answer to other question.

Miss Lida Bodger, St. Louis, Mo.—In our July 24th issue we carried a sample scenario which will give you the correct form. This can be bought from the publishers at the regular price. A five-reel play, if it is exceptional, may pay anywhere from fifty dollars to one hundred dollars per reel, but there are few beginners who can write scenarios of this length that *are* exceptional.

Hyman Surat, Newark, N. J.—Dissolves in motion pictures mean the fading out of one scene and the fading in of another. Double exposure means taking two pictures on one film, thus making it possible for two separate actions to take place on the same screen when projected. The amount of action in a plot tells how many reels it may be. Watch multiple reel subjects on the screen and compare them with the single reelers you see, and then you will understand what we mean. Scripts must be typewritten to receive reading with most of the leading film companies.

Miss D. Kennedy, LaCrosse, Wis.—See answer to Miss Litzen in this section of the current department. Picture-Play Weekly does not buy outside work, as our stories are based upon produced films, scenarios of which are supplied by the manufacturers.

W. E. Munshaw, Detroit, Mich.—The best way to learn to write photo plays is to study all you can that is written about them, and then apply this to the subjects you see on the screen and to the plays you are working out yourself. It is a long, hard struggle, but the reward is really worth while. In our issue of July 24th we published a sample scenario, and this should give you a foundation for the work.

Miss Helen Church, Boston, Mass.—The answer to W. E. Munshaw, directly above, covers all your inquiries.

B. Nickerson, Ritzville, Wash.—Almost every week we publish several companies that are in the market for scenarios under the heading of "Live-wire Market Hints." By clipping these out and making a file of your own for the various companies you will find that you will soon have a complete market list.

S. Levy, Norristown, Pa.—A sample scenario appeared in the July 24th issue of Picture-Play Weekly, and the answer to B. Nickerson above, will tell you of the way to secure a market list.

H. G. Shapley, Minneapolis, Minn.—The author must decide how many reels a scenario must be. See answer to Hyman Surat, in this department. Just write merely Reel 1 at the beginning, Reel 2 before the beginning of the second reel, and so on. Scenarios should be absolutely original with the author, though inspiration may come from any source. Watch our market department in "Hints for Scenario Writers" for a place to send your scenarios.

Mrs. Eva Farnham, New Haven, Conn.—See answer to B. Nickerson, in this department.

Mrs. W. E. Quinn, Jamaica, L. I.—We do not act as play brokers. By following the market hints published in this department you will be able to select companies which will consider your work.

James M. Douglas, Stamford, Conn.—The paragraph entitled "Overstocked," in this issue, covers the matter which is puzzling you.

H. Bickerstaff, Toronto, Can.—The companies who are in the market for scenarios are listed from week to week in Picture-Play's scenario department, under the caption of "Live-wire Market Hints." Certainly the well-known writers are paid much more for their work than the unknowns. The work may not be as good in some cases, but their name is a drawing card.

H. Bryce, W. Philadelphia, Pa.—Copies containing what you desire can be procured from the publishers.

J. L. Nicholson, Fayetteville, N. C.—A sample scenario may be found in the edition of Picture-Play Weekly dated July 24th, which can be secured from the publishers. This should give you the desired information.

Short Shots.

The more action you have in your scenario the more chance you have of seeing it "produced as written."

Just now a typical American story is an alluring proposition to an editor.

Live-wire Market Hints.

Thomas A. Edison, Inc., No. 2826 Decatur Avenue, Bronx, New York, is in the market for exceptionally strong one, three, four, and five-reel scenarios with dramatic action, and one-reel comedies which feature Wadsworth, their comedian. Their scripts are now read within a few days after their submission, instead of five or six weeks later, as previously.

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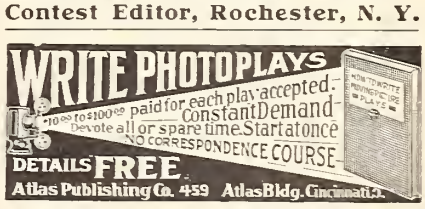
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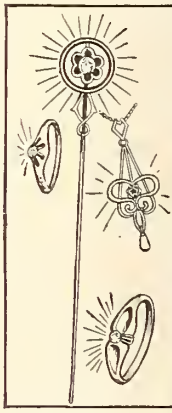
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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY



Scene from "THE BANK"

PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

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Between the president's desk and the janitor's mop Charlie Chaplin finds more laughter in a bank than you could get from all the funny things you have ever seen. Yes, it is a bank. It does seem a strange place to go for fun, but when you go any place with Charlie you go for fun—and get it.

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To be a modern Robin Hood would be much harder than it seems. Things in these days are so much more progressed than in that famous character's time that it would take nothing less than a master crook. Stephen Adams was just that, a master crook, and he was, moreover, a modern Robin Hood. But that is only Stephen Adams. The rest is what he did and that is in this story.

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PICTURE-PLAY WEEKLY

Devoted to Picture Plays, their Actors & Authors

Vol. I. No. 26 October 2, 1915 Price, 5 Cents

The Bank: A Chaplin Comedy

(ESSANAY)

By B. Quade

Transforming the quietest and most dignified of all places, a bank, into the scene of endless fun. How is it done? Very simple; Charlie Chaplin is sent in. With Charlie and his usual good humor a Quaker meeting could be made into a circus grounds. If you don't believe it see what he starts in this bank. Charlie walks importantly down the street, into the building, into the president's office and out again. Then the fun begins—and continues.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN came walking briskly along the street.

There was something different about his appearance. His shabby shoes, baggy trousers, and well-worn derby were the same. Likewise, his frayed necktie "rode" his collar fore and aft as usual, and his little, closely buttoned coat had not been replaced by a new and better-fitting garment. In point of costume, there was no change whatever in his outward aspect.

But this was a different Charlie, none the less. You could see that at a glance. Walking on his heels, with his toes turned out at right angles, his feet came down on the pavement with a new precision, for all that they still appeared to be suffering from an aggravated case of corns, spring halt, spavin—all the ailments to which the pedal extremities of man or animal are heir.

His little bamboo cane he no longer twirled as he waddled along. Now he held that swagger stick stiffly through the middle, as a marshal of France in the days of Napoleon might have carried his baton, and no less proudly. His head, with its crop of bushy hair, and his battered derby perched on top of that, he held erect. His narrow shoulders were squared importantly—*that*, in a word, was the explanation of the difference in him. His whole bearing radiated an air of importance.

What was it that had lent this surprising dignity to his carriage?

Charlie continued his proud, his almost haughty, progress along the street. That fall which proverbially follows upon the heels of pride almost overtook him. He stumbled over an infinitesmal something on the sidewalk. And yet he did not rail at the inanimate object that had menaced his equilibrium. Retracing his steps to it, he flattened it out with a tap of the sole of his shoe. And then he resumed his lofty way up the street.

In at the imposing white marble front of an office building Charlie turned. The massive columns at either side of that entrance bore, on tablets of bronze, the terse information that herein was to be found the Two Hundred and Ninety-second National Bank.

Charlie crossed the ground floor of the office building, with his eyes fixed on a point in the air before him from which he disdained to remove them to recognize the existence of the cigar-stand proprietor, the elevator man or starter, and passed through the two glass entrance doors of the bank that stood open at the rear of the lobby.

The tellers and bookkeepers who were getting their cash and ledgers in order in the cages in preparation for the day's business—these Charlie ignored utterly and completely, as persons beneath his notice, also, as he moved toward the president's office.

Boldly throwing open the door of that sacred precinct, Charlie passed through it and into the room beyond. Here, from nine to five each day, Miss Edna Lovely, the president's private stenographer, toiled at her typewriter. It was only eight-forty-five now. She had not yet arrived to take up her daily duties. Charlie crossed the room and opened the door that gave into a narrow hall outside, and along this hall he strode—still with that air of importance—to the head of a flight of marble stairs that led into the basement of the bank.

Descending the stairs, one at a time, Charlie advanced upon the great steel door of the bank's vault that was set into the solid concrete of the basement's wall.

He twirled the dial of the combination once to the right, twice to the left. Then he looked off into space from under a frown of concentration, while his lips moved as though he was repeating a series of numbers. With a satisfied nod, he returned his attention to the dial, and twirled it rapidly round. A brief pause to consult a number written on his cuff.

Then another satisfied nod, and again he twirled the dial. Seizing the wheel which operated the bolts of the vault door, he turned it slowly and the vault door swung open.

Charlie stepped into the safe, to emerge from it in a moment with a pail and a mop.

From the pail he removed a long blue coat with brass buttons down the front, and a white duck cap with a patent-leather peak. He put on the cap and the coat, and he was arrayed in the uniform of his office and ready for the day's work. And incidentally the explanation of the air of importance which he had shown in his bearing all along was now disclosed.

Charlie Chaplin was the janitor of that bank.

Waddling over to the water faucet at the other end of the basement, Charlie half filled his pail. Then, dropping the mop in it, he lifted the bucket and started back upstairs.

Beside the desk in the foyer of the bank that was presided over by a young man who took the visitors' cards, sat a powerfully built man with a black mustache who held a roll of paper in his hand that resembled the diploma of a college graduate in size.

Between the young man at the visitors' desk and this caller Charlie halted.

He removed the dripping mop from the pail and absent-mindedly stuck it up in the visitor's high hat, which he had placed on the floor beside the chair in which he sat.

"Look what you're doing!" sharply admonished the young man at the desk.

Charlie, turning to follow the direction of the young man's pointing finger, saw the handle of the mop sticking up out of the stranger's hat, and he smiled at the burly caller apologetically, and tipped his cap at him. The latter, inarticulate with rage, watched Charlie remove the mop from his hat. And then he picked it up from the floor and clapped it on his head.

Enough water from the mop to half fill it had remained in the hat after Charlie had withdrawn the swab of rags on the end of the pole from the repository where he had accidentally placed it, and the broad-shouldered stranger's head, face, and collar were deluged.

He bounded up.

"You——" he spluttered angrily.

Charlie, who had picked up his pail, and was starting off with the mop over his shoulder, turned as he heard the visitor address him.

And the mop smacked wetly full in the face of the young man at the desk.

"Can't you be careful?" expostulated the latter.

"You bungling blockhead!" bellowed the brawny caller.

Charlie, with the mop still over his shoulder, turned to apologize to the young man whose face he had swiped with it. In doing so, he knocked the stranger's hat off.

"I'll have you fired for this!" roared the latter.

Charlie turned back to him. The mop again gave the face of the young man at the desk an unasked-for wash. Charlie tipped his cap to the tall, thickset caller once more.

"Beg pardon—I'm going right away!"

And, turning to suit the action to the words, he slapped him in the face with the mop, sending him tumbling backward into the chair from which he had risen, and waddled off.

Before the closed door of the president's office, Charlie halted. From within came the sound of sweeping, which indicated to Charlie that his assistant, Mike, was at work. Charlie heard the sweeping suddenly stop. There was absolute silence from the room on the other side of the door.

"Loafing, eh?" Charlie murmured to himself, while his brows drew together in a reproving frown. "I'll have to put a stop to that!"

He opened the door and strode in upon his assistant.

With a can of coffee steaming before him on the president's desk, the assistant was eating a sandwich from a paper bag. The sandwich seemingly had been made of a whole loaf of bread, split in half, and with a piece of meat of the length, width, and breadth of a porterhouse steak inserted between it.

A third of the sandwich was in the assistant's mouth. Despite the fact that he could not in reason expect it to hold any more, he was nevertheless in the act of trying to transfer another third of the sandwich in his hand to his mouth as Charlie entered the room.

"What are you doing?" Charlie demanded.

The assistant made a series of inarticulate sounds through the bread and meat with which his mouth was stuffed.

"What's that?"

The assistant mumbled again.

Charlie advanced to the desk and picked up the president's penholder. With the end of it he freed the assistants' mouth of its impediment to speech.

"Now, what did you say?" he inquired.

"I said I was eatin'," replied the assistant.

Charlie turned away and lifted his mop from the pail.

"Work!" he ordered succinctly. As he spoke, his eye roved critically over the room in search of a nook or corner that the other might have left undusted, and which would entitle him to a further rebuke, while at the same time he wrung out the mop unwittingly over the can of coffee on the desk.

Then, discovering the can there for the first time, and also that his assistant's back was turned, Charlie picked up the tin receptacle and took a pull at it.

He blew the coffee out again hurriedly—it tasted too much of mop to suit even his unfastidious taste.

"Can't I even take a drink of me coffee first?" asked his assistant, in a complaining tone.

Charlie looked from him to the can, which he had hastily set down on the desk again after sampling its contents. Then, with a shrug, he waved his hand leniently toward it.

"All right," he assented. "Take a good, long drink, too—it may make you work better."

His assistant raised the can to his lips. He followed Charlie's advice about taking a good drink—he drained the can to the bottom. Then, setting it down, he smacked his lips with evident relish. Charlie, who had been watching him, turned pale. He clapped his hand over his mouth and passed through the room into that of the president's private stenographer.

Picking up a broom, he began to sweep up the paper with which the floor was littered. When he had it swept up into a pile, he sent it scattering through the open door into the president's office where his assistant was wielding his own broom once more on the paper scattered over the floor there.

The assistant, who thought he had swept up all the paper in that office, turned around, and his eyes bulged as he looked at the vast heap of it behind him which Charlie had put there.

It took the assistant only a moment or two to perceive how the paper had got into the office which he had ju

swept clean. A moment more, and he was sweeping it back through the door into the stenographer's office where Charlie, believing his work through, was about to depart.

It was Charlie's turn, on looking around at the floor behind him, to gaze bewilderedly at the mass of paper which, it seemed, had sprung up by magic on the carpet over which he had just wielded the broom.

Then he, too, realized how the stuff had got there.

"Mike!" he called.

His assistant appeared in the doorway of the president's office. Charlie, pointing to the paper that the other had swept back into the stenographer's room from which it had come, turned to leave with his mop and pail.

"You put it there," he said briefly. "Now you clean it up yourself."

Meanwhile, the burly visitor who had been waiting in the foyer of the bank for the president to arrive, bounded suddenly up out of his chair and began to unroll the paper that looked like a diploma, in his hands

The president had just come into the bank.

"I want to sell you these bonds, sir!" the powerfully built stranger announced.

"Not interested!" snapped the president.

He tried to pass by the visitor. The latter waved the document under his nose.

"I've got to sell these bonds to you," he insisted, "or I am a ruined man. Buy them, sir! Oh, buy them, I beg of you! You had a mother once, didn't you? No—that's got nothing to do with this case! What I meant to say was, think of your own wife and little children——"

The president succeeded in dodging around the importunate visitor and hastened off toward the door of his private office.

"Not interested! Not interested!" he snapped back over his shoulder.

The big man stood looking blankly after him for a moment. Then, his jaw closing determinedly, he rolled up the document which he carried with him and sat down beside the young man at the visitors' desk again.

"I'll wait," he grimly informed the latter. "He's got to buy these bonds—and, perhaps, he'll be willing to listen to me a little later. I want you to take my card in to him, at fifteen-minute intervals, all day long."

"I don't think Mr. Gridley will see you, sir," the young man prophesied. "He said he wasn't interested in buying any bonds from you to-day. And what he says is usually final."

The burly man settled himself more firmly in his chair.

"I'll wait," he repeated, his lips tightening purposefully. "If he won't see me in his office, he'll be passing by here some time during the day, and I'll get a chance to put my case up to him then."

Charlie, descending the steps to the basement of the bank with his mop and pail, had come upon his assistant, who, with a bucket beside him, was washing down those same stairs.

"You thought you was smart, didn't you," Mike addressed him, "leavin' all that paper for me to clean up out o' both them offices, when it was your job to sweep out one, anyway?"

Charlie continued his descent of the stairs without deigning to reply.

"I'm gettin' tired o' doin' all the work around here while you take it easy, I'll tell you that," his assistant went on, mounting ire in his tone. "I'll tell you that!"

Charlie, stiffly silent, stepped down at the end of the staircase, and one foot went into his assistant's bucket. He clumped away with it still on his foot. Mike, reaching for the pail a moment later, found it gone. He jumped up and hurled the rag with which he had been washing the stairs to the floor.

"Another one of his tricks!" he raged. "He won't do his own work, and he won't leave me to do mine! But this is right where I have a show-down with that young feller! Yes, sir, right now!"

Mike turned to go after Charlie. He found the latter, who had freed his foot of his assistant's pail and set down his own bucket and the mop in a corner of the basement, and was on his way back upstairs into the bank, standing behind him.

Mike walked up to him and thrust his face into his.

"I can lick you!" Charlie's assistant informed him.

Charlie frowned sternly at him.

"You forget yourself," he announced coldly. "I have told you, a dozen times before, that when you speak to me you must say 'sir.'"

Mike ground his teeth.

"I'm goin' to punch your head off,



"Here you," he said, holding out a legal-sized letter, "mail this."

sir!" he grated between them. "Do you like that any better, sir? Then, how do you like—this?"

With the last word, he launched a blow at Charlie's head. Charlie ducked, and came up unscathed. He sidestepped and danced before his assistant on his toes, with his fists revolving around each other.

"I'll have to teach you your place, it seems," said he. "Here—hold my hat!"

He held out his cap to Mike, who took it.

"Hold my coat!" Charlie ordered him, removing it as he spoke.

Mike took that, also. And then Charlie hit him a wallop that sent him four feet through the air, to sprawl on all fours on the floor.

"Now, bring me my cap," Charlie ordered.

His assistant obediently did so.

"Hold my coat!" Charlie next ordered him.

Mike obeyed, and Charlie put his arms in it and buttoned it around him again. Then, without so much as a glance behind him at his vanquished assistant, he marched away up the stairs toward the main floor of the bank for which he had been bound before Mike had sought to "lick" him—with such disastrous consequences to himself.

Charlie passed by the calendar on the wall of the bank, above the marble ledges that were for the customers' convenience in signing checks or making out their deposit slips, all unconscious of the importance of the date, "May 26th," which was blazoned forth in foot-high, black letters there.

The date marked an event in the life of Charles Careful, the cashier of the bank. It was his birthday.

Though Charlie Chaplin was unaware of this fact, there was another employee of the Ninety-second National who was not. That other was Miss Edna Lovely, the president's private stenographer.

The cashier of the bank was not over thirty-five. He had been called handsome by other people than his mother. And, in addition, he was what is known as a "good dresser." Miss Edna had long ago confessed to herself that she was in love with him. She believed that the cashier was not wholly indifferent to her own attractions. But, the bashfulest of bashful men, he had not yet mustered up sufficient courage to ask her if his affection was returned.

Here, she had decided, was a chance to let him know that his love was by no means in vain. For his birthday, she had bought him a pretty necktie in a box. And now she inserted a piece of paper in her machine, and on it wrote:

"To Charlie, *with love,*
"from Edna."

She removed the sheet from the typewriter and read those two lines upon it, with a smile. *That* would embolden him to speak, surely. It would show him that he had nothing to fear in laying his heart at her feet, since she had thus confessed her own love for him.

Rising, the girl left the box with the necktie in it and the sheet of paper with its two lines of typewriting beside it lying on the desk, while she went to find a sheet of paper large enough to wrap up the gift for its presentation to the cashier.

Charlie Chaplin wandered into her room not a moment after she had vacated it.

Now, Charlie—a sentimentalist ever—had not worked for that bank a day before he had given his heart unreservedly to the president's fair stenographer. Though he loved her in silence, it was none the less ardently.

She might spurn his offer of matrimony on a janitor's salary, if he were to make it to her. She might even complain to the president, and ask that he be discharged, if he spoke to her of love. And that was what had restrained Charlie from mentioning the state of his feelings toward her—he had been afraid that it would cost him his job.

Now, however, his eye fell on the necktie in the box on her desk. He picked it up and looked it over.

"It's a nice tie," he murmured.

And then, as he put the box down where he had found it, his glance dropped on the note beside it. Lifting that, too, he slowly spelled out the words:

"To Charlie, *with love,*
"from Edna."

A joyous expression overspread Charlie's face. She had meant the necktie for *him!* It was a present, a little token of the place he occupied in her regard. *With love.* So she had guessed his secret all along. And—this had been meant to let him know that his love for her was reciprocated. She cared for him, too!

The door opened, and the girl came back into the room.

Charlie, stepping from her desk to the stand on which rested the letter press, giggled embarrassedly. With one finger in his mouth, he shrugged his shoulders from side to side. The girl, seating herself at her desk, looked around at him over her shoulder.

"How do you do?" said Charlie, tipping his cap to her.

She began to wrap up the necktie and the note in the box.

"Hello, Charlie!" she greeted him indifferently.

Charlie Chaplin pulled his frayed necktie up over the top of his long, brass-buttoned coat, and fingered it smilingly.

"Ahem!" he coughed softly.

The girl looked around at him again.

"This one's getting pretty well worn out, isn't it?" Charlie asked her, glancing down at his necktie in his fingers.

"It's a disgrace," she answered shortly.

Then she turned back once more and went on wrapping up the box. Charlie giggled again. He spun the wheel of the letter press round with one hand. Instantly an expression of anguish settled on his face. He had screwed his other hand into the press. He spun the wheel around again, releasing his imprisoned fingers, and laughed self-consciously once more as he found the girl's eyes upon him. He made a quick gesture toward the box she had partially wrapped up by this time.

"Somebody's going to get a present, aren't they?" he asked.

"They are," she agreed.

Charlie opened the door. He hesitated on the threshold, and then he blurted:

"I know who it's for!" and he threw her a kiss. "Oh, you!"

And the next moment he was gone.

In the president's office, which was temporarily deserted, Charlie stood looking at the door behind which sat the fair being for whose sake he felt that dying would be but a blissful privilege. He threw another kiss at that closed door. Then, lifting his arms from his sides, he let them fall again—the gesture of the hero in the melodrama when he takes leave of the heroine to ride forth upon a mission of danger for his majesty, the king.

Turning on his heel, Charlie walked—bouncing his shoulders up and down—to the other door. He turned once more

and threw another kiss at the panels of the door behind which the stenographer sat, repeating the gesture with his arms. Then he flung open the door, and turned simultaneously to dash out of it—with the result that his head collided with its panels, and he sprawled on the floor.

Picking himself up, Charlie approached the door stiffly. He raised his

wart visitor exclaimed, "while I tell you of the value of these bonds. Buy them, and you will secure the bargain of a lifetime. I will sell them to you for——"

The president stopped angrily before him.

"You will *not* sell me your bonds," he announced, "for any amount. I wouldn't buy them from you for a ten-cent piece. I wouldn't even take them from you as

Charlie, looking after the man in surprise at the excessive rage which filled him, was aroused by the president's voice beside him.

"Here, you," said the president, holding out a legal-size letter to him; "mail this."

Charlie took the letter, and tipped his cap.

"Yes, sir!" he said, and he waddled in



Then, as he saw them turn, Charlie's face lit up with a smile. They smiled back.

ap to it. And then he walked through on his heels.

Just as Charlie was crossing the foyer f the bank, he saw the black-mustached an of powerful build, who had been aiting to see the president again to ndeavor to persuade him to change his ind about buying his bonds, spring up ice more and begin to unroll the document in his hands as the president approached on the way to his private office om a trip he had made to the paying ller's cage.

"You must listen to me, sir," the stal-

a gift. Is that perfectly clear to you?" The burly caller seemed to swell to twice his size with wrath. He rolled up the document which he carried, and turned on his heel.

"You will pay for this!" he called back over his shoulder, as he strode toward the gate in the railing which separated the waiting room in the foyer of the bank from the open space outside, where the depositors and other customers of the institution could line up at the windows of the various cages. "You will pay—mark my words!"

the big man's wake toward the letter chute.

The husky visitor was leaning against one of those marble ledges against the wall of the bank, tugging at his black mustache, while his massive chest rose and fell volcanically with the rage that still surged within it.

Charlie halted before him, and looked up into his face. He pressed his hand to his cheek, and shook his head in sorrowing surprise.

Then, taking the man's unresisting hand in his, he felt of his pulse.

"Oh, dear me!" Charlie exclaimed under his breath.

He addressed the other:

"Will you put out your tongue, and let me see it?"

The man accommodated him. Charlie took a stamp from his pocket, and, applying it to the surface of the extended tongue, he transferred it to the envelope which the president of the bank had given him.

"Thank you," he nodded to the disappointed bond seller.

And, tipping his cap to him, without another word he waddled away to the mail chute.

Charlie tried to put the letter in widthwise. It didn't fit the slot that way, of course. He tried again, and a third time. Then, tearing the letter in three pieces, he stuffed one after the other down the chute. After which, turning around on his heels, he waddled back the way he had come—serene in the knowledge that he had carried out the errand on which the president had sent him.

Five minutes later, holding in one hand a ten-cent bunch of flowers—comprising three wilted and "wired" roses, which he had purchased from an Italian vender on the sidewalk outside the bank—Charlie Chaplin was laboriously pushing a pen in the other across a scrap of paper.

He held the scrap of paper up, and read the result of his literary efforts:

"To Edna, *with love,*
"from Charlie."

With a sigh of satisfaction, Charlie rose, with the bunch of flowers and the note, and retraced his steps to the stenographer's room. She had again stepped out of it for a moment, Charlie perceived through the crack in the door which he cautiously opened. Though he did not know it, she was at that moment presenting the cashier with the necktie she had bought him for his birthday.

Charlie laid the flowers down on her desk, with the note beside them. He kissed the tip of his finger, and applied it in turn to each one of the already-withering roses, and also to the keys of her open typewriter. Then he stole out of the room again.

Miss Edna, returning, saw the flowers and the note on the desk. They were from the cashier, she supposed—as was natural, since it was his Christian name that was signed to the scrap of paper, as well as Charlie Chaplin's.

Raising the flowers to her lips, she was just imprinting a kiss upon them when the cashier himself entered—to show her how well the necktie, which he had put on, became him.

"Thank you for these!" the girl told the cashier.

He stared from her to the flowers, which she was holding against her cheek.

"Those?" he repeated blankly. "Why—I didn't give them to you! There must be some mistake!"

"Didn't you write this note?" she demanded, handing him the scrap of paper on which Charlie had confessed to her in writing that he was her willing slave.

The cashier laughed heartily.

"Of course I didn't!" said he. "That's Charlie, the janitor—I recognize his handwriting, or his apology for it, rather. That's a good joke on you!"

And, still laughing, he departed.

The door of the president's office opened a crack. Charlie Chaplin looked in upon the stenographer, who held his bunch of flowers in one hand, his note in the other. She had got them, all right! But slowly the joyous light faded out of his face. He watched Miss Edna hurl the cheap bouquet into the wastebasket. Then he saw her tear the note in half, drop it to the floor, and set her foot indignantly upon it.

"Fool!" he heard her say.

And then she swept from the room. Charlie crept into it after she had gone and recovered his flowers from the wastebasket. He stuffed them out of sight under his coat, and crept out of the office again.

On his way down into the basement of the bank, Charlie came face to face with the cashier.

Charlie stopped and stared at the necktie which the latter was wearing. It was the identical one he had seen in the box on the stenographer's desk. Charlie took off his cap and scratched his head in perplexity. But the note he had seen beside the box had said plainly enough: "To Charlie, with love."

How, then, had the thing got around this man's neck? Charlie lifted the end of the necktie, as he stoood before the cashier, and felt of it. It *was* the same one! Charlie gave up the riddle as too much for him to solve. The necktie must have been meant for him, but, nevertheless, the cashier now had it. Charlie let the end of the necktie fall from his fingers, with a contemptuous sniff.

"I don't think much of it, anyway!" he announced.

He turned to continue his way to the basement, but halted before he had taken two steps. As he had looked about, he was confronted by two girls, who, so Charlie thought, were just what a girl should be. Leaning unconsciously against a woman who was engaged at the cashier's window, Charlie coughed his old, reliable cough, on which he always depended to attract attention of one to whom he was too bashful to speak. Then, as he saw them turn, Charlie's face lit up with a smile. They smiled back. Charlie was about to venture a word when he was startled by a door slamming, and, looking past the girls, he saw the president come out of his office. His smile vanished quickly, and without a word he spun around on his heel and walked swiftly down to the basement, abandoning flirting.

"Business before pleasure!" he murmured to himself as he reached the foot of the stairs, seeking to console himself.

In the basement he seated himself on a bench against the wall beside which leaned his mop. From under his coat he drew out the despised bunch of flowers. He turned the thing over in his hand hesitatingly. An ash can stood at his elbow. He lifted the cover, and was about to consign the bouquet to it—but he changed his mind.

Stuffing the nosegay under his coat again, he leaned back on the bench. The minutes passed. All was very still. Charlie's chin nodded down on his breast.

It seemed to him that suddenly the silence of the bank was shattered by no less than six shots fired in rapid succession from a revolver.

Charlie sat bolt upright on the bench.

What had happened? he asked himself.

The answer to that question was this: The burly, black-mustached man who had tried in vain to dispose of his bonds to the president of the bank had attempted to make good his threat that the latter would pay for having refused to yield to his request.

Leaving the bank, he had repaired to a low dive frequented by denizens of the underworld, and there he had

enlisted the services of four desperate characters.

They had entered the bank after three o'clock, when the president, his stenographer, and the cashier were in the chief executive's private office, counting up the day's cash which lay in bags of gold and stacks of bills on the president's desk.

The black-mustached would-be seller of the bonds had gone down in the basement with two of his accomplices, while the two other crooks had made their way toward the room where the president, his stenographer, and the cashier sat.

With three bags of gold, the cashier had just left the president's office with the stenographer for the vault in the basement.

And then the two crooks had burst in upon the president, as he sat alone before his desk, and opened fire on him with their revolvers. It was these shots that Charlie had heard. But now, as he sat up straight on the bench in the basement, he heard something else. It was a woman's cry for help, and near at hand.

Charlie bounded up, and ran in the direction of the cry.

The two crooks who had gone into the basement with the black-mustached leader of the gang, had grappled with the cashier and the stenographer upon their arrival there with the three bags of gold. The cashier had struggled loose and run back upstairs. But Miss Edna had been lifted off her feet, despite her struggles, and was being borne toward the vault—when Charlie Chaplin dashed upon the scene.

He slapped one of the crooks on the wrist, which made him drop his gun.

Then, with a well-placed kick in the stomach, he sent him sailing backward through the air and into the vault through its open door.

He served the second of the two crooks with a kick the same way.

Then, turning his attention to the leader of the gang, he leaped on his chest, and, seizing his high hat by the brim, pulled it down over his eyes and nose and mouth. Then, turning him around, he forced him to adopt the posture of a man stooping over to pick up a dollar bill on the sidewalk. And, with another kick, he sent him, too sprawling into the vault.

Charlie grasped the door and swung it shut. He twirled the dial of the combination—and three of the five rascals were out of harm's way.

Then Charlie turned his attention to the stenographer, who had collapsed in a dead faint on the floor.

Picking her up in his arms, Charlie slung her over his shoulder. He stooped and secured the gun which his slap on the wrist had caused the first of the crooks he had tackled to drop. And then, with his fair burden hanging half down his back, and the weapon gripped firmly in one hand, Charlie ran upstairs to round up the rest of the gang.

And that was what he did, alone and single-handed. Later, after the police had come and gone with their prisoners, and Charlie stood beside the stenographer in the president's office, receiving his congratulations, a head was thrust out from under the president's desk—it was the cashier, who had run up from the basement and hid there, like a coward.

"You are no longer the cashier of this bank," the president sternly told him. "I shall henceforth intrust that position to a braver man than you—Charlie Chaplin!"

Nor was that all Charlie had won by his heroism.

"Have you still got those roses you gave me?" Miss Edna asked softly, following him into her room and running her arm through his.

Charlie pulled the faded little bouquet from under his coat and gave them to her. He turned, after a moment, to meet her eyes over the withered flowers—which she was pressing to her lips.

"Then you *do* love me?" Charlie asked her eagerly.

She nodded. And he took her into his arms. He stroked her hair, kissing it. It surprised him to find out what coarse hair she really had. It had always looked as fine as spun gold to him. But, stroking it under his fingers for the first time, he found that it was tough as the rags of a mop!

Charlie woke up. It *was* the mop beside the bench on which he was sitting that he had been stroking and kissing instead of the stenographer's head. He stared, bewildered, around him. Then, rising, he hastened off upstairs.

The first persons he met were Miss Edna and the cashier.

"Hasn't the bank been robbed?" Charlie asked him.

"Not that I know of," replied the cashier, with a start of surprise.

Charlie rubbed his hand over his forehead.

"You're sure the bank hasn't lost anything?" he insisted.

The cashier placed his arm around the stenographer's waist and started to lead her away with him. Charlie thought he heard him whisper something to the girl about "drinking," and "that's the trouble with most janitors." The cashier answered his question over his shoulder sharply, as he was moving off with her:

"No, the bank hasn't lost anything."

Charlie stood looking after them. So it had all been only a dream! He drew the bunch of wilted flowers from under his coat, looking from them to the departing cashier and the girl. At that moment, Charlie saw the cashier stoop and kiss her. With a shrug, he tossed the bouquet into the air and kicked it aside when it came down with a quick flirt of his foot behind him.

"Well, the bank's *going* to lose something," announced Charlie in an undertone. "And that's me as its janitor!"

Child(e) Harold Pictures.

THE superlative form of hero or heroine "worshiping" is not always displayed only by the giddy young miss or the chap with the Chaplin lip. Little four-year-old Harold, who lives near the Essanay studio, in Chicago, displays a brand of heroine "worship" that borders on the pathetic.

Betty Brown, Essanay ingénue, is Harold's idol, and if a day passes that he doesn't see her on her way to or from the studio, it is tears for him at bedtime.

The other evening his mother took Harold to a moving-picture theater in the neighborhood, and when Miss Brown appeared on the screen, Harold yelled out at the top of his voice:

"Der's my Betty, my Betty B'own!"

One scene showed the "villyun" handling Miss Brown rather roughly, and that was more than Harold could stand. Breaking away from his mother, and runing down the aisle, he cried out:

"Don't let 'im hurt my Betty! Don't let 'im do it!"

Harold nearly broke up the show!

An Enemy to Society

(METRO)

By Kenneth Rand

He was the greatest thief of all time: Stephen Adams, referred to by the newspapers as "the well-known philanthropist." He robbed the unrighteously rich to give back to the poor a portion of the money they had wrung from them by oppression. What happened when this modern Robin Hood met the girl for whose sake he determined to return to the straight and narrow path, severing his connection with the Master Rogue who had trained him from boyhood in theft, brings this story, based on the Metro Film Corporations's five-part feature photo drama of the same title, to the climax of its many thrilling situations. Here is a criminal story without a detective. The cast:

Stephen Adams.....Hamilton Revelle
Van Tromp.....Henry Bergman
Stephen Janissary.....H. Cooper Cliff
Decima Duress.....Lois Meredith

IT was an hour past midnight. In the Paris home of Monsieur Pauchette—sumptuously furnished with the savings of the poor and the middle class, which he had inveigled them into investing in his fraudulent lotteries—a bacchanalian revel was in progress. With a tissue-paper dunce cap on his bald head, and a chorus girl on either arm, before the noisy company of *demi-mondaines* and roués, both young and old, with whom he delighted to spend his hours of idleness, the senile Monsieur Pauchette was dancing a tipsy variation of the fox trot.

In the next room, under cover of the boisterous shouts of the semiintoxicated supper party, the burglar worked undetected.

He was of the "gentleman-cracksman" type. A young man, not over thirty, in evening dress, which became his darkly handsome face and athletic figure well, as he knelt before the wall safe in the rich old swindler's library, he listened with an ear laid above the combination's dial to the falling of the tumblers, while he turned the knob in the tips of his slender, white fingers as lightly as a surgeon engaged upon a delicate operation.

At last, with a smile of satisfaction, the young man sat back on his heels and swung the safe door wide.

He took out a double handful of jewelry—necklaces, rings, feminine adornments all—which flashed and sparkled even in the dim light that filtered into that room. Transferring the trinkets to the capacious pocket in one of the tails of his dress coat, into the other Stephen Adams, referred to by the newspapers back in America as "the well-known philanthropist," stuffed several packages of bank notes of large denomination, and rose, leaving the door of the safe standing open in front of its empty interior.

He carefully brushed off the knees of his trousers and took a last look about him. At a fresh scream of mirth from the adjacent apartment in the Lottery King's mansion, where the supper party was waxing merrier over the food and drink that had been provided by the hard-earned money of Monsieur Pauchette's dupes, the young man nodded, with a smile of grim good humor, toward the heavy portières that separated him from the scene of revelry.

"Eat, drink, and be merry, you rogue," he murmured, "for to-morrow you may die—of heart failure at finding that you have been paid back in your own coin!"

Then, crossing to the open window by which he had entered the house, the young man climbed out of it, and was gone.

A half hour later, Stephen Adams seated himself at a table in front of one of the cafés in the near-by Champs Elysées. A man of about his own age, but with prematurely gray hair, sat at the next table. To all outward appearances, they were strangers, for neither so much as glanced at the other. Removing the spoon from the drink which the waiter had brought him, Stephen drummed idly with it on the bare marble top of the table.

"Everything O. K.," was the message he clicked out with the spoon in the dots and dashes of the Morse code for the other's ears. "We sail for home to-morrow morning at six, on the *Cassandra.*"

The man at the next table, glancing at his watch, with a yawn, rose, and walked off. Stephen sat on at the table, sipping his drink. It was fifteen minutes later before he also rose and walked away—in the opposite direction.

Among the passengers on the *Cassandra,* which sailed for New York on the following day, beside Stephen Adams and his gray-haired accomplice in crime, were Stephen Janissary and his pretty young ward, Decima Duress.

Janissary was a scoundrel of the deepest dye, who had made the chain of stores throughout the United States that bore his name a success, and thereby a million or two for himself, by trampling out the small dealers without mercy. The girl who was his companion on the steamer, by which he was returning from a pleasure trip abroad, was the only child of the man who had once been his partner, and who, at the time of his death, had urged Janissary to accept her guardianship.

To all others cold, unscrupulously heartless, to his ward Stephen Janissary had always been tender and loving; and she returned his affection, in blissful ignorance of the villainies he committed under the guise of "strict business."

On the second day out, Stephen Adams, with the jewelry which he had stolen from the lottery cheat safely concealed in his stateroom between the top and bottom layers of cigarettes in a tin box that seemingly had not been opened since it had come from the tobacconist's—the bank notes, of which he had also robbed Monsieur Pauchette, he had sent anonymously, on the night before he had sailed, to a Paris newspaper's fund for the relief of the needy—found the opportunity for which he had been vainly seeking during the past forty-eight hours to make the acquaintance of the young lady who, he had told himself, at his first sight of her, was "the sweetest girl he had ever seen."

Passing her steamer chair—for the twentieth time in an hour—Stephen sprang forward and rescued her book from the deck, where it had fallen.

"We're having a lovely passage, aren't we?" he asked in eager conversational tones.

Decima's gray eyes looked straight into his.

"I've often seen your picture in the newspapers at home," she said quietly. "Mr. Stephen Adams!" She nodded invitingly to the vacant steamer chair beside her own, and the young man promptly appropriated it. "Being known as a philanthropist," the sweetest girl he had ever seen went on, "must lay you open to attacks from all sides by people with pet charities who want you to open your pocketbook for them. I'll plead guilty right away to being one of that number. Couldn't I get you to contribute five thousand dollars to help me in my settlement work, Mr. Adams?"

Stephen frowned with annoyance. Not over her request. He wanted to grant that, not so much because he felt the cause to which she had asked him to donate to be worthy, as for the good and sufficient one that she had asked it. But how was he going to oblige her? He had not that much money, nor a tenth part of it, with him. It was out of the question that he could turn over to her the jewels he had stolen, and which he was bringing back to America with him to convert into cash to be devoted to charity—what would she think, for one thing, if she knew that he had all those feminine trinkets in his possession? If there was only some way that he could get hold of the sum she had asked him for, here, on shipboard! And then, with a sudden smile, he rose and held out his hand to her.

Janissary was coming toward them along the deck.

"All right, Miss Duress," Stephen promised her, "you shall have the money you want within twenty-four hours!"

That night, in the smoking room, Stephen rose from the lounge on which he had been sitting, with an unlighted cigarette between his fingers, as he saw Janissary enter. He knew the capitalist by reputation, and his blood was tingling over the prospect of entering the lists against him—in the course of his chosen career. Coming face to face with the ruthless financier in the center of the room, as though by accident, Stephen, with an apologetic smile, lifted his unlit cigarette.

"Have you a match, sir?" he asked.

Janissary, reaching toward his pocket, lifted his eyes to the young man's face. His hand stopped at his side, as though caught in a vise, and his brows drew together in a frown.

"Your face is familiar to me," he snapped behind his locked teeth. "You remind me of some one I used to see every day—and that I disliked very much!"

At the deliberate insult conveyed by the words and tone, Stephen drew back in genuine surprise. Then, his own brows lowering, he stepped back directly in the older man's path. He had no suspicion of why the other should have chosen to offer him such a gratuitous insult. But he had no intention of swallowing it meekly. He spoke in a steely tone that matched the modern buccaneer's.

"Perhaps," he said, "I remind you of some one you once swindled in a business deal. But, I assure you, it is merely a resemblance. I am quite positive you couldn't get the better of *me*—at any game you might care to try!"

Janissary, a calculating gleam coming into his eyes, accepted the veiled challenge.

"Do you play poker?" he asked shortly.

"I do," the young man nodded, with an inner smile at the way the other had fallen into the trap he had laid for him. "Do you?"

"Then we'll see," said the financier abruptly, as, with a jerk of his head which bade Stephen follow him, he started across the room toward one of the card tables that chanced to be vacant, "whether I can get the better of you at a game where skill and nerve are required. What limit shall we play?" he added sneeringly, as he sat down and beckoned to the steward for cards and



"Commit this one last theft!" begged Van Tromp. "Only this—and then you can turn straight!"

chips. "Something worth while, I hope —that is, if you can afford it."

"Suit yourself," answered Stephen blandly. "I told you you could name your own game. The sky as a limit, will satisfy me."

A young man, with prematurely gray hair, and who supported himself on an ebony cane, had risen from his seat on the other side of the room as the two sat down at the card table; and, as though to get a better light under which to go on reading the book he held in turn, reflected upon a series of other small looking-glasses which had been cunningly adjusted into the cane's handle. Stephen called it the "periscope cane"; and with it any one could see all that went on behind him as though his eyes were turned upon the scene.

Stephen, after a glance at the first hand which the financier, who had won the cut for the deal, had dealt him, looked carelessly toward the man who sat reading in back of Janissary, and saw him smooth his hand over his hair



"I did as you told me. I kidnaped his only child and brought it to you."

his hand, he now seated himself beneath the cluster of incandescents on the pillar near the table, with his back turned to Janissary, and resumed what appeared to be his perusal of the novel.

If any one noticed the odd manner in which he held the cane—grasped through the middle, and with the handle raised an inch or so above his head and pointing back over his shoulder directly in a line with Janissary's cards—it could have been put down as a wholly absent-minded action on his part, due to his preoccupation in the pages of the book on which his eyes were lowered.

The cane was an invention of Stephen's own. Set into the end of its handle was a tiny mirror; and this, in twice. Stephen, who held three sixes, knew that his opponent had two pair. After the draw, he glanced again toward his confederate. The latter made no move. That meant that Janissary had not bettered his hand. Stephen bet boldly, in the full knowledge that he held the winning cards, and thus took the first pot.

In the same manner, he won almost every one that followed. In a half hour, he had taken five thousand dollars away from the capitalist—the exact sum he needed.

"I think that will be enough," said Stephen, pushing back his chair. "It ought to show you that this is *one* game you can't beat me at, at least."

Janissary produced his check book and made out one of the checks for the amount of his loss, adding his signature. Then he glowered up at the young man, who sat smilingly waiting across the table.

"To whom shall I make this out?" the trust head snapped.

"Allow me," and Stephen, helping himself to the check with one hand, with the other took out his fountain pen and bent over the pink slip. "I'll save you the trouble," he explained, as he wrote Decima Duress' name along the line on the check the other had left blank, "of filling it out."

Later, when Stephen presented it to her, she exclaimed:

"But this is my guardian's signature! How——"

"Haven't you heard," Stephen checked her in smiling reproof, "that it's bad taste to look a gift horse in the mouth? You have the amount you asked me to contribute to your settlement work. That ought to satisfy you. And, by the way—if I were you, I wouldn't ask any questions of your guardian about how he came to give me the check."

In the days that followed, Decima and Stephen Adams became good friends. Already, the young man wished for something more than her friendship. But he knew that the time had not yet come to ask her for that something more. A remark she made to him, on the last day of the voyage, had made him doubt whether that time would ever come—for him.

A wireless message from the American side of the ocean, which they were nearing, that announced the theft of twenty thousand dollars' worth of cash and jewels from Monsieur Pauchette, the French lottery man, by a thief who had succeeded in getting away without leaving a clew behind, was handed about among the passengers.

"I, for one, am glad that he in turn was robbed," Stephen remarked to Decima, "as he has robbed the poor of their hard-earned money for years."

She turned to look at him in wide-eyed wonder.

"Do you think that condones the theft?" said she. "I don't. Two wrongs never made one right, you know. I can think of no circumstance, or set of circumstances, that would make a thief excusable in my eyes, ever."

When they parted, on the dock in New York, the next day, Stephen had re-

ceived a cordial invitation from Decima to call upon her in her guardian's home in that city.

He went straight to his own bachelor rooms overlooking Central Park. His first move was to take the stolen jewels out of the cigarette box to put them in his private safe. But he paused in the act of placing his loot in one of its compartments.

A vision of Decima's face, as it had looked that last night on the steamer when she had told him that nothing could excuse a thief in her eyes, rose before him.

Stephen Adams, as has already been intimated, stole not for his own profit, but for that of the poor, who in turn had been robbed by those against whom the young man directed his undreamed-of depredations. He was a modern Robin Hood, who had been taught all his life that it was not only right, but noble, to return from the dishonestly rich a portion of their wealth to the weak from whom they had taken it. But now he wondered if, after all, his way was right? A girl with a white soul, and who stood to him for all things good and noble in the world, had told him that she could not find an excuse for a thief, no matter for what purpose he stole. On his knees before his safe, with the jewels in his hands, Stephen gnawed his lip in hesitation.

Then he made his decision.

"I can't go on with it!" he murmured, and, rising and closing the safe, he brought the jewels back to the table and replaced them in the cigarette box, which he retied in its original string and paper. "I've made my last haul —and I'll go, at once, and tell him so!"

The man to whom he referred was the master rogue.

His mind it was that had trained Stephen's in the difficult craft of theft on the large scale on which that young man had been carrying it out against the unrighteously wealthy for years, until, as he proudly declared, he had made him "the greatest thief of all time."

Just now, the master rogue was dispatching another one of his pupils upon an important mission. The operative was instructed to go to the home of Stephen Janissary. Disguised as a workingman, he was to enter the magnate's garden. In that garb, nothing would be thought of his entrance to the millionaire's grounds, where it would be supposed he had come to do some work or other. He was to cut the telephone wire. Failure to reach "central" by somebody in the house would result in a servant's being sent next door to use the telephone, over which the company could be notified that the Janissary connection was out of order. The operative, following the servant into the grounds of the house next door, was to "tap" the wire there, and respond to the report of the Janissary footman or butler on the inability of that family to use their telephone, with the assurance, speaking as though he were the manager of the line, that a man would be sent right away to fix the damage. Then, in ten or fifteen minutes, he would present himself at the door, as the man the telephone company had sent, and be admitted without question. Once inside the house, he was to find his way to the library and sketch a plan of that room, including the position of Janissary's safe, the location of windows, doors, and important articles of furniture. That plan, as soon as it was made, was to be brought back to the master rogue.

Five minutes before Stephen arrived at the latter's house, the operative had returned with the plan. The master rogue, eagerly seizing it, dismissed the pupil in his school of crime who had succeeded in procuring it by following his instructions, and bowed over the sketch with Van Tromp, the old man who for years had acted as the master criminal's eyes and hands.

For all day long the latter sat in a wheel chair, held helpless by paralysis to move more than an inch, as a man who has been incased from the neck down in a plaster-of-Paris cast, and blind.

Tracing the lines in the sketch of Janissary's library with the tip of one finger, now Van Tromp read them off to the master rogue with a gloating eagerness in his manner that matched, and if it did not exceed, the other's.

Thus Stephen, when he entered, found them engaged.

"It's our boy himself!" the old man, crushing the plan furtively to his breast as he rose from the side of the wheel chair to see who the intruder was, joyfully informed its helpless occupant.

"I know, I know!" said the master rogue impatiently, his thin, bloodless lips writhing in a smile. "I recognized his footsteps. Well?" he addressed Stephen eagerly. "And what luck abroad?"

Stephen, his sober manner in contrast with the other's joyous reception of him, untied the package he had brought and took out the jewelry, depositing it on the shawl that covered the criminal's knees.

"There's some eight or ten thousand dollars' worth of trash," the young man said indifferently.

The master rogue, fingering the jewelry which Van Tromp had placed in his hands, nodded as he verified Stephen's estimate of its value with a practiced touch.

"You have done well," said he.

Van Tromp, coming to Stephen's side, stroked his arm as a miser might the single bank note of large denomination into which he had converted the savings of a whole lifetime.

"But we've got the job for you now, Stevie!" he croaked. "Ah—the biggest one of all your career! Tell him about it," he urged of the man in the wheel chair.

But Stephen spoke before the other had a chance to.

"No, I'm through," he announced, with a gesture of finality. "I've made my last theft. You'll have to turn this one you speak of over to some other member of the company to handle. I've decided to steal no more."

In vain the two pleaded with him. It was upon the most heartless of all the oppressors of the poor that they wanted him to make this last raid, Van Tromp pointed out. He could quit after he had deprived Stephen Janissary of some of his ill-gotten gains. But if he would only stay and commit this last robbery——

Vain, all vain, were the persuasions the old man tried to use. Repeating his statement that he was done with crime forever, Stephen departed from the house.

Van Tromp lifted his fists heavenward in impotent fury, alone with the master rogue.

"Where is my revenge?" he demanded fiercely of the latter. "The revenge for which I have waited for more than twenty-five long, weary years? You promised it to me—when Janissary crowded me out of the prosperous little grocery store I was running. You remember the day you came to me—before you lost the use of your eyes and limbs—as I sat on the doorstep of my store after the sheriff had pasted the advertisement of his sale across the window

—and I was a ruined man? You remember what you whispered in my ear, knowing as you did that it was Janissary who had frozen me out?

"'He has a baby,' you whispered; 'steal it from him—and be revenged!'

"I did as you told me. I stole his only child, the apple of his eye, and brought it here to you. Then you told me your plan for taking an even greater revenge upon Janissary than by tearing his child from him. It was good—that plan. And how eagerly I fell in with it! We worked and toiled, night and day, to make a thief of him. A thief who should steal only from the rich to help the poor. You, the master of your craft, taught him well. You made of him the greatest thief the world has ever known. And now—*now* the hour of my great revenge was at hand! But where has it gone? Dissolved into thin air, like the veriest mirage! You have cheated me, you and he both!—cheated me of my triumph over the man who once ground me under his heel as he would a crawling insect—cheated me of the end I have labored for all these years——"

He pitched into the chair before the table, where Stephen had left the opened box of cigarettes from which he had taken the jewelry, and dropped his head upon his folded arms, his aged shoulders shaken by the sobs of bitter disappointment that had choked his further utterance.

Going from the master rogue's house to Decima's, to pay her his promised call, by accident Stephen had encountered her upon the sidewalk in front of her guardian's residence.

"Oh, Mr. Adams!" the girl exclaimed. "I'm so glad to see you! I'm sure, with your experience as a philanthropist, which is ever so much greater than mine, that you can help me in a matter about which I'm undecided. It's a site for a model tenement I want to invest the five thousand dollars you gave me in. I've just come from looking at a piece of property which I think would do. But if you'd come back and look at it with me, and give me your advice—would you mind?"

Stephen accompanied her back to the property, which, after he had looked it over, he advised her to lease for the charitable purpose she had in mind. And thus, a half hour later, Alderman James Clancy, who was also in the real-estate business and owned the property in question, made the acquaintance of Decima Duress, whom he was surprised to learn was the ward of Stephen Janissary.

With the latter, Alderman Clancy had had business dealings, off and on, for a period extending over more than twenty years.

It was not an hour after Decima had gone that the politician received a curt summons over the telephone to come downtown at once to the Monolith Building, where Stephen Janissary was presiding over a board meeting of the traction company in which he was the principal stockholder.

For years, that traction company had not been giving transfers. The extra fares which it had squeezed from its passengers, who were mainly of the working class, had gone to swell its dividend fund; but now a rival street-car line was fighting for a franchise. If that franchise were granted, Janissary and his fellow stockholders stood to lose a handsome share of the profits they had been enjoying, because of the other company's announced policy of issuing transfers, which would force Janissary's road to do likewise or suffer a big loss of patronage. The franchise must not be granted—and it was to arrange to have it killed, when it came up in the next session of the legislature, that Alderman Clancy had been sent for.

Janissary held over his head the affidavits which convicted him of a crime that he had committed years before, and for which he could be sent to the penitentiary for a long term.

"You must kill this franchise," the financier coldly told him, when he protested that his political future might be ruined if he voted against granting a charter to the new street-car line that had promised to save the poor people, who were his constituents, money, "or the documents which are in the safe in my library, I will turn over to the district attorney. That is all."

Decima, when she called on the alderman in his real-estate office the next day, noticed how haggard and drawn his face looked, and solicitously remarked upon it. The harassed Clancy, who saw his political prominence in his little world toppling on its pedestal, blurted out the whole story to her.

At last the girl's eyes were opened to the methods by which her guardian had grown rich. But the years of trust which she had reposed in him dying hard, she told herself that perhaps Janissary did not understand that, by blocking the new company's franchise, he was depriving the poor of the nickels they sorely needed, and which he did not. She decided impulsively to go to him and beg him to destroy the affidavits which he held against Clancy.

"Now, you mustn't meddle," Janissary told her, softening his refusal of her request when she made it of him, "in something that you know nothing about—and that's business, my child."

Decima, when she met Stephen by appointment that same afternoon for tea at the Waldorf, told him, in answer to his anxious inquiry, what was troubling her—already she had come to trust him more than any other person she had ever met, and she did not deny what the reason for it was, in her heart.

"If only there was some way," she finished hopelessly, "that we could get those papers out of his safe, and destroy them, then Mr. Clancy would be free to vote for the franchise, and what it would mean to the poor—but there *is* no way!"

Stephen did not contradict her. He was thinking, though, that there *was* a way that he could get hold of the affidavits for her. In the possession of the master rogue from whose house he had walked on the day before, never meaning to return to it, was the plan of Janissary's library, in which the safe stood. And all he had to do to get that plan was to go back and tell the criminal that he had changed his mind. He *would* make one more haul, he could tell the master crook—but should he do it for the sake of the girl before him?

Her heart was set on seeing the franchise go through. Without those affidavits, by which Janissary held the politician in the hollow of his hand, it was bound to be killed. He could get them for her. But, even though she understood the high motive that had prompted him to do so, in view of the opinion she had expressed regarding those who took from others by stealth or force that which did not belong to them, what would she think of him for committing the burglary?

There was a chance that she might not know how he had got hold of the papers. And that chance Stephen determined to take.

"Don't worry any more about it," he advised her, "until to-morrow morning,

at least. And, that reminds me—I'm sorry, but I won't be able to come to the dance Mr. Janissary is giving at his home to-night in honor of your return from abroad, after all. I have got to keep another engagement."

Stephen, after he left Decima, went straight to the master rogue's house. He informed him and Van Tromp that, upon thinking over Stephen Janissary's evil character, he had decided to commit one more theft before he abandoned his career as an amateur cracksman—and that one the burglarizing of Janissary's house. Van Tromp, eagerly pressing the plan of the latter's library into his hands, manifested an almost insane joy over the young man's eleventh-hour decision to perpetrate one more burglary before he quit.

The old man hastened into his room in the master rogue's house as soon as Stephen was gone, and began dressing with tremulous haste for the visit he also intended to pay Stephen Janissary that night.

Arrayed finally in an antiquated frock coat and a high hat that was equally out of date, he surveyed himself in the glass. Then, a grim smile playing about his lips, he turned and lifted the lid of a trunk that was dusty and moldering with age. From its tray he took a small bundle wrapped in tissue paper, and, placing it carefully in the inside breast pocket of his coat, he departed in the direction of the Janissary residence, which by that time was blazing with lights, the ball in Decima's honor being in full sway.

Before the safe in Stephen Janissary's library, a young man in evening dress was kneeling.

He had flitted like a shadow into the garden surrounding the mansion, between parties of arriving guests, and reached one of the windows of the library, which was on the ground floor of the dwelling, undetected. Noiselessly forcing the lock of the window, he had raised it and climbed into the room. The plan of the room, which he had carefully studied beforehand, and in which the position of table, chairs, and the other furniture in it had been marked out, saved him from bumping into any of them, and so betraying his presence, as he moved about in the dark.

The first step Stephen Adams had taken upon entering the room had been to cross to the door and lock it, thus protecting himself against interruption. And then, turning on the light, he had gone to work before the door of the safe.

Ten minutes later, a servant tried the door. Surprised at finding it locked, he bent and looked through the keyhole. Before his master's safe, he saw the broad shoulders and back of a man whose hair was not white, like Janissary's, but black!

The servant went off quietly and hunted up the financier.

"I believe there's a burglar in the library, sir!" he informed the latter.

Instantly the guests were thrown into a panic. Janissary quieted them. He instructed the servant to go for the police. Then he turned back to his guests, reassuring them as to the certainty of the thief's capture without the slightest harm coming to them.

In five minutes, the servant returned with two policemen, and the information that others from the near-by station house, to which the news that there was a burglar in the home of Stephen Janissary had been telephoned, had the house surrounded.



"You made me a pauper," the old man triumphantly informed Janissary. "But I've made your son a thief!"

"He's in the library, so I hear," Janissary informed the two officers, "where I have important papers that I hope he hasn't had time to meddle with."

But by that time, Stephen had opened the safe and secured the Clancy affidavits, just as there came an authoritative rap on the door behind him.



Stephen made a full confession to Decima Duress, the financier's ward.

Stuffing the papers out of sight in the inside pocket of his coat, and closing the safe as he had found it, Stephen rose and stepped back quickly to peep out into the garden through the window. He saw a policeman standing on guard there. He was trapped. Straightening, he adjusted his cravat and smoothed down his hair, and then boldly crossed the room and unlocked the door to throw it open in the faces of the two officers who stood before the threshold.

"What's the trouble?" Stephen asked, in pretended surprise at sight of brass buttons and drawn clubs confronting him.

One of the two policemen clapped his hand on his shoulder.

"It won't do, young feller!" he said gruffly. "Chuck the bluff—we've got you dead to rights."

Janissary stepped forward, an ugly smile lifting the corners of his lips, as he recognized the young man between the two officers.

"So!" he sneered triumphantly. "Not satisfied with fleecing me on the steamer, you have come into my home to rob me? Well, you've picked your own game, this time!" he went on, the smile dropped from his face. "Burglary! And this time *I'm* going to win—by seeing that you're given the full limit of the law for this. Do you understand?"

Stephen had not even heard him. He was looking at Decima, who stood at her guardian's side. Into her eyes, as they rested on him, he had seen a light of dawning revulsion come. It made no difference that he had robbed her guardian's safe for those affidavits, for her sake. He was a thief!

At that moment the sound of an altercation at the front door arose.

"Mr. Janissary is engaged, and cannot see you!" came the voice of the footman on duty there.

"He will see me!" insisted the caller, his high-pitched voice breaking with excitement. "Let me pass——"

There was a scuffle. And then Van Tromp strode upon the scene. He walked up to Stephen Janissary.

"You don't remember me?" the old man asked the capitalist.

"I never saw you before in my life," said Janissary coldly, "so far as I am aware."

"Well, I remember you!" Van Tromp informed him, with sudden fierceness. "You ruined me. That was twenty-five years ago. You had an only child then, that was kidnaped. You never found out who stole your baby. But now you may know—I did it! If you doubt me, here," and from his pocket he took the tissue-paper-wrapped package, holding up a pair of baby's shoes before the capitalist's eyes, "here is the proof. You recognize them, do you? For twenty-five years your only son has been brought up by me, and one other. And now—look at him! You made me a pauper," the old man informed Janissary, in bitter triumph. *"But I've made your son a thief!"*

Janissary's cheeks were ashen. As he looked upon the young man who stood in the grip of the law before him, he saw only too readily that the other's words were true—this was his son. The resemblance which the so-called Stephen Adams bore to him, allowing for the difference in their years, was unmistakable. Van Tromp, chuckling over the revenge he had taken upon the man who had crushed him, had departed. Janissary motioned to the policemen to release their prisoner and go. Then, followed by his son and Decima, he walked into the library and closed the door.

What happened there in the next two hours, none but the three ever knew.

But it is to be supposed that Janissary promised to live with more justice toward his fellow men in future. For father and son were reconciled. The young man, detesting all oppressors of the poor, would not have accepted a home with his father unless the other had agreed to abandon his former unscrupulous ways. And Stephen must have told the girl all about his past career as an amateur thief. For which she must have forgiven him, in view of the altruistic purpose that had led him to play the criminal. Because, six months later, he and Decima were married.

The Constructive Genius of the Studios

By Richard Willis

If every one else is thought of in connection with the success of a picture, and that is improbable, there is one man, and an important one, who seldom enters the mind of those who see the picture. Yet upon him rests not a little responsibility, for he can often play a great part in the making or unmaking of a film. This man is the Construction Man. In practically every big scene there is something, and frequently a great deal, that is the work of his hands. The impression that a player makes upon the public is aided a great deal by the scenes about the player; there must be the proper atmosphere. This is what the Construction Man makes. See exactly what he does and what that means to a picture by reading the following article.

WHEN the photo-playgoer sees some great, spectacular screen play in which there are presented ancient streets and buildings, terraces, carvings, armor, and statuary, interiors containing carved stairways and furniture, busts and ornate ornaments, he will emit a silent whistle and exclaim, "Stupendous!" and will marvel at the fidelity to detail, and wonder how the company which produced the play obtained such realistic effects. He will probably praise the direction and the acting, as well as the story, but will never give a thought to the man who is largely responsible for the impression created as to the vastness, the richness, and bigness of what he sees.

We will call him the Construction Man, to give him a name. He is called the sculptor or modeler, but the title is not comprehensive enough, for he is far more than a modeler, and his work and brain are far-reaching in the motion-picture industry.

Allow me to introduce to your notice, Mr. and Mrs. Photo-playgoer, Mr. E. M. Jahrens, the Construction Man at the Universal studios, for he is the man who is helping me to give you an adequate idea of "how it is done," and also what a lot there is to be done. Mr. Jahrens is a silent man, and therefore little known, as is the case with all Construction Men who work and let others do the talking; he is not what might be called a strictly handsome man, and he is not of heroic proportions, but he has a kindly face and lots of useful gray matter, and he delivers the goods wholesale, and that is what is required of him. Therefore, he occupies a useful niche in the hall of motion-picture fame, and deserves recognition. This is no interview, and what I have to say of Mr. Jahrens can be said for and of others, but he possesses more ability than most of them and serves the work in all its stages instead of only a few of them. Let us see what he has to say regarding the training and the attributes of the Construction Man connected with a motion-picture studio.



Putting the finishing touches on a temple scene where the Construction Man's work counted greatly.

"To be a success at this business," he says, "one has to have a thorough knowledge of art in its many branches. In the first place, he must have intelligence and a goodly knowledge of periods as regards both costuming and architecture, paintings, and sculpture. To attain this knowledge a man must be one who has read, and still reads, a great deal: he must be a student. He must also be a good artist, and, of course, an exceptional sculptor and modeler. He must perforce be a carpenter above the average and a mathematician, and there are several other things which are quite necessary to his success. One of these is patience, and another is the ability to work quickly."

A very good idea of what a Construction Man is called upon to furnish can be obtained by looking at the picture in which an old man is handling shell money in an Aztec temple. The picture represents a scene in one of Lincoln J. Carter's melodramas, presented in photo-play form. Jahrens painted the scenery and also arranged the proper light effects. He also made the old stone chests in which the "treasure" was held, and fashioned the



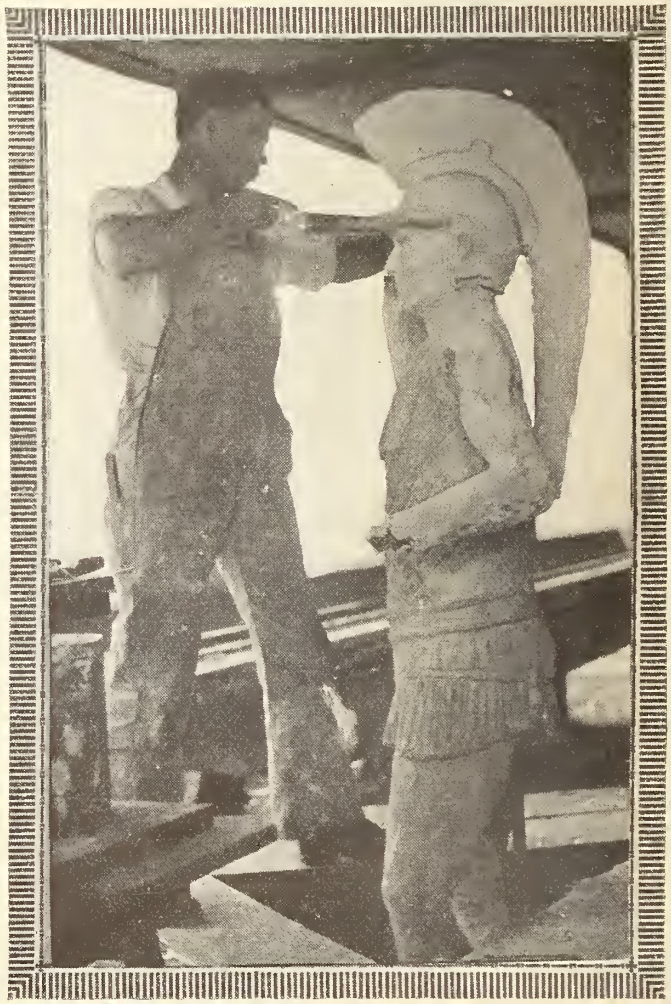
All the effects in this scene, including the mummies, were made by one man.

pillars of the temple. Then came the question of mummies, and these were also made, correct in every detail, and handed to Mr. Carter, who exclaimed: "Great Scott, man, where did you get them?" And, indeed, they were wonderfully realistic. The success of this scene depended largely upon the Construction Man, yet he was never heard of in connection with the photo play.

The appliances and methods used in the making of many of the things used in motion pictures is vastly interesting. In "Damon and Pythias" there were three kinds of armor used, and one hundred and fifty of each kind, including helmets, breastplates, stomachers, sword sheaths, leg armor, and shields were called for and delivered. To give an idea of the amount of work on these, look at the picture of the soldier in armor. It would have been impossible to buy or hire such suits, yet they were all turned out by the one man, with assistants, in the studio shops. This armor was made of papier-mâché, with additional clay modeling.

In making a statue, pillars, or the like, the motion-picture construction man does not follow the usual methods of first making a model, then a mold, and then casting his statue. He does not have time for that; he has to turn out in a comparatively short time what the ordinary sculptor would take ten days at least to do, and then do but skimpily. In the making of the statue of the Winged Victory, the statue of Justice, and the Warrior, shown in another picture, Mr. Jahrens modeled his figure as he went along, after making sure of his measurements. These statues and many others are made and built up with a few pieces of light wood—sometimes a piece of wire here and there—but mainly of excelsior, around which is wrapped burlap, cheesecloth, and lots of sawdust and plaster of Paris. The Winged Victory, for instance, was made in a little over two working days, whereas, if made by the generally accepted correct methods, it would have taken two weeks. Imagine going to a sculptor and saying: "I want a life-size statue copied from some well-known work of art, and I want you to send it by express the day after to-morrow, and be sure it is delivered on time or I shall not pay you." Why, that sculptor would throw seven fits and order you out of the house; yet you can go to the Construction Man and give him an order for several statues, a clay model or two, and some relief work, and get it all inside of a week's time. With the burlap, the cheesecloth, and the plaster of Paris he models and builds, and then models again until the statue is finished and painted.

Another interesting portion of Mr. Construction Man's work is modeling in clay. The heads and busts required in scenes are modeled in this way, and



Making a warrior of excelsior, cheese-cloth and plaster of Paris.

made from likenesses on paper. These are generally touched with paint for the high lights when completed. Clay is used in the relief work, too, on armor, wall decorations, and general ornamentation and even inscriptions.

In the huge temple scene in "Samson," the pillars were made of wooden battens, covered with cheesecloth, which were then painted, with the exception of those nearest the camera, which had



Armor made of composition, chiefly papier mache and clay.

clay modeling on and around them. The illusion was excellent, especially as the statuary was made in the manner already described. The result of the work on this big scene is shown in an accompanying picture, where it is portrayed when nearly complete.

Asked what he does when called upon to make something in a hurry, without any model whatever, Mr. Jahrens said: "I first rack my mind in what book I can see the form of what is wanted, and then get it and make a rough sketch and take my measurements. Then I get busy with the plaster of Paris and the cheesecloth, and that is about all there is to it, excepting inventiveness and work. I do not have to tell you that a man has to be mighty inventive in this business, for, as often as not, I can't even get a printed picture to go by, and have to draw one and submit it. I had advantages, in that my father was both a sculptor and an interior decorator, and I followed and assisted him in his business when young, getting a very thorough groundwork before launching out for myself. I not only learned the interior decorating, which embraced modeling and painting, but acquired a knowledge of anatomy, and studied wood carving. Then, an inventive turn of mind helps considerably. I am forever thinking up new things to submit, and this, with lots of reading, enables me to make a number of good suggestions.



E. M. Jahrens at work on clay model. The Winged Victory in this picture was made in two days.

"It was the mummies in Lincoln J. Carter's play which enabled me to show the firm just what I could accomplish, and from that time on they have given me plenty of try-outs, and now I am at the head of my department, and have been for some time. At one period they used to say, *"Can* you make such and such and so, Jahrens?" Now they say: *"I want* such and so," and I say, "Yes," and then wonder how on earth I am going to do it; that is what makes me useful to the company, I guess."

It is impossible to compute what such a man saves a company in the course of a year, but it amounts to many thousands of dollars, and such men are few.

All the big concerns now have their modelers and Construction Men. The construction department is as much a part of the modern studio as are the scene painting, costume, and carpentering departments. It is not so very long ago that the motion-picture manufacturers employed outside firms to do all their property and modeling work, but these days have passed, and the studio of today is one vast factory, self-contained, in which can be made any article which is required, large or small.

When you next see a big production, Mr. or Mrs. Photo-playgoer, give a passing thought to the man who has done so much toward its success—the quiet, unheard-of Construction Man.

Mack Sennett As Publicity Man

By Leonidas Owen

INTERVIEWS always are productive of one of two impressions. You either get the impression that the interviewed one is a "horn tooter" or a "soft pedaler."

My impression of Mack Sennett, creator of Keystone comedies, one of the founders of the new Triangle Film Company, and the man who has made more people laugh by proxy than any other living individual, is that he is a "soft pedaler." When it comes to wearing gum shoes, keeping in the background, and otherwise hiding around the corner and keeping the personality of Mack Sennett hidden under the proverbial bushel basket, he is just as effective as are his comedies in developing an ache in the vicinity of your short ribs.

Because he is the man who brought Ford Sterling from oblivion and made him into a fifteen-hundred-dollar-a-week star, because he transformed Mabel Normand from a practically unidentified personage into one of the film world's best-known, winsome, and cleverest comediennes, and, lastly but not least, because he discovered, tutored, and set upon the pedestal of fame the irresistible Charlie Chaplin—and because the things you see in print about Mack Sennett are few and far between, I considered him worth an interview. And, as a subject for an interview figured on a space-rate basis, I can allege with all truthfulness that Sennett is an unqualified frost. After two ineffectual and one quasisuccessful attempts to get him to talk about himself, I will say that no interviewer will suffer from writer's cramp in transcribing what Sennett says about himself—providing he quotes Sennett verbatim.

Most celebrities when asked for an interview drop everything on hand, usher you to an easy-chair, proffer a cigar from their own private stock, and then, after a preliminary declaration that they never talk for publication, ask you: "Well, what do you want me to say?" Then, before you can get the flues to drawing right on the gratuitous smoke, they open up the throttle, switch into the high, kick open the cut-out, and proceed to do a Vanderbilt over a course which is littered with high places labeled with the big letter "I." Not Sennett.

I have already said that this so-called interview with Sennett came after three attempts.

My first card, with an accompanying request for a short, personal confab, came back with a terse "Too busy—See Stout" written across it. It was the first of the unexpected shocks for which I was destined. Such conduct was entirely unethical and a violation of the time-honored precedents in the set of rules which are supposed to govern requests for interviews. Although the "Stout" referred to is George W. Stout, business manager of the Keystone's Los Angeles studios, and Sennett's right bower in the administration of studio affairs, I could see no benefits from interviewing him. And, considering myself somewhat a keen student of human nature, I figured that if I waited around for a short time, Sennett would cease his practical joking and be governed by the usual set rules governing interviews. I waited hopefully for thirty minutes, somewhat disgustedly for another thirty—and then went home without seeing Sennett.

Regarding my second attempt, and, for the sake of brevity, I will say that it resulted similarly to the first—only, instead of referring me to Mr. Stout, Sennett relayed by messenger the verbal injunction "to see the Keystone publicity man for any 'dope' I wanted." Having encountered publicity agents on numerous occasions, I declined the alternative.

My third quest for an interview was on a rainy, windy day, when, I was sure, not even the reputedly indefatigable Sennett could plead "Too busy." Avoiding superfluity of verbiage by omitting minor details, I will say briefly that I slipped by an unwatchful gateman and nailed Sennett in the cubbyhole which he calls an "office." I found him with his feet cocked up on an old, battered desk and a pad of scratch paper on his lap. A crack in the ceiling furnished inspiration for occasional single-word notes which he occasionally jotted down. He disported a frown, which was considerably augmented by my invasion. Because it is largely explanatory of Mr. Sennett's failure to bask in the same limelight of prominence which is now enjoyed by Messieurs Chaplin and Sterling and Miss Normand, I am going to quote him verbatim.

"I want an interview," I told him.

Answer: "What kind of a one?"

"Something about your personality—how you make pictures—your ideas of what will bring a laugh——"

"I haven't got any personality—only leading men and women have any—I'm only a director."

"I want something about how you developed such stars as Chaplin and Sterling." Three minutes of profound silence, during which he raked the ceiling for inspiration and drew a nondescript picture on the pad of paper. The terviewer finally broke the silence by coughing.

Sennett: "Do you think it's going to rain to-morrow?"

"I don't know—I want you to tell me something about yourself, something with a little touch of human interest. Do you ever——"

Sennett: "Don't know a thing about myself that's human. Come around to-morrow and maybe I can think of something."

For the sake of brevity I will state that the interview ended here, although I remained in Sennett's so-called office for a half hour longer. During that time it was the interviewer who was interviewed. Between periods of ceiling gazing, three interruptions by an office boy, and two telephone calls, he snapped questions at me regarding a forthcoming municipal election, Jess Willard's victory over Jack Johnson, weather prospects, and the death of Lincoln Beachey. Not a single word did he say about himself or his work.

At the end of the half hour, when a lull in the downpour of rain offered an opportunity to catch a passing street car, I exited.

"Come back some time when I'm not so busy," advised Sennett, as I slammed the door after me.

The Fatal Card

(FAMOUS PLAYERS)

By Kenneth Rand

A half of a torn playing card. It was that which played the all-important part in the life of George Forrester, the most notorious criminal in the country. Upon it Forrester's honor rested years after his promise of help in time of need had been given to a friend. The time when the call of the fatal card—the cry for aid—came was a trying one, and the fulfillment of his promise meant everything in the life of Forrester. How he answered the call makes the end—a real end—to this story, based on the picture of the same name produced by the Famous Players Film Company. The cast of the film includes:

George Forrester Marrable .....John Mason
Margaret Marrable.....Hazel Dawn
H. A. Austin.....Russell Bassett
Gerald Austin.....David Powell

THESE crooks have got to be driven out of camp!"

The leader of the Silent Dozen—the name by which the committee of vigilantes in the small Western town of Needle Gulch was known—smote the table before him with his fist.

"That's right!"

"Their work's gettin' bolder—they've got to go!"

"Bolder because they think they ain't known, and so they can get away with anything. We'd ought to show 'em their mistake!"

"Yes, and quick, too!"



A band of men surrounded the tree to a limb of which was tied one end of a rope. The other extremity was fastened, in the form of a noose, about the neck of Forrester.

So came the growls of assent from the other members of the committee seated around the table in the dim-lit room of the cabin. The leader, searching the faces of the eleven other determined-looking men, spoke again:

"We're agreed, aren't we, as to who's at the head of the gang of thieves?"

There was a brief pause, during which the men looked around the table at each other with an interchange of grim nods. Then one spoke up, in answer to the leader's question:

"It's Forrester."

"That's my opinion, too," the leader curtly agreed. "Where was he on the night the Laredo stage was held up? He claims he'd gone over to a dance in Santa Clara with that girl Mercedes of his—well, maybe he had. But it's a mighty funny-lookin' thing that, every time there's been a stage held up, or somebody beat up and robbed of his dust on the roads around this town, Forrester's just happened to be away on one trip or another. And then there's the fact that he don't mine, nor run a saloon or gamblin' dive, nor ever get no mail that might have money in it from his folks in the East, and yet he's always flush. He's the man we want, I guess. And he's the man we're goin' to *get,* that bein' the case. To kill a snake the quickest, chop off its head. We'll bust up this gang of crooks by deprivin' 'em of their leader. Put it to the vote, boys, in the usual way."

One of the committee tore a sheet of paper into twelve equal strips, and another, removing his wide-brimmed felt hat, placed it bottom up in the middle of the table. In silence, each of the men made a mark upon the strip of paper that had been given him, folded it, and dropped it into the hat.

The leader took out the ballots, opened and counted them, and then announced the result:

"It appears to be the yoo-nanimous verdict of this committee that John Forrester shall be took out and hanged by the neck from the first convenient tree until he's deader'n a doornail!"

He looked around once more at the men.

"That's right?" he asked shortly. "Verdict O. K., then. So let's get movin'. We'll take him prisoner in his cabin, and hold him there till daybreak. Then we'll string him up, as a warnin' to others that this camp don't want no crooks in it."

The Mexican girl straightened, with a frightened gasp, from the window of the cabin, at which she had been listening to all that went on inside. She glanced uncertainly around her for an instant. And then, straight as the crow flies, she sped off in the direction of Forrester's cabin, to warn him that the vigilantes were coming to get him.

Forrester was, as the committee of the Silent Dozen had suspected, the leader of a gang of thieves who had been responsible for all the robberies that had been committed in and around Needle Gulch during the past few months. Mercedes was well aware of this fact; but that the man she loved was a robber made not the slightest difference to her. As a matter of fact, through her love for him she had more than once assisted him and the gang who were under his leadership in their hold-ups and burglarizings of the cabins of the town's inhabitants.

While she knew Forrester for the criminal he was, Mercedes had carefully kept concealed from the little daughter she had borne him, and who had been named Margaret, all knowledge of the man's crookedness.

It was the Mexican girl's plan now, if she could succeed in reaching the cabin she shared with Forrester ahead of the vigilantes, to give the child to its father, and beg him to flee with it—back to the East from which he had come, and where, if he could succeed in reconciling himself with the well-to-do parents he had told her he had been disowned by, the little girl might be brought up as it had been her mother's dream that one day she might be.

But Mercedes, on foot, was outdistanced by the mounted vigilantes in the race to the cabin, which they did not know she had entered against them after overhearing their plan to lynch Forrester.

When, breathless and spent, she came in sight of the house, it was to discover the horses of the Silent Dozen already tethered outside. Rushing into the cabin, she found that Forrester's feet had been securely bound to the chair in which he was sitting.

"What are you going to do to him?" Mercedes panted out to the leader of the vigilantes. "You won't really hang him! No, no! He has been a thief. I admit it to you; but give him a chance to leave the town—to go elsewhere and lead an honest life in future. He will do it, I swear——"

"He will hang!" the leader gravely cut in upon her flood of words, shaking his head in refusal of her plea for the life of the man she loved. "I'm sorry, my girl, but we've got to make an example of him. He'll swing to-morrow morning, at daybreak, from the limb of that oak down the road yonder."

Mercedes ground her teeth over her helplessness to alter the vigilantes' stern decision; and then the thought flashed across her mind that perhaps she might not be so helpless to save the father of her child, after all. Snatching the little girl up in her arms, she ran from the cabin.

She sped down the road to enlist the aid of Gerald Austin.

The latter was a young Englishman, who also had been cut off from his family. That, Mercedes felt, should establish a bond of sympathy between him and Forrester. Blurting out the story of the latter's guilt, and of what the vigilantes were planning to do to him, the Mexican girl begged him, on her knees, to intercede in the doomed man's behalf.

"They wouldn't turn back from their purpose for anything I could say to them, I'm sure." Austin shook his head. "I don't see how I can help you in any way, much as I should really like to. He's done wrong, but even a dog is entitled to another chance, as some people in my own experience have not chosen to see."

Dropping on her knees before him, Mercedes sobbed out:

"Then help him to escape! They are going to hold him in the cabin until daybreak, and surely you can think of some way to spirit him out of their clutches. By daybreak he could be well on his way back toward his home in the East—with the child!"

Austin looked thoughtful. Then, telling her that he would see what he could do, and bidding her wait there in his cabin with the little girl, he set out for Forrester's shack.

When he arrived there, he found it vacated, and not even Forrester was to be found. Many inquiries soon informed him that the vigilantes, having changed their minds about the time of the hanging, had taken their prisoner off already to make him pay the penalty for his crimes.

A few minutes later, Austin was el

bowing his way through a crowd of men who surrounded a tree, to a limb of which one end of a rope had been tied, the other extremity of which was fastened in the form of a noose about the neck of Forrester.

"Wait!" he called, as he reached the inner part of the crowd. "Don't do this now!"

The band of men about the tree looked sneeringly at him.

"What have you got to say about when we do it?" one inquired, in a defiant tone.

"Nothing at all to say," replied Austin, but something to suggest. This man has a great deal he would like to do before passing from this world—lots of them would, perhaps, be of benefit to the world at large. Why not give him until to-morrow morning to attend to them? He had been counting on that, because that was the time you had set for the hanging before."

At first his words were only laughed at, but, after a great deal more argument and persuasion, Austin gained his point, and the little band of men walked silently away to the criminal's cabin, there to keep him under guard until morning.

Having induced the men to delay the hanging, Austin felt that it would be useless to plead for mercy now, and so sought to render his aid in another way. It was quite late in the night when he again appeared before Forrester's hut and approached the two men who were watching there.

"Can I go in with your prisoner for a few minutes?" he requested of them.

The two vigilantes told him that they had no objections to his doing that.

And Austin entered the cabin. Closing the door behind him, he was alone with the condemned man. Forrester, with his legs and arms bound tightly to the chair in which he sat, smiled a brave greeting at the young Englishman.

"Well, old man, it looks as if I was going over the great divide, don't it?" said he.

Austin, coming to his side, addressed him in a whisper.

"Don't talk," he said quickly. "Save your breath for running with—as soon as I've untied these ropes from your ankles and wrists. Yes, I'm going to help you to escape. Climb out of the back window, there, and make tracks for my cabin, where you'll find Mercedes and the child waiting. There's an east-bound train pulling out at the depot in less than a half hour from now. You can catch it, if you hurry. While you're making your get-away I'll get mixed into an argument with the two members of the committee outside to cover up any noise you may make in wriggling out of the window and running toward the road."

Forrester, freed of his bonds by the other, who had been working rapidly at the knots as he talked, stood up and faced him.

"They'll know you let me go," he pointed out, "and they may be mad enough to hang you in my place."

"I'll take my chances of that," answered Austin simply.

Forrester hesitated as he looked him in the eyes.

"I don't know how to thank you," he said.

"Don't try to," the other brushed that aside. "You'd better make a dash for it now."



Marrable, from the door of his office, directed the movements of his accomplices in the plan to rob Austin of his bonds.



Marrable straightened above the prone body. "He's dead!" said he.

"But take this," went on Forrester, reaching toward the deck of cards that lay scattered about the table; and, tearing the ace of hearts across, he presented one half of it to Austin. "If ever you're in trouble of any kind, send me this, and I'll come to you, if it's across the sea or a whole continent. I'll show you then that I'm not the sort to forget the man who once saved my life. And now, good-by."

The two men shook hands, neither knowing at the time in what circumstances, nor under what strange conditions, that vow was to be put to the test in the future.

It was fourteen years later, in England.

Forrester, who had gone abroad with his daughter, soon after their arrival in New York from the West—his family having refused to agree to a reconciliation—had prospered there.

He had changed his name to Marrable. Once more he was at the head of a band of crooks. Ostensibly, he was a chemical inventor. But this disguise cloaked his real business, which was that of robbery on a wholesale scale. A cottage which Marrable owned in the suburbs of London, in addition to his fashionable town house, was supposed to be the place in which he made his experiments, though in reality the only use he made of it was as a meeting place between him and the various criminals who were under his leadership.

Margaret—who had grown up to be a beautiful young lady—was still wholly in ignorance of the fact that her father was a thief, and as much in the dark as the outside world as to the true source of his income.

Several deals which he had been counting on his assistants to carry out had recently fallen through, and Marrable found himself in pressing need of ready funds. One of his gang brought him the news that Jasper Austin—the father of the young Englishman who, years before, had saved his life—was soon to have a fortune in bonds delivered to his office. Marrable determined to get hold of those securities, and for that purpose he leased an office across the way from the elder Austin's.

It was just at this time that Gerald Austin arrived in London. At the time of his departure for America, when his father had cast him off, an uncle had died and left him a considerable fortune. This, it was stipulated by the terms of his relative's will, the young man could not come into until he was thirty-five.

That time had long since passed, and yet his father had not sent him the legacy. It was for the purpose of having an accounting with him that his son had come back to England.

Upon his arrival there, among the first persons he met were Marrable and his daughter. The years that had intervened since last the two men had met had changed them both so much that neither recognized the other. Austin was drawn to Margaret at sight, as she was to him. In only a short while Gerald Austin had come to the conclusion that in her he had found the one girl above all others he wanted for his wife, and he lost no time in laying his heart at Margaret's feet.

"I love you, too, Gerald," she shyly told him. "It seems odd, doesn't it, that this could happen, when we have only known each other such a short while? But then I think we were always meant for each other."

And Gerald replied that he thought so, too.

The interview which he had with his father the next day, when he called at the latter's office, turned out to be a stormy one. The elder Austin informed his son that he was not entitled to his legacy. He had turned out to be a ne'er-do-well, to whom his uncle would never have left his money had he known the sort of a young man he had become. Gerald retorted by charging his father with having devoted the money to his own uses. Mutual recriminations continued, until finally the sounds of the quarrel reached the ears of those in the adjoining offices in the building.

When Gerald finally took his departure it was in such blind anger that he forgot to take his cane with him.

Marrable, who saw the young man go, as he had heard the quarrel between him and his father, from the office he had rented next to that of the elder Austin's, for the purpose of robbing the latter of the bonds which, as it

happened, he had received that very day, said to the two accomplices who were with him:

"Now is our chance. The old man will be all heated up, and unable to think straight after the row he's just been in. We'll go into his office, and hold him up for those securities, without giving him a chance to know what's happening. Come ahead!"

The trio of thieves met with an unexpected resistance at the hands of their intended victim, however, when two of them attempted to seize and hold him while the third looted the open safe in his office of the bonds.

Angered at the fight the old man was putting up, and which bade fair, if it continued much longer, to arouse some of the other tenants in the building to the fact that a daylight burglary was being attempted there, Marrable seized the cane which Gerald had left behind him, and struck Austin over the head with it.

He subsided limply in his adversaries' arms. They let him drop to the floor, where he lay prone, and without moving. The blow of the cane had fractured his skull, killing him instantly.

Marrable and his two confederates, snatching the bonds out of the safe, swiftly made their escape.

It was a full hour afterward before the old man's body was found. Beside it, on the floor, lay Gerald Austin's cane, its handle bloodstained where it had come in contact with the murdered man's head with the blow that had killed him. With that piece of circumstantial evidence against him, Gerald was instantly cast under suspicion as the murderer of his own father.

But that suspicion became a certainty in the minds of the police, and others, when the story of the quarrel he had had with his parent that day was told by the tenants of the other offices who had heard the altercation.

Only one person—besides Marrable and the members of his gang of crooks, who knew the truth—believed in Gerald's innocence, and that one was Margaret.

She hastened to her fiancé's room to warn him that the police might momentarily be expected to come there after him, and to beg him to flee.

"What's the use of running away?" he protested hopelessly. "The evidence is all against me. Even though I didn't commit the crime, it wouldn't take much of a prosecuting attorney to fasten it on me. No; I might just as well give myself up and go through with the farce of a trial, which can have only one end."

But this Margaret positively refused to allow him to do.

"You *must* go into hiding," she told him, "until the real murderer can be found. And I know of a place where you can be hidden. It's my father's cottage, in the suburbs. Nobody ever comes near it, for the neighbors have all been warned that dangerous explosives are stored there, and they are afraid to approach within a hundred yards of the place, therefore. Go there, and I'll see that you're supplied with everything you need while you keep hidden. Promise me you'll do that."

Gerald reluctantly promised, and that same evennig he went to the cottage in question and shut himself in one of its rooms.

Into the one that adjoined it, not an hour later, came Marrable and the two thieves who had assisted him in the murder of the elder Austin for his securities that day.

"You two will have to wait," Gerald overheard the father of the girl he loved telling the men with him, "for your share of this haul until I can convert these bonds into cash; and that will have to be some time hence; for, due to the hue and cry that's bound to be raised over old Austin's murder, we can't attempt to market the securities, that he may have been generally known to have had in his possession, right away."

One of his accomplices spoke:

"They're after Austin's son—with whose cane you killed the old fellow—for the murder. Did you know it?"



"I don't believe you're guilty, Gerald," Margaret told him, "and I'm going to help you to escape until your father's real murderer is found!"

"No; I hadn't heard that yet," Marrable eagerly replied. "Circumstantial evidence is pretty strong against him, then, isn't it?"

"Unless we come forward, and tell who really did kill him, he'll swing," said the other one of the trio of rogues, with a coarse laugh, "and I guess we ain't likely to do that in a hurry."

Bounding up from his chair, Marrable stood in a listening attitude.

"What's that?" he exclaimed, in alarm.

Gerald, in the next room, had bumped against the knob of the door as he pressed closer to it the better to hear what went on in the sitting room of the cottage, where the three conspirators were.

"There's somebody in the next room," Marrable curtly informed his two confederates, "who's overheard everything we've said. He's got to be taken, dead or alive!"

Crossing to the door, he leveled a revolver at its panels.

"I'll give you three minutes to step out," he announced, in a clear tone, "whoever you are. If you don't open the door when that time's up, I'll commence firing through it."

Gerald swung the door open and confronted the rogue and his accomplices across the threshold.

"I'm unarmed," he declared coolly, "and so quite at your mercy."

Marrable, stepping back to the table, with the pistol in his hand still leveled at the young man's breast, set his jaw grimly.

"You've found me out," said he, "for a murderer and a thief. There's only one thing I can do with you, to protect myself, and that is to stop your tongue—forever. I'm sorry, but your time has come. Have you any last words you want to say?"

Gerald, his face white, held himself erect in the face of the certain death that looked him in the eyes out of the black hole in the end of the revolver which the determined man before him held leveled at his breast.

There was no mistaking, from Marrables' tone and the steely expression of his eyes, that he meant to carry out his threat to kill him, and at once.

Gerald, unbuttoning his shirt and collar, drew forth a locket which he wore around his neck. He held it out toward the thief, and, as he did so, something else dropped to the floor. But Gerald paid it no heed.

"Give this to your daughter," he said to Marrable, "and tell her if she cares for me a little, as I have cared for her since the first moment my eyes rested on her, she will wear it to remember me by."

Marrable was looking at the thing that had fallen to the floor from Gerald's person. The thing was the torn half of an ace of hearts!

"You—you are the Austin I knew out West?" he gasped, raising his eyes incredulously to Gerald's face. "The man to whom I gave that card after he had saved my life?"

Gerald stared blankly at him in turn.

"You are Forrester, then?" he asked.

Before the other could reply, the door burst open. Marrable's two accomplices, thinking the police were about to close their net over them, did not wait to see who the intruder was, but turned and fled from the cottage.

Margaret stood on the threshold.

"I can prove that you didn't do it, Gerald!" she cried out to the Englishman who stood before her father. "I have just been reading the diaries my father has been keeping for years. The last entry, which he made to-day, is a confession that it was he who killed your father. He has deceived me all these years, and I will expose him to save you——"

Marrable, with a weary droop of his gray head, replaced the pistol in his pocket. He turned away from Gerald.

"Your life is given back to you," he said. "I place it in the keeping of this sweet girl who loves you. Please God, you may take better care of her than I have done. And now—good-by to you both!"

Hand in hand, Gerald and Margaret left the cottage. They were startled, when they had gone not a hundred yards from it, by an explosion which seemed to rend the heavens. Behind them, the cottage itself was shattered to atoms—by the hand of Marrable, who, realizing the worthlessness of his life, had thus made an end to it.

Film Flams

By Dean Bowman

IT will be a surprise to many to know that the motion-picture business is now rated as the fifth largest industry in America. This includes merely the making and selling of films, and not the theater incomes.

A new moving-picture machine is built to avoid delays in exhibiting, and is so arranged that when the end of a reel is reached another film is automatically thrown into action without stopping to unload and reload.

It is estimated that some three hundred million feet, or more than fifty-five thousand miles, of film are spun out yearly in the movies of the world. Saves some time and traveling to sit and see the sights at this rate.

The "staging" of Thomas Bailey Aldrich's story, "the Bad Boy," was done right at the Aldrich Memorial Home, at Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and some two hundred and fifty scenes were taken, and about fifty children of the stage were brought from New York, by Gustave Frohman to appear in the picture play. The scenario is by Marie Hubert Frohman.

Eddie Foy, the noted comedian, rebelled the other day against one of Director Henderson's directions, and threatened to withdraw himself and the seven little Foys from the studio and go back to the stage, but when he thought that filmdom required no hard studying of lines he concluded to stick to the features.

One of the prizes which the filmfolk like to draw in Los Angeles is an invitation to a jungle dance at the Selig Zoo Park, as many of the steps are danced by the professionals who originated them.

Frank T. Hallack, "Hal August," a movie star, has made a brand-new defense in an action for divorce brought by his wife in a California court by declaring, and swearing to it, that the wife, who was pretty Corinne Hooker, of Rutherford, New Jersey, was wished on him.

Billy B. Van, of the Equity, declares that the two national pastimes are baseball and the movies, and from count of the turnstiles and the ticket windows Billy is about right.

The Evolution of Motion Pictures

By Robert Grau

In the previous articles of this series practically every phase of the motion-picture industry that is of importance has been dealt with separately. In the following article all that has played a part in the rise of the film business to its present stage, from the crude beginning years ago, is taken in its proper sequence, and the article is written so that the reader, whether he has followed the series or not, can read this with interest and learn in detail the evolution of motion pictures.

Though this article completes the series in so far as the rise of pictures up to the present day is concerned, there will appear in an early issue another article, one of peculiar interest, which will be of valedictory type, and which will make a prophesy as to the future of films. It will be well worth reading.

VIII.—SUMMARY OF THE EVOLUTION

PHILADELPHIA, that city of domesticity and quiet, comes in for no little credit in any effort to accurately describe the earliest evolution of the motion picture.

The very first efforts of which there is any record to produce motion photography were contributed by Doctor Coleman Sellers in his stereoscopic cabinet in the Quaker City in 1861—more than thirty years before the advent of the Edison Kinetoscope. That Doctor Sellers was the real "pioneer" is conceded by practically all of the historians who are now undertaking to recite the astonishing achievements of the camera man as he marched on to his goal.

Motion pictures projected on a screen in the manner of to-day, with lesser optical illusion, were first revealed at the Academy of Music, Philadelphia, by Henry R. Heyl, inventor, still living in that city. This was on February 5th, 1870. Heyl's invention was called The Phasmatrope, and was modeled on the lines of Zoetrope, or the Wheel of Life, a sort of magic-lantern exhibit of a half century ago, save that Heyl actually projected his subjects on a screen in life size from photograph images less than two inches in height. An audience of sixteen hundred persons was attracted to the Academy of Music, and it applauded the inventor's skill to such an extent that the exhibition was repeated a month later before the Franklin institue in the same city.

The same obstacles which baffled all of the photographic minds until the Reverend Hannibal Goodwin came on the scene in 1887 caused Heyl to abandon his experiments. The greatest of these obstacles was the necessary use of glass plates. Heyl was restricted in his subjects to those which could be taken by time exposures on wet plates. The photographs were afterward made into positives on very thin plates. There were



David W. Griffith, who has done more for the improvement of the producing end of pictures than any other one man, directing an intensely dramatic scene.

eighteen picture spaces in the disk attached to the lantern, one saw men and women waltzing and gymnasts performing their feats. No furor was created, however, though even had the entertainment attracted greater attention than it did, the inventor knew that the time had not arrived to augment his operations, so he cast them aside, content with an achievement which deserves, as it had not received, a vital place in the history of film production.

The next development, if it could be called such, was contributed by Edward Maybridge, of Oakland, California, who, at the request of Governor Leland Stanford, took countless snapshots of the latter's mare, Occident, through placing a score of cameras at a yard's length in a row on a race track. When the mare came along, he broke the threads attached to the springs of each camera, making numberless negatives, in an effort to discover that a fast-trotting horse has one foot on the ground at all times.

From the results of the Maybridge experiments with animals, in which he was greatly aided by the great animal painter, Messonier, a camera called "Zoo Praxiniscope" was evolved. This was really an adaptation of Zoetrope, and of Heyl's Phasmatrope.

In 1877, Doctor Marey, of France, invented a "photographic gun" with which to study the flight of birds; that is to say, Marey called it thus, but it was really a camera, and as such was the lead to all that came after, for it seems that each inventor contributed something constructive. Sebert and Soret, of Geneva, came next, with cameras in which grease-proof paper with gelatin emulsion was relied upon to solve the all-difficult problem. Donisthorpe, of England, 1877; Le Prince, of New York, 1886, and Evans and Green, of England, 1888-89, all added to the progress of the art.

Comes now a stalwart, reverend gentleman from the house of a prayer, Newark, New Jersey, by name of Hannibal Goodwin, claiming he had discovered the much-prized secret. That he did this in 1887 is best proved by later developments in courts—1913—when



Reverend Hannibal Goodwin, whose invention of the flexible film made the motion pictures possible.

Goodwin's widow, aged eighty-six, emerged from a condition of near poverty to one of extreme affluence, in fact, twenty-six years later, and long after he had passed on, Goodwin was hailed as the inventor of the flexible film which the Eastman Kodak Company had been using for more than a quarter of a century. Several million dollars was awarded the widow, who did not survive her good fortune for but a few months. The Eastman Company effected a settlement by which it is permitted to utilize the Goodwin patents as it has all these years.

In 1896, in London, England, Robert W. Paul and the Lumiere Freres, of France—working coincidentally, they claimed—exhibited the cinematograph and the theatrograph simultaneously in the leading theaters. Both created a furor, and the late B. F. Keith, always on the alert, sailed for London, saw both, and acquired the New York rights for the Cinematograph. It was at the Union Square Theater, in July, 1896, that the real history of motion pictures began to write itself. Previous to the exhibition of Lumiere's Cinematograph, there had been only the primitive Kinetoscope, a slot-machine device, an invention of the Wizard of Menlo Park, first shown at the World's Fair, in Chicago, in 1893, and later the reigning sensation in penny arcades.

One had a "peep"—one person at a time—for a nickel, at the outset, the price quickly dwindling to a penny. Nevertheless, it may be stated that Mr. Edison's exhibition was the lead to all of the amazing evolution that followed, moreover, a year before the Cinematograph was shown at Keith's, and months before it was first revealed in London under the direction of Monsieur Treuvey, the shadowgraphist. Mr. Edison had presented the Vitascope and the Eidoscope in Philadelphia and New York. Both projected moving pictures on a screen, much as is done to-day, save an intolerable flicker. The vogue of these earlier devices was short, and the public was wholly indifferent.

But with the advent of the Cinematograph, in July, 1896, the public was attracted to such an extent that the box-office records for the first six months showed an increase from an average weekly gross of three thousand dollars to one exceeding six thousand dollars.

Immediately the Cinematograph was installed in the majority of the vaudeville theaters, the cost of the service at the outset was three hundred and fifty dollars a week, and William S. Hurd, who held the American rights from the Lumiere Freres, of Lyons, France, quickly amassed a fortune.

The first photo play was presented at the Eden Musee in 1898, when "The

Passion Play" was shown on the screen. For sixteen years the Eden Musee has uninterruptedly presented high-grade motion pictures in its theatorium, and at the time of this writing has announced a receivership, claiming that it was forced to succumb because of the tremendous encroachment of the nickel and dime theaters now established in every neighborhood in the greater city.

The first man to go about the country exhibiting motion pictures in stores and tents was William T. Rock, now one of the triumvirate controlling the American Vitagraph Company, which was started in 1897, on the roof of a Nassau Street building by J. Stuart Blackton and Albert Smith. Rock had acquired considerable wealth in New Orleans as an exhibitor, and he came to New York in 1898, later purchasing a third interest in the Vitagraph Company, providing the capital for its earliest expansion.

The American Biograph Company was started in 1897, following the Cinematograph at Keith's theaters, by Herman Casler, the inventor, of Canastota, New York, and Henry V. Marvin, now one of the pillars of the film industry. The Biograph, was regarded as superior to the Lumiere equipment, and quickly replaced the latter in the vaudeville theaters, the price of the service, however, gradually being reduced.

The first scenario writer was Roy S. MacCardell, who wrote for the American Mutoscope Company, in 1899. This was a slot device similar to the Kinetoscope. MacCardell is to-day the dean of the photo-playwrights and the winner of innumerable contests, the last of which brought him a prize of ten thousand dollars for the scenario of "The Diamond From the Sky," a serial now enjoying a large vogue all over the country.

The first prominent players to bestow of their artistry for the screen were May Irwin and John C. Rice, who posed for the Edison Company in 1898 in a scene called "The Kiss." Neither was paid one penny for services both demanded, and received thousands for, fifteen years later. May Irwin and John Rice were at that time the reigning sensation on Broadway, yet they regarded the films as such a good advertisement that they were glad to go to Orange, New Jersey, a half dozen times.

The invasion of celebrated stars of the stage appearing on the screen in their great stage successes began in France, the great Bernhardt being the first. Sarah was paid thirty thousand dollars for her part in the "Camille" films. Later, she appeared in three other rôles, in fact, the New York pub-

FIRST PRESENTATION OF

"MISS JERRY."

A PICTURE PLAY,

BY ALEXANDER BLACK.

AT THE

CARBON STUDIO,

5 WEST SIXTEENTH STREET,

TUESDAY EVENING, OCTOBER 9

CHARACTERS OF THE STORY
CAST OF THE PLAY
PERSONS PICTURED
} *WHICHEVER YOU LIKE.*

(Following is a list of the characters and of those who represented them before the camera.)

GERALDINE HOLBROOK, the Princess of Panther Mine,	Miss Constance Arthur
MRS. REMSEN-HOLT, a Young Club Woman,	Miss Agnes Paxton
GRACIE De MOND, the Rose of the Rockies,	Miss Helena Chalmers
OLIVIA PRATTSBY a Retired Bud,	Miss Sarah McVickar
MISS DOROTHY WALSH, a Social Favorite,	Miss Genevieve Simmons
MISS MAUD RUTHERFORD, of a very good family,	Miss Mabel Washburn
MRS. DYCKMAN, who gives a ball,	Mrs. E. M. Van Brunt
BLANCHE, who writes a letter,	Miss Della Clarke
KATE, a Servant,	Miss Marion Tennant
MR. RICHARD HOLBROOK, of the Panther Mine,	Mr. David W. King
MR. WALTER HAMILTON, of the New York Daily Dynamo,	Mr. Wm. F. Courtenay
J. SYLVESTER WARD, Pres. of the Long Creek Mine Co.,	Mr. Ernest Hastings
"PINK" LOPER, of the Mammoth Museum,	Mr. Henry White
FREDERIC PRENTISS, a New Bear, / MR DYCKMAN, husband of Mrs Dyckman,	Mr. Chas. A. Goetler
THE ENGLISH CRITIC,	Mr. Richard Ridgely
THE WAITER OF THE MONASTERY,	Mr. William H. Smedley
OLD PRATTSBY, who still insists upon dancing,	Mr. John William Black

TIME: WINTER AND SPRING OF 1893-4. SCENE: NEW YORK CITY.

With musical improvisations by

JOHN HYATT BREWER.

ALL of the indoor scenes of "Miss Jerry" were made by Mr. Black at the Carbon Studio.

WALL decorations by Fr. Beck & Co., New York.

CARPETS and furniture by the B. M. Cowperthwait Company, New York.

LENS by Dallmeyer, London.

HANGINGS, bric-a-brac, etc. by the Carbon Studio.

MASON & HAMLIN Organ.

The program issued at the showing of the first motion-picture play. Many interesting things can be found on this, which is an exact reproduction in every detail, even size.

lic saw her as "Queen Elizabeth" on the screen only. Madame, however, insists that such of her art as may have given her fame was by no stretch of the imagination transferred to the screen. Sarah has refused, for two years, to listen to offers of this kind. One hundred thousand dollars was the amount guaranteed by an American film concern, if Sarah would appear in any play of her selection, the only proviso being that the great actress was to be exploited as possessing but one of her legs.

Though the offer was refused, Sarah, who was once projected by a colleague as "Sarah Barnum," is coming in the flesh to the land of dollars in September.

After the Bernhardt capitulated to the camera man, Rejane and Mounet Sülly followed. Still American stage celebrities hesitated. Save in desultory instances, it was not until 1912 that our own idolized players hearkened to the camera mans' siren call, but when the onrush of famous stage folk did begin, it did not cease nor lose momentum, until now not only the great actors have changed their artistic environment, but the world's greatest singers, whose fame is due to their singing voices, have found in the gold-laden new art a means by which they may be seen, though not heard, by all the people instead of the privileged few.

Following Geraldine Farrar's acceptance of a contract through which she is paid—so it is said—two dollars a minute, the great Pavlowa—queen of terpischore—has agreed to appear before the camera in a production of Auber's "Massaniello." Here is one instance where a great celebrity must needs omit no part of her art on the magic screen. Pavlowa will bring into the film studio all that she possesses, unlike the actor and the singer who as yet can find no substitute for their spoken and singing voices.

The photo-play era began in 1894, two years before the Cinematograph came to astonish mankind, but it was a "slow movie" that Alexander Black, magazine writer, produced in his picture play, "Miss Jerry." This was a story of real life projected on a screen, the pictures dissolving less rapidly than now, but the illusion of real life was effected, and success was such that Mr. Black later presented three more picture plays.

Archie L. Shepard comes in for mention here, for he was not only in the field with picture plays before the great problems of motion photography were solved, but he was also the very first to prove that people would sit in a theater for two hours with no other attraction than motion pictures to entertain them. It was with Clara Louise Thompson, in "The Chinook," that Shepard entered the field of pictorial drama in the late eighties, but in his novel production Miss Thompson assumed all the characters, the pictures being projected on the screen to illustrate the text. The entertainment was of the distinctly lyceum brand, following the lines of the Hibernicons of the seventies and eighties. Shepard, however, felt certain that the day was near when stories of fiction and fact could be presented on the screen without the aid of the player in the flesh.

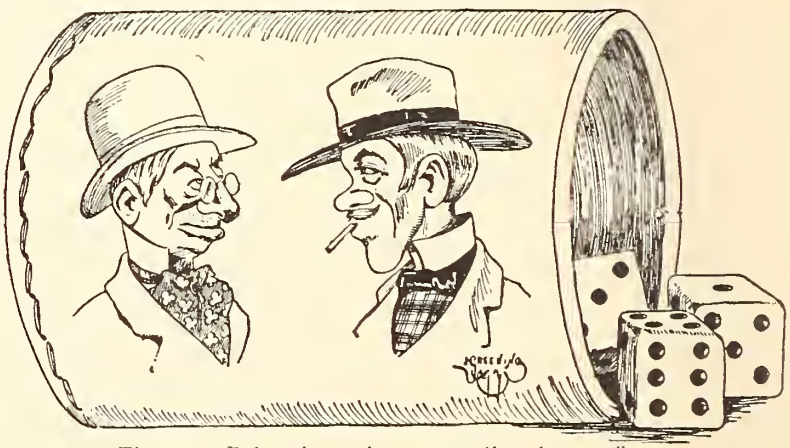
In 1900, Shepard inaugurated a campaign in New England, and for six years his sway was absolute. As many as a dozen theaters were exhibiting Shepard's moving pictures simultaneously. In New York City, half of the playhouses were crowded to the doors on Sundays only because Shepard could induce none of the theatrical powers to give him the use of a theater permanently. Nevertheless, he was the first to secure such a theater, aided by Felix Isman, who financed Shepard's lease of the Manhattan Theater, now the site of Gimbel's stores.

Shepard could only obtain the theater from week to week, pending demolition, but so great was the attendance, day and night, that he was enabled to remain there nearly two years. It was the amazing vogue of moving pictures at this high-grade playhouse, where no seat cost more than ten cents, that started the building of palatial auditoriums solely devoted to the camera shows.

It is a remarkable fact that the real impetus to photo-play production did not come until 1910, twelve years after the "Passion Play." Such productions as had vogue previous to 1910, were what are called one and two-reelers. The most compelling of these were "The Life of a Foreman," and "The Great Train Robbery." Both simulated the actuality with such realism that great fortunes were made on these alone. Moreover, their vogue is not yet exhausted.

"Dante's Inferno" was the first lengthy feature film requiring about an hour to present. "The Fall of Troy," "Odyssey," followed. Then came "Quo Vadis," the first photo play to be booked as an entire entertainment in the best theaters in the same manner as a spoken play. This production made several fortunes from the profits in this country alone. George Kleine and Cohan and Harris erected the new Candler Theater, on West Forty-second Street; though this playhouse was dedicated with a photo-play production—"Antony and Cleopatra"—it became a legitimate theater in the fall of 1914. Strangely enough, the first play presented "On Trial," on which it is stated the cost of the theater has already been earned in profits, was written by a mere youth, who had never written a play before, but who had acquired a knowledge of photo-play technique, hence he wrote "On Trial" backward, utilizing the maze of scientific phenomena of the film studio to make his impress.

The two-dollar-a-seat photo play came in the present year, when D. W. Griffith presented "The Birth of a Nation."



"They say Bohns is an inveterate dice thrower."
"Yep; can't stop him. Even tosses in his sleep."

Screen Gossip

By Al Ray

THE five best-dressed actors in motion pictures! Maybe you think that this is an easy job, but, take it from me, it isn't. I wonder if there is a single actor on the screen that doesn't imagine himself to be one of the best-dressed in filmdom? There are five men that stand out above the rest, and I will tell you their names shortly, but first I must make a little explanation to clear myself in my choices. There are many actors who pay big money for their clothes, but they do not look well in them. Francis X. Bushman is one of these. He spends quite a wad for his clothing, yet no one can accuse Francis of being among the five best-dressed in films. The reason? It's easy. He is away out of date in his style. In other words, his clothes are too old-fashioned, and I am not the only one who has accused Francis of this, but taste is a taste, and everybody has his own. Well, here are the five chosen ones: 1, Herbert Rawlinson, Universal; 2, Alan Forrest, Universal; 3, Carlyle Blackwell, Lasky; 4, Warren Kerrigan, Universal; 5, King Baggot, Universal.

Universal seems to have a monopoly on the good dressers, but they deserve it. Alan Forrest, who played the juvenile heavy in the "Master Key," has just left them. He certainly is a good dresser, and his clothes look great on him, which can't be said about many of the stars of filmdom.

Poor Ben Wilson and his mash notes! Honest, it is a shame the number of letters Ben gets daily from lovesick maidens. Drop over to the Universal studios, in Coytesville, any morning, and take a look at the bunch of mail that comes in from all parts of the country addressed to Benjamin Wilson. Some of them call him Ben, some Bennie, some Willie, some Lovey, and, oh, what they don't call him! When he left the Victor studio, on Forty-third Street, Ben left about three trunks of such notes behind him to be burned, and—remember—he gets them every day.

Harry la Pearl, the cyclonic comedian, who was starred in the Mina comedies, and used to be producing clown at the New York Hippodrome, makes his bow to the patrons of Federal pictures shortly in "The Waiter Who Waited," a screamingly funny two-part special production of that company. The trouble before with Harry was that he was poorly directed, but in this picture he shows at his best, being competently directed.

Marshall Neilan, junior, the little, three-months-old son of Marshall Neilan and Gertrude Bambrick, was suffering from a mosquito bite on his left cheek the last time I saw him, but was still able to use his vocal cords very well, especially around mealtime. Marshall, junior, is going to be some howler when he grows up, if his lung power grows with him.

Margaret Harmon is a busy little lady these days, for the little lady is replenishing her wardrobe along the Fifth Avenue shops—of Yonkers, where she spends all of her spare change and time.

Chester (Walrus) Conklin is thinking of getting married. He writes me that he would marry Mabel Normand any day, but for one thing—Mabel won't have him. How can she? Mabel is already married.

Ruth Stonehouse and Henry B. Walthall are proving a very good pair at the Essanay studios. The best thing of this pairing is that they are also proving a great box-office attraction, which pleases the Essanay officials most of all. Why shouldn't it? Wouldn't it please you?

Harry Jackson, the old-time director of the Dra-Ko Company feels very proud of his latest picture, a big feature entitled "York State Folks."

Charlie Ray, of the Tom Ince forces, writes that they are treating him shamefully at the Santa Monica studios. Charlie used to get off early and spend about half the day at the beach, but, alas and alack! it is no more, for they are working him hard, and Charlie does not get there at all on most of the days now. Everybody misses him, too!

When are some of my readers going to ask me my opinion of the five greatest anything? I haven't had a query for a week. I tell you what to do, name your five greatest actors, dressers, good lookers, pictures, or anything, and send them in to me.

A friend wants to know if it is true that Charlie Chaplin receives ten thousand dollars a week. No, friend, it is not. In fact, it is very doubtful if Charlie gets more than a thousand a week, although he may get a royalty on his pictures, which would net him considerably more. There is only one star in the business that is getting more than a thousand a week, and that is Mary Pickford, and Charlie is the only other one that gets near a thousand, the others run from one hundred to seven hundred and fifty, and there are very, very few of the latter-priced stars.

Oh, but I do want to see that first Keystone comedy that is going to be released on the Triangle program. It is called "My Valet," and who do you think is in the cast? None other than Raymond Hitchcock, Mack Sennett, Mabel Normand, and Fred Mace. Some cast, and some picture it is, from all accounts! If it isn't, I certainly miss my guess!

Pauline Frederick has quit the stage entirely, and is going to devote the remainder of her days to the "silent drama." This certainly will be welcome news for the picture fans, who have had the chance to see superb Pauline.

Crane Wilbur is certainly another jumper of note. The New York Motion Picture Corporation recently sent out notices to the effect that Crane had been signed up by them, and he went out there for work under the direction of Jay Hunt. Hunt, however, joined David Horsely's new company on Mutual, and invited Crane to accept a position with him, which he did, and, as a result, Crane will be seen on the Mutual program, and not on Triangle.

Thomas Dixon, the author of the "Clansman," from which the "Birth of a Nation" was taken, is producing "The Fall of a Nation." A powder man is in back of him, so the company has a great chance to blow up, although I hardly think it will.

I may as well say right here that Harold Lockwood is a grand little dresser before he sends me a death threat for not putting him among my first five. It pays to keep on the safe side with Harold, who is some husky feller. Guess I better mention Robert Warwick, of World Film, right here, too.

Pat O'Malley, the Edison star, says that married life is the only existence. Pat has been married but a short time, so that may account for his statement.

Hints for Scenario Writers

By Clarence J. Caine

It is assumed that the majority of those who follow this department have had some experience in preparing scripts for the market, but for the benefit of beginners even the most simple questioning pertaining to photo-play writing will be treated at some time or another in the future. Any scenarioist who is in doubt as to anything which comes under the head of script writing is welcomed to write in and state his trouble. Questions will be promptly answered through this department or personally. Address all correspondence to Scenario Writers' Dept., Picture-Play Weekly, Street & Smith, Publishers, New York City.

FINDING SOMETHING NEW.

AUTHORS who have sold at least one play, but who do not yet fully understand photo-play writing, wonder why it is that so many of their scripts were rejected by many companies and why a certain one was suddenly "snapped up" on its first submission.

If they could go to a literary man of experience with the rejected scripts and with the accepted one he would quickly explain the matter to them by saying that they had struck upon "something new."

It is difficult for a beginner to know when he has found the mysterious "something new," and he generally flounders in the mire of conventionality for a long time before he is able to see and recognize that which is out of the ordinary. He, therefore, goes along turning out stories which almost any one of experience could write on short order. When he does strike something unusual he fails to recognize it, and many ideas which could be worked into easily salable plots are thus discarded.

A simile may be drawn from our daily life to show how those who penetrate into the unexplored, and do so in an intelligent manner, are the ones who win rewards. We all have to travel on the cars to and from work—or walk, if we are close enough—and we all have to eat two or three meals per day, varying according to individuals. Therefore, those things are conventions, and no one who does them expects any great reward. They have to be done by force of necessity. But the man who figures out a new business deal, whereby his employer profits, has every right to expect a salary raise and better position, and generally gets them.

In the scenario world there are many threadbare plots which often find their way to the screen, either rehashed or in their plain form. They have been "ground out" by staff writers probably on an hour's notice, because the firm which pays the writer a salary had to have a picture at once to fill in a blank space in their regular program. The writer did the work requested of him without any great effort, and received nothing but his salary in return. He did not expect more, as it was a conventional thing to him, and was done by force of necessity. When this same writer turns in a scenario with a plot written from an entirely new angle, he does expect quite a high price per reel for it, and undoubtedly gets it, and also advances in his work thereby.

There is the difference! What anybody can do brings neither money or credit to a person who does it, but what few can do will always bring rich rewards.

It is up to the author, therefore, to study and work very hard during his early years in the scenario-writing game to learn what is old and what is new, as well as to master plot and technique. There is no danger that when the amateur realizes he has "something new" and works it out accordingly, the editors will not realize the same thing. There are many concerns whose only reason for reading scripts by outside writers is their hope of finding a plot which has not become threadbare through constant use.

USE THE PRESENT TENSE.

Present tense should always be used in writing a photo play, both the synopsis and detailed scene action.

That statement undoubtedly bores many, even those who are beginners at the game, but we are willing to gamble that it comes as a distinct surprise to many more who have won reputations for themselves in the literary world and who have been told by friends that writing photo plays "was just like writing short stories, only easier."

The reason for using this tense is quite obvious. The actions described in the script is constantly recurring in the author's, the editor's, the director's, and the actor's minds until the production has been transferred to films, and then it recurs again in the minds of all those who "go over" the finished reels with the script in their hands to see that it is in perfect form. Thus, you see, that to all those who have anything to do with the script in production the action is never past—therefore, it is written in the present tense.

Some writers use past tense in certain parts of their synopsis, where they are describing a vision scene which carries the story backward. This seems all right, if handled correctly, but there is a great danger of an amateur confusing an editor with this system, so it is better—at least in the beginning—to use the present tense at all times.

ACKNOWLEDGMENT.

Perhaps the most hopeful sign of success on the part of a young writer is his total lack of assumed airs. When a beginner throws off the cloak of sham, gets right down to rock bottom, and admits he knows very little about the work he is trying to do, but states that he is willing to learn, it is more than an even bet that it will not be many months before he registers his first sale, and that his first sale will be a long way from his last.

The other day we got a letter from a young San Francisco writer which read as follows:

"In studying, week by week, I learn many things that I never knew existed before. Like many others who are trying to write scenarios, I at first underestimated the requirements of the art—and the further I go the more certain I become that it is an art—but a careful study of your helps and a thorough application of all I have learned to the pictures I see on the screen and to my own scripts has convinced me it is a difficult field to enter, but one well worth striving for."

That tells the story between the lines. This writer is not going around to his friends and posing as a genius who sits down in rare moments and "dashes off" scenarios, the production of which the world awaits with eager interest. He is just going along quietly, and learning. He knows why certain things are being done in certain ways, and some of these days when he has an idea for a scenario of his own he will be able to put it together correctly. He may not sell right away, but, as we said before, it will not be very long before he receives his first check. Then the chances are that it will not "turn his head." He will be sensible, and will go along just as he has been doing, and study and work. Time will do the rest for him, but unless we are mistaken he is now progressing swiftly along the road which leads to the door of the studio office, and in the scenario division a desk and chair are waiting for him.

SCENES.

A scene is a stretch of film taken without moving the camera.

That was the old definition of what composed a scene. Now we will have to change that a little to allow for the little four-wheeled rig on which Griffith and a few other directors move their camera into position for close-ups without stopping the action going on within the scene, and, therefore, not taking a new scene. All close-ups which flash in abruptly, however, must have a separate scene number, as must visions which occupy the whole screen, inserts of hands, books, et cetera, and, in fact, everything which requires a separate "taking" by a motion-picture camera, exclusive of letters, leaders, et cetera, which are termed "inserts" in most studios, and are handled separate from the action.

COLLABORATION.

Many photo-playwrights believe that if they had some one to work with them, better results could be obtained, and the question of whether they are right or wrong in their belief certainly opens an excellent problem for debate.

It is one of those things in which we hesitate to say "yes," or "no," for we feel that both answers could be either correct or incorrect. Without a doubt, if two writers got together who could work in harmony and who would not disagree over the many points which are sure to come up during the planning and writing of a scenario, the intermingling of their ideas would be profitable to both, and the work would probably be more pleasant. But take two writers whose temperaments crossed, and there would indeed be an unpleasant time.

Working alone, a writer often feels he needs some one to help him, but in the moment of triumph—when an acceptance has been received—he is glad that he worked alone, and that he does not have to share his rewards with another. There is, perhaps, a strong element of selfishness in the creation of photo plays or fiction. The author likes to feel that the work is his own, alone, and that others who handle it after it has passed from his hands are merely interpreters. This fact alone seems to be a strong argument against collaboration, but there are many examples of successful plays written by two people, especially in the spoken drama.

Answers to Readers.

Miss Helen Hirschheimer.—In the issue of Picture-Play Weekly, dated July 24th, a sample scenario appeared.

Miss Doris Lyon.—The number of scenes in one reel is fixed by the amount of action contained in each scene. Comedy scripts often run almost one hundred scenes, while finished dramatic productions have contained only seventeen scenes, or a few less. A leader is a title used between scenes to explain anything that is not shown in action. We think that, by following our model scenario and studying our department and the screen, you should be able to write, if you have the all-important qualification—ideas. We did not publish the book you mention, and have not it for sale.

S. L. Maltpress.—Photo plays may be adapted from uncopyrighted books, but there are few of these at the present time. Even where a book is uncopyrighted, it is well to ask the publisher's or author's consent before writing a scenario from it.

Miss Helen Carr.—Scenario writing is a difficult art, and must be studied from many different angles. Jump in now and read all you can on the subject. That will give you an idea of what is required. We have never heard of the company you mention.

Miss Alice Ludinger.—By watching our department and studying the produced plays, as well as those you write, we think you will soon be able to understand the work. Whether you will be able to succeed or not will depend upon the ideas you submit to the producers in your scripts. From week to week we publish a market department under the caption of "Live-wire Market Hints." This should help you sell your scripts.

Miss Marie Conway.—We are afraid that no editor will read a scenario written in longhand. It is more businesslike to have them typewritten, and the editors have so many scripts of the latter class to go through that they discard the others without reading, principally because of lack of time.

Mrs. Estella Clarke.—The length of a reel is one thousand feet, and if the scenes take up a great amount of footage in filming, there are naturally not so many of them as there would be if they were each only a few feet long. There is really no average length, and the number of scenes to make your own scripts comes only from studying the screen and "sensing" how much action makes a reel, from the produced pictures.

Live-wire Market Hints.

The Keystone Company have stopped buying outside scripts altogether, according to the latest reports received from the Pacific coast. The reason given is that a competent staff has been employed, and that too much of their time was taken up reading the offerings of outside writers.

The Vitagraph Company of America, East Fifteenth and Locust Streets, is to conduct a course of scenario lessons through newspapers throughout the country, and will offer prizes in connection with its teachings. This would

indicate that Vita is taking an interest in beginners, and will be a good market for new writers in the near future.

The National Film Corporation, Santa Monica Boulevard, Hollywood, California, desires exceptionally clever comedies, for which excellent prices will be paid. Nothing but the best will be accepted, however. The Talmadge Sisters, formerly with Vitagraph, are now members of this concern.

Short Shots.

Many a photo play works out nicely to a certain point, and then sends the audience home wondering what it was all about.

There is no questioning the fact that a player's personality will draw the crowds, but what will bring them back oftenest is a story which holds their interest from start to finish.

Some manufacturers have just realized that the cause of so many poor pictures is overproduction. Photo-playwrights knew that poor stories written by them could be blamed on this cause long ago.

Do you strive hardest after an original idea or a perfect technical script? The former is always preferable.

It is nice to take a full summer's rest from writing, but it is not profitable, as many authors will soon realize, now that the warm weather is passing away.

Make one figure stand out above all others in your cast, and try to impress this figure on your audiences.

We think that it will not be long before stories without very much love interest will be popular with screen fans throughout the world.

A factory must be kept supplied with material in order to turn out products; your brain must be supplied with ideas in order to turn out scenarios.

The dreamer who is a practical man four-fifths of the time is quite an oddity and also a valuable person to himself and others.

Don't be afraid to tell a writer friend who is trying to reach the top how you have learned. He may be able to help you in the future.

The more one studies, the more one knows.

A strong climax is one that is necessary to write a picture play regardless of what else you have, and a strong climax is generally the result of a good idea.

News of Photo-playwrights.

Emmett Campbell Hall, who left the Lubin Company, together with all the other writers who have been on its staff for some time, made a trip to Chicago recently to visit friends whom he had not seen for years because of the stress of work.

Marc Edmund Jones has joined one of the branches of the World Film Corporation, according to rumor. The boys on the Pacific coast thought Marc was due in their midst soon, but his new connection would seem to indicate otherwise.

Personal Jots.

Marshal Neilan has just made a trip to New York to see the newest addition to his happy little family?

Bessie Eyton receives so many letters every day that she finds it almost impossible to answer all of them, even though she tries to do so?

Eugenie Besserer was at one time regarded as the best fencer in the East, and won many medals in competitions?

Thomas Santschi spends most of his "leisure" hours studying the scenarios of pictures he is planning to produce?

Lyllian Brown Leighton started her career as a newspaper woman and at one time owned a small paper of her own?

Otis Harlan was a personal friend of the late Charles Hoyt?

Silence is golden, and gold is rare. Therefore silence is rare. If you don't believe this bit of philosophy, just go into any picture theater and see how many people read captions to themselves.

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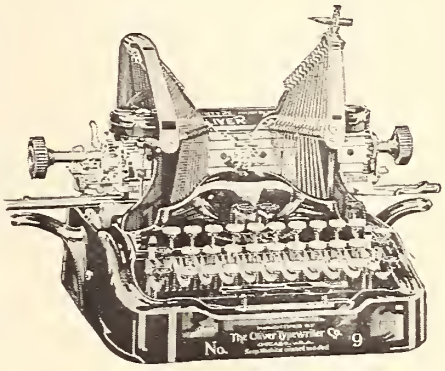
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